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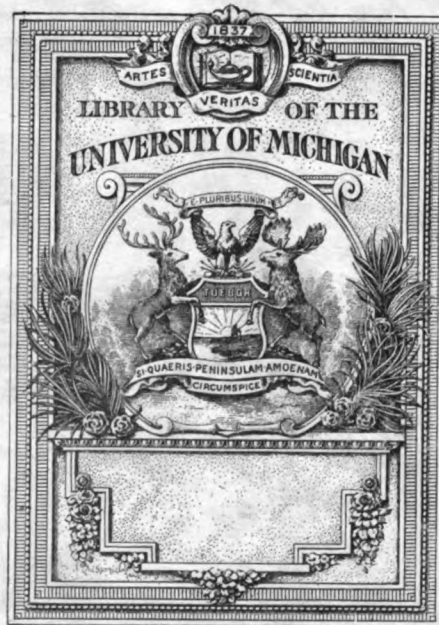
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Punch



22127



LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1866.

LONDON :
BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



"**TWENTY-FIVE YEARS**," said the faithful **PUNCH** to his loving **BRITANNIA**.

"Is it so long?" replied the blue-eyed **BRITANNIA**, smiling. "You have made me so happy that I have scarcely felt the flight of time. But it is twenty-five years since you became my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend."

High banquet was held, and the Representative Men and Women of the nation came to honour the Festival of the Fifty Volumes.

"When I think," said the **HEIR APPARENT**, "how nobly you have supported the Throne."

"How," said the **PRIMATE**, "you have helped Religion by correcting the follies of Priests."

"How," said the **CHANCELLOR**, "you have demolished Legal abuses until our system of Law is not now so very far from rationality."

"How," said **LORD DERBY**, "you have taught an aristocracy that its true strength is in cohesion with the people."

"How," said **LORD RUSSELL**, "you have thawed Whiggery until it has condescended to flow with the stream of time."

"And how," said **MR. BRIGHT**, "you have instructed Reformers that victory is theirs if they will argue, not bellow."

"How," said the **DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE**, "while denouncing the wickedness of offensive war, you have done all honour to the champions of right."

"How," said the **DUKE OF SOMERSET**, "you have shown a true Briton's love for our gallant Navy."

"And," added **CAPTAIN COLES**, "have enabled me to carry my Turrets against officialism."

"How you made the Volunteer Force," said **LORD RANELAGH**.

"How genially, and as it were in a Loving Cup, you have pledged us citizens to Corporation Reform," said the **LORD MAYOR**.

"How you emancipated the Hebrews," said **BARON ROTHSCHILD**.

"And completed Catholic Emancipation," said **MR. JUSTICE SHEE**.

"How your Highness hath split the Wind-bags but guarded the Wine-skins," said **MR. THOMAS CARLYLE**.

"How you have honoured Art, while yourself exhibiting her in her sternest and her most graceful forms," said **SIR FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A.**

"How you have upheld the glorious Art of the Healer, and crushed and trampled on Quackeries," said **SIR THOMAS WATSON**, President of the College of Physicians.

"How you have helped the Poor, preaching that poverty is neither a crime nor a merit, but a misfortune," said **MR. VILLIERS**.

"How you have upheld rational Education, against the fanatics," said **MR. LOWE**.

"How awfully kind you have been to us Boys," said the **CAPTAIN OF ETON**.

"How you have been the chivalrous Champion of Woman," said **MISS MARTINEAU**.

"Especially Pretty Woman," said a chorus of soft and saucy voices.

"Upheld the intellectual Drama," said **MRS. THEODORE MARTIN**.

"And the romantic and picturesque," said **MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER**.

"And the refined and graceful," said **MISS KATE TERRY**.

"And jolly good fun wherever it was to be found," said **MR. JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE**.

Here the distinguished assemblage, impatient of details, and unable to restrain itself, broke into the Kentish *fre*, led by **MR. SIMS REEVES** (a Kentish man), who then struck up Musical Honours, in testimony of **MR. PUNCH**'s services to the divine art of melody.

MR. PUNCH arose, visibly affected.

"Bless you," he faltered. "It's all true—all—every word of it: and more. Alone I did it. Happiest day of my life. Never so prosperous. Never had so splendid Circ'lation. An Institush'n—Country. Heart too full for—for—eloquensh. Bless you all. Invite you all to Golden Wedding, this day twenty-five years at half-past six for quarter to seven—write it down in Pocket-Book. Bless you!"

A storm of plaudit, and **BRITANNIA** arose.

"I should have been ashamed of him," she said in a sweet voice of Power, "had he not shown emotion on such a day. It is not his custom to be thus overcome, but it is a poor heart that never rejoices. I am proud of him. For Five and Twenty years He has devoted all his splendid intellect and energy to my service, and to-day, in the full vigour of his glorious genius, he vows another quarter of a century's labour in the cause of Truth, Kindness, and Fun. And in token of his pledge and in memory of this great day, he lays on the Silver Wedding Table his

Fiftieth Volume.

(The sky was splitting with the cheers when our reporter left.)



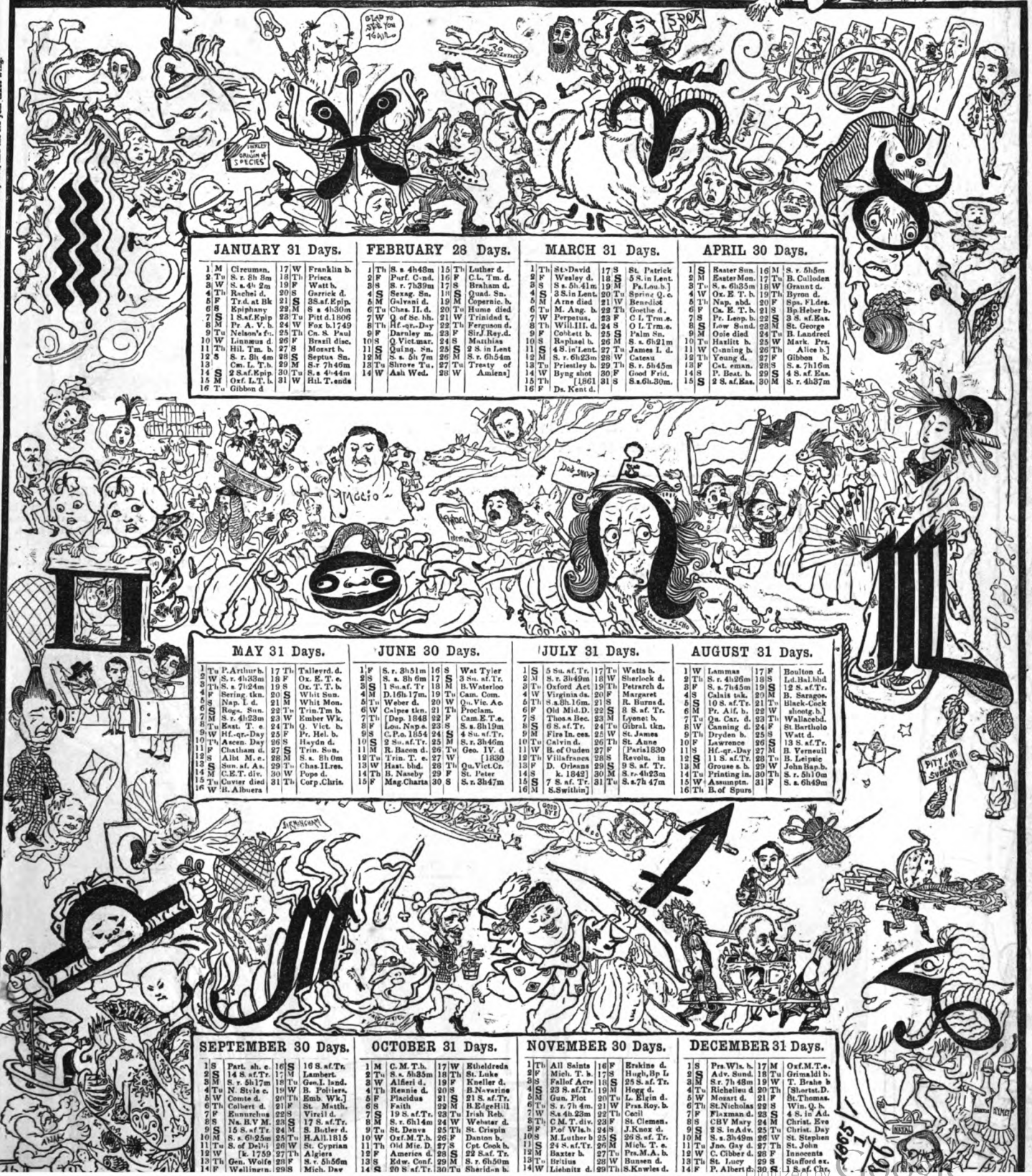
PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1866.

This is a Japanese Calendar indeed, those who like to run round it may read.
Ignatius in borrowed feather. Brompton Wolf and Red Riding-hood together.

AQUARIUS turning roast mutton into Police;
Helping Justice capture burglarious geese.

Father Thames a-welcoming PISCES.
ARIES kicking John who is robbing his "mimla"

Louis the Roman, and Derby the Greek, riding off on the Ram, too busy to speak.
Monkeys sitting on each other's tails, and also annoying the Prince of Wales.



JANUARY 31 Days.		FEBRUARY 28 Days.		MARCH 31 Days.		APRIL 30 Days.	
1 M	Circumst.	17 W	Franklin b.	17 S	St. Patrick	1 S	Easter Sun.
2 Tu	S. r. 8h 5m	18 Th	Pricea	18 S	Wesley d.	2 M	Easter Mon.
3 W	S. r. 4h 5m	19 F	Watt's	19 M	S. 5h 41m	3 Tu	S. r. 6h 35m
4 Th	Rochi d.	20 S	Garrick d.	20 W	Spring Q. o.	4 W	O. E. T. b.
5 F	Tr. d. at bk	21 S	38af.Epip.	21 Th	Beardist	5 F	Nap. abd.
6 S	Keplery	22 Tu	S. r. 4h 50d.	22 F	Goodth d.	6 S	O. E. T. b.
7 M	18af.Epip	23 W	Pitt d.1806	23 W	O. I. Tm.a.	7 S	Low Band.
8 Tu	Pr. A. V. b.	24 Th	Fox b.1749	24 Th	William d.	8 M	10th died
9 W	Nelson's f.	25 F	On. S. Paul	25 F	S. 6h 21m	9 Tu	Hasill b.
10 Th	Linnæus d.	26 S	Brazil disc.	26 S	James I. d.	10 W	Caning b.
11 F	Hil. Tm. b.	27 S	Monart b.	27 Th	Cateau	11 Th	Young d.
12 S	S. r. 3h 4m	28 Tu	Sepius Sin.	28 W	S. r. 6h 45m	12 F	Cot. eman.
13 W	Cam. L. T. b.	29 W	S. r. 7h 46m	29 Th	S. r. 6h 45m	13 S	P. Beat. b.
14 Th	28af.Epip	30 Tu	S. r. 4h 44m	30 F	Good Frid.	14 S	S. r. 4h 57m
15 F	Orf. L. T. b.	31 W	Hil. T. ends	31 S	S. 6h 30m.	15 M	S. r. 4h 57m
16 S	Gibson d.						

MAY 31 Days.		JUNE 30 Days.		JULY 31 Days.		AUGUST 31 Days.	
1 Tu	P. Arthur b.	17 Th	Tallerd. d.	17 S	Watts b.	1 W	Lammas
2 W	S. r. 4h 5m	18 F	O. E. T. b.	18 M	Shierlock d.	2 Tu	S. r. 4h 5m
3 Th	S. r. 7h 24m	19 S	O. E. T. b.	19 W	Petrarch d.	3 W	S. r. 7h 45m
4 F	F. Siring. un.	20 S	Whit Sun.	20 Th	Margaret	4 Th	Calist tok.
5 S	Nap. L. d.	21 Tu	Whit Mon.	21 F	R. Burns d.	5 F	O. S. af. Tr.
6 M	Rog. Sun.	22 W	Trin. Tm. b.	22 S	Old Mid. d.	6 S	Pr. A. b. b.
7 Tu	S. r. 4h 5m	23 Th	Ember Wk.	23 Th	Cam. E. T. a.	7 Tu	Qu. Car. d.
8 W	East. T. b.	24 F	Q. V. b. b.	24 F	Cam. E. T. a.	8 W	Qu. Car. d.
9 Th	Hf. q. Day	25 S	Pr. Pal. b.	25 S	Geo. IV. d.	9 Th	Dryden b.
10 F	Ascen. Day	26 S	Haydn d.	26 Th	S. r. 3h 40m	10 F	Lawrence d.
11 S	Chilham d.	27 Tu	Trin. Sun.	27 F	Geo. IV. d.	11 S	Hf. q. Day
12 M	Alit. M. e.	28 W	S. a. 5h 0m	28 S	Qu. Vict. Cr.	12 M	S. r. 4h 23m
13 Tu	Sun. af. As.	29 Th	Chas. II. res.	29 Th	St. Peter	13 Tu	Printin in
14 W	C.E.T. div.	30 F	Pope d.	30 F	S. r. 3h 47m	14 W	Account.
15 Th	Cover d.		Corp. Chris.			15 Th	B. of Spurs
16 F	W. H. Albuera						

SEPTEMBER 30 Days.		OCTOBER 31 Days.		NOVEMBER 30 Days.		DECEMBER 31 Days.	
1 S	Part. sh. e.	16 S	16 S. af. Tr.	1 Th	All Saints	1 S	Fr. Wils. b.
2 M	S. r. 4h 5m	17 M	Lambert	2 Tu	Mich. T. b.	2 M	Ad. d. Bond.
3 Tu	S. r. 5h 17m	18 Tu	Gen. L. land.	3 W	Fallof Acc.	3 W	S. r. 7h 45m
4 W	N. Strie e.	19 W	Rennie d.	4 Th	23 S. af. Tr.	4 Th	Richelieu d.
5 Th	Comte d.	20 Th	Emb. Wk.]	5 F	Gun. Plot	5 F	Monart d.
6 F	Colburn d.	21 F	S. Mathis	6 S	S. a. 4h 23m	6 S	Wm. Q.
7 S	Emmrichus	22 S	Virell d.	7 M	Flaxman d.	7 M	Flaxman d.
8 M	N. B. V. M.	23 M	17 S. af. Tr.	8 Tu	C. M. T. div.	8 Tu	CHV Mary
9 Tu	S. r. 4h 5m	24 Tu	St. Denis	9 W	Par. W. b.	9 W	S. r. 4h 5m
10 W	S. r. 6h 25m	25 W	O. E. T. b.	10 Th	C. M. T. b.	10 Th	S. r. 4h 5m
11 Th	S. of Delv]	26 Th	H. A. I. 1815	11 F	24 S. af. Tr.	11 F	Jon. Gay d.
12 F	S. r. 12h 59	27 F	St. Cyppian	12 S	Baxter b.	12 S	C. Gibbon d.
13 S	Gen. Wolfe	28 S	Algers	13 Th	Britus	13 Th	St. Lucy
14 M	Wallimur.	29 M	Mich. Daw	14 W	Lienitz d.	14 W	P. Albert d.
		30 M		15 Th	S. r. 4h 5m	15 Th	S. r. 4h 5m



THE ELECTIONS.—BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

Lady Convoquer (Telling): "WHAT, NOT IF I GIVE YOU A KISS, MR. BULLFINCH?"

[Obdurate Voter (Blue)] does not seem to see it, and is lost to the Liberal party.

AMENDED QUOTATIONS.

By a Baker.—Familiar in their mouths as household bread.

By a Paruquier.—Sweet auburn! loveliest tresses of the plain.

By a Married Man whose better-half is a long time putting her things on:—

Hope springs eternal in the husband's breast,

Wives never are, but always to be dress'd.

By a Champion of Woman's Rights.—The wish was mother to the thought.

DUTIES ON LEGACIES AND SUCCESSION TO PROPERTY.

To cut all your poor relations.

If your legacy is £1,000, to give all countenance to the notion that it is £10,000.

Take care as you rise in the world, that all the ladders are kicked down behind you.

THE TABLE-MOVING MEDIUMS' DIFFICULTY.—A Tide-Table.

CANDLEMAS DAY, FEB. 2.

THINK of the Save-all. A dog lying on the hearth-rug with his nose to his tail is the emblem of Economy. He makes both ends meet.

A DOCTOR, who stammers, says that to cheer a patient you should try a hip-hip bath.

"TENANTS OF THE DEEP."—People who have a wavy landlord.

THE Real BUTCHER'S BLOCK.—The British public.



ROUGE-ET-NOIR.

Dark-haired Maiden. "OH! MR. IRONS, CAN NOTHING BE DONE FOR MY UNFORTUNATE BLACK HAIR?"

Mr. Irons. "WELL, WE MIGHT WASH IT RED, MISS; BUT WHAT'S THE GOOD OF 'AVING THE K'RECT COLOURED 'AIR, IF YOU 'AVEN'T GOT THE K'RECT HONDER OF FEATURE?"



THE DIVER IN SEARCH OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE GETS INTO HOT WATER.

PHILANTHROPY GONE TO THE DOGS.

Dr. BOWBOW. "WHINES A GOOD DEAL YOU SAY, NURSE! HUM! WE'LL GIVE HIM A DOSE OF BARK."



PUNCH PRIZE RIDDLE.—Why is the Hippopotamus, at six o'clock in the evening on a fine day in July, like the left-hand corner of the Monument?

THE HEAD CENTRE.—Rowlands' Macassar. **THE PUGILIST'S PARADISE.**—The Great Belt. Who is a bigger man than ANAK?—A knock-out, to be sure.

NO RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.—"The woman who hesitates is lost." But surely not the woman who has only a slight impediment!

GARDEN THOUGHTS.

How charming! I hear the tinkling of the scythes, I open the window, and look out. What do I see? A Bishop shaving his own grass. Can there be a better "lawn-mower"?

Pleasant it is to see the children tumbling about on the grass. Happy little garden-rollers.

Jones was in captivity to a musical widow, fat, fair, and (piano) forty. One evening (she had just been playing the *Juliet Valse* to perfection), he took her to see his bachelor's buttons in the old-fashioned garden. She thought no more of her widow's weeds.

You may wear anything you like in your garden, but a pea-jacket is not out of place there.

A Curate friend, and enthusiastic collector, thinks it must be the height of bliss to be Dean of Ferns!

Miserable bachelors! How you envy Paterfamilias with all the little creases twining about his knees!

Convoluluses close as evening comes on. So clever men shut up when strangers come in.

There is one annual we are never tired of seeing. *Almanackia Punchianis.*

METROPOLITAN AMUSEMENTS.

(From our Colwell Hatchney Almanack.)

Fine Arts in the New Road.—Statuary. Open night and day.

On all Wednesdays.—Great excitement visible in the City. Bells ringing in the New Number of Punch.

For Thursdays (weather permitting).—Hunting Anchovies in the Green Park.

The Statues of London are fed every day at one o'clock precisely.

During the summer the Commissionaires' Band plays in St. James's Park, while a ballet of Policemen delights the crowd.

In the winter the animals of the Zoological Gardens are allowed a few weeks' holiday.

MODERN COURTSHIP.

YOUNG ARTHUR, when his MAUD he left, A ringlet from her chignon cleft;

"Dear curl!" cried he, "Dear! Yes, you nunny,

My chignon, stupid, cost a guinea!"

ECONOMY WITH ELEGANCE.—Cobbling white satin shoes.

DEFINITION OF FOOT NOTES.—Dance tunes.

THE BEST PLACE FOR PRESERVES.—Jam-alica (*Jam-aere*).

MEMORANDUM.—Petrolina has been annexed to the British Isles.

MEDICAL.—How to get Practice. Set up a retail apothecary's shop, and stand all day in the doorway smoking a pipe.

MEMS BY AN OPIUM-EATER.

The Emperor of the Moon will dine with me on Monday. *Mem.* He told me that for breakfast he was fond of pickled bootlaces.

Mem. On Tuesday I have Timin with the Typhoon of Japan.

Mem. The next day, which is either Thursday week or Saturday, I am engaged to shoot with the Great Giraffe of Greece.

Mem. The Moon was full in the middle of next week. It will be empty, therefore, yesterday. So I'm the Gipsy King, ha! ha! and am to be Queen of the May, Mamma!

Mem. On Christmas Monday Cab-hunting begins. Mind I catch that turnpike I went fishing for last spring.

Mem. When the new railway is opened down the chimney, mind I put an extra polish on my pickled walnuts.

Who is going to publish my *Biography of a Beetle*? *Mem.* To catch a few and ask.

Mem. To have my voice blacked when I next sing in public. I shall better then be able to warble *scotto voce*.

I dreamed last night I was a skeleton umbrella. *Mem.* Not to let my doctor shut me up, if I am.

GOVERNMENT ASSURANCE.—For information as to the system of Government Assurance, apply to the Clerks at any of the Government offices. You will receive, in return, the fullest and readiest illustration of Government assurance.

THE TERTOTALLER'S BARD.—TAYLOR, the Water Post.

SIGNS OF THE WEATHER (DOMESTIC).

To foretell the state of the weather, there is no barometer like your wife's face. It should be regularly consulted the first thing in the morning. If you are lucky enough to have your mother-in-law living in the house, your wife's face may be corrected by hers, but the indications of the two will generally be found to correspond.

A long and dark face presages squalls; a clear and bright one, settled fair weather. One occasionally cloudy, with lucid intervals, indicates change, with rain, perhaps, in the shape of a good cry on any contradiction towards evening.

A rapid rise, or approach to a bounce out of her chair, indicates storm; a slow movement, the contrary; alternate rising and subsiding, unsettled weather.

PRIZE CHARADE.

My first is my second's half;
My second is part of a chimney-pot;
And my whole is the name of a bird.

Answer next year. In the meantime, happy to receive solutions from talented Correspondents.

MYTHOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.—The festival of the Lupercalia is in honour of Pan. He is made chiefly of earthenware, and may be called the god of cakes.

THE GREAT DUBLIN EXHIBITION OF 1865.—The Fenian Show-up of themselves.

"THE PRINCE'S DAY."

How would our young and gracious Prince Improve each shining hour, By doing what these pictures show With such artistic power.

A gas explosion gently wakes Our H. R. H. at IV. One such we had the other night, And shall have many more. Then off he goes to see and try A plough that's worked by steam, Then does a little spell of work Where TAWITES embanks the stream.

Then doffs his coat and takes a pick, And turns a railway sod ; A market next inaugurates For carrots, crabs, and ood. Like Brahma then, with several hands, Several first stones he lays ; Then up the Monument he goes, And London's pride surveys.

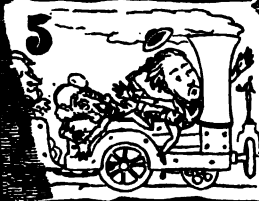
His Highness next in glee descends The lowness of a mine ; Comes up and opes a People's Park, Laid out so gay and fine. Where salmon are brought up by hand, He next appears so free, Then visits various picture-shows, And the Academy.

A ship he then attends to launch, And does the same in style, A workman's exhibition next He honours with his smile : And like a good and kind papa, As ever you shall see, Buys a perambulator there For little Victor, P.

Two morning concerts he attends, Hears many pleasing strain, "Like a bribe-buck," as FAISTAFF says, Divided twixt the twain. And then a jolly Sailor's Home He calls to patronise, His gracious ways set all the tars A swabbing of their eyes.

The cry of dogs is nextly heard, The Prince beholds a show,

PM 4.30



"Tray, Blanche, and Sweet-heart" wag their tails, All sitting in a row. We next spy our H. R. H. (The second-born of nine) Spring up upon an engine swift Of some new railway line.

Slap-bang, the Prince is here again, His dress is changed, remark, And with a Colonel's pride reviews His soldiers in the Park. A Ragged School he then inspects, And hears the urchins sing, And is not this hard work to set Before a future king?

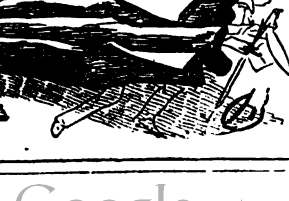
But, bless you, it's not nearly done, He's off unto the Strand, Where FECTER and PAUL BEDFORD strive, Which shall secure his hand, And drag him off to see the play. Snug in his private box ; Till time to hear SIR RODRICK DHU, Geologising rocks.

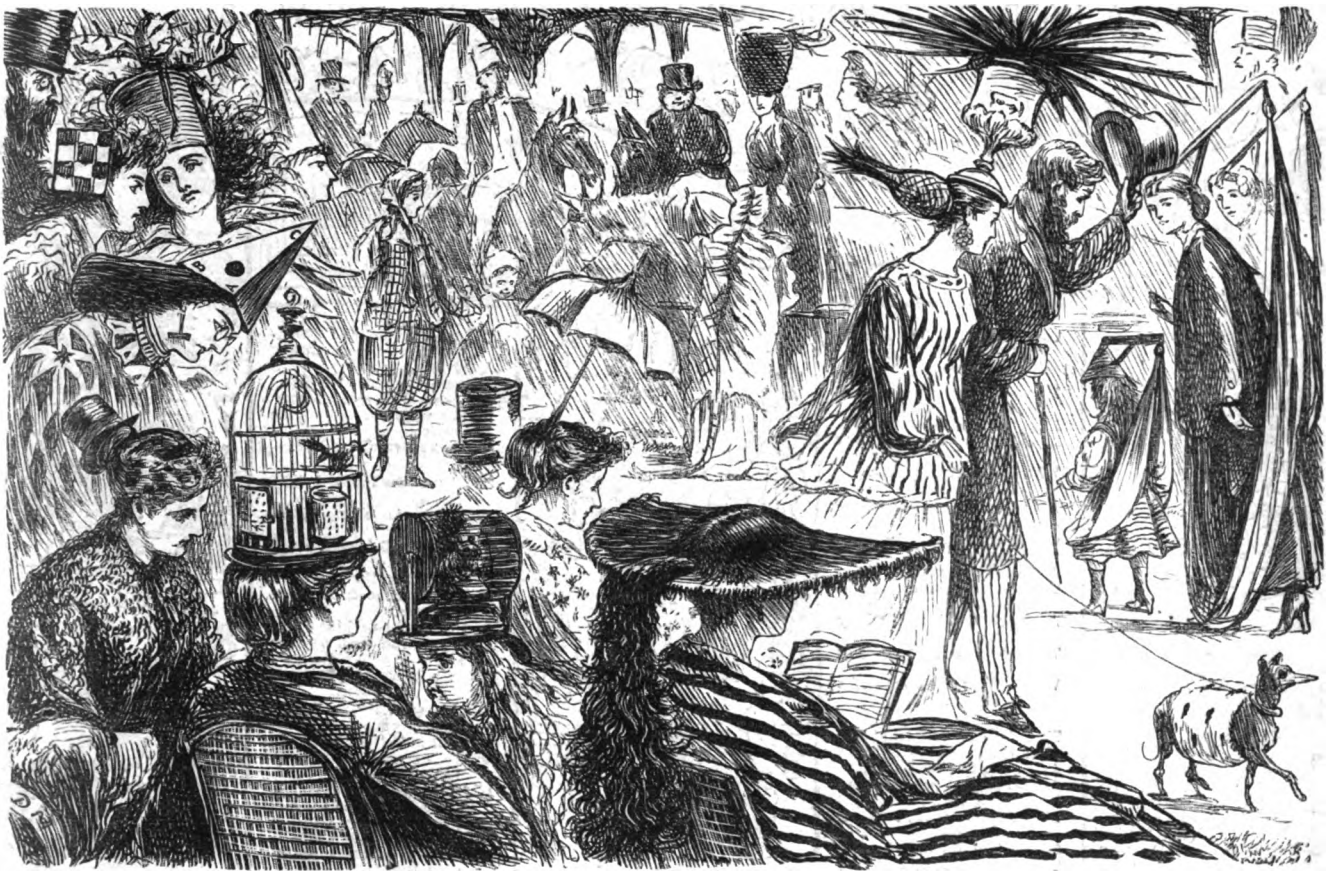
His Royal Highness next beholds The Volunteers at drill ; Then through the Drainage he proceeds, Nor fears the being ill. Some trifle else, are going home, Our H. R. H. performs ; A lighthouse, perhaps, he sees lit up, And reads "Report on Storms."

And as S. James's soundeth One He reaches Marlborough House, Has one cigar, and goes to bed. As quiet as a mouse. But to him PUNCH appears in dreams, And this is what he saith, "My Royal Sir, anoble like to work A willing horse to death.

"Old KNOLLYS should bid such plagues begone, Or else I'd make him walk ; What time have you to nurse your son, Or with your bride to talk ?"

In dreams his Highness makes reply, "Bless you, my PUNCH," says he, "You always were the true ally O' my Mamma and me."





LADIES' MORNING COSTUME FOR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX.

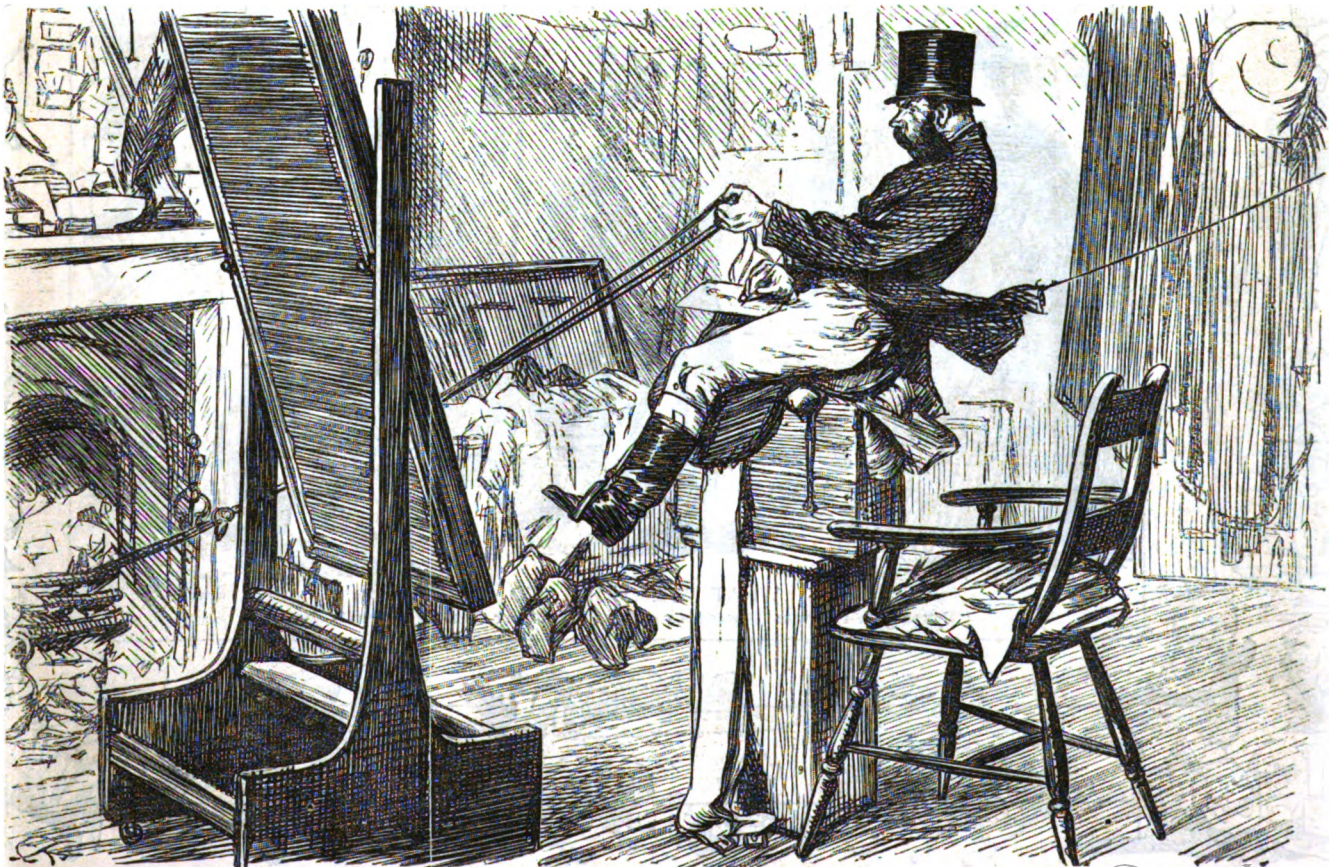


LADIES' EVENING COSTUME FOR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX.



THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS.

Stoker. "VERY SORRY TO DISTURB YER AT SUPPER, LADIES, BUT COULD YER OBLIGE ME WITH A SCUTTLE O' COALS FOR OUR ENGINE, AS WE 'VE RUN SHORT OF 'EM THIS JOURNEY!"



OUR ARTIST HAVING BEEN DISAPPOINTED OF HIS HUNTING THIS YEAR, HAS "A DRAW" IN HIS OWN STUDY.



AUNT SALLY AT MR. PUNCH'S PICNIC.



WHAT WE HOPE TO SEE.

"PRUDEN FOR PROCTORS, DOWAGERS FOR DONS, AND SWEET GIRL GRADUATES."—Tennyson.



THE OYSTER SEASON COMMENCES.

NO NATIVES TO BE HAD. SWELLS REDUCED TO THE STREETS!

NOTE BY A NON-NATURALIST ON GAME.—Fine feathers do not make fine birds. The plumage of the partridge is particularly plain; and give me the bird without the feathers!

ONLY SO-SO.—Is it not singular that the eye of the needle grows smaller as she that threads it grows older?

A SENTIMENT FOR SUMMER.—

No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As strawberries and cream

LORD DERBY TO NOTE.—What a confusion of ideas there was in the mind of the Cockney who thought the old Greek poet had been canonised, and so became St. Omer.

ALL authors should be gardeners. They would then know how to use the pruning-knife.

FROM "MEN OF THE TIME."—The Astronomer-Royal always entertains his friends at telescope dining-tables.

WHAT sort of day would be a good one for "Running for a Cup?" A muggy day.



Mamma. "NOW DO, GEORGE, COME OUT!"

THE STRIKE.

George. "I SHAN'T, IF YOU DON'T GIVE US BUNS AND MILK."



UNCLE FUSBY UNDERTAKES TO DELIGHT AND INSTRUCT THE YOUNG FOLK AT CHRISTMAS-TIME

BY A LECTURE ON ASTRONOMY AND THE MOVEMENTS OF THE CELESTIAL BODIES, ILLUSTRATED BY DIAGRAMS, WHICH WERE FINALLY TOUCHED UP (JUST BEFORE THE GAS WAS TURNED ON) BY HIS MISCHIEVOUS NEPHEWS.

LONDON SOCIAL GARDENING.

All through the year, let Cabmen cultivate civility; its fruits are most gratifying.

In cultivating an acquaintance, be careful not to cut him by accident.

Train a young child over a coloured alphabet; creepers are too young for this.

AN OLD WRETCH.—Mr. SOWERBY is prevailed upon to stand godfather to a male infant. Names him GABRIEL. After the christening, says what fun it will be for his godson to be called GABY!

AN INFALLIBLE CURE.—Our old friend HORACE speaks of expelling Nature with a fork. Did you ever try to expel ill-nature with a knife and fork?

ADVICE TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS.—Now visit watering places. At Ryde a wretch had the capability of saying that, being in the Isle of Wight, he should adopt the 'island costume'!

THE BEST CUT WHEN RUMP STEAK IS AT 14d. A POUND.—The cut direct, to the Butcher.

A DISH FOR A PRIMA DONNA.—Jugged Nightingale's



UNCLE FUSBY GIVES ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL LECTURE,

WITH A FEW SIMPLE CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS, SUCH AS PHARAOH'S SERPENTS, THE MAGNESIUM WIRE, &c. ALSO TO SHOW HOW GUNPOWDER CAN BE CONTAINED IN TWO INCOMBUSTIBLE POWDERS. STARTLING DÉVOÛMENT AND CHORUS OF DELIGHTED YOUNGSTERS, "OORAY!"

TOILET GARDENING-OPERATIONS FOR THE LADIES.

BY A FASHIONABLE MAMMA.

Now take your hair up by the roots, and train it back with corking-pins.

Take your pomatums from their pots, and spread them thick over the surface.

If you would cultivate carrots, at present the fashionable growth, use a strong solution of potash, which will ensure a crop of the fine golden hue now so much admired. You must be prepared, however, for this crop falling off with the other yellow foliage of the autumn.

If you would keep up the freshness of your roses, avoid hot rooms and late hours, and don't expose your two-lips too freely, except to the son and heir; the son and heir ought always to be courted.

DUTIES ON RIDING-HORSES.

The first duty when you are on a riding horse is to look as if you liked it.

The second is to sit with your knees in and heels well down, and to hold on tight by anything that presents itself.

REVERSE THE ENGINE.—Now that engineers tunnel the Alps, we must no more talk of making mountains of mole-hills, but mole-hills of mountains.

INFORMATION WANTED.—In America they talk a great deal of fustian. Has this anything to do with their corduroy roads?

REIGNING SOVEREIGNS.—(A Reflection).—Ah! if it were, who would hoist an umbrella!

THE CHARGE ON UNIONS REALLY REQUIRING TO BE GOT RID OF.—Mothers-in-Law.

THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE AT AN EVENING PARTY.—Supper!



OUR ARTIST, TOM TIT, HAS INVITED CHANG AND ANAK TO DINNER, UNKNOWN TO HIS FAMILY.

Buttons. "MR. CHANG! MR. HAYNACK!!
[Dismay of Mother! Delight of Sister!! Heekstacy of Buttons!!! Tableau!!!!]

POCKET SHAKESPEARE,

DRAWING-ROOM EDITION.

1ST PLAY.—Hamlet (condensed).

Scene First and Last.

Enter HAMLET, wounded.

Hamlet. My father's ghost I've seen: I've killed Laertes, Also the King: my mother's poisoned: and Ophelia's drowned. Horatio! Oh! I die!

[Horatio doesn't come, and HAMLET dies]

TO A CHANGED ONE.

DECEMBER's dark, and so wast thou,
Ah! how hast thou become so fair?
Circassian stucco blanched thy brow;
And Aqua Mira gilt thy hair.

A PUZZLE.

If two yards of sealing-wax cost fourpence, what will be the definite quantity of an arithmetical series of the same?—Contributed by MR. BABBAGE.

[Answer next year. In the meantime, happy to receive solutions from talented Correspondents.]

THE BOY'S OWN SALAD.—Now sow mustard and cross in the form of letters, which, when they come up, will form the name of "Old Brown." Take care not to grow your salad in this shape where MR. BROWN will probably see it.

BY A THEATRICAL SPORTSMAN.—(To the Profession).—Shooting a pheasant well, is my notion of winging it.

ARE YOU FOND OF JEWELLERY?—Girls, marry men who are teetotalers. They will allow you to wear nothing but diamonds of the first water.

A MAIDEN SPEECH.—Ask Papa.

FROM "MEN OF THE TIME."—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's favourite pursuit is taxidermy.

ASK AT THE BAR.—How many notes are there in an Octave of Sherry?



COUNT DE ST. AMARANTHE ASTONISHES AN ENGLISH HUNTING-FIELD BY HIS RIDING ACROSS COUNTRY.

[Count A. is no more a Count than you or I or Mr. Punch, and has learnt horsemanship at Franconi's Circus, Paris, but you need not mention it to his English friends.]

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1866.

This is the wild goose excursion,
All round the world for a summer's diversion.

Recessa Butcher goes, Baker holds on behind,
Old Lady, Clerk, Tailor, Barber, Milliner, all of one mind.

St. Paul's to the Pyramids by first train,
See Arabs, buy Fes, ride donkeys back again!

Don't care for Desert, can't stand weather,
CLERK and MILLINER very loving together.

Off to the Alps, see sun rise at morn,
Hear Merry Swiss Boy sound merry Swiss horn.

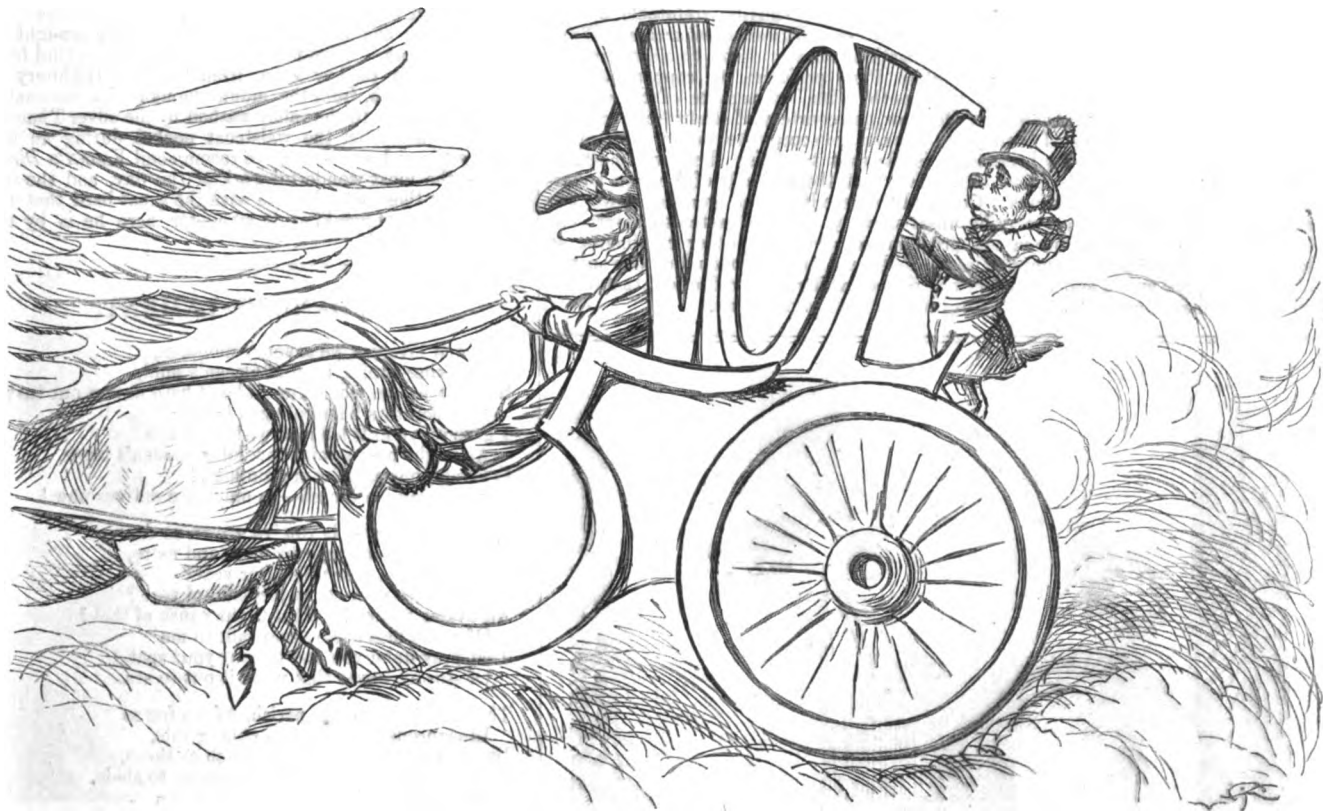


PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—JONES'S DRESSING-ROOM.

(The Costumier has forgotten to send Jones's Jack Boots). Jones. "CALLED AM I? I CAN'T PLAY CHARLES XII. IN PATENT LEATHER BOOTS WITH GREEN TOPS! I MUST HAVE YOURS!" [Brown, who plays 2nd Officer, don't see it.]



At present, most nob, every track, side back.
Mark! OLD LADY stick in a crack.
Here's the play, off to the City.
Bene with outburst.
Carry in can one little man.
I think the HAKELI, makes a mistake.
Old down the place—just here—where old-prize give.
From Calcutta the free
To land where bigger the one even not free.
Butcher, gathering associates for Prince of Wales.
Young and old, to gather gold—gold.
GIRL and MILLINER have despotic guard.
No road to the Moon, try the Okeoon.
Of course all miss him, especially the BARBER.
Try to shoot him, whilst in his hour.
Gentle growing stout, which is the reading about?
All get warm round potter heat—catch cold—messy.
KICKERSTONIST climbs the pole—finds it very easy.
For home make mind up.
South pole for wind up.
Ask their way of Pong-ai, hold them in a word.
TAILOR caught him, and brought him home like a bird.



OUR OPENING ARTICLE.

(After the manner of our most respected Contemporaries.)

WHEN a New Year commences, a fresh period begins. At such a time it is impossible for the most serious to avoid—even if they desire so to do—a class of reflection that must occur to minds of the least frivolous character. He who addresses himself to a survey of mankind from China to Peru will not improbably be led to the conviction that he has entered upon an area of observation whose limits are of the widest description, and may not be reluctant to assent to the proposition of one of the most remarkable of men, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. To abstain from the discussion of a difficult subject is, we may almost venture to say, to avoid the examination of an arduous topic, but on the other hand, where there is advantage to be gained by even an inadequate inquiry, we cannot consider that an incomplete investigation should be regarded as entirely unprofitable. With these feelings, at the outset of 1866, we apply ourselves to a task, which, if self-imposed, cannot be termed an involuntary labour.

It is natural in the first instance to be attracted by those questions which more immediately affect ourselves—*nihil aliud putamus*—and the state and condition of our own island, at the opening of the year, would instinctively be selected for treatment by the home journalist. But it appears to us that to be guided by the conventionalisms of geography is to submit ourselves to the dictates of merely scientific arrangement. We therefore glance cursorily towards Andes, giant of the Western Star, and we state with regret that though there is no perceptible alteration in the position of his meteor standard, it waves over regions in which many changes may take place, if a policy of conservatism be not sternly adopted. Cape Horn, however, still affronts the Antarctic or Southern Ocean, nor has the great mystic belt which unites the Americas at Panama, like the Siamese twins, been done away by the skill of engineering surgery. We rejoice to be able to state that the long and terrible war which has been waged in North America has written no wrinkles on the azure brows of the Atlantic or Pacific, and that three degrees still stretch between the isles of Vancouver and Newfoundland. We commend these facts to the geologists who are perhaps unwisely seeking to disturb received beliefs, and we point out to them how little the fluctuations of the moral world disarrange the Cosmos of material nature.

Whatever the modern statesmen may think of the Asiatic confederation, there can be little doubt, in candid minds, that Asia has been the scene of many remarkable events, of the smaller details of which, at least, it may not be too much to say, that the records are to a certain extent defective. Yet from Lake Timour to Ceylon the populations are still in possession of various degrees of civilisation, and if the Sea of Okotsh remains to the present period in its pristine form, the western frontier of the mighty continent is none the less rigidly guarded by the Ural mountains. We do not desire to increase the difficulties of those who are considering the propriety of removing Calcutta to the Himalayas, nor at the conclusion of the Bhootanese war is it a fit time to look retrospectively upon that disaster, but we will not be deterred from warning our readers that large portions of Mongolia are entirely unfit for houses of Italian architecture, replete with the conveniences of a metropolitan suburb; nor will we be foremost in advising those who are in possession of all that luxury can afford in England to seek new homesteads in "Samarcand by Oxus, Temur's throne."

Africa appears to us to afford little cause for immediate agitation, or even apprehension on the part of the Englishman. But it is the duty of the wise man to be prepared for all contingencies, and inasmuch as the agents of civilisation are advancing upon that continent from all its corners, it may not be amiss to remember that while the EMPEROR assails her from the north and M. LESSERS on the east, DR. LIVINGSTON and M. DU CHAILLU have penetrated in other directions, and it is not impossible that under the auspices of the intrepid BÉKE, the fanatic chivalry of KING THEODORE may avail itself of all this enlightenment to constitute a grand central power, which, perhaps under the name of the Empire of Sahara, may send the legionaries of Lake Nyanza to the Iron Gate and the Boeophorus. But we are disinclined to believe that the festive season of Christendom need this year be disturbed by such vaticinations, the less that the retarda of the gallant MR. BAKER seems to assure us that in the contest proverbially waged between his namesake and Our Mutual Enemy, the pull may at present be assumed to be on the side of the type of humanity.

Last, and only least in respect to size, the continent of Europe offers itself to the unprejudiced gaze. Reasons which the intelligent reader will be the first, and the uncultivated reader the last to appreciate, preclude our touching, at this moment, upon the moral, social, or political condition of this interesting continent. England, France, Spain, Germany, Russia, not to name Monaco and Greece, suggest many reflections which will occur to those who have regularly followed the

course of events, while to others they would, if stated, have the questionable charm of novelty. Princes and lords, the great poet has remarked, may flourish or may fade, but against this irrefragable axiom we may set the equally irrefutable dictum of the philosopher that all is not gold that glitters. *Humanum est errare*. While we hail with pleasure the advance of civilisation, we are unable to close our eyes to its retrogression, or to deny that while Paris perfumes its copper coinage, Manchester puts its steel fork into its mouth. The temperance of Florence is no valid excuse for the drunkenness of Glasgow, the courtesy of Madrid can scarcely atone for the clownishness of Yorkshire, nor can we accept the theory of compensation so far as to allow that because it is pleasant to praise the sweetmeats of Constantinople we must be blind to the fact that the majority of London sugar-plums are coarse and deleterious. Confined to these large and general views, our analysis of European affairs may be unsatisfactory, but we hasten to assert our belief that Europe will maintain her predominance over the other continents, so long as she continues their superior in arts and arms, and in concluding our survey of the world, we would add the cheering, if not exhilarating reflection, that come what come may, time and the hour run through the roughest day.



MR. SMITH

HAVING BEEN ALLOWED TO GO AND SEE THE SPHINX WITH TWO OLD SCHOOL-FELLOWS, HAS AN AWFUL SHOCK WHEN HE RETURNS AT 2 A.M.

OUR ONE REVIEW.

Kelly's Directory for 1866. Old Boswell Court, St. Clement's.

WE have carefully perused every word of this remarkable work, and we exhort all our own readers to do the same. It is as extraordinary for its wealth of diction as for its accuracy of description. It contains thousands of words, none of which we ever used in our lives, and yet there is no saying at what moment we may be called upon to use any or all of them. It introduces us with much familiarity, but with no vulgarity, to myriads of our fellow-creatures, and the terseness combined with lucidity, with which their leading principle of life is indicated, is worthy of all praise. There is no partiality, no coarse exclusiveness, in the author's views of society—in one page we are introduced to the MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF ARARAT, K.G., and to all his stately mansions, and in another we are led to the humble shop of JAMES GRIMES, greengrocer and parties carefully attended, while the magnificent merchant, the lugubrious lawyer, the delightful doctor, the adored author, the carnivorous critic, the affable actor, the stolid statesman, the melancholy musician, the pallid parson, the daring dissenter, the antibillious

astronomer, the voluptuous vegetarian, the foolish fish-monger, the prepossessing painter, the maudlin man-milliner, and the chimerical chiropodist are all shown up in their true characters, and we are literally brought to their very doors. Alike for severe survey of mankind from lofty Belgravia to low Bow, from haughty Highbury to vulgar Walworth, from the mountainous region dominated by Ben Primrose to the valley washed by the silver Thames, as for extract from the waistcoat pocket during an idle hour by the sad sea waves, we recommend *Kelly's Directory* as the most wonderful work of the day, and the *sine qua non* for those who believe with the great bard that the proper study of mankind is man—for here he is by the hundred thousand.

FITZ-DANDO'S LAMENT.

Ye good bivalves, ye savoury molluscs,
Ye living titbits, born of Ocean's mud,
Still toothsome when Time's hand hath drawn our tusks,
Regenerators bland of aged blood:
I gaze on ye in fish-shops with such eye
As might poor swain view lofty maiden's brow.
O lovely, but alas for me too high!
Three halfpence each—so much are natives now!

Ye oysters, how is it you've grown so dear,
In price ascending ever more and more,
Up up aloft as year rolls after year?
Scarce are ye now, so plentiful of yore?
An oyster famine! What's the cause of that?
Of ocean foes some sages talk to me
That prey upon you and devour your spat,
Of stormy waves that wash it out to sea.

They tell me how you perish, left to freeze
In rigorous winter by an ebbing tide,
But you had always chances such as these,
When ye were cheap and common, to abide.
It is but in relation that you've grown
Less numerous, not absolutely few;
There are more mouths that gape—alas! my own
But waters—now than once there were for you.

For you, but not for you alone; for meat,
And all besides that smokes upon the board;
Fish, fowl, eggs, butter too: things good to eat
Exceed what moderate incomes can afford.
Increase of population must be fed;
Our numbers with prosperity extend:
Where, if we keep on going thus ahead,
Will this prosperity, ye oysters, end?

Will ye become as costly as the pearls
Torn by the diver from your kind, a prey
To decorate the brows of splendid girls?
And girls, oh how expensive, too, are they!
Ah, no more natives for the frugal swain,
No possibility of married life!
Oysters are for the rich—and he's insane
Who, rolling not in riches, takes a wife.

STONES CRUSHED BY MACHINERY.

LOCAL Self-Government enables us to practise an economy which Centralisation denies. In London and England generally the ratepayers are exempt from the expense which must be entailed on the citizens of Paris by such machines as that of which the operation is thus described by *Galigani*:—

"A powerful steam-roller for crushing the macadam on the roads is at the present moment at work on the Pont-Neuf, and passes backwards and forwards up and down the steep inclines at each end of that bridge, amongst vehicles of all kinds, without causing the least inconvenience."

Under our British system of Local Self-Government, the stones in the roads are broken by the gradual agency of horses' hoofs and the wheels of carriages, grinding, and ground. What would the vestrymen of England say to the proposal of an additional highway-rate for a steam-macadamiser? It might, however, answer the purpose of horsekeepers and owners of vehicles to tax themselves for the termination of a state of our roads, which, here or there, is always brutal.



MR. SNIGGINS HAS A DAY AMONGST THE BANKS,
AND SHREWDLY GUESSES WHY THEY ARE CALLED "ONS AND OFFS."

A ROW IN THE IRISH REPUBLIC.

By a meeting of the Fenian Senate, lately held at the Senate House, 734, Broadway, New York, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved—

"That the Irish Republic is now virtually established in the United States of America, and also in Ireland, where it exists in a state of suppressed hostility to the British Government.

"That the Irish Republic has arrived at such perfect maturity that, as might be the case with any old State enjoying a settled form of government, it is rent asunder by political dissension, and divided against itself into two opposite parties, by an internal split.

"That JOHN O'MAHONY, President of the Irish Republic, is a traitor to the Senate and Constitution of that same. That, by the unanimous vote of ten to fifteen, the said Senate has adjudged the said JOHN O'MAHONY guilty of perjury, peculation, embezzlement, defamation, libel, slander, perfidy, treason, and malfesance. That the said JOHN O'MAHONY, President of the Irish Republic, is now deposed from that, and discontinues to be such any longer.

"That, accordingly, COLONEL W. R. ROBERTS, a flourishing dry goods' merchant, has been declared by this Senate President of the Irish Republic in the room of JOHN O'MAHONY, deposed.

"That, nevertheless, the aforesaid JOHN O'MAHONY continues to be and remain President of the Irish Republic, and to exercise the functions of his high office, particularly to borrow money in the name of the Republic, and convert it to his own uses. That, in further contempt and derision of the authority of this Senate, the said JOHN O'MAHONY posted on the front door of the Capitol of the Irish Republic a notice insulting the Members of this Senate, and excluding them from the premises. And that he, the said JOHN O'MAHONY, denies and refuses to own and obey the said COLONEL W. R. ROBERTS as lawful President of the Irish Republic, calling him a tailor.

"That Chicago endorses ROBERTS, but New York has declared for O'MAHONY, and the consequence is there is one President of the Irish

Republic at the Capitol in Union Square, and another at the Senate Chambers in Broadway, with their respective followers.

"That the Irish Republic, as at present constituted, thus being a severed union of two hostile camps, the only natural and pacific remedy possible for this state of things is civil war.

"That it is necessary for the Irish Republic to emancipate itself from the coercion of the Governments of the United States and Great Britain, that restrain it from fighting out its internal difficulties in its own bosom.

"That therefore it behoves the Irish Republic immediately to commence hostilities with England and America, preliminary to the internecine warfare which it proposes to engage in with itself afterwards.

"That the temporary co-operation of the two antagonist sections of the Irish Republic be earnestly requested for this purpose; that GENERAL SWEENEY, the Secretary-at-War, be appointed Generalissimo to carry it out; and that, towards the needful expenses of the struggle, there be raised a loan amounting to one thousand dollars."

The Ins and Outs of the Case at Washington.

Says JOHNSON, "To hold that the States of the South,
Were e'er out of the Union is sin."
Says CONGRESS, "Wa'al, guess if they never were out,
There ain't no call for lettin' 'em in."

The County Crop for Chignons.

CHIGNONS! CHIGNONS! CHIGNONS! For Sale, by Order of Government, several cwt. of HAIR cut from the HEADS of FEMALE CONVICTS in conformity with the Regulations established in Her Majesty's Gaols throughout the United Kingdom. In Lots, of every description of colour. The attention of PERUQUIERS, PERFUMERS and others is invited to this opportunity of securing an adequate Supply of Material for the manufacture of CHIGNONS of every Shade and Hue. A Liberal Allowance will be made to PURCHASERS on taking a QUANTITY.—N.B. The whole of the HAIR representing the average COUNTY CROP of the United Kingdom has been carefully subjected to a DISINFECTING PROCESS and exposed to a temperature of 312° Fahrenheit.
Whitehall, Jan. 1, 1866.
H. WADDINGTON.

THEATRICAL CHRISTMAS.



is,—Drury Lane first and foremost. Master PRIMO ROSHIE as *King Pippin*; he is, as poor ROBSON used to say, “a w-o-o-o-nd-erful bo-o-o-y!” MR. BARBY, as the *Count of Flanders*, executes some wonderful steps that will astonish some of our burlesque friends, and make the irrepressible niggers turn up the whites of their eyes. He dances very nearly as well as MR. D. JAMES, at the pretty little Strand Theatre, who plays *Nelumbo* in *L’Afrique*, and that’s saying a great deal, mind

you. If the august managers of Old Drury were approachable, I would suggest that a few more efficient box-keepers might be obtained; for, with an anxious party of small folks I had to wait five (or more) minutes before I could get any one to show me my box. It was the omnibus box when I *did* get into it, and our situation reminded me of poor LERCH’s picture of the children creeping to the edge of the circus, and seeing, with great delight, “the ‘cofs of the ‘ores!”

The omnibus (to which as I have said we had great difficulty in finding a conductor) is not the best box for those who wish to get a good view of the pantomime. However, Old Drury was crammed, and there was no getting another. It had its advantages in the children’s eyes; for from our situation they were let into all sorts of stage secrets. They saw the little fairies before they appeared on the stage; they saw *King Pippin*’s miniature courtiers crowding behind the wings; they saw Miss ROSE LECLEBOCQ, as a Queen, pinning the dress of Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON, who plays *Fortunatus*; they saw the grimy carpenters moving behind the bright canvas clouds; and, privileged mortals that we were, we saw, we saw (oh, rapture! joy! ecstasy!) we saw *the Clown before he came on*.

I have only one fault to find with Drury Lane: its orchestra. The music was not sufficiently lively for a pantomime, and the style of its execution could scarcely have been pleasing (I am speaking of the first night, mind), to the ear of MR.

BARNARD, the conductor. I am afraid that my children will henceforth become materialists, and date their realistic notions from the evening when they were spectators of *Harlequin King Pippin* from the omnibus box of Old Drury.

Covent Garden and the PAYNES! of course a pantomime supported by the King and Princes of Christmas fun cannot be anything but good; so being perfectly certain on this score, I’m going there next week, and will tell you all about it. Society goes to see what MR. T. ROBERTSON calls, generically, society at the PRINCE OF WALES’s, and society is much pleased with what it *does* see. I must visit *Little Don Juan*. Then there’s the Haymarket, with MR. PLANCHÉ’s adaptation of *Orphée aux Enfers*: neatly done, sweetly done. But you *do* want some singers besides Miss LOUISE KEELEY; and Miss LOUISE KEELEY, good as she is, is not the *Burgoyne* that all Paris went to see; but then MR. J. B. BUCKSTONE will say, we’re not in Paris: and it’s *Orpheus in the Haymarket*. The public is satisfied with *Rip* at the Adelphi, and BENJAMIN, their ruler, ought to be content with the great plum in his Christmas pudding; so here’s *his* health and his family’s, including LITTLE PAUL and MASTER TOOLE come home for the holidays, and MRS. MELLOW, and may they all live long and prosper. The best pantomime for children is to be seen at Astley’s; where the transformation scene will considerably astonish even the oldest boys.

There’s a burlesque at the New Royalty. *Hew! prices* *Ades!* which being translated by my own private schoolboy means, “Alas, the old fiddle!” How hath the glory departed from Soho since the reign of Ixion, King of Thessaly. The talented author of the new piece has, with remarkable originality, entitled his play *Prometheus, or the Man on the Rock*, which of course does not in the least remind one of *Ixion, or the Man at the Wheel*. Imitation is the sincerest flattery. It is no doubt commendable in a young author to rely for the success of his bantling upon the established reputation of his predecessor. It is, I believe, MR. RICH’s first attempt, so as MR. WELLER said to MR. BLASS, at the Swartry, perhaps he’ll “try a better by-and-by.” I’ll go and see all the Christmas entertainments. Send me Boxes. Yours, SNOOKS.

PAROCHIAL TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—Church and Stocks.

THE KILKENNY CATS.

As we prophesied, but sooner than we bargained for, the Irish Republic has resolved itself into an Irish Row! The Head Centre is at loggerheads with the extremities. The mighty O’MAHONY is at drawn daggers with the Senate of the brotherhood. And all about the dirty dollars! It seems that the Head Centre has issued some £268,000 worth of Fenian bonds, without the authority of the agent confirmed by the Senate, and a Committee of the Senate, whom the Head Centre christens “ten malcontents,” having issued a notification to the brotherhood and sympathisers with it, that all such bonds are invalid and illegal, the Fenian Senate has formally impeached and deposed its President and his Secretary of the Treasury, for high crimes and misdemeanours, and elected another President in his place.

Now the “malcontents” certainly speak in the name of the Senate, though they are declared by the Head Centre to be “no better than a domestic faction instigated by corrupt motives or British Gold.” When the late ingenious MR. YATES was Manager of the Adelphi, it occasionally happened to him, as it will to all Managers, to bring out pieces that drew down what the actors call “goose.” Those were days when the British public was still capable of damning a play which displeased it. But more than once, when both pit and gallery were gradually growing to full hiss, MR. YATES has been known to avert conclusive damnation by coming forward and indignantly claiming the protection of the public from the unseemly interruption of “that ruffianly miscreant in the gallery.” He had found that the chances were that this courageous apostrophe converted hisses into cheers.

Head Centre O’MAHONY seems determined to play the same game when he appeals against a resolution of his Senate, in full session, as the daring act of “ten malcontents.” It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and it is not to be regretted—though we don’t wish to give rope to the Fenians at home—that they should have enough of it to hang themselves with, on the other side of the Atlantic.

TITLE FOR A TEMPERANCE TRACT.

“MUZZLE Loaders converted.” By GUNMAKER, Oxford Street.

ON THE DOWNFALL OF THE MARMORA AND SELLA CABINET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

We have just been acting the *Triumvirs*, and sending round the hat, as usual, at the conclusion of the performance. I should be very glad if you consider the following worthy of the *Triumvirs*, that is, threepence, a line, instead of the traditional *nummus*, or penny. That will make just a florin, which please remit by Post-Office order. I give you the English.

Your constant reader, YOUNG WESTMINSTER.

MARMORA cum SELLA projicit Ausonia.

Durior Ausoniæ pullus, qui sustinet idem
MARMORA cum SELLA: ne nimium sit onus!
Ah, levis Ausoniæ pullus, qui calce protervâ
MARMORA cum SELLA, proruta, fracta, terit.

Or, Englished,

On the Upset of LA MARMORA and SELLA in the Italian Parliament.

A rare nag this Italian colt, if he moves
Under burden of saddle* and marbles* to boot:
Grant, ye gods, he mayn’t shy! Ha! a shy he proves,
And saddle and marbles are trod under foot!

Idem aliter reddendum.

Ausonii panem poscunt: dat marmora præses.
Quid mirum Ausonii marmora ai renegant?
Frænum indignantes sellam tolerare molestam:
Quid mirum sellam marmora abacta sequi?

Or, Englished,

To give marbles to those who ask bread, is a blunder,
For the marbles are sure to be overboard slung:
Will a horse that scorns reins brook a saddle? No wonder,
If after the marbles the saddle is flung.

* Mr. Punch’s readers hardly need the information that marmora in Latin means “marbles,” and sella, “saddle.”

PUNCH FOR PRESIDENT.

(To the Members of the Royal Academy of Arts: Private and Confidential.)

85, Fleet Street, January, 1866.



GENTLEMEN,—Your Presidential Chair, which has been filled by a succession of occupants, in a glorious gradation of artistic eminence, from SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS to BENJAMIN WEST, SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, and SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE, being once more vacant, I am induced, by the demands of an occasion so momentous to the Fine Arts in this country to submit the following considerations as to the appointment of your new President.

You have all, no doubt, felt with me, the difficulty of finding even within the pale of a Society so illustrious and variously gifted as your own, a man combining the rare requirements, artistic, literary, social and ceremonial, which ought to meet in a President of the Royal Academy. More or fewer of these requirements have, indeed, been blended, in varying proportions, in the successive holders of this great office, but you will probably agree with me, that not even the most distinguished of them has united all in the highest conceivable degree. You have had painter-Presidents, gentleman-Presidents, courtier-Presidents, diplomatist-Presidents, and Presidents who were something of all these, by turns, but nothing long; but near as SIR JOSHUA may have come to such a phoenix, you have not yet had a President who was at once fine painter, perfect gentleman, accomplished courtier, dexterous diplomatist, commanding orator, and consummate tactician. Such a man you want now, more than ever. Such a man—I say it with the utmost respect, and with a profound admiration for the various eminence enlisted in your ranks—I think you will seek in vain within your own pale. Such a man, I believe, I can find you.

But before offering his name to your consideration, I must ask leave to point out why I think the exigencies of our time peculiarly call for one thus variously accomplished. The Royal Academy, like everything else that is venerable and high-placed among us, has fallen upon hard times, unfriendly pens, and evil tongues. The Court has grown cold; the Government harsh and unsympathising; the artistic body capacious and unreasonable; the critics insolent; the public audacious and meddlesome. All these, in their several spheres, are disposed to divert ancient ways, break down old fences, and shift old land-marks; to let in the garish light of day on the holds and haunts of grey antiquity; to submit venerable institutions to rude and irreverent handling; and even to disregard vested rights, in what are speciously called "the interests of the public."

It would be too much to hope that the Royal Academy can long be safe from the onsets of this meddling and mischievous spirit. Already you may hear the murmur of hostility against your hard-earned privileges, your titles, and the enhanced value of your pictures derived thence, your places on the line, your right of unquestioned exhibition, your claims to pensions and offices. A corps of observation has already been pushed forward in the shape of a Royal Commission, whose insidious attack, though for the moment baffled, may at any moment be renewed. Under the shallow pretext of advancing the interests of Art, objections are heard even to your unquestionable right of providing by modest Professorial salaries for the worn-out veterans of your own body, to your finding a calm retreat in your official situations for those whose merits an ill-informed public refuses to recognise by purchase or patronage; to your distributing the duties of teaching and superintendence in your schools according to the comfort and convenience of the teachers, instead of what smatterers and sciolists call the "interests of the pupils!"

Already you may hear even the outrageous demand—which like the Trojan horse, carries armed destruction in its womb—for the enlargement of your time-consecrated pale, and for the admission, and in even larger numbers, of the inferior class called "Associates," to the duties, honours, and privileges of your venerable body.

I need hardly point out the inevitable consequence of these changes, particularly the latter. They will utterly undermine the foundations laid for the Academy in 1768 by the august hand of that enlightened and far-sighted monarch, GEORGE THE THIRD; they will swamp your select and awful ranks by the influx of what insolently arrogates to itself the name of "rising talent;" they will reduce the value, whether in distinction or in its more tangible form of emolument, of your titles, and generally democratise and Americanise what is still one of the few eminently aristocratic, conservative, and thoroughly old English institutions which have escaped the levelling influences of our epoch.

Your enemies have even dared to hint at a process of superannuation, as if Royal Academicians could ever either be or become effete—as if incapables were ever elected into your pale, or time could wither the genius which originally won you your proud distinction!

It will be the chief duty of your new President to inspire and conduct your resistance to the demand for these, and indeed all, innovations. We cannot disguise from ourselves that these changes may be advocated on plausible pretexts, and supported by specious arguments—pretexts and arguments which are but too likely to find favour out of doors in the present deplorable temper of the times.

To neutralise this poison will require a President of very exceptional gifts. He ought to be one who is on terms of easy familiarity alike with high and low—one who can hold his own with the common herd of artists and critics of the press, as well as with the courtiers of Whitehall and St. James's: one who can keep the pushing and ambitious smatterers who call themselves the "rising talent of the day" at once in good humour, and in their places, by persuading them that the interests of the Royal Academy as it is, and those of the great body of Artists outside of it, are one and the same; that the narrower the body of the privileged, the greater the honour of achieving admission to it; and that to extend the field of its advantages would be to rob them of all value. He must be a man at once able and willing to satisfy even the visitors at an Academy dinner as to the superhuman wisdom of the lamented GEORGE THE THIRD, and the sacredness of the mystic number forty, to which that great Prince saw fit to limit the Academy, at a time when the artists of England were, if few in number, eminent in ability, and when our picture-buyers, if even fewer than the artists, were exclusively of the aristocratic order. He must have dialectic skill enough to persuade the public that the individuality of our English school would be destroyed if the Academy undertook to teach its students how to paint; and that there is no such guarantee for our youth's learning to swim, as rigidly debarring them from all access to either corks, ropes, or swimming-master.

All this he must do while enlightening Parliament and the Public on such larger and more cardinal truths as these,—that the admission of light, open election, and public discussion, to the machinery of Academic Government, is to strike a death-blow at its efficiency, and that, of all modes of administration, the wholesomest is that by a close corporation, self-elected.

I am well aware that if the mere holding these opinions were all that is required, I need not go beyond the pale of your own body to find the surest faith and a conviction that defies assault on most of the points I have referred to. I have no doubt also that there are but few among you who would not consistently act up to the principles thus devoutly entertained. But the point is to find a man at once devoted enough to act on these principles, and ingenious enough to maintain them with effect by tongue and pen, as well as by practice, at the present day.

For this purpose is required at once the most fascinating address, the most perfect mastery of all the arts of influence and persuasion; thorough command of rhetoric and dialectics, including the most practically useful branch of the latter, the doctrine of the sophism; and above and besides all, the tact that can conciliate a cultivated Court, and manage a reforming Government.

I confess myself at a loss where to look for this union of qualities—except in myself.

I therefore, at whatever cost to my native diffidence, BEG TO SUBMIT MYSELF TO YOU FOR PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I have said nothing of my artistic acquirements, as I gather from some of your elections that these are a secondary matter. Indeed, considering the relations of the Academy to the great body of English artists, I cannot see that my not being known as a painter, or at least as a contributor to the Academy exhibitions, forms a serious objection to your stepping beyond your own pale, for once, in the choice of a President. I have no objection to be admitted as a Lay-member, *per saltum*, on the credit of my illustrations, or even to accept the office, without the form of previous election, to the Academy.

If you agree to admit so much of the justly obnoxious lay element as may be embodied in my person, you may rely upon me to help you in keeping the door closed against all laymen for the future, and generally to aid you in your especial functions of resisting innovation and stemming the tide of revolution under the much-abused name of Progress.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient Servant,

PUNCH.

Military and Naval Intelligence.

THE Band of the 1st Philharmonic Volunteers is to be provided with an organ, on which the Organist of the Regiment will perform Voluntaries when it marches out.

The Cavalry are all to be armed with horse-pistols. The new horse-pistols will be COLT'S revolvers.

It is also said that COLT'S revolvers will be issued to the Horse Marines.

CRUELTY TO BOYS.

IMAGINE these holidays the feelings of the school-boy whose uncle told him he would tip him a wink!



TOM TIT ENTERTAINS CHANG AND ANAK, AND CONCLUDES, THAT NEXT TO BEING A GIANT ONESELF, THE BEST THING IS TO BE THE HUSBAND OF A GIANTESSE.



CHANCE FAVOURS HIM IN HIS TRAVELS. HE MEETS A VERY FINE GIRL AND A VERY FIERCE BULL. ONE SAVES HIM FROM THE OTHER—HE LOVES, COURTS, AND MARRIES HIS BEAUTIFUL PRESERVER.



HE BRINGS HIS SPLENDID BRIDE TO HIS ANCESTRAL HOME. (Touching Family Tableau in the Hall.)



"MISSUS'S HUMBERELLER!"



WE CALL ON OUR ARTIST, AND ARE FAVOURED WITH AN INTRODUCTION TO HIS WIFE. SHE HAS THE MANNERS OF THE BEST SOCIETY.



MR. AND MRS. TOMTIT GO INTO THE WORLD. SHE IS VERY CAREFUL NOT TO HURT ANYBODY, AND DOES NOT WALTZ.



SHE HAS A CHARMING TASTE FOR MUSIC. HER INSTRUMENT IS THE VIOLONCELLO.



THE REAL IRISH COURT; OR, THE HEAD CENTRE AND
THE DIS—SENTERS.

Punch's Table-Talk.

259.

A WRITER in the *Bristol Times* complains that though his boy came home from school with a classical prize, he did not know what his father meant by telling him to get *pro rege variatas*. The parent wanted change for a sovereign.

260.

I hate to check the fresh bursts of natural poetry. - But what could I do, mindful of critics and a cold world, with a sweet poem on the Battle of Waterloo—a composition sent me by an aspiring young bard, and beginning—

"Up with the Standard that never went down."

261.

Most people have looked at most shop windows. But I don't know that I ever saw a man looking into a laceman's, or a woman into a gunsmith's.

262.

The gentleman who advertised for his umbrella, and appealed to the conscience of the cabman, informs me that advertisement and appeal were in vain. The Cabman's Club should know this.

263.

I hear, by the way, that the said Club has discussions, after the manner of my friends the Coggers, and that there was lately given out for debate the question, "Is there a Cabman who would not ask a lady too much?" It is to the credit of the association that, cheeky though the race is, no one could be found to sustain the affirmative.

264.

I observe a magazine article with the inviting title, "Under the Lash, by one who has been Flogged." Pleasant reading, if the announcement is to be read literally. I suppose it will be followed by "Under the Gallows, by One who has been Hanged."

265.

Which reminds me that I have read the report of the Commission on Capital Punishment. Everybody worth consulting seems to have been consulted. The report is that murder should be divided into two degrees, for one of which only, when the jury distinctly find malice, the extreme penalty is to be awarded—penal servitude is to recompense other criminals. That infanticide should be punished with penal servitude, not death. And that executions should be private. So say the Commissioners, who have certainly given their best energies to their work.

266.

I congratulate my friend, SIR RODERICK VICH MURCHISON, ho! ieroe, on being made a Bart. Long may he wave his Red Hand over his sceptical subjects.

267.

I congratulate my friend WILLIAM FERUSON on being made a Bart. It might suggest unpleasant ideas to dwell on the absolute propriety of giving the badge of Ulster to an operating surgeon, but I rejoice unfeignedly when anything that is considered an honour is done to a member of the noblest of all the professions. I am only sorry that he was not made LORD SPITTLEHAUGH—his place. The name—ask my learned friend, MR. MARK ANTONY LOWER else—is clearly a variety of "Haugh-spirit," the scene of some of SIR WILLIAM'S triumphs.

268.

NICOLINI is coming out again at the Opera. How jolly old he must be! I read about him in ADDISON'S *Spectator* when I was a boy, and how gracefully he put a lion to death in some Opera, and how a gentleman who was learning fashionable ways took that opportunity of crying "*Ancora*."

269.

MR. PHELPS had a power over the rugged natives of Islington. When he was at Sadler's Wells, the play, even on Boxing-Night, was heard in silence and with plaudit. He is gone thence, and the audiences have relapsed into primitive barbarism. Cannot the Baptist Missionary Society take their case into consideration, as some missionary hands will probably be disengaged elsewhere?

270.

MRS. GEORGE GRITH—I know as well as you do that such is not her name, and what do you interrupt for?—I thought you had a Riddell to ask me. Well, then, the authoress of *George Grith* is a most delightful writer, and I see her new book is to be called *The Race for Wealth*. I suppose this means Ascot, for it is very expensive work going there, and only rich swells can manage it properly.

271.

Somebody has invented something which, I hear, damps Queen's heads, and sticks them on letters with no trouble to yourself. All very well. But I take it that the thing must be fed at some time or other. Now I am always out of stamps on Sunday, or at some other time when

none are to be had. I want an affair like the baccy box in the tap-rooms I frequent—it will not open unless you drop a penny in—and then a stamp should come out. However, the invention, if it exist, is in the right direction, for the taste of the Post Office gum is not nice.

272.

My conversation can never fail to be agreeable and witty, but if, this week, you detect a certain carnality about it, and deplore a slight absence of the æsthetic feature, be good enough to remember that I have been for fourteen days eating turkeys and oxen. With refined cookery will return diviner inspiration.

273.

The French say that we do not hand over to them enough of their escaped rascals, and so our neighbours mean to abolish the arrangement under which, only, can we give up a single scoundrel. I do not see the logic. I believe that we gladly surrender all whom we ought. Let them simplify their process, and we will see about meeting them half way. But we are not going to hand over political refugees, clean or dirty, nor to obey a warrant stating that a Frenchman is a rascal, when perhaps he is only a republican.

274.

What does the querist in the Catechism mean by being respectful at the outset, and then proceeding to *intoyer* the respondent? "What is your name," if rather point blank, is not impolite, but why am I afterwards to be called "thou." And then why does he hop back again to "you"? LORD EBURY might see to this, among his revisions.

275.

From which remarks you are inferring—I see you at it—that I have been reading my Common Prayer-book when I ought to have been listening to the Christmas sermon. I scorn your imputations,—send me the Madeira.

276.

A letter from MISS MARTINEAU to an American publisher intimates that she resigns the pen. No lady of our age has so well earned the right to rest upon her laurels, and I hope that they may long keep green by the waters of her Lake. Let us drink her health, with all the honours.

277.

Some of you fellows may write biographies—a man who can write in *Punch* can do anything, from an epic to a Queen's speech. Nor is there any chance of any of you sinning against good taste; a man who has written for *Punch* has proved that he is a gentleman. But some biographers are not Punchmen, and it may interest you to hear the eloquent and mordant protest which has been made against one of the outsiders by a son whose father's diary has been mercilessly ransacked. The biographer is the REV. JOHN KENNEDY, the subject is the REV. DR. MACDONALD, of Ferrintosh, the castigator is his son, and the letter appears in the *Inverness Courier*. Perpend.

278.

"A great part of this abortive volume," says the son, "is made up of extracts from diaries. - What right had MR. KENNEDY to unscrupulously divulge to the world, after the lapse of many years, the secret thoughts of my father's soul! There is nothing to justify the publication of portions of those journals. My father's visible life—his cordiality and kindness abroad, as in his own happy household—his correspondence, and the many incidents regarding him, treasured up by sincere friends, constitute the legitimate elements for a biographical memorial, and not thoughts committed to paper as a sort of relief in solitary moments, never meant to be unveiled when the dust had returned to earth." A becoming and filial demonstration, and it would hurt a pachyderm.

279.

I have heard from a Whig of the most trustworthy (hang "reliable") sort, that the new Reform Bill will only propose extensions of suffrage, not go at disfranchisements and re-arrangements.

280.

My friend, MISS BATEMAN, has forsaken us, and is on the sea, *en route* for her American home. She has obtained and deserved a remarkable success among us, and I propose to you to devote this glass to wishing her all kinds of domestic happinesses. Were it our heathenish fashion to wreathe the flowing bowl, I would garland this crystal with Wheat.

281.

My friend, BEN WEBSTER, ought to be made the next President of the United States for his persevering efforts in favour of American talent. At present we are his debtors for our acquaintance with *Rip Van Winkle*, from whom we do not mean to part in a hurry. But I owe the said BENJAMIN a grudge for not acting, inasmuch as he is one of the few artists who can draw ME—or MEE, as MILTON spells it when he wants to be emphatic. I wish I could see MESSRS. WEBSTER and JEFFERSON in the same piece, but I suppose that this would be flying in the face of all stage Astrology.



First Navy. "T' NEW MISSION-ARY GAVE ME THIS 'ERE TRACK JUST NOW, BILL."

Second Navy. "AIN'T SEEN HIM. WHAT LOOKS IS HE!"

First Navy. "LITTLE CHAP—PREACHES ABOUT EIGHT STUN TEN, I SHOULD GUESS!"

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Answered, with great wisdom, by a Black-haired Beauty.

My Mother bids me dye my hair
The fashionable hue,
Which women now so often wear,
And Nature never grew.
She bids me at their *chignons* peep,
And see how fair are they:
But *will* dyed hair its colour keep?
And won't it soon turn grey?

I see girls in the gay saloon,
Or on the grand parade,
And wonder in my heart how soon
Their hair's light hue will fade.
Each night before they go to sleep
They dye it, I dare say:
But *will* dyed hair its colour keep?
And won't it soon turn grey?

My hair is like the raven's wing,
So jet black are its curls:
What if away my fears I fling,
And dye, like other girls?
In potash if my head I steep,
I may be fair as they:
But *will* dyed hair its colour keep?
And won't it soon turn grey?

And then, who knows? "Revenge!" may be
Soon outraged Nature's call:
And, haply, on fair heads you'll see
The blight of baldness fall!
While such dread thoughts upon me creep,
O ne'er say Dye; Ma, pray!
'Twere best my own black hair to keep,
Till old age turns it grey.

The Growth of Great Britain.

OUR population increases enormously, and the rate of our consumption is equalled by that of our production. What a jolly nation we should be if the consequences were not the enclosure of our commons and the pollution of our streams!

100 ELEGANTLY FURNISHED MANSIONS

TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

MR. PUNCH, determined to eclipse all public benefactors, past, present, and to come, will distribute among his ardent admirers

ONE HUNDRED ELEGANTLY FURNISHED MANSIONS!
equal in value to

TWO HUNDRED BRITISH CROWNS!!

Young persons about to marry are requested to send their names and addresses in sealed envelopes.

The Prizes will be drawn by two little blind boys from a

WHEEL OF FORTUNE!!!

and will be sent home by Parcels Company, neatly done up in brown paper.

To prove that he has not been guilty of exaggeration in appraising these splendid Mansions, Mr. Punch begs to state that they were purchased by himself for ten shillings each at the German Fair, and are warranted to be of Swiss manufacture.

Like many of our modern Villas, they will be found exceedingly pretty in appearance, and well adapted—not for habitation—but for sale.

To the Charitable.

DEAR PUNCH,—The other afternoon I took a Turkish Bath. On leaving the establishment I noticed a money-box placed against the wall, on it was written "Gratuities for the Shampoers." I did not subscribe, Sir, because at this time of year we ought to give our mites, not to the *sham-poor's* box, but to the *real poor's* box.

I remain, yours salaamingly,

HADJI WADJI BUBU BA,

SEASONABLE STATISTICS.

It is computed that the Turkeys which have been consumed this Christmas would, if piled up in a pyramid a mile square at its base, rise to ninety-seven feet above the summit of Mont Blanc, with the Monument atop.

It has been calculated also that the sausages which have been swallowed with these turkeys would, if strung together, in a double chain, suffice to put a girdle three times round the earth.

The Christmas-boxes which have been distributed this season amount to four million, six thousand and seven hundred pounds, fifteen shillings and three farthings, in Great Britain alone.

According to the last returns, fifty tons of raisins have been used this year for snap-dragons, and as many as a thousand mouths, and a million and eleven thumbs and fingers have been burnt.

Out of a hundred diners-out who this year ate their Christmas dinners, as usual, at a friend's, three only took no soup, eighty-five had soup and fish as well, fifty-six ate beef and turkey, nineteen had a second slice of turkey and no beef, sixty-two ate pheasant, mince-pie, jelly, and plum-pudding, four took twice of pudding, and one devoured three mince-pies.

Eleven little children, whose united ages amount to only fifty-seven years, have consumed, in the short period between Christmas-day and New Year's, thirty-three plum-puddings, two hundred mince-pies, nineteen pounds of sugar-plums, and one thousand and eleven slices of plum-cake.

The boughs of mistletoe which have been hung up in England alone amount this season to exactly seven million and eighteen. The number of kisses given underneath them have been computed on the average at precisely nineteen hundred and twenty-two apiece.

Nine thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven persons have been awaked this year in London by the Waits. Of these only eleven bore the nuisance without grumbling, ten of whom, it should be noted, were quite deaf in one ear, which they turned uppermost at once, and by that means soon went off to sleep.



SWEET THING IN CHRISTMAS VESTMENTS.

AN INFERIOR ARTICLE.

(To the Editor of The Grocer.)

SIR, A RECENT number of your paper contains the following statement:—

"WHOLESALE ADULTERATION OF BUTTER.—Last week half a pound of fresh butter was purchased at a respectable tradesman's shop at Blandford. After being melted fully one and a half ounce of a whitey sediment was found at the bottom of the dish. On examination this proved to be principally composed of flour; so that in the one pound of butter rather more than one-fifth part was composed of a substance used for adulteration. The butter in question was the produce of a dairy about a mile from Blandford."

You neither mention the name of the place at which the dairy above referred to is exactly situated, nor that of its proprietor. Why not, Sir? Why, because you have too much reason to fear that, if you did, the rogue whose dairy produced the adulterated butter would bring an action against you for libel. It is very likely that a jury of small tradesmen, directed by a judge of average judgment, would give him a verdict which at least would saddle you with serious damages and ruinous costs.

Adulterated butter is an inferior article, and its vendor is a fraudulent scoundrel; but we must not call him so. It is at our peril that we dare venture to accuse him of selling an inferior article; much more that we denounce him for so doing. But now, Sir my Brother, suppose that you were capable of admitting an inferior article into your excellent journal, and anybody were to send you one with his name appended to it, and you gave it insertion, and some critic fell foul of it, and abused it, him, and you. Suppose that you and your contributor sued the critic for damages, what jury would give you so much as a farthing? Yet men may live by the sale of literary articles just as well as by selling articles of merchandise, and why should one critic be at liberty to decry an inferior article in print and to vituperate its author, whilst another critic is made to pay heavily for criticising an inferior article in provisions or other wares, and calling its producer by his right name? It is as much for the public good that the criticism of butter and dairymen, as that the criticism of writings and authors, should be free. Yet a disparaging review of even a good literary composition, coupled with the most unjust depreciation of its composer, is safe, whereas it is dangerous to proclaim the truth about the purveyor of a villanous compound as an

LINES BY A POLICEMAN,

ON CHANGING HIS BEAT AND LEAVING HIS COOK,
E(LIZA) B(ASTINGS).

AIR—"When forced from dear Hebe to go."

WHEN forced from dear E. B. to go,
What anguish I felt at my 'cart,
And I stopped at the end of the row
To gaze on her two-shilling cart;
She had such a sorrowful look,
My beat I could scarcely discern,
Oh! E. B., my own little cook,
You always did chops to a turn—
You always did chops to a turn.

To see when the baker goes by,
And rings at the area bell,
How he hands her the bread with a sigh,
And 'opes that she feels pretty well:
With him she now talks at the gate,
Now walks when it's her Sunday out—
Yet wait, fickle E. B., O wait,
A sergeant I shall be, no doubt,
A sergeant I shall be, no doubt.

I smile at a nursemaid or so,
Who daily perambulate here;
But what can a nursemaid bestow,
Who keeps not the key of the beer?
I'm sure of an increase of pay,
Before many more weeks are gone;
Then E. B. we'll settle the day,
And bid the poor baker move on!
And bid the poor baker move on!

Ex Vi Termini.

THE pride of Lambeth, penitent ROUPPEL,
Behaves in prison wonderfully well:
And yet what wonder, that an Ex M.P.,
By force of terms should ex-em-plary be.

article of food. What if a grocer waters his rum, sands his brown sugar, wets his tobacco, and then bids the apprentice, whom he has employed in those operations, come up to prayers? *The Grocer* is forbidden to expose his practices, and to name him a knave and a hypocrite. To beat into the heads of judges and juries that equal latitude should be allowed to the reviews of all articles alike, there is very urgent necessity, and hard work for the cudgel of

PUNCH.

KNUCKLE DOWN? WE HOPE NOT.

WE are told—but of course it is only a *canard*, and will soon be practically contradicted—that LORD RUSSELL, having announced to the Cabinet his wish to offer to MR. STANSFELD the Financial Lordship of the Admiralty, into which the junior Civil Lordship has been or will be converted, LORD CLARENDON interposed an objection that the appointment of MR. STANSFELD would be disagreeable to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. Nay, some versions of the story go on to say that LORD CLARENDON declared, that if MR. STANSFELD were appointed to office, *he must withdraw!*

Supposing the story to be true, perhaps LORD RUSSELL's Administration might survive even *that* loss. But of course the story isn't true. Still the sooner it is contradicted on authority the better.

The best practical contradiction would be MR. STANSFELD's immediate nomination to the new office.

Whatever people may think of LORD RUSSELL, they know he is about the last man to authorise a new edition of the *Idées Napoléoniennes* from the *Clarendon Press*.

The Russian and Anglican Churches.

(Communicated by S—L, B—p of O—f—d.)

"It's all off," said FATHER POPOFF to PRINCE ORLOFF.
"Yes: let's pop off," said PRINCE ORLOFF to FATHER POPOFF.
[And they popped off.]

MOTTO FOR COVER OF LETTS'S DIARIES.—Let's see!

THE T. P. COOKE PRIZE.

(Original Correspondence.)

To the Most Noble and Illustrious of his Race, *Punch*, Sir,

I see that a prize is to be given, called the T. P. COOKE prize, for the best nautical Drama. I send you *the best nautical Drama*. Everybody here has played it, by himself, in the College Dormitory, at our private theatricals, which were invented by CHARLES THE BALD, who walked and talked half an hour afterwards at Charing Cross, and has always esteemed it one of his chief privileges. I send you this historical note as a guarantee of good faith: but I am 'not—Hush! shut it up, as somebody's looking. Singing, oh the heart that knows no sorrow, and a Dustman's draught should be; here to-day and gone to-morrow afternoon, with his, the comic singers' tiddy fol, lol, lol. But arrah! whisht! not a word; or, if I catch you, I'll give you a round dozen of my best sherry; I will, you dog, you. Pity and forgive, but do not despair.

Your poor unhappy, PANCAKES.

Given in our own shower-bath (because there's no ink), Colwell Hatchney College.

P.S. I shall send this by telegraph. No pills to be given to the pew-opener. No.

P.S. Oh, Mammon, how thy curse is on the whirlpool! (This is out of my next drama: if you like it, put it in this one.) I write under an assumed name, with a false nose on.

N.B. My dear Sir, it is with great pleasure that I accept your kind invitation to dine with me. But know all men by these presents that a policeman is coming: so away! away! to the wild, wild seeds! I mean steeds, and the trackless forest! I hate you!

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—“This is the best Drama I've ever seen. Send me two dozen more immediately.”—“An excellent substitute for marmalade at breakfast.”—“Why give more?”

It is called—

BANDYBINGO THE BOLD;

OR, THE BUMPTIOUS BUCCANEER OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

SCENE—*Pimlico in the olden time. A wharf, around which are seated gentlemen of various persuasions. In different parts of the Stage are seen several people coming of age quietly. The River winds its way majestically in the distance. In the centre is a Jew-Pedlar playing on a dulcimer.*

For DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, call at our office. Hours of attendance from 10 till 4. Area Bell.

Enter BLACK BEN.

Black Ben. All hail, Macbeth! Avast. Yeare beside yourselves, methinks, thus to jeer your lawful spouse. Part them![*The Press-gang tear themselves asunder. Tableaux in three acts each. Music. The Curtain slowly descends half-way, and every one walks off. On relighting the gas, an interval of twenty years will have elapsed, during which the play has been changed for something else, and the Manager will make an apology on the gong.*]

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. See what I've found.[*Pirates fall out of crevices, where they have been hiding.*]*Susan.* I am true! I swear it! The hand that clasped a sailor, never, never, never will be slaves!*Al.* Away with him![*Recount the rest stealthily. SUSAN approaches BLACK-EYED JOSEPH gently: he hurls her over the rocky pass, and then prepares to descend. WILD PETER dashes at him. Struggle. A balloon, that has been hovering all through the scene, now swoops down.*]*Admiral of the Blue.* Foiled! Foiled! But yet she shall be mine! (*Pinches WILLIAM, and then goes to his Club, to vote against him at the next election.*) No smoking allowed abaft the binnacle! The Armada!*A Mannikin suddenly rises. The Lady of the House gives the signal, and all rise simultaneously. The Phantom-Ship is seen grazing peacefully on the banks of the blue Moselle.**All (fondling one another).* VANDERDECKEN! VANDERDECKEN!! VANDERDECKEN!!!*Tableau. Set down two and carry one. Curtain.**End of Act the Sixth.**The first three Acts will be omitted, being all the same. After which, a Dance by the Characters.**Blue Joe (speaking through trap c. of stage).* And if our friends in front are but pleased, then all I can say is that the flag of Old Ireland nourishes no freer son than CHALLABALL, the Miscreant.*Cheers. Curtain falls. After an interval it rises again. Everyone having left the stage, it descends. Tableau.*

OUR NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

MR. PUNCH, always anxious to reward the deserving and encourage the aspiring, has determined to celebrate the birth of young Sixty-six by offering to the eminent and conspicuous personages and bodies mentioned at the foot of this announcement, the Presents recorded against their respective names, confident that any deficiencies of which they may be conscious, will be amply supplied by these, *Mr. Punch's* Complements of the Season.

The distribution will commence at the official bureau on the day of the publication of this the Novennial Number.

New Year's Day, 1866.

EARL RUSSELL	The Sweets of Office.
MR. GLADSTONE	His deserts.
EARL GRANVILLE	A great Deal Walmer house.
EARL OF DERBY	Dissolving Views of the Treasury and Downing Street.
MR. BRIGHT	A new "Platform," and a Moderator.
MR. HORSMAN	The reins of Government.
The Bishops	Lawn games.
The Judge Ordinary	Wild-ducks.
The Civil Secretary to the Admiralty	<i>Punch à la Romaine.</i>
ARCHBISHOP MANNING	<i>Pot-pourri.</i>
LORD ELCHO	Bull's-eyes.
The British Museum	A New HEAD.
The College of Surgeons	The Skeleton in the cupboard.
MR. TIMBS	Dates.
FORTNUM AND MASON	Maccaronic verses.
The Meteorological Department	A New drum.
Policeman Q.	Collared head.
LORDS ROMILLY and NORTHBROOKE	A Baron of beef each.
MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE	An Irish stew.
The Electors to the Reid Professorship	A Scotch snuff.
DUKE OF SUTHERLAND	Doublet and hose.
Mamma with unmarried Daughters	Excelsior matches.
Mamma who has just completed her dozen in the Times	A Twelfth cake.
Everybody	An abundant supply of <i>Punch</i> .

A MEDICAL WIFE.

DEAR DOCTOR PUNCH, *Diddlesex Hospital, Dec. 22nd, 1865.*

It would be an impertinence to suppose that any man of talent *could* have an idea unpreconceived by yourself. You have presented for your readers a most charming view of the "Lady Physician" subject: another such picture would ruin the faculty. But to a rising man free from medical Toryism and prejudice, what a charming prospect!—the delights of a consultation!—the pleasing variety of fair fellow-doctors after your obstinate old muffs!

Entre nous, Doctor, the great bore of the profession is that the enlightened public expects a young man to take unto himself a wife before he can keep himself. But now, how things will be altered! Young DR. PUNCH drives out first thing in the morning with Mrs. PUNCH, to make the usual calls. Again, picture to yourself the soothing inquiries of one's wife when one has a slight cold, "My dear, I am afraid that now you have caught the epidemic catarrh, you will have an attack of phleborrhagia—you are so hot-headed, you know!" Set against this the emphatic disgust of one, told by one's wife, in the early spring season, at the dinner-table, that "duck and green peas invariably bring on your attack of dyspepsia." But the third Scene, Act V., gives us a real climax. We'll suppose that the first maudlin sentiments of "Love's young dream" are lost in the consideration of maturer years (as are yours, dear DR. PUNCH). When the night-bell rings ("night-bell" facetiously so called) at two o'clock in the morning, what happens? You leap out of bed before irresolution conquers, as in "the happy days of yore?" Not at all. You simply send out your wife instead, "And be sure, my dear, bring home with you the double fee!"

I am, dear DR. PUNCH, your admiring Imitator,

INFUSUM COLUMBÆ.

Translation—"An advocate for an infusion of medical turtle-doves" (*Columbæ*).

To DR. PUNCH, Physician to the Infirmary for Aching Sides, &c.

Mental Torture.

YOUNGFELLOW, who is always excessively nervous when "the Ladies" are proposed, says that until he has returned thanks, and sat down again, his mind is on the toast-rack.

THE ALDERMAN'S PARADISE.—Turbotston.



RATHER A DAMPER!

Rapid Young Lady. "COME ALONG, MR. GREEN! I WANT A LEAD AT THE BROOK!"

[Green thinks Women have no business out hunting.]

COOKERY AND CRUELTY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE annual return of what is called the festive, which means the festive season, sets one naturally thinking about roast-beef and plum-pudding, and other less substantial dainties for the dinner table. Not but what I think about such matters pretty constantly at all seasons; for I hold that men with brains ought always to give thought to what they put into their stomachs, upon the well being of which the healthy action of the brain is materially dependent. So my eyes and ears are always open for advice in the matter of my diet, and I welcome with delight a hint of a new dish, or a suggestion to provoke the vigour of my appetite, and increase thereby my relish for the pleasures of the table.

As the people who read *Punch* give proof by their so doing that they surely are possessed of considerable intelligence, there are doubtless many among them who will be as glad as I am to hear of some new triumph in the noble art of cookery. Doubtless therefore they will thank you for letting me make known to them, through your delightful columns, this exquisite Chinese recipe for cooking turtle, which I copy from a lately published book by DR. RENNIE, on the people of Peking:—

"The turtle is placed in a vessel of water on the fire, with a lid over it having an aperture of sufficient size, and so arranged that the turtle can just get his head out, and within the reach of highly spiced wine. As the temperature of the water increases, so does his thirst; and he gradually goes on drinking the seasoned fluid until the heat kills him, by which time his whole system has become impregnated with the vino-aromatic seasoning, and a flavour described as delicious is imparted to the dish."

I dare say there may be persons who may possibly consider this a somewhat cruel way of putting animals to death. But man, Sir, after all is the superior animal; and the pleasure he derives from eating turtleflesh "impregnated with vino-aromatic seasoning" should be weighed against the pains which, in the process of such seasoning, the turtle may endure. Besides, Sir, just consider; it really is not certain that the turtle, when thus dying, suffers any pain at all. Sipping good spiced wine, while taking a warm bath, can hardly be considered a cruel form of torture; and except that, when the water approaches boiling

point, the turtle doubtless feels uncomfortably hot, I can scarcely see that he has any reason for complaining of the treatment he receives. All turtles must die; and being slowly boiled to death while drinking aromatic wine may be a rather enviable way of ending one's existence. Not being used to wine, the turtle doubtless quickly finds it get into his head; and long before his dying he is probably dead drunk.

A turtle, to be sure, is not a ruminating animal; still if he have any power of reflection, he must surely, when thus boiled, feel consolation in the thought that he dies a glorious martyr to the noble cause of cookery, and that, dying as he does in the most savoury of odours, the greatest veneration will be paid to his remains.

Fondly hoping that in spite of our Society for Cruelty-Prevention, I may live to taste a turtle, who, while half seas over, has died in a warm bath, believe me, dear *Mr. Punch*,

Yours candidly,

AN ALDERMAN.

P.S. I wonder if the Chinese eat their turtle soup with chopsticks. I fear, from want of practice, I am clumsy with those implements; and, if I be invited to eat aromatic turtle, I should like my host to say to me, as the child did in the story-book, "Won't you take a spoon, pig?"

A Great Irish Fact.

THE Irish Republic is flourishing in America, but not only flourishing. It has arrived at the maturity of a State that has rebellion within its own bosom to put down. The Fenian President at New York finds himself under the necessity of disavowing the acts of a Fenian Senate, self-constituted in opposition to his Government. The Republic of Ireland thus appears to exist in quite as high perfection as it would if its President occupied the Castle at Dublin, and College-green were in a state of revolt.

PARTNERSHIP WITHOUT LIMITED LIABILITY.—MARRIAGE.

THE CHACE.



DEAR PUNCH,—You heard me say a week ago that I was going to have a day with the hounds. I'll tell you how it came about. My friend, TOM REDD, is as you may recollect, a quiet elderly creature, with spectacles, who, I had always thought, never went out of town, and knew nothing whatever of the country. Calculating upon these supposed oppidan habits, I expatiated to him at some length upon rustic joys, the delights of winter in the country, and, warming with my subject, recounted how I used to hunt the wily fox, ride three times a week with the Bracebridge pack, and get such occasional croppers as would have shaken any other man's nerve right out of him. I wound up by strongly advising him to go down into the country for the winter, take to hunting and shooting, and really enjoy life.

I expected him to say that at his age such a thing was out of the question. I was, therefore, scarcely prepared for his answering me that he always hunted regularly twice a week, in Cambridgeshire, in Suffolk sometimes, and now and then in Sussex. I said I envied him, and only wished that I had a horse in order to join him. Hearing this, he offered me a mount. I thanked him; there was nothing I should like so much as a mount, if not too high. It wasn't too high, he said, only fifteen one, and as quiet as a lamb. I said, in a tone of surprise, "Oh! only fifteen one?" But I don't precisely know what I meant by it. [Would I come down the day after to-morrow, and have a look at the Sussex country? *Nothing would*, I assured him, *give me greater pleasure* than to "come down and look at the Sussex country." I should like to look at it, immensely; but the day after to-morrow was, I regretted to say, impossible. "Very well," he returned kindly, "then say the day after that, or two days after; it's all the same to me." This was really very good of him, but I wouldn't inconvenience him; *nothing I should like better, of course*; but I didn't quite see, owing to press of business, how I could manage to get away for another fortnight at least. [You will understand, dear P., that I was *longing* to go; but it always happens, that there's a difficulty when one particularly wishes to accept some pleasant invitation. I hadn't ridden for some time; and, therefore, *nothing*, as I have before observed, *would have given me greater pleasure* than to be once more in the saddle crying "Tallyho!" and "Yoicks!"]

TOM REDD was very hospitable and pressing; "settle your own day," says he, "and come when you like. There's a mount always at your service, and when the hounds don't meet, on the off-days there are the harriers." Capital! excellent!

I told REDD, I shall be delighted to accept his offer; but was he quite sure he could give me a mount? Quite: he informed me that the horses had no one to ride them, they were doing nothing, eating their heads off; and had been so long without work, that if not ridden soon, they'd become too fresh, almost unmanageable, that is, he added, for any one who likes quiet going. I took this opportunity of informing him that I liked quiet going; that, on the whole, I preferred quiet going. "But some spirit, eh?" asked REDD. Oh yes, I said, I liked some spirit; a little, you know. So it was settled: he would have the chestnut exercised for me every day, and on Saturday I was to be with him at Bullfinch Hall (just between Suffolk and Cambridgeshire), and on Monday we would go to the Pinchley Meet ten miles off. I shook him warmly by the hand, and hoped that nothing would happen to prevent my coming. [My dear P., nothing *did* happen: so I went.]

I employed the intervening days in inquiring of my friends what was the difference between foxhounds and harriers; of course I *knew*, but not having hunted for some time, I wanted to refresh my memory, as my idea was that there was less hard riding, or less difficult country, with harriers, than with foxhounds. My friends said yes, I was right, but that harriers were capital fun; and you could get just as much sport out of 'em as out of foxhounds. It struck me that, as far as I was concerned, this was very probable. I mean, that I am such a lover of sport in *any shape*, that, even where there is little or no danger, the

sport itself has equal attractions for me. I didn't know whether breeches and tops were necessary for harriers; the costume is immaterial, it appears; but as it would seem pretentious to hunt in pink, I ordered a quiet green coat turned up with scarlet (just to give an idea of foxhounds) with brass buttons, a pair of cord trousers, which would do afterwards for *ordinary* riding, and a pair of black leather gaiters, which will do, *when I'm not riding*, for walking in the mud. [Utility, my dear P., combined with pleasure.]

I do hope that nothing will happen to prevent my going out with the hounds to-morrow. It would be *such* a disappointment.

I remain, yours for ever,

MARSH F. CRUPPER.

THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE REFUGE.

WHAT will the Council of the United Kingdom Alliance do with the £50,000 for which the subscribers to that Association have put down their names? Not bolt with the money, for they will be unable to do that until they get it, which if they ever do the subscribing parties will be even greater fools than we take them for. In the improbable event, however, of the sum, or some of it, being really paid up, and the receivers of it being disposed to apply it in any way to the promotion of temperance, the best thing they could do with it would be to expend it in founding an institution such as the doubtlessly useful charity thus described in the *Times*:—

"INEBRIATE ASYLUM.—The Binghamtown (United States) Republic announces that the Inebriate Asylum has opened another ward, which will accommodate 25 additional patients. The inmates are said to comprise men of strong intellect, victims of and chained by the fiend of intoxication. It is stated that encouraging instances of cure have been given."

In devoting any money subscribed towards the purposes of the United Kingdom Alliance to the purpose of instituting an "Inebriate Asylum," the Executive of the Alliance will not appropriate its funds exclusively to other uses than their own. People who are such "dipsomaniacs" that they cannot trust themselves with strong drink, consult their own well-being in the establishment of an asylum for the victims of inebriety, and lunatics who want to deprive the majority of beer in order to prevent the minority from getting drunk ought to be shut up. It would not be altogether irrespectively of their own interests that the gentlemen who administer the pecuniary affairs of the United Kingdom Alliance would apply any resources with which it might possibly be supplied by the folly of its supporters, to the foundation of an "Inebriate Asylum."

THE MIRACLES OF MACHINERY.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HOLINESS,

The following paragraph appears in the *Hampshire Independent*:—

"A STATUE WEEPING BY STEAM.—The Florence Correspondent of the *Padiglione* says that a singular discovery has been made in a church in one of the suburbs of Milan. A statue of St. Magdalen, which has long been famous for weeping in the presence of unbelievers, was recently moved in order to facilitate repairs for the church. It was found that the statue contained an arrangement for boiling water. The steam passed up into the head, and was there condensed. The water thus made its way by a couple of pipes to the eyes, and trickled down upon the cheeks of the image. So the wonderful miracle was performed."

Would it be too much to ask your Holiness if this story can possibly have any truth in it? The children of your Holiness will tell me that it is absurd to ask such a question of their Holy Father. Yet what am I to think when I consider that certain ecclesiastics, who dare teach nothing but what the Pope sanctions, teach, unrebuked by the Pope, that the "Holy House" at Loretto flew thither from Syria, and that the blood of St. Januarius melts periodically at Naples? The organs of your Holiness in the Press have asserted the reality of winking images even in your Holiness's own states, and I think your Holiness has never told them not to tell such lies. If the images really do wink, it is possible that they wink by means analogous to those which are said to have enabled the statue at Milan to cry. Might I humbly suggest that if your Holiness would vouchsafe to order a satisfactory examination of all alleged crying and winking images, people would not have the audacity to suspect your Holiness of conniving at humbug? Ready to salute the foot of your Holiness according to the nature of my species, I await your Holiness's apostolical benediction, not anathema and kick in the chaps, and am, respectfully, my master's dog, &

TOBY.

Self-Help and Small Salaries.

It appears that the Clerks of Her Majesty's Customs are grossly underpaid. Cannot Government help them? There is no honest way in which they can help themselves; and they have large opportunities of helping themselves to the public money. It is no small credit to them that they have, as a body, faithfully abstained from resorting to the only self-help in their power.

POOR INNOCENT BLACKS!



MR. CHAMEROVZOW! O ye Ministers of the Methodist and Baptist denominations who at the Hall of Exeter have uplifted your voices in judgment against GOVERNOR EYRE! How warmly must your affectionate sympathies be enlisted in favour of those interesting creatures whose acts of playful abandonment are thus described in a letter which appeared the other day in the *Daily Telegraph* on "The Jamaica Insurrection":—

"By this time the rebels were close to the works, calling out, 'Colour, colour! no white skin to escape!' and came in, smashing everything, and searching for us. They broke into my store, where they found two puncheons of rum, which they drank. It put them into good humour, and probably saved our lives, as I heard one say, 'De liquor good; don't bodder with dem—let's go to Holland. We'll get de women when we want dem. Quass say country for us; we got it now.' And off they went, singing, 'Cher, boys, cher, Schanopol is taken.'"

How like children! "Cher, boys, cher, Schanopol is taken."

taken," was the white man's song of triumph. And yet the despised and oppressed negroes sang it in the joyous outburst of their animal spirits. And their talk, too, how closely similar to the prattle of babes. They limp, they babble, they talk broken English. Shall the little emascos of these innocents be called outrages, and atrocities? Oh no, no!

Beloved friends, if, at this season of the year, you could so far forget yourselves as to go to such a place as one of the large theatres, you would there see, in what is called the Pantomime, a sinful individual, in raiment of divers colours, perform sundry acts of violence. You would behold him kick people, and knock them down, assault and beat them, cut their heads off, perhaps strangle an infant, or swing it round by the heels and dash its head against a wall, or the person of his aged companion; and certainly burn the latter, and other persons, with a red-hot poker. And all the while his exclamations and gestures would be those of the nursery. And therefore, instead of exciting indignation and horror in the bosoms of the spectators, he would move their laughter, yea, peradventure even your own, for all his sinfulness. What is the difference, beloved brethren, between this representative of a great unthinking riotous baby and an African insurgent? Of a truth chiefly that his face, instead of being black, is smeared with white and daubed with vermillion; for the rest, that his tricks merely appear to injure people and give them pain, and that the poker wherewithal he seemeth to burn them is not verily red hot.

And behold, in the foregoing tale, how the poor negroes were immediately put in a good humour by the two puncheons of rum which they found and drank in the store. Oh! give them rum, then; do not hang them nor shoot them. Rum and hot water, with certain lumps of sugar in it, and a squeeze of lemon, how good is it! Yea, and moreover, with a dash of brandy superadded, it maketh punch.

ART NEWS.

A VENERABLE edifice in Westminster, a Chapter of Accidents House—as its varying fortunes entitle it to be called—changing from crosier to crown, from mitre to mace, now the Parliament House, now the Record Office, but never (to remove a popular misapprehension) the place of publication of the newspaper bearing that name, is in an ugly degraded state, and requires prompt and perfect restoration. A grant of national money is sought to bring back this national building to its ancient beauty and splendour.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has consented to receive a deputation from those who are zealous for the rise of the Chapter House after its fall, when he has seen all the pantomimes, and settled all the bills (with one considerable exception). The members of this deputation are well chosen representatives of antiquity, art, and religion, and deserve the success they are competent to win. First comes the President of the Society of Antiquaries—a STANHOPE will not stop the way—next the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, who needs not to be prompted with the stimulating words, "On, STANLEY, on!" and last, the President of the Institute of British Architects, to whom this desirable restoration will not be the least of the "Pleasures of Hope." Let us wish that they may find MR. GLADSTONE, radiant with the benevolence inspired by a surplus, and ready to capitulate to their caputular appeal, backed up, as it should be, by that distinguished architect from an encounter with whom the Chancellor cannot expect to come off SCOTT-free.

Hereafter we hope to give an exact account of the interview, chapter and verse; meanwhile, success to the Dean and Chapter House.

DIVES'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year,
And therefore let's be merry,
With turkey and chine, and the best of wine,
And the brightest of holly-berry.
Let's face plum-puddings wherever we turn,
Rum-punch all dip the nose in;
Our only blues the snap-dragons that burn,
Our Most, the one thing frozen.

Yea, "Peace on Earth—Goodwill to Men,"
Is the motto of the season:
I apply the rule wherever I can,—
In course by the light of reason.
But how to get "peace" with all this fuss,
About these pauper varmint?
How feel "goodwill" to a man who dares
Be poor, and feel no harm in 't?

My banker's balance I've got to check,
With that I've no cause to quarrel;
And the year's returns of the Revenue
Are as good as a Christmas carol.
To feel one's own few thousands safe,
And the nation's millions growing,
One's belly full, and one's bills all met,
And not a farthing owing.

Ah, that's the thing breeds peace on earth,
And good-will to man, I reckon,
That makes one happy to go to church,
And follow where Parson's hooked.
But instead of such blessed Christmas thoughts,
And such sweet Christmas reading,
Here's a lot of fellows, who seem to think
What one wants at Christmas is bleeding.

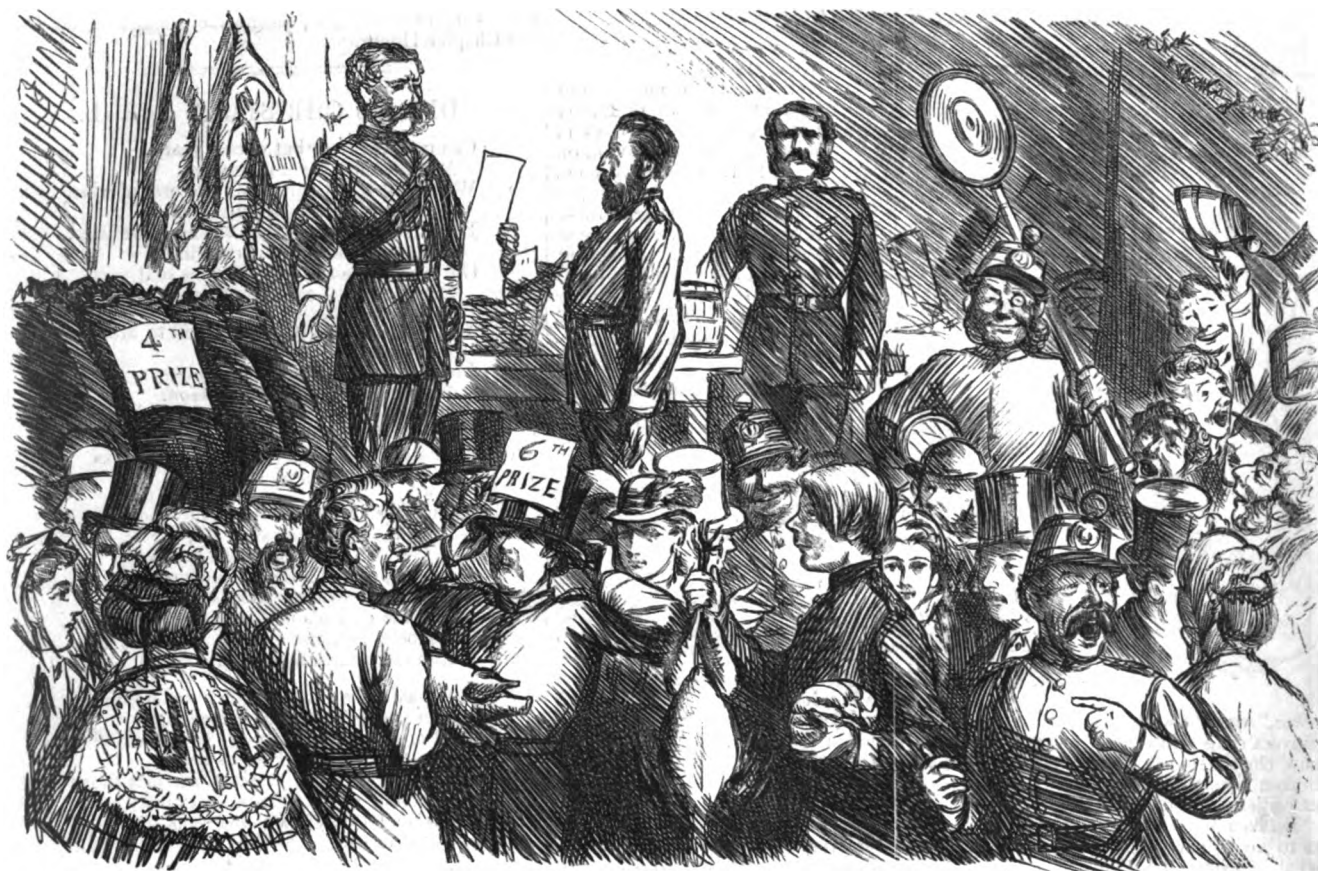
I don't mean bleeding in the arm,
But in the breeches' pocket:
'Ecce, if one only listened to them,
One soon might strike one's docket.
It's giving for this, and giving for that,
And giving for the other—
And brotherly love—as if LAZARUS
At the gate, there, were MY BROTHER!

To say nothing of respect for ranks,
And difference of stations;
We make it a rule in our family,
Not to know poor relations.
If LAZARUS hasn't bread to eat,
Let him ask in the proper quarter;
There's the casual shed, six ounces of bread,
And a drink of excellent water!

I did even hear some talk of cheese,
No doubt, from that H. B. FARNALL,
Who is always for cockering paupers up
With creature-comforts carnal.
A teaching them to look to the rates,
Instead of their religions;
Till they grow as saucy as fighting cocks,
And as fat as pouter-pigeons.

Or else they take to dying off,
Of typhus, for aggravation;
And then the newspapers, they flare up,
And bring it in starvation!
A nice time well-to-do people have,
That pay their rates and taxes;
How are we to look to number one,
If we give to whoever axes?

I'm as much for peace and good-will, I am,
As any man alive is.
I pay my way, and I do my best,
For myself and each little DIVES.
So don't disturb my Christmas meal,
And my Christmas-day digestion;
The Union's open to LAZARUS,—
If the Board his right don't question.



OUR PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

IT WAS SUCH A LARK THIS YEAR! TAKING PLACE SO NEAR CHRISTMAS, OUR COMMITTEE WENT IN FOR SEASONABLE PRIZES. LITTLE LEDGERSON GOT A BARREL OF OYSTERS AND A WARMING-PAN (FOR EIGHTEEN MARKS!), AND STRAITEDGE OF OUR COMPANY (HEAVY SWELL, THOUGH HE'LL ONLY SHOOT FOR PRIZES) WAS AWARDED HALF A TON OF THE BEST WALLAHED! (*Ironical Cheers from No. 3 Company.*)

CHAMEROBZOW.

(*A Negro Melody.*)

De niggers, when dey kick up row,
No hang, no shoot, say CHAMEROBZOW.
CHAMEROBZOW de friend ob nigger,
In all de world dar arn't a bigger.

Gollywolly, gorrararra, bow-wow-wow!
De nigger lub him CHAMEROBZOW.

De buckra try, de buckra swing;
Yoh! CHAMEROBZOW, dat ar's de ting.
De nigger am your man and brudder:
You tell de debble take de udder.

Gollywolly, gorrararra, bow-wow-wow!
De nigger's friend Ole CHAMEROBZOW.

THE MARYLEBONE LION AND THE SCOTTISH UNICORN.

To MR. WILLIAM BURNS, of Glasgow.

DEAR SIR,

A COMMON affliction makes us brothers, at all events it will excuse me for addressing a stranger.

I am happy (in my affliction) to perceive that you consider Scotland aggrieved because the name "England" is ordinarily used for the British Empire, and that statesmen and others call every man among us an "Englishman."

You have published the Correspondence which you have had on this important question. LORD PALMERSTON told you that "no disparagement was meant, but that the ordinary parlance was convenient." SIR JOHN PAKINGTON only acknowledged your letter, and I hope he is reflecting on the matter. MR. BRIGHT wrote a very smart letter,

advising you to "secede," like the Confederates, and assuring you of much sympathy among the aristocracy. SIR A. ALISON pleaded guilty, and promised amendment. MR. GLADSTONE said that to use the word "British" would be offensive to the Irish, (who are twice your number) but that he could never mean a slight to the Scotch. The DUKE OF SOMERSET, as might have been expected, never answered at all.

I, MR. BURNS, Sir, have a similar grievance. You represent Scotland, that is, just three millions of people, who object to be classed with the twenty-six millions of fellow subjects. I represent Marylebone, that is, a district bearing just the same proportion to London as Scotland does to the rest of the United Kingdom. And as you very rightly object, being Scotch, to be called English, we with equal right, being Maryleboners, object to be called London.

We are a different lot altogether. We are educated, and wide awake, and fond of travelling, and we live in good stone houses, and we have traditions of glorious things, specially Tyburn Gallows, which was unconstitutionally removed to London, like your Coronation Chair, and many deeds of highwaymen, who emulated the courage of your own border sheep-stealers. We are not Londoners. We have no objection to live in reasonable friendship with London, but we will not have our nationality submerged by the haughty Cockney.

I thank you for setting the example, MR. BURNS, Sir, of raising the independent standard. I hope, ere long, to raise our own, and perhaps the Scottish Lion and the English Marrowbone, emblazoned on our banners, and advancing side by side, may awe the tyrannical "Englishmen" and "Londoners" into according us due recognition.

Believe me, MR. BURNS, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,

Marylebone Board.

A BOLD MARROW BONE.

P.S. CAMPBELL was certainly a Scotchman, and as certainly wrote *Ye Mariners of England*, and mentioned "the meteor flag of England." But perhaps he was deteriorated by English adulation.



“LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, AND——”

BRITANNIA. “THAT, SIRE, IS THE PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WHOM I SHOULD HAVE HAD TO GIVE UP TO THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT, HAD I ALWAYS TRANSLATED ‘EXTRADITION’ AS YOUR MAJESTY’S LAWYERS NOW WISH.”

Punch's Table-Talk.

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THE Wallace Monument Fund was, deservedly, a failure. Let everybody who was foolish enough to subscribe to it atone for that error by subscribing to the Wallace Memorial Fund. This is a provision for the family of the late MR. VINCENT WALLACE, the composer. Moreover, every one who knows *Maritana*, or *Lorino*, will be glad to do something in return for the pleasure those works have afforded him or her. You are to send your money to the Secretary, at Cramer & Co.'s, 301, Regent Street. Copy the address.

283.

Westminster Abbey has been keeping its eight-hundredth birthday. A special service, and a noble sermon from DEAN STANLEY—text, "And it was at Jerusalem, the feast of the Dedication, and it was winter." But the Chapter-House, the Chapter-House. Are we Goths, Vandals, railway-plotters, churchwardens, or other barbarians? Is that glorious Chapter-House to be taken in hand, or not? MR. COWPER does not like to ask for money for the purpose. Should he, or any other Minister, ask money for any other architectural purpose—I believe that I am understood—the Members for Westminster will have something to say to him.

284.

There is but one rule for a critic of sculpture, and it is a good rule, because it is based on the sentiment of gratitude. Abuse every work not executed by the sculptor-friend who supplies you with your technicalities.

285.

Somebody sends me an advertisement of a Ladies' College near Manchester. After an enumeration of the "onomies" and "ologies," the Principal says, in pleasant colloquial way, "Never had a case of sickness which speaks volumes for the salubrity of the College." If my daughters were not placed elsewhere—and so forth.

286.

A *décolleté* old girl neglected in a ball-room always reminds me of something that daily appears in the weather-table about the thermometer. "Exposed—in shade."

287.

There is a good deal to be said on both sides of the beef, but I am dogmatic—give me the sirloin stake.

288.

Buttoning on a collar is cruel work for the nails when the linen is thick, and sternly starched, and the button is large and closely sewn. But if you will give me some money, I will tell you how to meet the difficulty. Dip the button-hole for ten seconds into water.

289.

I am far from satisfied with the proofs by DR. WHEWELL, or anybody else, that the planets are not inhabited by human beings. Very likely the fashionably scientific world in Saturn is saying the same thing of a poor little planet next Venus, and lighted by one speck of a moon. DR. AKENSIDE is a better philosopher.

290.

Join the ladies? Certainly not. But the youngest and handsomest of you may go up and respectfully ask the ladies to join us, if they have quite finished the analysis of the characters of absent friends.

291.

When a person describes some small accident—an awkward cut with a knife, or something of the kind—which he or she has received, it is conventional to make a sympathetic grimace. I wonder why? The demonstration irritates me.

292.

A man gave me a story of a valet, in the country, who was told by his master that as one of the keepers was ill, he, the non-hero-worshipper, must go out with the sportsmen next day, and help to load. Valet declined. Being told that he must, and again declining, his reasons were demanded. "The last time I did that, Sir, I shot a gentleman, and if that occurred again it might be injurious to me." *Mr. was*

293.

I think sundry have been hard on the appointment of LORD GRANVILLE to the Cinque Ports. I believe that no gentleman of quality presides more gracefully over ports, clarets, and all the other fluids.

294.

Tell your harems that under the new Fire Brigade law, the penalty of letting a chimney take fire, under any circumstances, is one sovereign. It will be cheaper to have in the sweeps regularly. If they do not sweep properly, and fire occurs, you are empowered to sue them—if you like. Suit—soot—come—for shame—drink.

295.

A late American mail says that CAPTAIN RAPHAEL SEMMES, of the

Alabama, has been caught by the United States Government. I imagine that, if this is true, RAPHAEL's last Cartoon will be remarkable for the execution.

296.

On New Year's night I was done at whist, and that's the truth. Husband and wife against us. I detected three signals, and I dare say there were more. "Don't look so sleepy, CHARLES," said MRS. CHARLES, "I declare you shan't dine at that Rag, as you call it, any more." The villain played a Club.

297.

Later, MRS. CHARLES launched a sarcasm at her lord. He smiled with the utmost good temper, and said, "A wife loves to give her husband a Dig in society." The woman came out with the very Spade she ought to have played.

298.

Then the last distinct call I heard was this. "I suppose, Mr. Punch," says the female fiend, that *Mrs. Punch* has had a little present, a ring or something, for *her* New Year's gift. I, of course, get nothing. How those facts might be is not to the purpose, but MR. CHARLES played the card that gave them the odd trick, I needn't say a small Diamond. Let the couple understand that I don't sit down with it again.

299.

I wish SIR SAMUEL MORTON PERO, of the Severn, would promise me one of its salmon, and send me a hundred-weight of tea instead. It would not be much for him to do, and it would enable me to write to him in the words of the ancient gladiator, *Non te, Peto, piscum peto*.

300.

How elegantly the Athenaeum Club has washed itself. It looks quite radiant and marble-like. It has, very properly, left untouched the statue of its goddess. I wonder whether any of the members recollect some impertinent lines written when the Club was built, and beginning, most rudely, thus:—

"Ruler to the skies your Altitude,
But tell us, are your sports beaute,
Why Wisdom only stands without,
And all her Orbs are gonged within."

301.

Thanks to GLADSTONE and the Cigar, the wine merchants do not, I hear, make such colossal fortunes as heretofore. Few of them retire with more than half a million.

302.

Christmas-boxing is a brutal, insular pleasure, but, my boys, thank your luck that your year does not begin with a *Jour de l'An*. Read the Paris letters. Brats send back new years' gifts, if they do not cost £6 or £7. The little monsters want KING SOLOMON behind them.

303.

The gentle LAMARTINE is composing a sweet poem, called *Ma Mère*. The original is in our spelling-books:—

"Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place and make it well?"
Ma Mère.

304.

PLUTARCH says that HORATIUS, of the Bridge, had his eyes so close that people called him COCKLES as short for CYCLOPS. What dreadfully stupid asses the historians would have us consider the ancients to have been! I believe it as much as that he was called COCKLES because, like myself, he was addicted to COCKLE's pills.

305.

The papers say that there is an old party, called BAIN, somewhere in Scotland, who is one hundred and seven, and shaves himself every day. I am sorry that years have brought him no more wisdom. I am only in the prime of life, and yet I have learned never to shave.

306.

My friend MRS. STOWE has issued a goody little book on little naughtinesses. She calls it *Little Foes*. I await your epigram, gentlemen, but don't all say at once that it will have a sequel—*Great Goss*.

307.

QUINTILIAN says that when you can't express yourself, it only means that you don't know what you want to say. That respectable Spaniard was not everybody. It may mean, and often does, that you want to say something which shall be very disagreeable, but incapable of being repeated to your prejudice.

308.

You fellows have not given me a Testimonial lately. What are you about? Do you wish me to imitate half the people who get these things, order one in your names, and pay for it myself? Because I shan't. Seriously, I have observed some very pretty things in the windows this Christmas. If you prefer making MRS. P. the recipient, I have not much objection, and she has none. Don't let me have to speak about this again.



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Host (Mr. Jones). "GLAD TO SEE YEE FEED SO BEAUTIFUL, MRS. B.!"

Guest (Mrs. Brown). "THANK YEE, MR. J. I'M DOIN' LOVELY!"

SONG OF THE FESTIVE SEASON.

(A Duet for the Piano at Evening Parties.)

HE.

"THE dress you wore a year ago,
What signifies it now to you?
'Tis old, and this time twelvemonths so
Will that which now you wear be too."

SHE.

"That dress is gone. I do not care.
It gave me, when I wore it, joy.
Where are your smoked cigars, and where
The claret that you've drunk, my boy?"

HE.

"Steam-engines coal and water stoke
To do much work of various kind.
Behold the fruits of wine and smoke
In bright productions of the mind!"

SHE.

"Cast tubs and tubs upon the sea;
One serves at last to catch a whale.
Dress after dress may ventured be:
No matter, if the last prevail."

HE.

"When tubs to catch a whale are spent,
The prize obtained repays their use.
All that expense of ornament
Will only chance to catch a goose."

SHE.

"When engines draw a railway train,
Or stuffs of silk and cotton spin,
For fuel in return there's gain:
Mere trash for all that you take in."

HE.

"Ah! when, a blooming belle no more,
By dressing at enormous cost,
You've won a booby, you'll deplore
The money and the time you've lost."

SHE.

"Now don't you talk like that to me
Of things you know not aught about.
And only think what you will be,
Old fog, when you've got the gout!"

HOMŒOPATHY IN CATTLE AND CHRISTIANS.

MR. PUNCH,

So they've a ben tryun Hummyopathy for the Cattle Plag up there in Norfolk I see; that are Society wi' the DUKE O' MARLBRO' at the head on un, and MR. CAIRD at the tail. And by MR. CAIRD's account on't in the *Times* it dwoan't sim to answer. Yaa; just as I thought for. I know'd it never ood. But I be glad they've been and tried it, howsomedever. There's nothun like testun things like them there on dumb animmles. A old ooman med be cured by imagination when she thinks she's beun cured by zummut else, but imagination wun't cure a old cow.

Well, now what do they find, them fellers wi' their speriments in Hummyopathy? Why, what few cattle they do cure they cures by diet. Just as I said for too. You m' pem' pon't 'tis the same wi' Christians.

I never put no faith in the Hummyopathistes and their mitesimal doses. Like, they say, cures like, and the way to cure like by like is to gie like in them there doses they calls mitesimal. Well; and they gives cattle—dwoan't 'um?—about a millionth of a grain of assnick at a time to cure the cattle disaise. Come then; suppose a feller had pison'd his self wi assnick, what ood they gie un to cure un'o' that on the rule that like cures like? A mitesimal dose o' blue vitterul?

I doan't say but what a mitesimal dose o' vitterol, blue or green, ood be as good a antidwoat to a mitesimal dose o' assnick as are another thing. But dwoan't mitesimal causes produce mitesimal effects? The good as Hummyopathy have done in the Cattle Plag sims to ha' ben mitesimal. As a roominatun sart o' chap myself, besides a farmer, I takes a nateral interest in the cure o' cattle complaints, which wun't be accomplish'd, I'm afear'd, by Hummyopathic cow-docturun.

I be, Mr. Punch,

Your obajent Sarvunt,

JACOB HOMŒOPATH.

P.S. How'd it be if doctors as prescribes mitesimal doses was paid by mitesimal vees?

IMAGINARY INTELLIGENCE.

UNDER some other than the foregoing title, a column of announcements such as the following would serve, perhaps, pending a dearth of news, as preferable substitutes for statements about the enormous gooseberry, or the gigantic turnip, or for paragraphs not more interesting, if more authentic, relative to the mildness or severity of the season.

A severe shock of an earthquake was felt yesterday at Bury St. Edmunds. It was so violent as to displace the signboard of the Rising Sun, which fell down and killed a pigeon that happened to be feeding under it at the time.

A BRUTE.—At Billericay in Essex, last Monday, an agricultural labourer, for a wager, performed the disgusting feat of going the whole hog by eating a sucking-pig entire.

An aërolite, weighing about a ton, fell on Tuesday afternoon in a field at Sutton Scotney, in the occupation of M^r. SMITH, on a cowshed which it set on fire and destroyed. The property we understand is insured, and the meteoric stone has been placed in the county museum.

On Wednesday last, in Sherwood Forest, a boa-constrictor was found by a woodman coiled up in the interior of a hollow oak. The creature, which, of course, was in a torpid state, is supposed to have escaped from a travelling menagerie.

UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE.—A water-spout fell on Thursday at 10.30 A.M., in an inclosure at the back of the Grammar School, Wimborne, Dorsetshire. The water, which completely flooded the neighbourhood, was found to be of a crimson colour, which has been determined by a botanist to be owing to the presence of myriads of minute fungi.

A nugget of gold, weighing 3 cwt., was on Friday last discovered by a labourer who was at work in a chalk-pit at Twyford Down, near Winchester. It is to be hoped that the fortunate finder of this large amount of treasure-trove will be allowed a liberal per-centage on it by the Crown.

A VISITANT FROM THE ANDES.—A fine specimen of the Condor (*Sarcocorax Gryphus*) was shot on Saturday near the summit of Helvellyn, which for the last few days has been covered with snow.

EUCLID FOR THE GREEN ROOM.

I.

A POINT is that which has no parts; but there are hardly any parts without a point.

II.

A line is length without breadth; as, for instance, a Walking Gentleman's line in a five act Comedy.

III.

A line, in mathematical science, is also breadth without length; as, for instance, a Low Comedian's line in a one act farce of practical fun.

IV.

When a fellow standing on another fellow makes the adjacent angles equal to each other, each of these fellows is called an Acrobat.

V.

An obtuse manager is greater than an acute author.

VI.

Terms, are the pecuniary arrangements between actors, authors, and managers.

VII.

A figure is a sum paid and received: e.g., £100 per night is a good figure.

VIII.

A quadrilateral figure is contained by four straight lines, thus, 21111.

IX.

A dress-circle is a semi-circle.

X.

The centre of a circle used to be WIDDICOMB or the Clown at Astley's.

XI.

Multilateral figures are Professional Entertainers.

XII.

A rumpus is a one-sided affair, kicked up, e.g., by the Leading Lady.

XIII.

A rhomboid is an unfortunate dramatic genius, only to be imaged by rum: hence the term *rum-bumped*.

XIV.

Parallel straight lines are such as are in the same plane (or plane's), and which being produced ever so far both ways do not meet; e.g., MR. CHARLES KIAN and MR. GUSTAVUS BROWN produced in every way, but they will never meet.

AXIOM.

A part is often greater than the whole.

GRAMMAR ON THE WATERS.

"THE utmost of wisdom," says PLATO, "should go to the making of laws." We rejoice to know that in the case of the bye-laws of the Iron Boat Company, whose vessels ornament the Thames, the utmost of wisdom, practical and grammatical, has been exercised. In proof we subjoin the following Law of the Company:—

"ALL passengers are to land before any embark."

This seems to demand an impossibility, but nothing is impossible to genius. We intend, however, to go down to one of the piers and see how it is managed. Perhaps it only means that everybody who happens to be on board when the vessel reaches a pier must come off, if anybody else wishes to go on board. This seems hard on a person who has embarked for Westminster, but is compelled to get out at Blackfriars. Still, individual inconveniences are inseparable from great public systems, but we think we would have a fight with the captain, or at least the stoker, before being turned out, in accordance with this law.

But here is another—

"No person allowed to travel by the Boats when in a state of intoxication."

We have heard of boats in a state of unrepair, and in a state of disorder, and in a state of shabbiness, but we never before heard of a drunken boat. We fear that it must feel awfully, and therefore it is wise and humane not to allow persons to come on board such a profligate vessel. PLATO is well studied by the L.B.C.

Dr. Pusey's Evening Hymn.

"I NIGHTLY pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer ROME."

THE SINKING FUND.—The Royal Humane Society's Income.

THE KIRK'S TRIBULATION.

"DR. NORMAN M'LEOD had the honour of joining the Royal party at Osborne."—*Court Circular for Jan. 4.*

HERE'S NORMAN M'LEOD, that heretic grand,
Who approves of folks shaving on Sundays,
And maintains that a walk, and a rational talk,
Are no worse upon Sundays than Mondays,—

Far from being alighted, his Kirk-prospects blighted,
His person proscribed like his errors—
Asked to Osborne to dinner, the morning arch-misser,
For whom Sunday-breach has no terrors!

Unco-guided and e'er-righteous, in conclave we cite you as
Upholders of Kirk and of Covenant,
Heap the coals of zeal's fire for a sin-purging pyre,
And join hands for a summary shavin' in't

OF NORMAN M'LEOD, and the small fry who crowd
In his wake, whether clerics or laics,
The BURNS and M'QUISTENS, who claim to be Christians,
And yet call the Sabbath Judas!

Oh genius of CALVIN, that found fire a slyve in
The great leading case of SAEVETUS,
Inspire the Kirk's members, and stir up Bile's embers,
For such heretics' speedy quistens.

And then, weak of spirit, that can't st' to inherit
From Scotland the root of the matter,
Blow, Record, thy bellows, for us thy yoke-fallows,
These heretic legions to scatter.

Allegiance to reason to Faith ~~was~~ be treason
In M'LEOD, as it was in COLERIDGE:
Those who heed a M'QUISTEN to STANLEY would listen:
Make joint cause, in *communis offensa*.

With free speech and free thought, think what harm may be
wrought,
To the great cause, to which we both vowed are!
We ~~alone~~ have the right, all save we grope in night,
Our dark lanterns the sole ones allowed are!

THE HAIR AND MANY FRIENDS.

WHETHER girls pay much attention to the inside of their heads now is more than we can say; but they certainly bestow vast cultivation on the outside. Scarcely even in the good old dirty days of hair powder, were such time and trouble spent upon capillary attractions. In many cases, too, the charms of nature are entirely disregarded by their owners, and beautiful black hair is ruthlessly dyed yellow, because that colour happens to be thought just now more fashionable than any darker hue. The maxim Never to say Dye is put aside completely, and ladies think no more of changing the colour of their heads than they do of altering the ribbon of their bonnets.

We should not at all wonder if it soon became the fashion to dye the hair to match the colour of the clothing, and to wear a different *chignon* and a different complexion at different times of day. A lady in the morning may appear with dark brown tresses to suit a dark brown dress, and in the evening dye them yellow to match her yellow silk. So, when deep mourning was required, the hair might be dyed black, and a streak or two of grey might easily be added in cases where half mourning was thought to be required. Nor would it much surprise us if, by way of a variety, hair sometimes were dyed pink, or assume some other colour which it never has in nature, but which fashion might adopt. For instance at a fancy ball, a girl who wished to wear the costume of a mermaid (whatever that may be) might dye her hair sea-green and stick some sprigs of coral in it, or else a comb of whalebone, if she deemed it *comb il faut*. So a flower-girl, perhaps, might colour her hair blue, and be regarded as a blue belle; or if she fancied that pink ringlets better suited her complexion, she might get her coiffure talked of as the pink of perfection.

Question by the Geographical Society.

GOVERNMENT have given the Master of the Rolls a peerage. What do they mean to do for MR. BAKER?

THE BITTER CUP.—How annoying it must be to a teetotaler to have a bottle-nose!



TOM TIT FORGETS THE LATCH-KEY.
BUT IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE.



T. T. PAINTS A BIG PICTURE FOR THE
ACADEMY.



T. T. GOES A HUNTING.



SENSATION IN ROTTEN ROW.



T. T.'S M—R-IN-LAW ARRIVES.



LITTLE TOMMY.



NAUGHTY LITTLE TOMMY.



GOOD LITTLE TOMMY.



Painter. "YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU WANT ME TO SIGN IT, WHEN I TELL YOU I DID NOT PAINT IT! AND A BEASTLY COPY IT IS, TOO!"

Picture-Dealer. "VY NOT, GOOT SIR! VY NOT! TUT! TUT! TUT! I ONLY WISH YOU ARTIST'S VOS MEN OF BUSINESS!"

A MARKET FOR HIGH ART.

MR. PUNCH,

ON the memory of a certain wooden painter, who should have been WEST—a certain joker of jokes joked the following joke, to wit:—

"He died and made no sign."

Sign-painting, Sir, has hitherto been regarded as an inferior exercise of the pencil, and nobody but a shallow jester would say that the elevation at which signboards are generally suspended entitles them to be considered works of High Art. But circumstances have arisen under which any British Artist who has only genius enough might be enabled to paint signboards which would rival the finest pictures of MICHAEL ANGLO.

Let me, Sir, direct your attention to those large public-houses, the vast joint-stock hotels. They are inns whose landlords are lords and dukes and other members of the landed aristocracy. They are kept by the nobility and gentry. In the fine English of these days they are called "palatial edifices." Let these palatial public-houses be embellished with signs. As a palace is to an ordinary tavern, so might the sign of the palatial public-house be to that of a common one; larger and more beautiful.

The sign of the huge hotel should of course be executed in fresco, to stand the weather. The grandest hotels might be adorned with signs of corresponding grandeur. What if the Langham Place Hotel were to be called the Queen's Head? Why, then, any requisite alteration having been made in the architecture of the building, its principal entrance might be surmounted, by way of sign, with the best portrait of HER MAJESTY that could be painted by a distinguished R.A. Or, the sign of the Queen's Head might be a painting commemorative of postage-reform. In like manner the Alexandra Hotel might have for its sign a grand historical picture of Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS OF WALES landing in England. For that of the Westminster Palace Hotel no end of subjects might be taken from the History of England for the last eight hundred years. Suppose the new Richmond Hotel were named the Cat and Fiddle, the Dog and Duck, the Goat and

RUSSIA TO PRUSSIA.

No, Sir, my Brother, be content
To leave alone those Duchies;
Think not, from Denmark though you rent,
To keep them in your clutches.
It suited me to let you split
Your neighbour's realm asunder,
And from his crown detach a bit:
But now—hands off the plunder!

You chose to do a wicked thing,
'Twas not my cue to stop it.
You slew the Danes and robbed their King;
Must yield the prey: so drop it.
You stole, whilst I the theft surveyed,
What you shall hold no longer.
Denmark the weaker you have made;
Must not make Prussia stronger.

Thanksgiving for the spoil and slain,
As bound in pious duty,
You rendered, half, at least, in vain.
You must restore the booty.
Meanwhile remains a little bill,
Whose dread you'll hardly smother.
Thank One for slaughter if you will,
You'll have to pay another.

For bloodshed and expense you've naught
To show your angry nation,
Whose discontent may give you thought,
But gives me no vexation.
Now see to BISMARCK what you owe:
A bubble: and how hollow!
He to the deuce had better go,
And you as well might follow.

Native Wit.

BROWN, being advised for the benefit of his palate to taste an oyster roasted in a thin slice of bacon, passed a sleepless night in trying to concoct a feeble joke about the oddity of putting the spat upon the spit.

A GREAT HIT.—The man who first "struck ile" must have been ROWLAND.

Compasses, the White Hart, the Blue Bear, or the Red Lion, its sign might exhibit a masterpiece of animal painting, executed by a LANDSEER or an ANSDRELL.

A great advantage of sign-painting, practised as a branch of genuine art, would be the plentiful variety of subject which it would afford the artist. Fruit and flower painters, even, would thus find scope for their specialty in the production of such signs as the Rose and Thistle, or the Bunch of Grapes.

Altar-pieces are no longer painted, because there is nobody to pay for them, all the money that is given for pious uses going in church extension, clergy-multiplication, and other means of supplying spiritual destitution with spiritual necessities. Sign-boards for splendid hotels would supply their places in the world of art, and, generally adopted, would create an ample and remunerative market for British Artists. If every great joint-stock hotel displayed a sign that was a first-rate painting, it would do no more than its proprietary could very well afford. Rising hotels would encourage rising talent, and redeem this country from the reproach of being a nation of shareholders engrossed in trying to get money, and with eating and drinking.

I offer you the foregoing suggestion, *Mr. Punch*, in the hope that you will communicate it to the School of Design, and cause the Directors of that institution to begin reducing the notion of High Art signboards to practice, by offering to the competition of British Artists a considerable sum of money as a prize for the best sign of the Marquis of Granby. I love to take mine ease in mine inn, *Mr. Punch*, albeit I am,

HABITANS IN SICCO.

N.B. A good dry Skittle Ground.

Legal Elevation—Singular Case.

FROM ROLLS we learn this lesson brief—
A ROMILLY, with rare luck gifted,
Shows how a lawyer like a leaf
Is by a little rustle lifted.



DEEP SEA FISHERIES.—(Reported by our own Commissioners.)

THE Deep Sea Fisheries' Commissioners present their compliments to MASTER IZAAK WALTON PUNCH, and, after the most profound observations, beg to state that they have arrived at the following conclusions:—

1. That there are as fine fish in the sea as ever came out of it.
2. That it's not all fish that comes to the net: animals having turned up occasionally.
3. That a Dublin Bay haddock is the nearest thing, off-shore, to an English Bay horse, and first cousin to a Dublin Ba-bee.
4. That there is no Rule for oysters, except one in Maiden Lane.
5. That female oysters wear beards; and, as a curious fact, it is the sign of a bad oyster to be up *pearly* in the morning.
6. That it would not be injurious to the fisheries if any number of people got their living by hook or by crook.
7. The weight of fish (weighed in their own scales) that come in to Billingsgate is thousands of tons: and that the heaviest fish is *one thunny fish*.
8. That the language used at Billingsgate may be fishy, but is never foul.
9. That the only Scotch fish is a Mac-kerel.
10. That in the Northern seas the men become nuns, and take the Whale.
11. That Whitebait come annually from the Black Sea.
12. That infant Lobsters amuse themselves by playing with Dol-phins.
13. That the Commissioners will be happy to dine with *Mr. Punch* on any day, or on any number of days, next season, at Greenwich, and talk the matter over.

They would also suggest that the employers of fishermen should esteem them in the rank of newspaper reporters, and pay them by the line. Persons uttering predictions concerning the fishing prospects of the future shall be called Net Prophets.

We would also suggest that the Thames, being thoroughly purified, MASTERS FITZROY KELLY, PAKING-

TON, and DISRAELI should inaugurate the piscatorial season by a session on the new embankment. LORD DERBY might make admirable use of one of his strongest lines in *Homer*; and the LORD CHANCELLOR could bring out of his case one of the many rods that he has been keeping in pickle for a few friends. MR. GLADSTONE will joyfully announce the presence of gold and silver fish in the Thames, and turning to MR. GÖSCHEN, might observe to that gentleman—

"Such fish, MR. GÖSCHEN,
Are not in the ocean!"

Which couplet EARL RUSSELL could, if he was catching no fish, immediately write down, and send them, with his compliments, to the BISHOP OF LONDON, with a joke about the occasion reminding him of BISHOP FISHER: only that prelate, instead of belonging to London, was attached to the See of *Roachester*.

The larger and coarser Eels we notice, are pious fish, and meet every Sunday in their own conger-regations. The service is read by Sar-deans.

The mode now observed of catching Soles might henceforth be distinguished as the Solar system.

Lobsters are fond of Nurserymaids, and are to be caught in the Metropolitan Parks.

If you want to punish a Crab, give him a good dressing. Fishermen's morals should receive the attention of Government: the only oath allowed among them might be "E'cod!"

In order to prevent sea-poaching, Policemen in diving bells might be stationed at different depths throughout the German Ocean. These officers should be called the German Band.

We would also suggest, that, in any part of the sea, ladies might be allowed to fish for compliments.

We beg to sign ourselves,

JACK SPRAT.
JOHN DORY.
SAM MON.
MDLLE. OYSTER PATTI.

CORRELATIVE THOUGHTS.

If you call your father the Governor, why should you not speak of your mother as the Matron? If the former looks you out at night, for a variation you might address him as the Turnkey.

A book was once written entitled *The Night-Side of Nature*. We wish some cheerful author would give us *The Bright-Side of Nature*.

The Slough of Despond suggests the state of mind that man must be in who has to wear the Windsor uniform.

Some Tailors announce that they are practical trousers-makers. What can theoretical trousers be?

Is it not a mistake

to talk of people giving themselves airs and graces? Should it not be airs and furies?

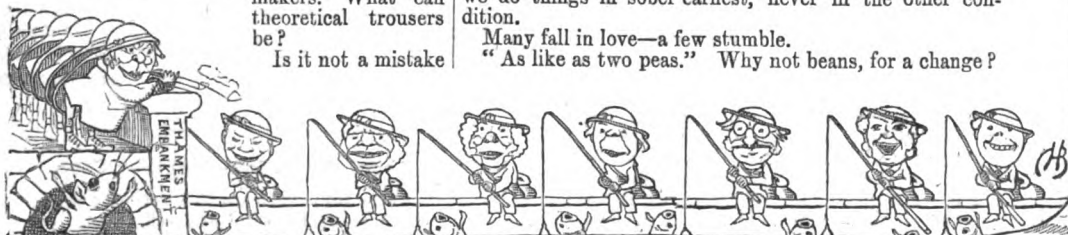
We hear of demigods, but not demigoddesses; there is plenty of hero-worship, but no heroine worship. Yet though women are called the weaker sex, no one speaks of us men as the stronger.

Do you want tenants for your castles in the air? Take the faces in the fire.

We often read of folks being worse for liquor, never better. The Alliance speakers should work this. Again, we do things in sober earnest, never in the other condition.

Many fall in love—a few stumble.

"As like as two peas." Why not beans, for a change?



THE CHACE.



HAT stupid tailor, dear *Punch*, didn't send my things home on the Saturday, so, when I got down to Bullfinch Hall, there I was without any hunting toggery, and quite unable to go out with the hounds on Monday. Abominably annoying! RADA said he didn't care about hunting on that day, and if his things would fit me, I might wear them. I thanked him heartily, *nothing*. I assured him, *would have given me greater pleasure*, but I couldn't think of it, I wouldn't hear of it, for a moment. No, I would (disappointment though it was!) ride quietly with them to the meet, and see the "throw off"; go with them perhaps a little way, and then return home, and enjoy their account of the fun in the evening. Perhaps my clothes might

come down early on Monday morning. I was, of course, very anxious that they should; talked about "what a horrid sell it was" all breakfast time, and was (evidently) very much annoyed at the delay.

Our horses were at the door for our ride to cover: the chestnut, the groom said, was a little fresh, and I wasn't to ride him on the curb. After my stirrups had been adjusted to within a hole of my proper length (I never *can* get comfortable all at once on a strange saddle), we started: that is, my horse started at a stupid ass of a boy, who came suddenly out of the laurel bushes to see us off: he nearly saw me off. I mean, that, what with not having ridden for a year, and the saddle being strange, the horse fresh, and added to that, the bad habit I've got of sitting in a careless daredevil sort of way on horseback, I wasn't quite prepared. Besides, I was just going to blow my nose. I said, poor fellow, and patted him; I know how to manage a restive horse: always be kind to him. He plunged a little, but I sat firm as a rock, that is, after I once got my seat. I still thought my stirrups were too long, but didn't like to bother about it, as, for the matter of that, a fellow *ought* to be able to ride without stirrups at all. The chestnut reared once; only once. They asked me if I had pulled the curb. I said no, indignantly. I put it to them, whether, with my knowledge of horses, I should have been such a muf as to pull his rein when he reared. Of course, anyone *might* do it without knowing it; as in fact the groom pointed out to me that I had let the snaffle go loose and was actually holding the curb. Of course I didn't *know* it, having got into, as I've said before, such a dare-devil careless sort of way of riding. The groom took the curb rein off altogether. I like one rein better than two, it gives you nothing to think about; two reins are an anxiety. The chestnut was the quietest animal possible, and warming to his work along the country roads went admirably. A jog-trot is a tiring pace if you haven't ridden for some time, my dear P., and we went at this rate for three miles, I should say. I used to be able to do this sort of thing; but when you're out of practice you feel as if you wanted a support in your back. We pulled up at a gate, and RADA asked me if I was getting warm. Ah, wasn't I? A charming morning! delightful exercise! nothing like it, only we needn't trot on again just yet, eh? I liked the nag; went deliciously. Somebody said he'd take anything I'd put him at. Would he really? I said; that was just what I liked in a horse. Give him his head at a fence, the groom observed, and he was safe. I was glad to hear it; for I hate not being able to feel confidence in a horse. You don't like trying anything with an animal that you don't know; at least, I don't.

There was a large field out; it was amazingly inspiring. I rode with them for some little way, merely trotting from one field to another, from cover to cover; the gates were all open, and it was as simple as possible, until they found. I cried Whoop! Tallyho! Away! Yoicks!

all the time. Oh, how I could have flown after them; I waved my hat and shouted. It was mad excitement! What wouldn't I have given to have had on my cords and hunting togs! I had half a mind to join in the run merely dressed as I was. But I thought I'd better not, as 'cross country work knocks clothes to pieces.

The chestnut wanted to get away, and was very restive, but I pulled him well together (you understand what I mean, my dear P., don't you?) and with the help of the groom and a labourer, got him out of the field. On my reaching the house I found that my "things" had arrived.

After a quiet lunch, I took up a book and lay on a sofa in the library. The morning air and the excitement sent me off fast asleep. The other fellows came back about seven o'clock. They'd had a first-rate run. I envied them: I wished I'd not been obliged to stop behind. However, as I told them, my togs had come, and to-morrow I hoped we should have a good day with the hounds.

"No," RADA said, "it's the harriers to-morrow."

I said it didn't matter: it was quieter riding, no jumping perhaps, but just as much fun, as far as sport went. Somebody replied that I was right as to the sport; but the Hemstead harriers went over rather a nasty country. Another of the party, to whom he appealed, gave his opinion that it wasn't a nice country, but it wasn't a *difficult* one: only a bull-finch or two, and the usual mud ditches. I supposed then that there would be plenty of riding, in fact, nearly as much as with the fox hounds. Oh more, every one said, much more than with the fox hounds. That's capital! Jolly! first rate! I am looking forward to it, and will write you a full account of my day with the Hemstead harriers next week. Ah! what a thing it is to be able to enjoy field sports like I do! Adieu!

I remain, yours for ever,

MARTIN F. CRUPPER.

THE COUNSELS OF CLARENDON.

(A Cabinet Picture, after "Marmion.")

WITH fruitless labour RUSSELL wound

His cautious way the bush around;

GLADSTONE, with unavailing cares,

Exhausted all his winning airs;

Ever, he said, that, year by year,

The dockyards grow and grow more dear,

And that the House is tired to hear

Reasons by PAGET strung,

"Why all those sheer-bulks at Sheerness are lying;

Why this long-drawn battle of guns with plates vying,"

So the note's rung—

"Avoid thee, Rad, and all thy band!"

Stern STURMOUR cried, more blunt than bland:

"Oh, think, my RUSSELL, on the line

That Statesmen of thy blood and mine

Have ever ta'en, I wis.

Strange fish in Cabinets have been,

And queerish bed-fellows I've seen,

But never aught like this—"

Then swelled the wrath of GLADSTONE's tail,—

To Whigs and prigs shall Progress quail?

And "STANFELD!" was the cry—

But CLARENDON upreared his head,

His cigarette flung by,

With shaking hand, above his head,

He waved the *Moniteur* outspread,

And shouted, "Mind your eye!

Keep GÖSCHEN out!—no STANFELD, none!"

Were the last words of CLARENDON.

AN OLIVER FOR A ROWLAND.

A LETTER in the *Times*, signed "Q," informs us that:—

"MR. HAWCOCK, the Veterinary Inspector of the Uxbridge district, was accidentally pricked in the back of the hand while examining, on the 3rd of December the body of a bullock that had died of the cattle plague. In a few days the slight wound assumed characters which were recognised by MR. RAYNER, of Uxbridge, as those of vaccine, and the patient suffered all the constitutional symptoms incident to vaccination. He was also seen by PROFESSOR SPOONER, DR. QUAIN, DR. MUIRCHISON, and MR. CECILY, all of whom were impressed with the resemblance of the results of this infection to those of vaccination.

Vaccination has been proposed as a preventive for the Cattle Disease supposed to be small-pox. But the Cattle Disease is obviously much more likely to be cowpox in an aggravated form. If so, the proper thing to prevent it will be inoculation. This will be repayment to the bovine race of vaccination in kind, by the rule that one good tur deserves another. But how about the beef?



THIS IS NOT THE TORTURE CHAMBER OF THE INQUISITION, NEITHER IS IT A REPRESENTATION OF THE ALARMING RESULTS OF NEGRO EMANCIPATION. IT IS MERELY THE TURKISH BATH IN LATHERINGTON STREET, W.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

MR. PUNCH—SIR,

I DON'T say "Dear Sir," you see; not that I've any quarrel with you in particular, nor any wish to pick one, but you're not a particular friend of mine, and why should I "dear" you? Depend on it, Sir, the abuse of that palavering, honeyed style of address now-a-days is only a sign of the general rottenness of the times. But that's by the way. What I want to say to you, Sir, is this. Can't some means be taken for putting down all this sickening Christmas humbug, which is swamping us gradually, and which seems to get worse every year? I don't mean Peace on earth and goodwill to men. That's quite right and proper, and orthodox—in the service for the day—of course. But what I want to know is, how peace on earth is compatible with continual row and disturbance day and night? Who's to put up patiently with those infernal Waits, who wake one up in the small hours, or the rascals who keep a constant rat-tat at one's door asking for Christmas boxes, or the besotted idiots, on their way from Goose Clubs, I suppose, who reel through the streets, bawling "We won't go home till morning," or the noisy imbeciles of the Christmas dinner-party with their family toasts and slaying sentiments and three times threeing, or the braying of the pantomime orchestras, or the still more asinine braying of the idiots who listen to them? And how is one to keep up one's goodwill to men under the provocation of that surfeit of turkeys and chines and sirloins, and that disgusting course of plum-puddings and mince-pies that one's poor ill-used stomach has to run the gauntlet of at this time of year? Why am I to be driven to the alternative of starvation or dyspepsia, if I go out to dinner at this "festive season"—and be hanged to it? At other times of the year one *can* get something fit to eat at most tables one sits down to—though one is always liable to a run on saddles of mutton and boiled fowls—but at Christmas what man, with a proper respect for his stomach, can accept an invitation without making up his mind to heartburn, nightmare, and all the other horrors of indigestion? And why, I should like to know, am I expected at Christmas time to tip all the dirty-faced impudent chits of children belonging to such of my acquaintance as have been fools enough to marry, and to go about loaded with toys, like a Lowther Arcade porter, and to wish

everybody the compliments of the season, which, as far as I can make out, are bills and chill-blains, and sore throats, and stomach-aches?

And worse than all, Sir, how is flesh and blood to put up with those imbecile Christmas numbers—(I am glad to see you don't countenance such rubbish)—of this and that and the 'tother—all maudlin sentimentality and mawkish philanthropy and such like bosh and bunkum, bound in all manner of flimsy wrappers of the gilt-gingerbread order of taste; or the pictures in the illustrated papers of Old Father Christmas, as a red-faced, tipsy, hoary-headed ruffian, roaring over a punch-bowl, with an ivy-wreath instead of a Welsh-wig on his idiotic old head, and staring interiors of cottages, all impossible comfort and unreal family union, and lying scenes of Christmas festivities, with people really enjoying themselves, and all the other stereotyped tarradiddles of the season?

I wish you would join me and a few other right-minded fellows of my own kidney—warm men, with good balances at their bankers, and no wives and families, nor poor relations, nor any incumbrances and nuisances of that sort—in putting down all this kind of Christmas infliction, abomination, and hollow mockery, and in making the season what it ought to be, one of comfort and satisfaction only to those who can pay their bills, and of discomfort, repentance, and sackcloth and ashes generally to those who can't—by far the majority, as far as my experience goes.

I remain, *Mr. Punch*, Yours,
SAUNDERS M'CRUSTISON.

Max Muller to Note.

DIFFERENT nations have different modes of expression. For instance, in China a Mandarin would never think of saying he 'did not care a button about it.

APPROPRIATE ORNAMENT.

THE other day we observed a dress trimmed with artificial bunches of hops in a draper's window. Of course, the hops were intended for the ball.



THE OFFICIOUS PASSENGER.

LORD JOHN, "EXCUSE ME, FRIEND BRIGHT, BUT DO YOU COMMAND THIS SHIP, OR DO I?"

Punch's Table-Talk.

309.

It is a great comfort to know—he has told us the fact—that *Iago* suffered awfully from toothache.

310.

The physiology of The Advertising Creature is an inexhaustible study. Somebody is always printing "Even the most common-place articles are not beneath the patronage of Her Majesty's Household," and then comes a puff of some black-lead alleged to be used in the Palaces. The scullions must be proud at being elevated into historical personages.

311.

I have not seen the book, but if it be what I infer from the title, the idea is new and good. It is an Index to the Characters of Fiction. This was wanted. I suppose, my dear BROWN, we shall find this sort of thing. *Matilda Boeringham*, a delightful widow in MR. BROWN's charming tale, *The Blue Sash*—and you, my dear JONES, will read that *Bonassus Blunderbore* is a biting satire in your comedy of *The Chiltern Hundreds*—and ROBINSON, your favourite creation, *Mercy Whippington*, will be referred to as the inimitable stepmother in *Rods in Pickle*. Very convenient references, but a large undertaking.

312.

When you go to the theatre in a hired brougham, (which you will always do if you are wise,) be sure that the coachman knows who engaged him, or you may lose dignity in the eyes of the world. Neglecting this precaution the other night, when I took my wife and my sister-in-law to see my admired MISS KATE TERRY, I had the pleasure of hearing "MR. BUGGINS's carriage" bellowed up to the elegant swells. And my heart told me that this was *my* vehicle. BUGGINS is the excellent party from whom I have vehicles, and the driver knew no better way of announcing his arrival. So half the Olympic theatre thought that the graceful gentleman with the beautiful ladies, who appeared on those stairs, was named BUGGINS. I must go and see MISS TERRY again, as I am always glad to do, and disabuse society.

313.

Having a good organ is one thing, and knowing how to sing is another thing. If certain furious puffing goes on, it will be my duty, as head musical critic of the world, to enforce this distinction, with an illustration which at present I omit.

314.

I have been shooting a good deal lately, as you have all known to your advantage. I have come to the conclusion that in a very short time Gun Cotton will be the only projecting article used by sensible sportsmen.

315.

Hans of Iceland has been dramatised, but with a tender hand. Let it be done in sensation style. There is a most delightful scene where a hangman hangs his own brother, after a pathetic recognition and prayers for mercy, and drops him through a trap-door into the sea? A double scene, and the splash of the executed brother, would draw the intelligent British public for a year.

316.

The poems of JAMES HOGG, Ettrick Shepherd, have been too much neglected both here and in the north. Many are full of fancy, and tenderness, many of humour, and he had a fine ear. Of course, a true Scot cannot tell you that the house is on fire, or that dinner is ready, without quoting BURNS—this is a law of nature—but there is much in JAMES that is quite equal to much in ROBERT. I am glad to see a new edition of HOGG, but it is costly.

317.

Another song-maker wants to wear feathers instead of trousers. He sighs, "O would I were a Bird!" With all my heart, only let me have a gun, and let him come within range.

318.

You chaps who always stick in town, except when you go to "parade your clothes at Brighton, may not be aware that the Mummerys still go about in some parts. OLIVER CROMWELL, OLD FATHER BEELZEBUB, and DEVIL DOUBT called on me in Oxfordshire just before Christmas, and made themselves agreeable—more or less.

319.

SPENSER's evil brotherhood, *Sans-Loy*, *Sans-Foy*, and *Sans-Joy* would make excellent interlocutors in a satirical debate on the demerits of the age.

320.

A doctor's wife showed me a heap of scarfs, obtained by her spouse in doing his last for various patients. "Scalps," says I. But I would not have said it, but that I knew she could not understand me.

321.

The most dashing Latin pun that I have heard was made by myself

at the house of another gentleman and scholar yesterday. While we talked in the parlour, the Visitors' Bell rang loudly. My friend looked out, so did I. We saw an apparent Swell. "No, by Jove," says my friend, going out, it's only a tax-collector. I'll teach him manners." He returned, stating that he had blown up the man for ringing the aristocratic instead of the area bell. Says I, "Your motto is *de bell acri superbas*."

322.

"Pay The Debt," saith a great financial authority. Some jeer, some calculate, some groan. But as sure as you fellows are sitting here, the nation will one day not only pay it; but proceed to enjoy the splendid income which will then be left unfettered.

323.

The humbler classes are ahead of Us in regard to the principle and practice of Association—it's a dry subject—but you'll have to hear more of it.

324.

There would be another kind of sight which (if we could see in the dark) we might behold from the "Fields near Dover," than that described by *Edgar in Lear*.

"Half way o'er
Stands one who drives the Sampson, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems resolved to go a-head."

325.

We are solemnly informed that the feeling of the people of America towards England is one of implacable hostility. *Dignus vindice nodus*. I have nearly decided on going over, talking to the American people, and making them our friends for ever. I would, too, if the Atlantic would be pacific—but I have an interior.

326.

You have noticed DR. CUMMINGS's Greek derivation of the word Church, and how the same has been challenged? I suppose that the excellent Doctor's own name is not derived from *sculpus*, *surgeon*, to foam with tardivity.

327.

Do you know what speech of *Othello's* is most often in my mouth? It is "O, fool! fool! fool!" Why? Because I read all the letters of my correspondents!

328.

The EARL OF ROSCOMMON very admirably says,—

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense."

But it is a curious illustration of the change of taste that I should not dare to quote, before ladies, his very next two lines, though meant, of course, to enforce his moral. Pass me those stewed pippins.

329.

I went to see *La Famille Benoiton*, with which M. SARDOU has made such a hit at the Vaudeville. It is a scorching satire upon the heartlessness and worldliness said to prevail in French society. The men think of nothing but money, the women of nothing but spending it. Even the children are speculators and *roués*, there is a child of seven who speculates in postage stamps and gets tipsy. There are two fast young ladies, who dress a dozen times a day, and go to races, one of them is run away with by her cousin, who wishes to compromise her character, and so get a rich wife; the other talks slang, but reforms for the sake of a lover, who at last says, ungratefully, that he must consider whether he will have her or not. The mother of the family is never seen at all—she is always reported as gone out, and at the end you and her husband and all hope to see her, but she has only come in for her parasol and is off again. Then there is a young wife, who has gambled, and whose reputation is saved by a curious device, which I suppose is satisfactory to the party chiefly concerned. The play is a merciless exposure of Parisian life, and I presume it must be a faithful picture, for the theatre is crammed, and French audiences know a good play from a bundle of rubbish.

330.

The *Père la Chaise* of Dissent, Bunhill Fields, is being talked about. Curiously, I visited it the other day, before the articles and correspondence appeared, and because I wanted to see the Ultima Thule of the underground railway. The only remark I have to make is that some scoundrels have mutilated the recumbent statue of JOHN BUNYAN. Does LORD SHAFTESBURY know this? It must have been blackguardism that did it—there is a monument there on which a bit of savage radical politics is inscribed, which might have tempted the blow of some savage and very young Tory—but who would desire to injure BUNYAN's tomb? Perhaps it was Apollyon himself.

331.

DR. ISAAC WATTS is buried in Bunhill Fields. I laid a respectful hand upon his tomb. Now, is that fact safely lodged out of the reach of foolish paragraph-makers? One of the funeral sermons in his honour was CALDER ASHWORTH's, who took for text, "Know ye not, that there is a Prince and a Great Man fallen this day in Israel?" What more could be said even of his late Royal Highness the PRINCE CONSORT?



A PARDONABLE MISTAKE.

Dr. Smiler. "BY THE BY, I MUST CONGRATULATE YOU, LADY JANE. OF COURSE YOU HAVE HEARD THAT YOUR NEPHEW, GEORGE, HAS JUST GOT HIS FIRST—"

Lady Jane. "HIS—FIRST!!! GRACIOUS HEAVENS! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE BOY WAS MARRIED!"

Dr. Smiler. "HE! HE! HE! YOUR LADYSHIP MISUNDERSTANDS ME. I ALLUDE TO HIS RECENT SUCCESS AT COLLEGE."

A RISING SAINT AT PARIS.

BIOGRAPHIES of Romish Saints usually contain instances of extraordinary acts of humility performed by those wonderful personages. But the feat of self-abasement, implied in the following extract from the *Star*, beats anything of the kind recorded of any monk, bishop, confessor, martyr, priest, or layman:—

"The gossip of Paris salons is the new De Mouchy ménage. The family colours of the carriages, liveries, &c., have for centuries been red and gold; however, the duke has obtained the EMPEROR's permission to adopt the Imperial green faced with red; the only difference insisted on is a black edge. This is considered a strange act of subserviency on the part of the head of one of the *ancienne noblesse*."

The Duke has obtained the EMPEROR's permission to adopt the Imperial livery with a difference, discarding that of his ancestors. Of course, under those circumstances, he could no longer feel comfortable in a costume such as that usually worn by dukes and other aristocrats. He must have been sensible of the necessity of attiring himself in a garb suitable to that servility which he was not ashamed to practise, or practised although he was ashamed of it all the while. No doubt, then, he has humbly clothed himself in the Napoleonic green faced with red, with the diversity of a black edge to distinguish his own cloth from his master's. He has gone on his knees for the Imperial plush. Plush, plush, *ancienne noblesse*! The DUKE DE MOUCHY has beplushed himself. He should now implore one more favour; leave to change his family name for that of DE LA PELUCHE. Then, to exhibit a perfect prodigy of humility, he may be pleased to powder his hair, set buckles in his shoes, and dance attendance during dinner behind the Imperial chair at the Tuileries. It is certain that there is now an inchoate, if not a considerably advanced Saint at Paris amongst the *ancienne noblesse* of France. The DUKE DE MOUCHY is evidently on the road to canonisation, where he will probably arrive some 200 years hence, when all the Jesuits, and other ecclesiastics, who are now performing

NUNC EST BIBENDUM.

HUNGARIAN wine, Hungarian wine,
('Twas thus mellifluous GLADSTONE sung)
Thy hue is bright, thy tone is fine,
And suited to an English tongue.
And if thy names are slightly hard,
They'll soon be learned by pensive BULL;
When on each vinous merchant's card,
He reads thy titles clear and full.

The Badasconyer's good as needs,
'Tis free from acid, white, and dry;
The Pesther Steinbruch, flowing, pleads,
It's just the thing to wet your eye.
The Szamorodny's dry Tokay,
The Ruszke is a rich white flood;
And when the Hock pours bright and gay,
It cools the brain and warms the blood.

Red Adelberger Ofner, thou,
The oftener drunk the more art loved;
To thee, full Meneo, let me bow,
For what I mean is, "much approved."
Erlaure, the man who likes not thee,
Gives me small promise of his wits;
Now to my lips, my bright, my free,
My proud, my glowing Carlovitz.

More, many more I call to mind,
Which soon shall household words be made,
Now Austria hath her Treaty signed,
And vowed to something like Free Trade.
The House shall know its Leader's choice,
When GLADSTONE's self with GLADSTONE dines;
And I will bid you all rejoice,
O Thirsty Souls in Hungary wines.

What Mr. Horsman says it will Come to.

(An old Nursery Rhyme, adapted to BRIGHT's Electoral Regime.)

Candidate. Who comes here?
Elector. A six-poundere.
Candidate. What's your price?
Elector. A pot of beer.
Candidate. I object to stand a pot.
Elector. Get you gone, you scaly lot!

PEOPLE talk about making a clean sweep. Can they make a sweep clean?

miracles, will be promoted to Saintship by the Pope of the period, if there is one. Such a Saint might be appropriately invoked under the name of St. Jeames.

LINES BY A TROOPER ORDERED ON FOREIGN SERVICE.

AIR—"The Stirrup-Cup."

THE last Sally Lunn has been browned in the hall,
The last muffin buttered by cook who is sleeping,
My cap and my cane are removed from the wall,
Yet still a warm hand in my own I am keeping:
My Sergeant suspects that I'm sweet upon JANE,
The Underground's handy, dear girl! we must sever;
But pour out the ale, that thy trooper may drain
A last glass of beer to his true housemaid ever!

I cannot ride back—for no ticket appears,
No money to get one unless I can borrow,
I pledge thee my word, but do dry up those tears,
Oh, love! that in stamps I will send it to-morrow;
Here's to thee, JENNY, and if it be willed
That back from the Indies thy trooper come never,
Till death he'll remember, that she who had filled
His last glass of beer was his own housemaid ever!

A STOCK RIDDLE.

WHY is the Cattle Plague a sort of colic?
Because it is a bu-colic complaint.

THE HUNTERIAN ORATION.—A Speech by a M. F. H.

GENUINE SUCCESSES.

In theatrical matters now-a-days there is no such thing as failure. The public has lost its powers of discrimination and appreciation, and newspaper criticism is reduced to a mere quarter of a column of printed words, valuable only on account of the heading to the paragraph which serves the theatre in lieu of an advertisement. "On such and such a day," for instance, we read, under the title of the Royal Dash Theatre, "was produced a new drama, entitled *The Son of the Forest*. What could have induced the management to bring such a piece before the public, we are quite at a loss to imagine. Its situations are hackneyed, and the interest, such as it is, is sustained only up to the third act, to be dropped entirely in the fourth and fifth."

Another Newspaper.—"The name of the piece produced at this house last night, is *The Son of the Forest*. It requires condemnation. But even then we fear that it will not prove an attraction. The dialogue is dull, and the dramatic persons are on so dead a level as to awaken no sort of interest in their actions, on the part of the audience. We are bound to say that the piece was well received by a house densely crowded in every part."

Another Newspaper.—"It is not often that we have to record a failure at this admirably-managed theatre. *The Son of the Forest*, however, we must candidly own, is not a success. It is certainly the least happy of Mr. RESHOFFAR's productions. We must enter our emphatic protest against the immoral character of the play. We are not squeamish, but when an author so far goes out of his way as to notice with laudatory remarks the elopement of his heroine's grandmother with the hero of his story, we feel that silence is no longer consistent with our duty."

Another Newspaper.—"The *Son of the Forest*, MR. RESHOFFAR's new (?) drama, was produced here last night. To what a depth of degradation has our stage fallen! The actors and actresses did their best with the most thankless parts, and saved the piece from the condemnation it richly merited."

After all this out come the advertisements:—

ROYAL DASH THEATRE.—Another Genuine Hit! A Brilliant Success! The new Drama, *The Son of the Forest*, pronounced by the unanimous voice of the Public Press to be the Greatest Dramatic Triumph ever witnessed on these or any other boards. Three more Shows of *Shells* added. Seats can be booked two months in advance.

THE SON OF THE FOREST. The Best Drama of the day. *Vide* Public Press.

Now, says Mr. Punch, there's Humbug somewhere, isn't there?

"SOMETHING TOO MUCH OF THIS."

OUR new and spirited contemporary, the *Sunday Gazette*, says that it is very probable that a new decoration will be instituted. At present the marks of distinction given to those who exhibit gallantry in the rescue of life from shipwreck are conferred by private associations only. It is now likely that a national decoration will take the place of these less formal tokens of recognition. It will be given in HER MAJESTY's name, and will be in the form of a medal, under the designation of "THE ALBERT Medal."

Mr. Punch's loyalty has been proved too often for question. Without the slightest apology, therefore, he proceeds to say what he would have preferred to leave unsaid, for it is not the part of a true friend to be silent when he should speak. Mr. Punch has cordially approved every reasonable effort to preserve the memory of the good Prince whose loss we all deplored. Statues, in far greater number than ever was accorded to an English Worthy, have been reared in honour of the lamented Consort. Though it is now just sixty years since NELSON was laid in St. Paul's, our great sea-captain's monument is unfinished—we hear nothing at all of the national monument to our great land-captain, though it is more than thirteen years since WELLINGTON was laid by the side of NELSON—but the most splendid and costly of memorials is rapidly rising, in the Park, in testimony of our veneration for PRINCE ALBERT. When this shall have been completed, will it not be almost time to leave that good man's fame to take care of itself? Society is at least half inclined to believe that enough has been done in this way, and it will not be well that society should begin to smile at persistent efforts to add tribute to tribute. There is really no fitness in giving the Prince's name to the medal that is to reward the noblest of sea-service. The Prince had no kind of connection with or special regard for sea-achievements, though the irreverent may remark that his own courage was shown when he voyaged, inasmuch as he notoriously suffered on such occasions more than any one else on board. Anything like ridicule should not be permitted to connect itself with an honoured memory. Surely many far more appropriate names might be suggested—for instance, an ALFRED medal would remind its wearers that a very gallant young fellow, of royal blood, was voluntarily and frequently exposing himself to all the perils of sea-life—but even better titles might be suggested. Have we no splendid examples of daring in the cause of

humanity—none in the Book of Golden Deeds? Let us search, and in the meantime let us avoid what history, in her mildest mood, will call a mistake.

ANSWERS TO THE SECOND COLUMN.

"ZETA is in great danger." We apprehend that Zeta must just get out of it the best way he can. His relations are engaged. KATER is in much greater danger because of the Rinderpest. BEATIE has his carpets to whack. GAFFIN is making caps for the boys returning to school, and FAN has not escaped the devouring jaws of Christmas. Nobody cares an iota for Zeta, and he had better keep his troubles to himself.

"A WELL WISHER." I wish you were down the well.

"MR. SMITH. WRITE TO 'ALF. The sun shines." You mean, send the 'alf note. Shen't. The sun always shines, only you can't see it. Read PUNCH's *Astronomy*.

"OSMOND O! WIG." Osmond declines to wig. He is proud of his grey hair, which is elegant if not profuse. Besides, he is a Tory.

"S—K—, a Creole, is to send her address." Direct West Indies, care of the Jamaica Commission.

"INFORMATION WANTED." Frank Walker, who left Raleigh 12 years ago, will send his address. Information is evidently very much wanted, as Raleigh died October 29th, 1818, which is more than 48 years ago.

A PRACTICAL CRITIC.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN sometimes got drunk—never drunk and incapable, for he was always capable of joking. And when he was picked up helplessly drunk by a watchman, and asked what his name was, did not the Author of the *School for Scandal* say, "WILKESFORGE?"

What SHERIDAN used to say was said the other day, virtually by somebody else, who may not have known that he was committing a plagiarism as well as taking a liberty. According to a police-report in the *Times* at—

"MARTYBOWNE.—An eccentric man named ROBERT BROWNING was charged with disorderly conduct."

But what could have induced any mad wag charged with disorderly conduct to give his name as ROBERT BROWNING? That great poet is neither a teetotaler nor, apparently, a methodist. To give the name of LAWSON or NEWMAN HALL would be more natural for a tipsy humourist collared by the Police. Some explanation of this eccentric man's motive for representing himself as the author of *Sordello* may be gleaned from the subjoined description of his behaviour:—

"The officer said he saw him on the previous night surrounded by a number of people. He was on his knees howling like a dog, and scratching at the ground with his hands. He asked him to get up and go away. He refused to do so, when he was asked what he meant by such conduct, and his reply was that he was making the underground railway to Hammermith, and had got to get it finished by morning. He was then looked up."

There are, or were, literary dustmen. Why should there not be literary characters in other equally humble callings? "The prisoner," the report further states, "is a stableman." He may be a literary stableman, who, though principally concerned with "that 'ere oss," yet knows something of that other horse, Pegasus. Has he perhaps read MR. BROWNING's poems, and, not having quite understood all of them, may have taken the opportunity, when he was apprehended for inexplicable conduct, to express his sense of their occasional obscurity by calling himself BROWNING.

TRITE THOUGHTS.

OUR American cousins have lately been ascending in a balloon to solemnise their nuptials, and so got up a sensational scene replete with airy gracefulness. We presume, after the ceremony, they came down to earth again, as most lovers do, sooner or later, whatever may have been their state of elevation. Let this fashion become universal, and with what *décalé* a marriage in high life will go off! Beauty's conquest will afford delight to a million eyes, as her captive is borne away in a triumphal basket car. Then a nubile young lady as *soubrette* will be such a nice companion picture for a rain bon; and however much their views may differ, their friends below may rest assured that they will be particularly careful not to fall out.

After all is said and sung, some taint of primitive barbarism still clings to our social system. Look at LUCY fishing for flattery. What is EDWIN but a hunter with that lover's lasso, a nuptial noose, by which EMMA—the little dear—is caught after a short chase and confined, innocently pleased, in a ring fence.

NEWTON theorising in his orchard was satisfied he had law on his side as he bent over his prostrate pippin, but it would be wrong to conclude that no falling body—say that of a bumptious head on a slippery pavement—could disturb his gravity.



WHAT HAPPENS AT OUR WEEKLY MEETING, WHEN T. T. EXCEEDS A CERTAIN LIMIT.
(HE ALWAYS DOES.)



REMONSTRANCE IS USELESS, RESISTANCE OUT OF
THE QUESTION.



WE MAKE IT UP NEXT DAY.



BURGLARS. DARING CONDUCT OF MRS. T. T.

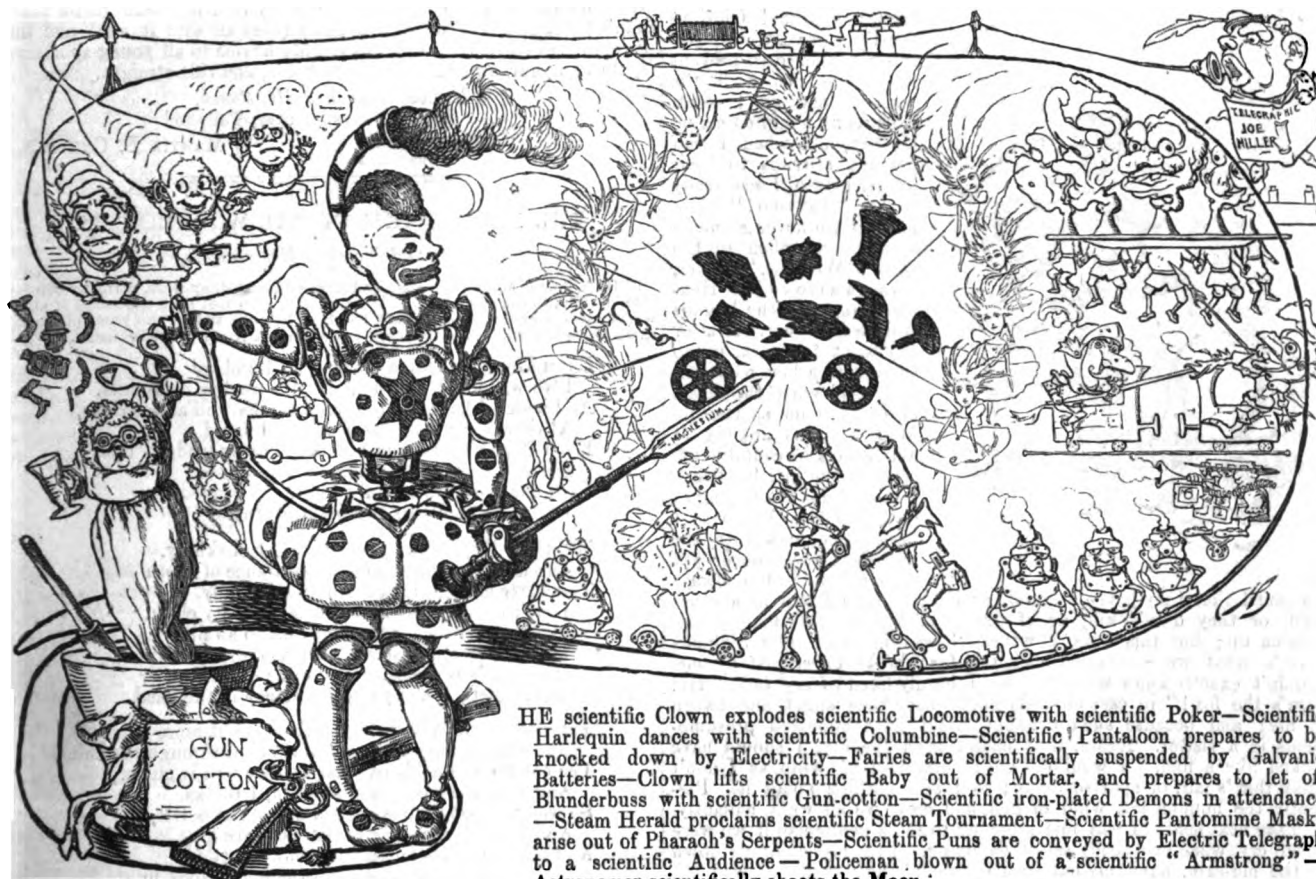


LITTLE CISSY TAKES AFTER DEAR PAPA.



BUT DOMESTIC HAPPINESS ON SO LARGE (AND SO RAPIDLY INCREASING) A SCALE AS T. T.'S IS TOO SACRED FOR THE GAZE OF THE MULTITUDE.
WE DRAW THE VEIL. FAREWELL FOR THE PRESENT TO THE HOUSE OF TIT.

HARLEQUIN ALUMINIUM; OR, JACK AND THE PHARAOH'S SERPENT.



HE scientific Clown explodes scientific Locomotive with scientific Poker—Scientific Harlequin dances with scientific Columbine—Scientific Pantaloon prepares to be knocked down by Electricity—Fairies are scientifically suspended by Galvanic Batteries—Clown lifts scientific Baby out of Mortar, and prepares to let off Blunderbuss with scientific Gun-cotton—Scientific iron-plated Demons in attendance—Steam Herald proclaims scientific Steam Tournament—Scientific Pantomime Masks arise out of Pharaoh's Serpents—Scientific Puns are conveyed by Electric Telegraph to a scientific Audience—Policeman blown out of a scientific "Armstrong"—Astronomer scientifically shoots the Moon;

COMPANIONS OF THE BATH.

AT the late inquiry held by MR. FARWALL about the circumstances attendant on the death of a pauper, supposed to have been hastened by maladministration, in Bethnal Green Workhouse, the porter, JAMES CARDWELL, was examined on divers matters, and, amongst them, touching the discipline of the bath as enforced at that place of punishment for poverty. This officer's examination included the question and answer following:—

"THE COMMISSIONER.—This bath has taps for hot and cold water, I know; now how many people do you usually bathe in the same water? About three."

Of course MR. FARWALL was highly disgusted. The honourable gentleman is himself a Companion of the Bath, but if he has ever had companions in bathing it must have been at the sea-side in the open waves. The idea of bathing in the limited body of water that afforded a bath to two other persons was no doubt first presented to his mind by the statement of MR. CARDWELL, of Bethnal Green Workhouse. Unless, indeed, the account of the bath en Night in a Workhouse, and described by resembling mutton broth, had previously reached the mind with the knowledge of a Companions more numerous than that constituted of the paupers acquaints them not only with strange Companions of the Bath. There at the Bath who form a very low order of knighthood, but neither has it any Commander. Workhouse Bath appear to be the Board of Command the Bath that is prepared for three more than one person, they are simply beast

The Order of Mer

THE plucky fellow who spent the night in the bath, what he immediately got—the Bath. When in the morning, his thoughts must have involuntarily turned to MILTON'S *Paradise Regained*.

A ROMANCE OF COLNEY HATCH.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,

IN an interesting memoir on "The Insane," given by the *Times*, you are informed that—

"Some years ago there were in Colney Hatch a young man and a young woman who made each other's acquaintance at one of the monthly balls given for the amusement of the inmates. Mad though they were, they carried on an innocent courtship, and, despite the vigilance of the officials, managed a written correspondence. Both recovered, and, after their discharge, having renewed their courtship, married happily."

The conduct of these persons whilst they were mad does not appear to have differed from that which they pursued when they were supposed to have regained their senses. How common it is for young people, imagined to be sane, to fall in love with one another simply in consequence of making each other's acquaintance at a ball! And then a written correspondence generally ensues, despite the vigilance of parents and guardians. Perhaps it is discovered and put a stop to for a time, after which they renew their courtship, and at last are married—how often happily? Not always, Sir, if ever; and there, in comparison with the world in general, I suspect the advantage is at present on the side of Colney Hatch. Ah, Mr. Punch! In one respect most men seem to be mad whether in or out of a lunatic asylum, and most women appear equally mad to your ancient

Abdera Corner.

DEMOCRITUS.

Great Virtue in an "If."

GENERAL O'MAHONY, the ex-Head Centre, declares that "If the Senate Faction had not tied his hands, he would, before now, have had an Irish Army on Irish soil, fighting for their independence, and an Irish fleet sweeping English commerce from the ocean." Suppose we put another "if?" If GENERAL MAHONY had attempted anything of the kind, he and his deluded dupes would before now have been picking oakum in Kilmainham gaol, or supping skilley in Dartmoor prison.

THE WORST POSSIBLE NAME FOR AN AUTHOR.—DR. DOZY.

THE CHACE.



PLENID weather! Glorious sport! Dear *Punch*. Nothing happened to prevent my going out with the hounds, and so I went. TOM REDS mounted me on his bay, and when I had got my stirrups to their proper length, I was ready to cry "Tally-ho!" You know I am never so much at home as when in the saddle. Well, Sir, "we met, 'twas in a crowd," at Hoxley Gorse, and the hounds (they weren't harriers, after all) went to work, in no time, with a low whimper, that gladdened the heart of every true sportsman. With nervous anxiety (I am always dreadfully excited in the hunting-field), I waited for the finding of sly Reynolds. Often as I have been out with the hounds, I have never yet seen a fox; it has always happened that they haven't found, or if they found I was in another field, or they didn't kill, or if they did kill it was done before I came up; but this time, however, I was in luck. Old Styboots (that's what we sportsmen call the fox) broke cover just by me. I didn't exactly know what to do. I hardly liked to cry out, "Hi! here's the fox!" in case anybody might have been angry, and sworn at me; and because such conduct might have appeared presumptuous in a visitor. Again, if it hadn't been the fox, I should have looked like a fool. I wouldn't cut at him with my whip, as I don't think that's fair, or sportsmanlike; so I said nothing about it. Presently the hounds got wind of him, and away we all went, gallantly, into the next field. I was just stopping to ask a gentleman if we were in full cry, when everybody set off galloping. I sat myself firmly down in the pig-skin, fixed my hat securely on my head, and followed the lead. At the end of the first field there was a high thick hedge, which we all rode at bravely. Three men in pink went through it, and I was about to follow their example, when the thought struck me, "Will REDS's horse do this?" That's the worst of riding a friend's horse: you're not certain of him; so I turned him a little to the right, and crying, "Yoicks! tally-ho!" away we dashed through the open. "Now," said I to myself, "I'll ride straight, and take my own line." The whole field was streaming away towards a ditch with mud banks on either side. I streamed away with them. This sort of thing wanted a peculiar horse, and I did not feel myself justified in taking my friend's bay at such a place; so, saying my horse as much as possible, with one cut on his flanks, and crying "Over!" I took him over a small sheep bridge.

The hounds were only a field or two ahead, and there was a burning scent, as strong as a pastille. "Now for a burst!" I cried; and lifting my horse over the heavy ground, I urged him forward. There was a magnificent flight of hurdles on the left; I own they were very alluring, but I was determined that nothing should take me out of my straight line, so I kept on. My plucky animal answered the spur, which I had not used till now, and took the next gate in her stride. I was immensely pleased with her: we should have had a rare leap if it had been shut. Here we came up with the hounds, who were "at fault." We found again, and had another burst. REDS told me the mare would take anything. I was delighted to hear this, only I wish I'd known it before, as I'd missed several good things on her account. Now, however, I'd decided that nothing should stop me: and nothing did.

In this meadow was a post and rails; I selected my spot, and firmly gripping my saddle with both knees, I made for it. A stupid idiot of a countryman officiously removed the rails, which were only bars of wood loosely fixed on at each end, and I was obliged to walk through; however, I wouldn't give him sixpence. The pace was telling on the mare, and when we came to the brook, she was considerably pumped. I rode her at it very cautiously, but she refused. I then walked her up to it, but she refused again; thinking that, on the whole, REDS would be better pleased if I didn't push her too hard, I rode for the gate at the side of the field; she would have leapt over this like a kitten, but there was the hard stony road on the other side, which would have shaken her severely. I managed to open it with my hunting crop, but the delay had thrown me out; and though I galloped for two hours more along the roads, in and out of fields, stopping to listen for the horn, or to get information from any countryman, I was

unable to come up with the pack again. Riding homewards, I tried the mare at several little places by way of "larking," as we say; but a mare won't do anything in cold blood. On my return, I told REDS that I didn't think it a very difficult country (they all said it was), and that his mare had carried me admirably. My advice to all young sportsmen is, stick to your own line, save your horse, and ride straight.

I remain, my dear *Mr. Punch*,
Yours for ever, Tallyho!

MARTIN F. CRUPPER.

THE PLEASANTEST OF THE WORKHOUSES.

An Old Woman's Experiences.

["He had gone among the men, and they said that they were perfectly comfortable, as did also the women, in fact one woman, who had been the round of all the workhouses, said she liked to visit Lambeth because it was the most pleasant of them all."—*Ma. Rhomas in Lambeth Vestry on "A Night in a Workhouse."*]

FROM Union to Union oft over all London,
I've wandered, and workus with workus compared,
And which I have always found things well at ease done,
At others nor that owsomedever I fared.
From Poplar to Fulham I've all the way trudged it,
For wot I see is by experience you learns.
Each one in its turn owin' tried it and judged it,
I arter all fondly to Lambeth returns.

'Tis there they allows yer the stiffest of skilley.
The warmest and thinnest appearance of broth
The water is there for your bath widdy-silly.
Your rug is the thickest and laist frosty cloth.
Your tebe there's a little more 'zy to swither
Then anywheres else are a hunk o' dry bread;
And they gi's yer most ay fur to lie in and wather
At Lambeth, when you got to sleep in the shed.

The winter winds elsewhere owls sammut more wilder,
And causes wuss damagts to come in through the chinks.
The coughs and colds likewise at Lambeth is milder,
And so is the cassin and swearin, I thinks.
So wen the last drop is sucked out o' the bottle,
And I harn't a copper to buy no more gin,
And got nuffin left for to missen my throttle,
I goes back to Lambeth and there gets took in.

EXPENSIVE BRUTALITY OF A RAILWAY COMPANY.

It is evident that the Directors of the Great Western Railway are men of principle. In a letter written to the *Times* by "OXONIAN," it is stated that "Cripsey-meadow (18 acres) is at this moment covered with two feet of water." Yet those gentlemen persist in their intention to establish their factory there. "OXONIAN" further says of Cripsey-meadow, that "to make it available, by raising it three feet for building their carriage-works, will cost them at least £10,000." The considerations, therefore, which have determined them to build those works in that place, are not pecuniary. Their object is to assert the superiority of material interests to those of spirituality and intelligence. They are resolved upon demonstrating that point by the deliberate and contumacious desecration of Oxford. The repose and beauty of that venerable seat of learning they have made up their minds to destroy, though it cost them £10,000 at least. They mean to perpetrate this outrage on refined sentiment in defiance of the educated mind of England. But in thus acting they are prompted by sentiment themselves, only by sentiment of an opposite nature. Do the shareholders share this sentiment? They will share in the expense of its gratification. Are they also willing to lose cash simply for the sake of indulging a snobbish antipathy? As far as they are concerned, might not the parties who propose to lay out £10,000 to make a swamp fit for building purposes when they might save that sum by buying fit land elsewhere, as well take the opportunity afforded them by Cripsey-meadow, now that it is under water, to play at ducks and drakes with the money?

Sensible Magistrate.

MR. DAYMAN advised the S. W. Railway Company to provide Smoking Carriages for their passengers. Let all Railway Companies take the hint; and also provide Lights for *all* the carriages.

BY THE P. AND O. MAIL.

MONDAY, the 25th of December, 1865, is, we regret to say, no more. Christmas Day fell upon it, and after twenty-four hours, poor Monday expired at midnight.

Punch's Table-Talk.

332.

PEOPLE bother me to know why *Punch*, dated Saturday, is published on Wednesday. What the deuce is it to anybody? There are good and sufficient business reasons. Suppose I say that I come out on Wednesday because *Punch* chooses to be beforehand with *Jesuit*.

333.

MR. SALA, in a very delightful letter to the *Daily Telegraph* about Amsterdam, describes the apparition of Saint Nikolaas, at Christmas, with presents for the good children, and birch rods for the naughty ones. He says that in New York similar presents are brought, but no rods, for "in the United States children are never supposed to be naughty." The Americans were BRITANNIA's naughty children, and as they found that her rod did not make them obedient, they learned to laugh at Solomon.

334.

Rule Britannia, written, as you all know, by JERRY THOMSON, in the *Mist of Alfred*, is seldom sung, I think, though one hears the tune sometimes. But there is a mercantile sort of verse which is forgotten, but which in these days of free trade, treaties, and the like, should be revived—

"To these belongs the rural reign,
The Cities shall with Commerce shine;
All things shall be the Subject Main,
And Every Shore it circles thine."

335.

I civilly said, "as you all know," though I am blessed if I believe that any of you know anything about it, but I have read my POPE:—

"Men should be taught as though you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot."

336.

Many of the shop-signs in Vienna are capitally imagined and brilliantly painted pictures. We have not much of that sort of thing in London, but I saw, the other day, on the side of a miller's covered cart, a large and showy painting of PHARAOH on his throne, and JOSEPH, with two handfuls of wheat, interpreting the King's dream.

337.

Something in QUEVEDO amused me, and may amuse the negrophiles. In his sixth vision, the Don, being Below, sees a merchant whom he had known on earth, and who is roaring. QUEVEDO amiably taunts him, and asks him whether he had not better have been contented with a little, honestly got, than have ruined his soul for a large estate. Illustrating his idea of honesty, the Don adds, "Had you not better have traded in Blacks than in Christians?"

338.

In another vision he sees the Dæmon of Tobacco. "I have," said that devil, "by bringing this Weed into Spain, avenged the Indians for all the Spanish butcheries. Any death is better than for a man to snivel and sneeze himself away, or go off in a meagrim or a spotted fever, which is the ordinary effect of this poisonous weed. It is with tobacco-takers as with demoniacs under exorcism, they fume and vapour, but the Devil sticks to them still." Pass me the cigar-box, please.

339.

One day last winter I lent a man some money, and he gave me his cheque, dated a fortnight in advance. A day or two before it should have gone in, he came to me and said, "Old fellow, I wish you'd keep back that cheque till I give the word *Present*." "If you like, I'll make the word *Five*," said I, suiting the action to the phrase. Needless to say that he still owes me the money, so I hereby remind him of my epigrammatic generosity.

340.

Touching generosity, if a man simply asks you to be his surety, he will probably pay. If he makes you a solemn speech of thanks, saying that he is your debtor for ever, he most likely speaks the truth. But if he writes you a touching letter, swearing that he will have his right hand burned off before you shall be hurt, you had better lay aside the money at once, as you are sure to be let in.

341.

Another specimen of clerical begging. A new Something is wanted in the poor parish, and a lady has promised to aid the object by buying any good autographs that may be collected. Your autograph is asked. And a card is inclosed, for your signature, opposite to which you find three columns ruled for figures—you could not send your name without some little subscription. Well, well.

342.

A talented young Artillery officer writes to me to say that he was laying his gun at Oldshoburnness the other day, when a sergeant hurried up to tell him that the barometer had fallen half an inch. Thanking the man for the information, my friend proceeded with his

work, when a sergeant-major came up, and said, "Sir, you ought to make allowance for the barometric pressure, and I beg your pardon, Sir, but I don't think you've allowed for the rotation of the earth." He adds that the new pattern sights allow for both. If I were vulgar, there is a new pattern sight which I would take at *à la*.

343.

FLINTY speaks of some Indians, whom he calls Monocelli. They had only one leg, but so large a foot as to shelter their whole body from the heat of the sun. The description does not convey pleasant ideas of their social life and habits.

344.

But, add as these Indians were, they were not so odd as the image which the poet in the *Bolliad* offers of an Indian minister, LORD SYDNEY:—

"O had by nature but proportioned been
His strength of genius to his length of chin,
His mighty mind in some prodigious plan
At once with ease had reached to Indostan."

Who said "to China," and muttered "Chin-chin?" Sir, I am ashamed of your levity.

345.

"GRIMM," says PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER, "inclined to the opinion that the word Church is derived from Circus." I think that many of our clergy are of the same opinion, for they are always arguing in a circle.

346.

Gallantry in saving lives, in shipwrecks, is to be rewarded, I read, with a national medal. It will be called the Seawater-loo Medal.

347.

St. Cupid will do penance this year of grace, 1866, if saints do works of supererogation. Valentine's day is Ash-Wednesday.

348.

I hope that you have all been to Kensington, where you can see the Seven Cartoons, for the first time. Who knows the subjects of the three lost ones? They are the Stoning of STEPHEN, PAUL'S Conversion, and PAUL in prison at Philippi. There is a legend of an eleventh, the Coronation of the Virgin, also lost.

349.

Some fiddler advertises himself in the *Musical World* as "PAGANINI Redivivus." One would not notice his blunder but for his check.

350.

My friend the EMPEROR knows—but do you know?—that LOUIS is the same name as CLOVIS. The Celtic *chl* became the aspirated consonant *ll*.

351.

MR. PLANCHÉ. I am addressing you, Sir. I am very much obliged to you for returning to the stage—*Planché redux*. Your Haymarket piece, *Orpheus*, delighted me much, and you have exhibited all your famed skill in dealing with music. I seldom quote BACON & SHAKESPEARE, but in their play, *Love's Labour's Lost*, I find so apt a description of your style that I shall cite it with my own readings. You are "sharp and sententious, pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without pedantry, and daring without profanity." I drink your health, and your family's, and may they always catch sunbeams in their traps.

352.

Furthermore, MISS NELLY MOORE may, *sine morâ*, take a very high place if she pleases. Among other good gifts, she hath a lady's voice.

353.

My dear fellow, I will not ask a Manager for a box for you. Rich you are, and pay you should. He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together, and it is no longer a friendship but a conspiracy. So says the noble BISHOP TAYLOR, and you would not have me go against a bishop?

354.

It is 'held by all authorities that there is nothing foppish and effeminate in taking particular care of your beard and moustachio. I like to see the latter elegantly waxed—waxing it by no means implies that your way of life

"Has fallen into the cire and yellow leaf."

355.

COWPER's last biographer maintains that the poet was not rendered insane by his religion, but that on the contrary his ill-ballasted mind received a wholesome impulse from spiritual blasts. The amiable bard could not be angry at this, if he could hear it, for he says—

"A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not insult me—and no other can."

356.

BACON and I could safely declare All knowledge to be our Province. But smaller men, endeavouring to be comical, are apt to be comical.



ARCTIC TRAVELLERS CUTTING THEIR WAY THROUGH A SNOW-DRIFT.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF EXPEDITION RECONNOITRING FRIENDLY NATIVE SETTLEMENT WITH A GLASS, IN HOPES OF OBTAINING ASSISTANCE. (Lat. 51° 36' N.; long. 0° 10' W.—Jan. 11th, 1866, 7-15 A.M.)

THE POUNDING OF PORT-HAYTIEN.

(A Folksle Ballad by a Bull-dog.)

Of Bull-dog's game we've heered the fame, in the Bull-rings of old,
How though you cut their paws off, they still would keep their hold;
And the British bull-dog breed's the same afloat as 'tis ashore,
Though the bull-ring ain't now the thing, and bull-baits is no more.

The twenty-third of October, at Port-Haytien we lay,
When CAPTAIN WAKE says, "Pipe all hands, the anchor for to weigh;
We'll just put out, and cruise about, at the targets try a round,
'Tain't Bull-dog's sort to lie in port till on beef-bones aground."

As we cleared the bight, we saw a sight set up the Captain's back,
Three craft o' SALNAVE's chasin' one as flew the Union Jack.
'Fire a blank gun to leeward," says CAPTAIN WAKE, says he,
'What's overhauled under that flag, is overhauled by me."

Says CAPTAIN WAKE, "Blacks will be blacks, you can't make 'em true blue;

GEFFHARD calls *himself* president, and so does SALNAVE too.
They may cut each other's throats, and welcome too," says he;
'But they *must* respect the British flag, ashore or on the sea."

The blacks was riled, but drew it mild, for CAPTAIN WAKE they knew,
They saw the Bull-dog had got teeth, and meant to use 'em too:
So we overhauled that British craft, and we convoyed her in;
The blacks they d—d us up in heaps, but we didn't care a pin.

Insulting the QUEEN's uniform, warning our boats from land,
Threatening to cut the Captain's throat, was 'ard enough to stand;
Till it came to taking prisoners from beneath our Consul's flag—
Then, says WAKE, says he, "This must not be—I must take down your brag!"

Then SALNAVE's fleet and forts ran up the red flag to the fore,
And trained each gun till dead upon the Bull-dog's bows it bore:

Long Tom, ten-inch, four thirty-tvos—there in Cape Haytien Bay,
No bark, all bite, decks cleared for fight, the little Bull-dog lay.

We warned the town, for we knew our fire would hot and harmful be:
Took aboard some British subjects as swam under our lee:
Then up steam for Port Acul, put our passengers ashore,
Lay there that night, and with the day back to Cape Haytien bore.

The *Foldroque* and three schooners lay on our starboard bow,
On our lee, besides Fort Picolet, shore-batteries enow:
Says WAKE, "I'm loth to harm a town, that's done no harm to me,
Lay guns the best that gunners can, shot and shell will make free!"

"And why waste shot? With all we've got we'll have enough to do,
A silencing Fort Picolet, and them shore batteries too.
We've soundings here six fathom clear, as from my charts I learn,
We draws fourteen-ten by the stem, and fourteen by the stern.

"Stand by the engines, Engineers, give her a head of steam,
Steer, coxswain, at the *Foldroque*, aim straight at her port beam.
And when she strikes, back engines, clear of the wreck to slue,
And then stand by, to lower the boats and save the floating crew.

"Go half-steam past Fort Picolet, give it 'em hot and hot,
And if they give the same they get, and I should catch a shot,
Here's WAX, my First Lieutenant, has his epaulettes to win;
He knows the chart, he'll con you out, as I have conned you in."

We took shot, grape, and rifle-balls at half-speed and short range:
Our ship was hulled, our men went down, but we gave 'em back their change:

"By the mark, six!" the leadsman sung, but, afore another cast,
'Twas shoal-water at two fathom, and the ship stuck hard and fast.

As far aft as the main rigging we lay in shells and sand,
For the *Foldroque*, artful varmint, had shifted near the land:
'Twas "Start tanks, blow out fore-boilers, port-guns aft, get on the strain,
Back engines, lay stream-cable out astern!" but all in vain.



ADMIRAL PUNCH DOES JUSTICE TO CAPTAIN WAKE.

"AND HERE'S THREE CHEERS FOR CAPTAIN WAKE, AND WHILE WE SAIL THE SEA,
MAY BRITISH BULL-DOGS ALWAYS FIND CAPTAINS AS STOUT AS HE,
THAT'S ALL FOR BITING WHEN THEY BITE, AND NONE FOR BARK AND BRAG,
AND THINKS LESS ABOUT COURT-MARTIALS THAN THE HONOUR OF THE FLAG!"

There we lay for to be peppered—Lord, how the darkies cheered! For they saw we couldn't float her, and they thought that we was queered.

"I know a game worth two o' that," says CAPTAIN WAKE, says he. "How Bull-dogs bite, when they can't budge, we'll let these niggers see."

A shell apiece from our Long Tom, and down they went like stones, The *Veldrogs* and her consorts, to the claws o' DAVY JONES. "Now shut up them land-lubbers, their big guns and their small," And hot and hot we served it out, till the night began to fall.

We'd three hours' ammunition left, our crew was spent beside, We'd done our best to get her off—no more was to be tried: "Afore I leave the *Bull-dog*, their trophy for to be," Says CAPTAIN WAKE, "I'll sink her to the bottom of the sea."

The Master and Lieutenants for their counsel was called on, He argued it out with 'em, they agreed with him *non. con.*; We'd powder left to blow her up, though we'd not enough to fight, So the gunner laid his fuses, and we put off in the night.

We'd not pulled off a cable's length, when there came a sudden glare, And then a roar, and when next we looked, the dence a ship was there; And we said, "God bless the old *Bull-dog*!" and we swallowed down our tears.

And by way of funeral service we giv the old ship three cheers!

And here's three cheers for CAPTAIN WAKE, and while we sail the sea,

May British Bull-dogs always find Captains as stout as he, That's all for biting when they bite, and none for bark and brag, And thinks less about Court-martials than the honour of the flag!

THE THEATRES.

I HAVE, in the popular character of a Theatrical Casual, been to more theatres; and the Christmas month is over. The compositions of M. OFFENBACH are at a premium, and the extracts from his *Ching-chou-ki* (so charmingly done at MR. GARMAN READ's last year) suit no place better than Covent Garden, with its exhibition of old and young China. But, oh! Mr. PUNCH! those PATRONS! What inimitable pantomimists! PATRONS, the sire, does the Magician, and to see him emptying the contents of the cruets into his drink, and turning his Slave *Kassarac* round with his back to the pie because he has got a sneezing fit, is worth the price of the front row of stalls any night of the week. The comic business, generally so dull, is excellent; there being in it some genuine fun. As a rule, how conventional and unimaginative are these pantomimic artists. They have eight months to prepare, and are obliged in the end to betake themselves to the most venerable practical jokes, and the most pointless kind of fun. Why, a walk through the principal thoroughfares, will give you a heartier laugh, an you be a philosopher of *Master Matley's* school, than the scenes provided by these jesters after the cogitation of months. A little lady from Brighton, Miss RACHEL SANGER, plays *Aladdin* capitally.

In a cab-tandem, with mischievous boy performing a daring act of horsemanship on the leader, (it was after that great snow-storm,) I visited the City of London Theatre, the Standard, and the Victoria. Like the Captain of the gallant *Thunderbolt*, we, that is friends and self, "worry much applauded what they'd done" to please the public; the Vic. being particularly good. But, on the whole, Astley's is the best for children; while the transformation scene is certainly the most effective in London.

As for *Society* at the Prince of Wales's, I am in a small minority: it disappointed me. It is sketchy and crude. The lover has an excellent opportunity for a bit of real acting afforded him, which he loses by such utterly farcical play with his watch as may make the thoughtless, indeed, laugh, but the judicious grieve. Miss WILTON is charming. The situation where everyone borrows five shillings from every one else, evinces want of careful stage management. How comes it that the Stage Manager allows *Lord Parnigan's* page to pick up the meerschau pipe with the sugar-tongs, and walk off as though he were a marionette on wires? To be honourably mentioned is MR. MONTGOMERY, as an Irishman on the Press. To be eulogised, sky high, is MR. HARR, who plays *Lord Parnigan*, a frigid, sleepy member of the Hare-istocracy. MR. HARR having completely identified himself with this character, I was sorry to see him afterwards playing *Berlin* in the burlesque of *Don Giovanni*, which is one of the lightest, most sparkling, and merriest of MR. BYRON's productions.

MR. FRANK MATTHEWS, as Clown, amuses the St. James's audience, but I'd rather see a pantomime, thank you.

Tip Van Winkle keeps the Adelphi full, and the folks thoroughly wide awake; the scene where MR. JEFFERSON goes to sleep, ought to be laid in the Land of Nod, with views of yawning chasms; but it isn't.

The *Master of Ravenswood* is a remarkable play for several reasons:

first, because Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ only pouts twice and cries once; secondly, because MR. VEZIN plays without scowling; thirdly, because *Caleb Balderstone* occasionally appears to be in danger of running into the Irish brogue; and fourthly, because of the last scene, at which I shall go to have another look.

Never Too Late to Mend does excellently well without a Christmas attraction, and the Strand, with its capitably acted *L'Africaine*, or the *Queen of the Cannibal Islands*, is nightly crowded. I have not seen *Nelly's Trials*. MR. BROUGHAM is its author, and MR. BROUGHAM has gone, some time since, to America. What an ovation of thanks he will receive from a Drama-loving public on his return. Never let it be forgotten that it is to his genius we owe *Caught in the Trils* and *The Child of the Sun*.

There is another Extravaganza in town, which a young slangy friend of mine told me was "pickles." I did not clearly understand his meaning, but my curiosity has been excited.

Henry Dunbar occupies every seat in the Olympia, and is, on the whole, the best played piece in town.

The public may be a Haze, but it recognises good acting, and applauds with a will *Tip Van Winkle*, *Lord Parnigan*, *Kingdom of Bucklow*, *Jacky*, and *Henry Dunbar & Co.* The festive season has nigh passed away: farewell to plum pudding, farewell to turkey, sweet beef, twelfth cake, and to Mr. Clown's red-hot poker. I am weary. I will soothe myself with a song from MR. MACCABE, or I will retire to the Master Hall for *Judas Maccabaeus*. Adieu.

DE ASINIS NIL NISI BONUM.

"MR. GARMAN READ (good name in the circumstances) called attention to the dangerous state of the City during the late snow, and asked whether any thing would be done to prevent the citizens from having to wade through similar slush in future."

"MR. DUFFY BONE said that if MR. GARMAN would inform the Commissioners when another storm would take place (oh! and laughter) suggestions would be made."—*Common Council*, Jan. 12.

MR. DUFFY BONE, MR. DUFFY BONE,

Till we read your address, Sir, your name was unknown; But the fact through the trumpet of Fame shall be blown, That a very great creature is DUFFY BONE.

So clever, so witty. When London should blush For her streets ankle-deep in filth, snowbroth, and alash, And complaint is addressed to her Government's ear, The answer is BONE's idiotical jeer.

For this, you BONASSUA, next time we have snow, Down, bang, let us hope, in foul mud you will go: And rising, bedaubed, mid the laughter of men, Let us see if you look like a Funny BONE then.

And to make it more pleasant, just then may you view Some great civic Don who demands your *ko-foo*; And who'll say, as you bob with a grin and a groan, "Why, you look like a mud-lark, you DUFFY BONE."

When SAMSON the Strong made a rush on his foe, We know whence he snatched up the weapon he chose: Had the scene been the City, all parties must own, He'd have found what he wanted in DUFFY BONE.

OPERA FOR THE MEANEST CAPACITY.

THE Correspondent of the *Morning Post* in Paris, writing about the Italian Opera there, says:—

"The Manager has found it necessary to raise the price of admission on the *Parri* nights, as that popular artist demands no less than 3000 francs, or £120, for each representation. It seems to be the policy of M. BACON, the Manager, to pay the most extravagant prices to a few of the more rare singing birds, while the utmost economy is practised in the general production of an opera as regards subordinate singers, chorus, and *mise en scene*. This mode of conducting the Italian Opera at Paris is a subject of some discussion in society and the Parisian Press."

There is, however, not much to be said about it. The first consideration of every Manager is to make all the money he can. He must, therefore, pay just as much as is necessary, and as little as is sufficient, for that purpose. If his patrons care only for the voices of a few principal singers in an opera, he has to provide them with the voices at any price that will remunerate himself, and to get the rest of the music done at as cheap a rate as will not render it too bad even for them. His audience consists of persons who are sensitive to quality of a PARTI's voice, but obtuse to the meaning of a MOZART's music. The development of their ears is very great, and that of their mental faculties is very small. It is not the fault but the misfortune of a Manager, whether in London or Paris, that he is under the necessity of pandering to santine perceptions.



A POSER.

Mr. Brown. "THAT WINE, SIR, HAS BEEN IN MY CELLAR FOUR-AND-TWENTY YEARS COME LAST CHRISTMAS! FOUR-AND-TWENTY—YEARS—SIR!"

Mr. Green (desperately anxious to please). "HAS IT REALLY, SIR! WHAT MUST IT HAVE BEEN WHEN IT WAS NEW?"

A FAST TO BRING DOWN BUTCHERS' MEAT.

A DEPUTATION, headed by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, waited yesterday on SIR GEORGE GREY at the Home Office, for the purpose of requesting the Right Hon. Baronet to recommend Her Most Gracious MAJESTY to issue an Order in Council appointing a General Fast Day on account of the high price of butchers' meat.

His Grace, the ARCHBISHOP, having stated the object of the deputation,

SIR GEORGE GREY replied, that whatever might be thought of the propriety or utility of proclaiming a fast on the occasion of some calamities, there could be no doubt that the price of butchers' meat was an evil for which fasting would be a very appropriate remedy, and would indeed prove an effectual cure, if persevered in long enough. The effect of a single fast day, however, would be small unless miraculous, even though it should be strictly observed. But did not the observance of a fast day, by the bulk of the community, consist chiefly in going to the Crystal Palace, or on some other excursion?

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY said there was too much reason to fear that such was the case as regarded the inhabitants of the Metropolis. But good ground existed for trusting that, throughout the country, days of fasting and humiliation were religiously observed.

SIR GEORGE GREY was afraid that the observance of both fasting and humiliation was confined to the humbler classes, whose humiliation was chronic and involuntary, and who would not fast if they could help it; but the majority of the agricultural labourers in the rural districts, as far as abstinence from meat went, fasted from necessity nearly all the year round. There was no compelling the richer classes to fast against their inclination. The fourteenth of next month would be Ash Wednesday, when Lent would commence, and people would fast or not as they chose. Even the Clergy were not obliged to fast unless they were Curates with stipends inadequate to beef and mutton. He did not see any good in Government attempting to anticipate the regular

HOW BIBER WENT DOWN TO THE REGIONS BELOW.

At the 'meeting for promoting Reform in Convocation (much wanted—the reform, that is) the REV. DR. BIBER, Vicar of Roehampton, "had no hesitation in saying that if Convocation had been sitting, the Divorce Act, which had flooded the land with immorality, would never have been passed."—*Times' Report.*

Punch, the jester and the giber,
Thus remarks to DOCTOR BIBER:—
If a room is very dirty,
'Tis a prudent practice, *cordé*,
Not to suffer sun or candle
To intrude and show the scandal,
So black beetles, mice, and vermin,
Doubtless would, if asked, determine:
But a tidy housewife mutters
"Sluts!"—and flings back doors and shutters,
And the sight of floor and rafter
Promises a clean hereafter.
She's the Act our priest abuses,
Who with cause effect confuses,
Till a wit might find a farce on
Muddle like this talk of parson.
Now, as our good-natured nation
Simply laughs at Convocation,
And regards its grunts and grumbles
As the utterances of Bumbles,
Punch, the jester and the giber,
Blandly bonnets bungling BIBER.

ENFORCE RESPONSIBILITY.

CAPTAIN WAKE, late of H. M. S. *Bull-dog*, was called upon to defend the honour of the British flag. He did so, gallantly, skilfully, and successfully. But, in so doing, he met with an accident which nothing but clairvoyance would have enabled him to avoid; he ran aground and had to blow up his ship. Therefore a Court Martial has adjudged him to be dismissed the ship which no longer exists. It is a pity that this part of the sentence cannot well be inflicted. He was also adjudged to be severely reprimanded. This is as it should be. The example thus made will encourage other officers, circumstanced as CAPTAIN WAKE was, to incur responsibility as readily as he did.

fasting season, especially as they had no power to enforce its observance. But if everybody would rigorously abstain from flesh during the whole of Lent, he thought that would be the likeliest thing to bring the butchers to their senses. Could not the Clergy do their best to persuade their congregations to practise total abstinence from meat throughout the whole period extending between Shrove Tuesday and Easter, unless indeed the price of meat should, as would probably be the case, fall in the meanwhile to a reasonable figure?

His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, on the part of the Clergy, thanked the Right Hon. Baronet for his suggestion; which he was sure his reverend brethren would do their utmost by precept if not by example, to persuade their congregations to put in practice.

The deputation then withdrew.

LITTLE PLAYS AND LARGE POSTERS.

We wonder where the mania for big posters will stop. Really they seem to grow bigger every day, and there is scarce a street in London which is not defaced by these hideous monstrosities. The theatres are perhaps the greatest of offenders. No matter how little is the new piece they produce, the largest of large letters are employed to give us notice of it.

Now, are there really many playgoers whom placards can attract? Are plays so unattractive that a good house cannot be got without this broadcast use of paper? The work of advertising a new play is best done by the public. Let your piece be really bad, and it cannot much be helped by puffery and posters. Let your play be really good, and every audience will advertise its merit and attractions. Depend upon it, gentlemen, what you spend upon bad ink might be far more profitably spent upon good writing. If what is wasted on dead walls were paid to living writers, a great eyesore in our streets would be happily removed, and great good would be done to the condition of the drama.

SIXPENNYWORTH OF CHARITY.



this little publication; and as its proceeds are devoted to a sick fund for the stage, full many an actor, doubtless, in these ten years they have helped.

Anybody, therefore, with a sixpence he can spare, will do wisely and well to buy with it the new *Dramatic Almanack*. A sixpence one can spare somehow never long remains with one, and this is a much better way of spending this small sum than prodigally wasting it in buying a cigar, or a couple of brace of oysters, or

ALMANACKS are well nigh as plentiful as partridges; in every field of literature there is a large covey of them. From scavengers to stationers, from chimney-sweeps to churchmen, nearly every profession has its own especial almanack, adapted expressly to its own especial use, while *Punch's Almanack* alone is fitted for the service of the universal world. The stage has its almanack as well as the pulpit; and lest the sanctified should turn up their noses at the work, all the profits of its sale are given away in charity, which fact surely must suffice for the disarmament of critics. The present is the tenth year of

any other quickly evanescent luxury, which is pretty sure to tempt one till the spare sixpence is spent. The reflection that "to-day I have given the sum of sixpence towards a most deserving charity," will be pleasant to record in one's diary or cash-book, and may sweeten one's perusal of the varied information which the Almanack contains. Probably not three men in a thousand are aware that BRIGHAM YOUNG is the proprietor of a theatre in Utah, that somebody in Bedlam once wrote something for the stage, and that *Bombastes Furioso* was first played at the Haymarket in 1810. Plenty of such interesting knowledge he may gain by laying out his sixpence in buying the *Dramatic Almanack*, and by so doing he will usefully invest his hoarded wealth in purchasing a good sixpenny-worth of charity.

Progress in Patent Medicine.

THE following articles are on sale at the Institute of Quackery:—

Antibilious Oyster-sauce.
Cosmetic Brandy.
Digestive Hardbake.
Cough Champagne.
Gout and Rheumatic Burgundy.
Pectoral Jam.
Stomachic Cigars.
Antisorbutic Yorkshire Piss.

SHAME!—The meanest reason for getting married that we ever heard was from a man who said he wanted some one to part his back hair for him.

INDIGNATION MEETING OF GUARDIANS.

IN consequence of the recent disclosures which have been made by an individual who in the garb of a pauper made his way into one of the workhouses, and detected various malpractices, a meeting of many of the metropolitan Guardians was held, a few nights since, at the well-known Cow and Cheese-monger Tavern, for the purpose of considering the situation. MR. BUMBLE was unanimously voted into the chair.

The CHAIRMAN said that he didn't know as many words as expected from him. They all knew as well as him that an un-English and spy system had been inhumorated by a journal he should not bemean himself by putting a name to, and another journal, whose name he should equally scorn to mention, had thought proper to copy the same, whereby the Public was made aware of many things that was no business of its. He would leave the matter in the hands of other gentlemen. (Cheers.)

MR. SERBRUS said that if this sort of thing was to go on, nobody would be safe. The *Pall Mall Gazette* (groans) pretended to be written by gentlemen for gentlemen, and yet it would send a party (he would not call him a gentleman though he did hire a brougham) to steal into a workhouse at the dead of night, and under false pretences spy upon the nakedness of the land. What official could keep his place, if he was liable to be taken unawares in that manner? When real gentlemen, like SIR GEORGE GREY, whose philanthropy extended to officials as well as the rabble, wanted to see an establishment, they sent word beforehand, and the result was most satisfactory. (Cheers.) He only wished that the fellow had come to his, MR. SERBRUS's quarters, and he had had an inkling of his character. He should have had no reason to complain of the water in the bath, so long as the yard pump had a handle to it. (Cheers.)

MR. BANGBEGGAR said that the spy system was infamous, and he had heard as every one of the workhouses was to be visited in like manner, and the managements was to be showed up without warrant or warning. (Sensation.) He should advise that a detective, who had been accustomed to West End society should be engaged, on the sly of course, at each workhouse, as he, MR. BANGBEGGAR, was certain that by law a man could be punished for asking relief when he was not in a condition according. It would be turning the tables fine to have the gentleman-spy up before the Beak.

MR. GRINDFACES said that the name of Beak made him sick, they talked such nonsense about the lower classes. Why, even supposing that all that had been said was true, and much more, what right had paupers to anything better? Under wiser law-makers than they had now, a pauper was regarded as a criminal, and if he got feeding he got flogging, and unless something like it was tried, respectable tradesmen who had cheated in the same shop for years (Sensation)—he begged pardon, it was a lapsus lingo, he meant who had resided in the same neighbourhood for years, would find their rates what it would be very unpleasant to pay. (Applause.)

MR. SURLY said that they were met in private, there were no informal

reporters present, and he should speak his mind. He was chose to keep down the rates, and he knew no other duty. That was his business. As for hard words, they broke no bones. He could give a Beak as good cheek as a Beak could give him, as they knew. They couldn't cheek the papers, no doubt, but what could the papers do to them? The class as chose him and his likes cared no more for newspaper articles than for the squeaking of pigs. He thought the meeting was making a fuss about nothing, and that if anything the revelations, as they were called, did good, as showing to the rate-payers that every saving was made as could be made. (Applause.)

MR. CHERRSPARING said that the least said was the soonest mended, and if they held their noise the public would forget all about the matter in a week. He thought with the preceding speaker, that they were much too afraid of the newspapers. Let them imitate the railway people, and the aldermen, and the scavengers, and the like, and take no notice of scribble. (Applause.)

MR. PINCHER said that the last two gentlemen had spoken good sense. The spying was as mean as mean could be, and he wished he had had the bathing of the gent who went to Lambeth. But it would all blow over—the public liked a bit of sensation, but that was all, and he advised his friends to take things easy. The next murder would drive it all out of people's heads. If respectable prints liked to publish the conversation of the dregs of the earth and the scum of the universe, he did not admire their taste, but he did not care a brass farthing what was said about him.

The last speakers being considered to express the sentiments of the Guardians, and the policy they should adopt, the business terminated, and the reporter, disguised as a waiter, left the room, to order glasses all round.

BURGLARS AND BLACKBIRDS.

A TELEGRAM from Florence actually announces that:—

"THE KING OF PRUSSIA has conferred upon KING VICTOR-EMMANUEL the insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle."

What are the insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle? The jemy and centrebit? These are the emblems that would most truthfully express the nature and quality of that rapacious bird. How wonderful is the KING OF PRUSSIA's effrontery in assuming to enrol the KING OF ITALY among the Knights of the Black Eagle! He might as well pretend to constitute KING HONESTMAN one of St. Nicholas's Clerks. It is to be hoped that VICTOR-EMMANUEL has had too much respect for himself to accept decorations, which, whatever may be their shape, are the symbols of plunder and bloodshed.

MARITIME LAW.

THE Law of Libel does not apply to a "running down" case. The parties are not in the same boat.



"READY!"

Emily. "WHAT'S CAPITAL PUNISHMENT, MAMMA!"

Master Harry. "WHY, BEING LOCKED UP IN THE PANTRY! I SHOULD CONSIDER IT SO!"

EXETER HALL SPITE.

Now, if we were about to speak of a worldly and carnal writer, instead of one who is of Exeter Hall, Hallish, we should describe the following paragraph, which appears, in large print, in MR. BRIGHT'S organ, as a specimen of the smallest spite and impertinence:—

"BRIGADIER GENERAL NELSON.—This officer, respecting whose movements there has been considerable speculation during the last few weeks, called for Jamaica yesterday in the *La Plata*. MR. WILLIAM MORGAN, the solicitor retained by the Anti-Slavery Society and the Jamaica Committee, shares the same berth with him. The coincidence is certainly a remarkable one; and if the Brigadier is at all communicative, he may possibly save MR. MORGAN some trouble. At all events it may fairly be assumed that he will feel more surprise than pleasure when he learns who his companion is, and what is the mission which takes him to Jamaica."

Firstly, from the above charming paragraph the world may learn, if it cares to know, that Exeter Hall and the Baptists have hired an attorney, who goes to Jamaica to do his best or worst against GOVERNOR EYRE. Secondly, that the gentlemanly employers of this attorney would like him to avail himself of the sociality usually created on a voyage, and to "pump" GENERAL NELSON, who was in the confidence of the Governor of Jamaica. Thirdly, that the same gentlemanly set derive pleasure from the idea of the gallant officer's being annoyed at finding himself shut up with a person who is engaged to do GOVERNOR EYRE and his friends all the mischief possible. By the way, the *As* we have italicised makes it doubtful as to the party who is to be surprised—the pious paragraph-maker was in such a hurry to be spiteful that he forgot his grammar. But we imagine that much of this holy spite will be defeated. We never heard of MR. MORGAN, but many attorneys are the jolliest and best fellows going, and he may be one of the better class, and if so, MR. MORGAN and GENERAL NELSON have by this time become capital friends, and very likely MR. MORGAN has been thoroughly amused with GENERAL NELSON'S anecdotes of black baptists and nigger sermons as ANTEMUS WARD would have been. Finally, the amateur commission may do what it likes, but the real commission will, in all probability, confirm the verdict which society has long since given—as every one knows except a *clique*—namely,

that a house was on fire, and that the firemen who put it out worked with a will and successfully. Englishmen do not, on such occasions, make a riot because some of the water may have broken a few windows, even though they were the windows of a Baptist chapel.

TRITE THOUGHTS.

It is quite a mistake, with respect to certain heavenly bodies moving in a brilliant circle, to suppose that in direct proportion to their circumference is their power of attraction.

Is matrimony one of the liberal arts? We ask this having in view two young persons who are all in all to each other, and whose hands are already united as often as they can be conveniently. This sweet pair propose in a forthcoming announcement to couple with the polite economy of "No cards," the tender denial of "No company."

There is something sarcastic and significant in those feminine titles which have been bestowed on Woman by Man—that gorgeous nomenclator. Matrimony, of course, is her perpetual target, and if a lady does not hit it, she continues till doomsday a Miss.

The Lambeth Catch.

(Slightly altered from SHAKESPEARE.)

UNDER the GREENWOOD shed
Who loves to go to bed,
And tune his husky note
To paupers' coughing throat?
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall he see
Such thin Skillies
Keep body and soul together.

A THOUGHT IN THE DARK.—The haunted chamber is often hung with tapestry. Gob(e)lins of course.

DREAMS OF THE TWO EMPERORS.



H!" cried Mrs. JUDY.

"I've dreamt," said MR. PUNCH, who was by this time (11'30 A.M., being an early riser, in his flowered dressing-gown.

"Dreamt that you dwelt in marble halls?" inquired Mrs. JUDY, yawning.

"No, my dear," returned her husband seriously, sipping his early chocolate, "I dreamt that I met somebody else, who had also dreamt—in fact, I dreamt," continued MR. PUNCH meditatively, "that he dreamt that—". Her he paused, and extricated himself from the meshes of his sentence.

Toby sat up for toast.

"What did you dream?" asked MADAME becoming lazily interested.

"Curiosity thy name is JULIA!" said MR. PUNCH, playfully placing a morsel of *rôtie* on Toby's nose.

Toby waited for the word "three."

MR. PUNCH forgot all about him and his toast. "I dreamt," said MR. PUNCH, more apparently as a confidence between himself and the fire-irons, than as addressing his fair spouse "that I was in Paris at the Tile-Kilns; the Tuileries," MR. PUNCH explained, "having been a place where hats, or tiles, were made and crowns fitted—".

"Yes," said JULIA.

MR. PUNCH was pleased with the interruption, and continued without noticing it, while Toby sat on his hind legs, anxiously regarding his master, but by him disregarded.

"At the Tile-Kilns, talking to my dear cousin LOUIS, who told me that he had had a dream. Here, in memory of his cousin, MR. PUNCH lighted a fragrant Havannah.

Toby winced, but the toast remained undisturbed.

"Said LOUIS to me," resumed MR. PUNCH, inspecting the lighted end of his cigar, "I dreamt I was King of England. Odd, that!" MR. PUNCH studied the bars of the fire-place for a second, and then went on. "Yes," said LOUIS to me, 'I dreamt that I had autocratic metropolitan power for a short time in London.

"What did your Majesty do?" I asked.

"What! I found all your municipal authorities talking, and I worked. I began Sir, by making a clean sweep of such places as Holywell Street; and from Charing Cross to the City there was one grand broad way," suggested," said MR. PUNCH, musingly, "the St. Paul's was a difficulty. 'Bah!' replied the EMPEROR, 'I knocked Paternoster Row down, and demolished the crannies, the old houses, the nooks, and alleys, while the Dean and Chapter were in bed. I took away the railings that guard the Cathedral, and Sir CHRISTOPHER's work seemed, with a new lease of life, to rise majestically towards Heaven. Then, Sir, aided by the Unicorn from the Royal Arms, I tunnelled London, diverting the heavy traffic of vans and waggons from the public thoroughfares. Then, Sir, the Lion co-operatively, lashed with his tail the scavengers who did

with me (a most energetic fellow, though now too much given to growling and roaring), not scavenge from the streets, trucks carrying nothing that stopped the way more than—"
"Polisson!" said LOUIS, poking me in the ribs with his forefinger: oddly enough, I feel it now."

Toby winked: he had no more moved than the unhappy Pompeian sentinel on duty.

"I forbade engines to scream in or within five miles of the Metropolis, and I took away all their powers of building bridges over the streets until they had invented some way of running trains on them without any noise."

"Or," I observed, said MR. PUNCH to himself, "until the horses should get accustomed to them." "That's Irish," said LOUIS. I explained that I was not for an age or a place, but for any age and every country. "*Je vous crois, mon enfant,*" said the EMPEROR, quoting PAUL of the Adelphi. I made in one hour, a clear way from the National Gallery to Westminster Abbey; I turned on the water in the Trafalgar Square fountains; I turned off the pepper-casters from the gallery; I, with my own hands, placed the four lions at the base of Nelson's Column." I looked grave at the mention of this hero, but went on quickly, "and I beheaded or shot all builders who would not build good substantial houses; I swept with one prodigious mortar all organs, German bands, and wandering minstrels from the streets; I gave Punch his corners for exhibition out of compliment to—" "Don't mention it," I said. We shook hands. "I tied up all who would not tie up muzzle their dogs; I reorganised all workhouses and prisons, and ordered that all owners and drivers of water-carts should be flogged once a day until they came out when they were wanted; I trebled the number of police, and told them that LOUIS expected every man to do his duty; visited prisons for debt, sponging-houses, and found that poor debtors, in for small sums, were obliged to pay eighteen shillings for a dinner two guineas for a private room, and were at the mercy of their gaolers. These gaolers of sponging-houses, Sir, I whipped and dismissed, and ordered one moderate tariff to be observed; and I discriminated between the honest, but unfortunate man, and the miscalculating

swindler. Then, Sir, I took command of the Fire Brigade, and kicked Vestrymen and Beadles into the Thames. I instituted new machinery for water supplies. I compelled theatrical Managers to pay authors according to their success, and I beheaded a dozen picture dealers. I flogged all cab-drivers found loitering, and appointed many new and convenient stands. Then, Sir, I hung most of the Directors of Gas Companies; then, Sir, I re-organised the Gas Companies; and then, Sir, I lighted London. 'Your Majesty has done well; admirably,' I said, 'and I wish that some one would do all you dreamt you did. You have improved Paris; but I can suggest to you something, which, without setting the Seine on fire, might give you a notion for lighting your small streets, if you'd permit'—but it seemed to me that while I was talking, the EMPEROR lighted a fuzee and applied it to a mortar which was to blow all the nuisances to—"

"Where?" asked JULIA, awaking for the second time during her husband's narration.

MR. PUNCH made no reply. Turning to *Toby* he said, "Ah! Car-burus! One, two, three."

Toby tossed the morsel one half-inch up in the air, snapped at, and swallowed it. Patience was rewarded, and MR. PUNCH went to his shower-bath.

A CAUTION TO CRITICS.

Oh, be careful, brethren of the goosequill, or the steel pen, how ye criticise great writers! A caution to presumptuous critics is afforded by the censure comprised in the following extract from a dramatic notice of the *Jealous Wife*, in one of our contemporaries:—

"DR. JOHNSON observes of this play, 'that, though not written with much genius, it was yet so well adapted to the stage, and so well exhibited by the actors, that it was crowded near twenty nights.' A strangely-constructed sentence, and one which, had it come from any other pen than his own, would undoubtedly have been visited with severe censure by the surly critic of Bolt Court. The only interpretation of which DR. JOHNSON's words are grammatically susceptible is that the comedy (for there is no mention of a theatre) was crowded for near twenty nights—an observation which, if not absolute nonsense, is exceedingly like it."

The mighty HOMER sometimes nods—and so does DR. JOHNSON. The writer of the passage above quoted, however, is mistaken in supposing that he has caught the kindly critic of Bolt Court napping. Let him turn out the verb "To Crowd" in "the great Lexicographer's" folio *Dictionary*. Therein he will find one of its meanings, with an illustrative quotation, stated as follows:—

"3. To incumber by multitudes.
How short is life! Why will vain courtiers toil,
And crowd a vainer monarch for a smile?"—*Granville*.

If a monarch can be said to be crowded, so can a play. The possibility of being crowded is not the exclusive attribute of an interior cavity. For the sake of elegance an American young lady may say that she is crowded with a variety of things which she has eaten, but she would speak quite as correctly, at least, in saying that she was crowded by persons thronging about her. A play might be incumbered by too large an audience, and hindered from proceeding, if the people in the pit clambered over the orchestra, and pressed on to the stage. Short of being crowded to this extent, a play may be said to be crowded as it were. DR. JOHNSON was right in saying that *The Jealous Wife* was crowded for nearly twenty nights. We, too, may with equal propriety, say that *Henry Dunbar* is crowded every evening.

PHILOSOPHIC SLEEP.

We read that a physician of Magdeburg, who has just died prematurely at the age of 109, has left it on record in his will that his longevity was due to his having always slept with his head to the N. and his heels to the S., so that the magnetic current passed through him, and increased his vitality.

There is no reason why everybody, who wants to be 109, should not try the means thus recommended, though we see chances of much compensatory irritation in the rows that Materfamilias and other masters of families will make about the disarrangement of bed-room furniture. The idea of sticking a bed across a room, because the couch in its present position stands E. and W. will, under a proper despotism, be simply impossible. But supposing the plan to be adopted, it will be necessary to put one's pocket compass by the bed-side as a companion to one's watch. Then, again, are we to sleep by the true north or the magnetic north? This question would have occurred to Mr. Skewton's father, when on the subject of diagonals. Is a sleeping husband to be aroused by a shrill warning, "Now, Mr. *Caudle*, there you lie snoring at N.N.W., and to-morrow you will want the doctor; but don't think I'm going to send for him, to have his orders laughed at." It will be touching to behold the young matron, when at the couch where infant Beauty sleeps, Her pensive watch (and compass) the silent mother keeps. "CHARLES, dear, do not roll round to the West in that manner!—have not I promised to take you to see CHANG, if you will only sleep North and South?" And the mode of salutation will be improved. "Why,

BRICKS, my boy, how well you look! Where did you buy your compass, I think mine wants rectification, for I get the awfulest nightmares?" The word of command to the juvenile household will no longer be "Go to bed," but "Come, time to box the compass, young folks." How far an iron bedstead, like an iron ship, may affect the needle, will also have to be considered. However, live and learn. Sensible people already isolate their beds, on glass saucers, as they do pianofortes, to be cut off from all electric currents, but the Magdeburg dodge is clearly more philosophical.

"Controlling, by obeying, Nature's powers."

as the Laureate admirably says. So now, who wants to be 109?

LOYALTY.

WHENEVER the Prince goes to enjoy a day's shooting he meets with "enthusiastic receptions." Surely these demonstrations must rather spoil H.R.H.'s sport. Dramatically considered, our notion of one of these receptions would be something like this:—

[H.R.H. at covert-side, loads; Crowd from Neighbouring Village cheer. H.R.H. bows his acknowledgments, and disappears into the wood.]

H.R.H. (re-appearing at a quiet corner, to himself). Now, I shall get a chance of a shot.

[Noise within covert; popping. Pheasant making for H.R.H.'s corner. H.R.H. (preparing to bag his bird: to himself). I shall have a capital shot now.]

Enter suddenly Loyal Peasants from two Neighbouring Villages.]

Loyal Peasants. 'Ooray! 'Ooray!

[H.R.H. courteously puts his hand to his hat. Enter Pheasant from covert, with a sharp whirring noise. Exit Pheasant out of shot before H.R.H. can get his gun up.]

Loyal Peasants (cheering monotonously). 'Ooray! 'Ooray!

[H.R.H. bows as courteously as possible under the circumstances, and disappears into Wood. The shooting party walk across a few fields and try a fresh place.]

H.R.H. (well placed, becomes aware of a hare making towards him. Shots within: to himself.) They've missed her. [Prepares.]

Enter Loyal Peasants from the Nearest Village, who have up to this time been cheering another of the party by mistake.

Loyal Peasants. 'Ooray! 'Ooray!

[H.R.H. turns to bow his acknowledgments. Enter hare suddenly, and exit sharply. H.R.H. gets his gun to his shoulder as she vanishes.]

Loyal Peasants (looking at one another to see who will be tired first.) 'Ooray! 'Ooray! 'Oor—, &c.

The county papers will then probably inform us, that, "the Prince appeared much pleased with the cordial reception he everywhere met with." Of course he must have been delighted, or, at least, have appeared to be.

CANTERBURY BRAWN.

(Composed in front of the Window of PYM's, in the Poultry.)

CANTERBURY is a town

Noted in a high degree.

It derives no small renown

From its great Archbishop's See.

But what are Canterbury's sleeves of lawn?

They are nothing to compare with Canterbury Brawn:

Canterbury, Canterbury, Canterbury Brawn!

Canterbury, Canterbury, Canterbury Brawn!

Canterbury's mitred Grace

Has much wealth at his command.

His to sit in what a place!

In his shoes how good to stand!

But all in alms and charity his income's gone,

And he isn't half so rich as Canterbury Brawn.

Canterbury, Canterbury, &c.

A Dose for a Doctor.

BUMBLEBOM is in a commotion at having its neglect and blunders exposed, and DR. LANKESTER, who seems determined to do his duty by exposing the filthy condition of some of our parishes, was called by a DR. COLLINS, of Fankers, "that wretch of a Coroner." We have no desire (otherwise than figuratively) to see the Coroner "sit upon" the Doctor, but should he do so, the verdict must be *temporarily insani-*

OLD MRS. B. AND HER MUSEUM.



Hi! Yes, LORD HENRY LENNOX, you are quite right. This British Museum question must be taken up in earnest. MRS. BRITANNIA'S conduct at present exactly resembles that of an old lady

who goes to all the auctions, and buys bargains, and some of them very good bargains, indeed. But when they come home, she stuffs them into her cellar, and her store-room, and her back attic, and her lumber-closet, and under the chest of drawers on the landing, and over the bookcase, and into the old orange hamper, and neither she nor anybody else knows what there is hidden away, or can by any means get at it. But if you tell her to take a larger house, or even to throw out a couple of new rooms into the back garden, Lor! she talks as if you wanted to rob her, and asks where she is to get the money to hire Westminster Hall, or to build a Crystal Palace, when the taxes are so high, and her two boys—one in the dragons, and the other at sea—are always coming on her for money. But how we are to bring the old lady into a more rational state of mind, nobody knows; for, mind you, she is not one to be dictated to, and flies at the family attorney, and at her own banker, as if they were pickpockets, when they offer her a hint on this subject. And then she never knows her own mind. One day she declares she will sort out all the cases of stuffed birds and impaled beetles and baskets of spars and moonstones and petrifications, and send them to an empty house she has at Kensington, and another day she won't part with anything, and isn't going traipsing out to Kensington to see her own property. And as to lending any of her curiosities to some friends who want to show them to people at Islington and Walworth, she is like a nursing mother of tigers at the idea. Even Mr. Punch, who is thought to have more influence with her than even the parson, or anybody else, can only get a sulky kind of promise that she'll think about the matter, and a supposition that he wants her to be ruined. If you, LORD HENRY, being a member of the Aristocracy (and she likes Lords, in a grumbling way), can do anything to smooth her over, Mr. Punch hopes that you will. She has really got, among an awful pack of South Sea rabbiish and dirty old birds, a wonderful lot of real curiosities, and it would be a public boon if they could be got out and seen. WILLIAM GLADSTONE is a good deal in her confidence—they confabulate over tea, and he invests her money for her—he might do something, if he would try and be pleasant, but he mustn't scold the old girl. Meantime, Mr. Punch recognises your intention to be of service, and wishes you all luck.

Street Drama of Daily Life.

HAVE YOU seen MR. FECHTER in *Ramswold*?

Yes.

Well?

Well, nothing can be finer than his scenery.

Ah!

[Exeunt.]

A NEW CRY.

In England the question is, "Where are the Police?"
In Ireland it is "Where's STEPHENS?"

SPIRITS AND WATER AT CHICAGO.

(From the "Reliable Magazine.")

LEARN, ye wordlings, as, whenever a fact's revealed to you,
Others only cries "*cui bono?*" never axes "is it true,"
How we, guided by the sperrits, at Chicago pierced the sile,
Down until we struck fresh water, and besides that are struck ile.

"Guess you know Chicago city's Missis of the settin sun.
Go-ahead the West towns all is; she the go-aheadest one.
Wanted water. Would Artesian well the needful thing afford?
"No," Geologists responded, not however deep it's bored.

In our midst there is a Medium Pennsylvania birth who claims.
He was reared from Quaker parents, and his name is ABRAHAM JAMES;
Speaks, whilst normal, but his native tongue and that not proper quite:
When entranced speaks half-a-dozen others, and his native right.

Sketches wondrous plans and picters half asleep and half awake,
Can't, whilst in his simple senses, draw no better than a snake;
Works his pencil either-handed, light and dark as well right through,
Draws in the dark, if either, something better of the two.

Digrams of these parts' formations, drew'd in his superior states,
Airth's top-crust and all the strater underlyin demonstrates;
And besides he drew a picter, with uncommon marks rise,
Of our President, the Martyr, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, large as life.

And there is a lady medium, JORDAN by connubial name.
Through them both a revelation jinkly to our circle came,
That, in sitch a named location, water, as far down, would flow,
And Petroleum be discovered, likewise, that there ground below.

Thereupon the drill was started just in that particler spot,
And to work away at basin like Jerusalem we sot.
Through the rock upheaved by Natar down and down the drill we druv;
Drippin ile come drill and drill-red to the surfus up above.

Down through limestone, Joliet marble, through conglomerate, sand and flint,

Through galena, shade and sandstone, down, of steel and steam by dint,
Through the rock—when on a sudden right slick up the water bust,
Seven hundred and eleven foot below the upper crust!

Ever since from that air well has that air water gushed away,
At the rate of over twice three thousand gallons every day,
Clear as crystal, pure as diamond stuck in air a despot's crown.
It will serve for everlastin to supply Chicago town.

All the strater intervenin with Petroleum fatly flows;
Endless ile, eternal water, to our sperrit friends we owes,
Privileged so, the sperrits told us, proof for skeptics to supply:
Now then, come, how many dollars will you bet 'tis all your eye?

A FEW MORE CORRELATIVE THOUGHTS.

THE best sort of woman is one who can turn her hand to anything
trim a boat and a bonnet too.

There is a bankruptcy even in the natural world. The day break
and the light fails.

Are jury-masts regulated by the law of storms?

Are you wedded to your own opinions? Then never court inquiry.

Did you ever meet with a "maiden sword?" How well one would
match with a single stick!

There is an old book called *The Praise of Folly*. Authors, actors
and artists who are suffering from the effects of too much literary paste
in the shape of puffs might compile an instructive work, and name
The Folly of Praise.

A gin-sling does not suit a broken arm.

It may be easy to cook accounts, but it is a very hard matter to digest
them.

The Orange River has its correlative, Lake Leman.

How odd, yet how appropriate it would be, to go to a tournament
in a tilt-cart!

Some people like to argue in a vicious circle; we prefer to talk in
virtuous square.

If you jump at conclusions, you may take a leap in the dark.

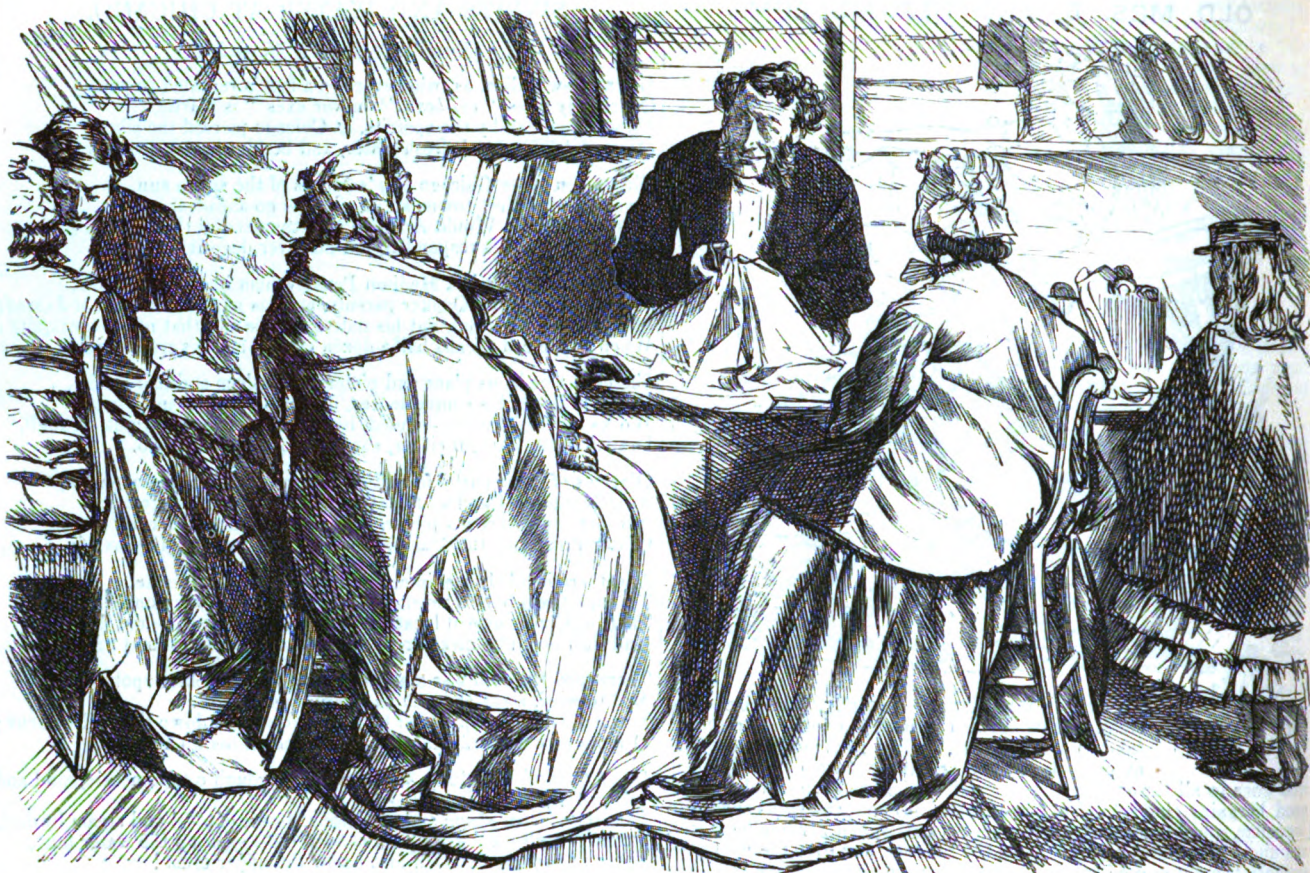
It is quite possible to have a brown study in a green room.

What corresponds to an Archdeacon? A cunning priest.

To conclude with an alliteration. "Despotism and dry boots" was
our cry during the three sloppy days.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S MOTTO.

GIVE a dog a good name, and hang him.



THE SEWING-MACHINE.

Draper. "A MOST WONDERFUL INVENTION, INDEED, MUM, AND IT REALLY EXECUTES THE WORK SO EFFICIENTLY AND QUICKLY, THAT, 'PON MY WORD, I THINK THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR THE LADIES TO DO NOW BUT TO IMPROVE THEIR INTELLECTS!"

BUMBLE'S COUNTERBLAST AGAINST CENTRALISATION.

Did you ever! Well I never! Here's a turning topsy-turvy Of the good old British principles, for the sake o' paupers scurvy: Paternal Government's put down (now the rule of DADDY ceases) By despotism and MAYNE-force, which I take it them police is!

What becomes of our self-government, if the coals we're thus hauled over

By your FARNALLS, and such fellows, as lives on the rates in clover? Chaps as has their salaries paid 'em out o' *your* pocket, and mine, Sir, And yet comes to cheek the guardians, all along o' paupers' whine, Sir.

"Mustn't do this," "Mustn't do that," and "Must do as you're told," 'tis—

Change the water in the casuals' baths, and try how hot and cold 'tis! Mustn't shut paupers up at night, without bells, gas, or fuel! Cocker up with beef-tea and wine them that fights shy o' gruel!

Find Union doctors in quinine, cod-liver oil, *et cetera*—

The expensive things we takes ourselves, when we're ill and would be betterer;

Change sick-ward sheets, and dress bed-sores, not trust to pauper nurses:

Bless me! Do they think ratepayers has no bottoms to their purses!

And now they're kickin' up a row about the casual wards, Sir; As if casuals had a right to more than dry bread and bare boards, Sir! As if Boards had any business to be payin' a night warder, For the sake of keepin' wagabonds like them in peace and order!

As for them as says misfortin' has druv 'em to sich places, Boards can't be making rules to meet exceptionable cases: All casuals is bad 'uns, and them as ain't, to start with, Is certain, in sich company, to ketch more than they can part with.

Wot's the use o' spendin' money to improve what's past improvin'? The police have got enough to do to keep sich varmint movin': As for lettin' 'em inside the House, at VILLIERS's dictation, It's the small end of that horful wedge—you know—Centralisation!

And where that comes it's all U. P. with the British Constitootion, Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus, and our glorious Revoolootion: Our Westries all go to the wall, Police and Press grow stronger: Englishmen's houses cease to be their castles any longer!

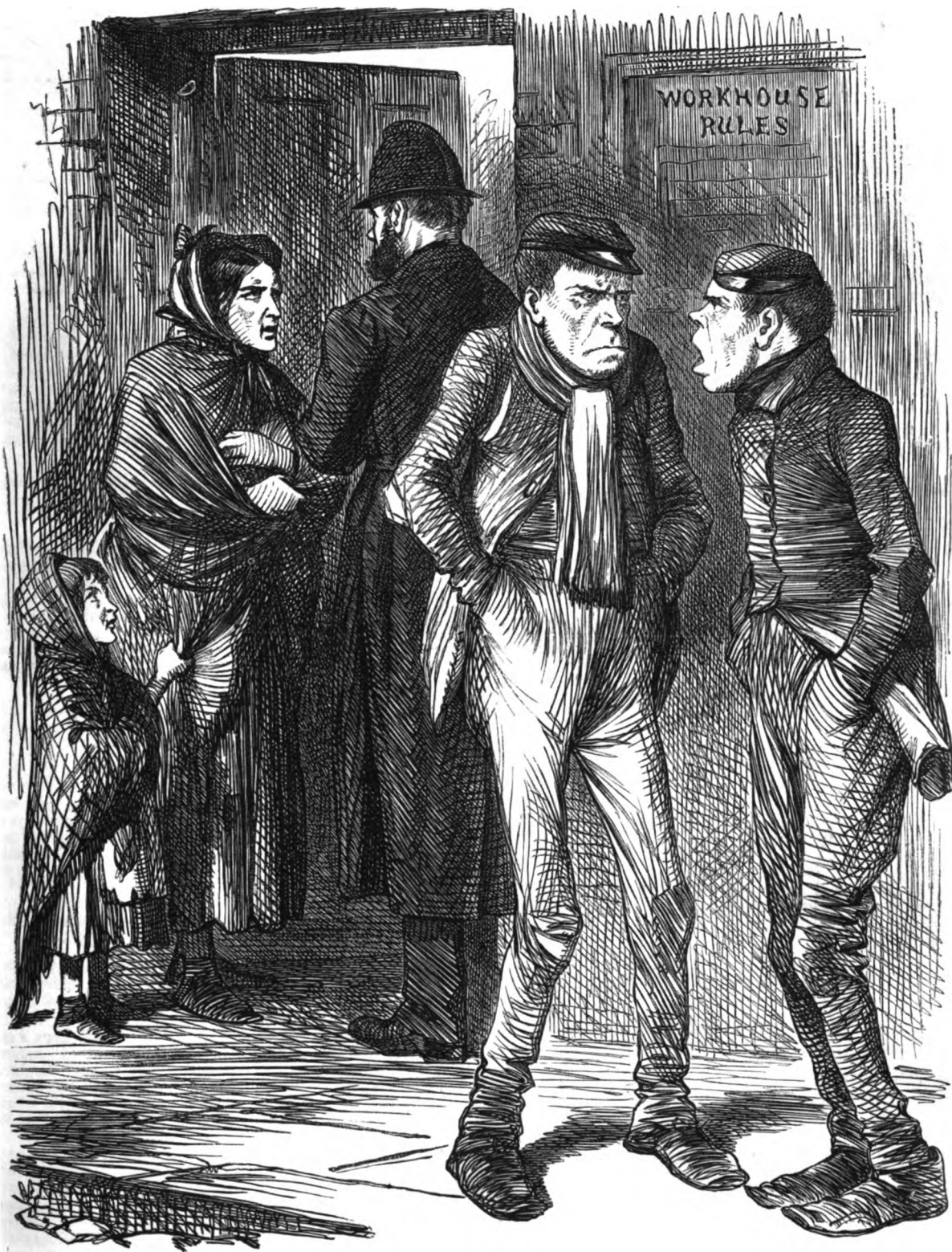
LORDS HIGH MENIAL.

BY one of REUTER's telegrams we are informed that the KING OF PRUSSIA has charged PRINCE BIRON VON COURLAND, Lord High Cupbearer, with the mission of proceeding to Brussels to congratulate LEOPOLD THE SECOND on his accession to the throne. A Lord High Cupbearer is a very proper officer to attend on a monarch who may be described as the Landlord of the Spread Eagle, but, when he is sent out, those to whom he is accredited would rather perhaps be disposed to welcome him as Lord High Potboy, particularly if he came conveying an acceptable plenty of pots from Potsdam. He might be accompanied by the Lord High Post-boy, leaving the Lord High Waiter at home to preside over the Lords in Waiting, whilst the Lord High Ostler directed the affairs of the stalls, and the blacking department was administered by the Lord High Boots. Employment suitable for such High Lords as these might be found at the new grand English joint-stock hotels whose landlords are among the chiefs of the landed aristocracy.

A Pilgrim in Progress.

THE significant intimation following appears in the *Morning Post*:—"DR. PUSEY.—The French clerical journals announce that DR. PUSEY, on leaving Bordeaux, proceeded to Orleans on a visit to BISHOP DUPANLOUP."

It is expected that DR. PUSEY will proceed from Orleans to Rome.



THE NEW WORKHOUSE PORTER.

MASTER PRIG. "BLEST IF THEY HASN'T PUT ON A BOBBY! PRETTY STATE WE'RE COMIN' TO, WITH THEIR CENTRALISATION! LET'S CUT TO LAMBETH."

Punch's Table-Talk.

357.

THE *New York Herald* says that England is completely prepared to become Republican, but that the undoubted personal popularity of the QUEEN will probably sustain the effete monarchy until the time arrives for transmission of the Crown. But as for an EDWARD THE SEVENTH, that is out of the question. Are there twenty republicans in England, deducting Bedlam?

358.

I wonder the Irish have not made it a grievance, and a bit of British tyranny, that only five miles and a half of theirs make seven miles of ours. Why don't they form an Anti-Saxon Mile League?

359.

Some people are always in extremes. We have long been used to the absence of even Propriety in the rulers of Spain—now it is sought to make the ruler Prim.

360.

If the story is not a legend, like the Maelstrom, and the watch in front of Somerset House, there is an awful abyss in the West of England, and it is called Pen Park Hole. I read, in youth, that it was unfathomable, also that a clergyman was trying to sound it when the earth gave way, and he disappeared for ever. Is there such a hole, and has it been sounded? Years ago I put a letter into the local papers, asking these questions civilly, but the ill-mannered ignorant bumpkins of the region never wrote to the obliging editors in reply to me.

361.

The operation for strabismus would be hateful to a Brahmin, because he would lose his cast. I wonder whether SIR CHARLES WOOD knows this.

362.

That was very well put in the *London Review*—an excellent paper, by the way. Talking of invitations which you don't want to accept, it said that you had a right to argue thus. My friend who asks me should have but one object—the giving me pleasure. If I feel that it would give me more pleasure to stay away, I promote his views by refusing his invitation. *Arpa!* I am justified in regretting a previous engagement, or having to be in the country, or whatever occurs to me as least likely to be an undetected whacker.

363.

Chasuble, Dalmatic, and Tunicle, are now stated to be articles that no well appointed church can be without. I shall turn Quaker.

364.

PETER HYACINTHUS's last sermons proved, it seems, *inter alia*, that nobody in any age had ever been truly pure who had not been also within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church. "Well done, well done, HYACINTHUS, my son," as THACKERAY wrote. But the fact is that since, thanks to Zephyrus, you got that awkward knock on the head from the quoit, you have talked nothing but nonsense. Come, my fable is as good as yours.

365.

Shooting Folly as it flies is, of course, a sportsman's work, but it is well to take an occasional shot at Wisdom as it struts.

366.

LOWELLUS has a chapter in which he shows that Interrogations conduce to the sublime. Not, I think, when they are addressed, on behalf of a criminal, to the Mad-Doctor.

367.

There is a good dinner-table story, and it was told me by my friend MR. LAYARD. In the East, I forget exactly where, there is a tax called I forget exactly what. But it was imposed by a travelling Oriental magnate upon the inhabitants of a village, who brought him everything he wanted to eat. He then laid on this tax as compensation for the wear and tear of his teeth.

368.

Scratching instead of knocking at the door of the royal apartment was said to be "a French refinement." I should have thought that it had been introduced by KING JAMES THE FIRST of England, and SIXTH of Scotland, only he declared that scratching was too great a luxury for a Subject.

369.

I liked that dismal Coliseum in the Regent's Park, and all its dreary shows. I have been nobly pensive (like BOLINGBROKE) *vis-à-vis* to the dirty old eagle beside the Swiss lake. The Lisbon earthquake exhibition was excessively good. There was another, in London, soon after 1692, representing that year's earthquake in Jamaica, and the show was suppressed by QUEEN MARY, as profane.

370.

So our dear old Dodo's fame is vindicated at last. He will never know it, being extinct—such is life. But PROFESSOR OWEN has obtained

bones which enable him to say that the picture in the Museum was in all probability taken from a living specimen. This will rejoice the heart of a hard who pathetically sang, some years ago, touching the Twice Killed bird—

"But don't deny the Dodo;
That wounds my very heart."

371.

I may agree with NOVALIS that not the worst criticism of true philosophy is its communicability, but I hope that you will all agree with me that the truest philosopher communicates least of his philosophy—and talks about the last novel, and its stupidity. I don't mean yours, BROWN.

372.

On the Swedish railways the guards, I read, are compelled to have surgical knowledge enough to be of some use in case of an accident. This may prevent (some Viaticos, as the Yankees call it. But why should not a train carry a medical man, as a ship does? There are heaps of clever young fellows who would jump at the position—and what chances they would have of fascinating hairdressers in frights.

373.

You will do no good at the theatres, until the right to hiss is as much recognised as the right to clap. Abstractedly, these rights are equal, but just ~~him~~, and you'll have a dozen snobs crying "shame," a fool next you will remark to his friend that it is "illiberal," and a policeman will probably say that you "had better be quiet." And though a claque may be sent in to applaud, it is called a conspiracy if a group agree to condemn.

374.

Here is an odd bit from a provincial obituary—I'll read it to you. "Died on the 31st instant, at so and so, MRS. SUSANNAH something, aged fifty-five. She was the mother of the three children born about fifteen years ago." There is something awful in this. Who were the Three Children? I know no more than NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

375.

Post Eamus has—so will not be—Read.

376.

Some recent verdicts seem to prove that the real derivation of "Jury" is "something to swear at."

377.

A heavy dessert of raw fruit is a barbarism. You never see anything of that sort on my table—only trillibubs, as folks who talked slang said in MASSACHUSETTS's time.

378.

What to drink, the very last thing before the slaps go, is a question which much troubles the wise and good. I impart to you the deliberate sentence of several of the great Epicureans of London, myself included, when I say that the right thing has not yet been discovered, but that a glass of the driest Champagne is the least wrong. Therefore, let it go round.

379.

Fortified Water is a good name for Grog.

380.

A young friend of mine, home from a very classical school, correctly informed me the other day that onyx was so called from its likeness in colour to the human nail. Glancing at his paws I said, with my kindly smile, "Surely not onyx; jet?" He blushed, and went to his bedroom, returning a cleaner youth. That is the way to improve without annoying the young.

381.

What do you mean by saying that you heard what you have been telling, from "lots of fellows" at the Club to-day? You heard it from three, and no more. It is rather from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world—a remark made by the late SAMUEL JOHNSON.

382.

An Italian proverb says, Beware of a reconciled enemy. The warning does not concern me, as when I offend, I make a point of going past any possible reconciliation, but some of you may be less candid. They should put such mortees into kisses, instead of the idiotic inventions of the confectioner's clerk.

383.

Do you know that women were impressed, in the time of WILLIAM THE THIRD? I do not mean impressed by the excellence of his character or the bigness of his nose, but to serve on board his ships as nurses, sempstresses, and laundresses, ten to a ship. I spex they could be got now without the formality.

384.

A fiend has given me two bad half-crowns, and I do not know in the least how to bestow them. They would have been useful at Christmas-box time, but that is, happily, over. The coin is too large to hand to a pew-opener or a box-keeper. I will sell them to any of you for four shillings.



'IT'S THE PACE THAT KILLS.'

Miss Rattleton (who means Walzing). "Oh, I did not say 'STOP,' MR. PLUMPLEY."
Mr. Plumpley (utterly blown, in gasps). "MEASURE YOU—MUSTBEETIMED—"
[And joins the Card-players.]

MRS. SAWPIT'S POLITICAL SENTIMENTS.

MR. PUNCH, DEAR SIR,

My husband, SAMPSON SAWPIT, will, I suppose from what I read in our Weekly paper, soon become an elector. As I tell him he ought to be much obliged to those Kind gentlemen who take as much interest in him, as if he was A baby. Indeed, more so than many of them Do who are bachelors. I wish now that every thing is being reformed, that somebody would endeavour to reform SAMPSON'S Habits, for tho' he is a 6-pound house-holder, I can't prevail on him to wear Shakespeare's Collars. I mean to buy him a Pink sattin tye and make him very smart, when he goes up to the hustings to Vote for the Pop'lar candidate, and I should like him, if it was possible, to put on Lemon Kid gloves and take his Hands out of his pockets. I do Know what is Etiquette having been for upwards of 5 years upper house maid at SIR LOFTUS STARCHINGTON'S, where we had All the Fashionable Romances, and neither cook nor me ever went To church without a Scented pockethandkerchief. My young lady gave me for a Wedding Present LORD CHESTERFIELD'S Advice to his sons, and now and then when SAMPSON is at Tea, I begin to read portions Aloud to him, but you should see what a Scowl disfigures his Forehead, and how he snatches his Fiddle from the Wall, and Plays till I of his Strings snap, *Rule britannia.*

I believe that SAMPSON is a Great orator at his club, but he never talks on politics to me. I am so afraid that they'll be making him A m: p: It's no use attempting to Reason with him—he won't listen to Argument. None of 'em ever Do I believe that have a Voice in the house, but tho' he is Such a Party man, they can't say of him as of Some I could name, that he's not Over Bright. I'm almost certain if he Gets into Power, that he'll lay a Tax on crinoline and take it off tobacco, simply because one is of no use to him, and tother is. As I tell him, if he was a Blind man, he'd be for laying a heavy Duty on light. He acknowledges that he'd like to Tax the lord mayor's Coach, which is Cruel and Selfish considering how it Amuses the children and don't cost us Any thing. It's my firm Opinion that

men ought to have nothing to do with "ways and means." As for their much Talked-about "budgets" I suppose (tho' I never saw One) that they're little better than Bags of O's and ends or what we call snippets. I always read the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXTRA'S speech, and seeing what a large Family he has to provide for, and how he must be bothered by one boy pulling his Coat this way, and another boy pulling his sleeve that, I think it Does him credit. Still there are many items which don't Figure there as they would if I had to dispense the Extras. For instance, there's Gunpowder (not for blowing up our enemies but for clearing the copper) and stone blue. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXTRAS never puts them into his budgets though I'll be bound they bear an Awful duty Because no one complains but us who do clear-starching at home. I'm not an alarmist but I shouldn't be surprised if there's a gunpowder Explosion when we ladies have set Things a little To rights and got a Mill of our own. So no more 'at Present from

Twigg Folly.

SARAH SAWPIT.

Flunkeyism in the Nursery.

THE Telegrams informed us the other day that "the QUEEN OF SPAIN gave birth to a Prince." We suppose "a Prince" means "a Son." But this style of announcement might be copied in high life; thus: "The Countess of Highbury gave birth to a Viscount," or in the case of a younger son, "The Countess of Shybury gave birth to an Honourable," and so forth. The idea is good, and would keep the middle-class well posted up in the Peerage. We hope that Queen and Prince are doing well.

FROM OUR OWN "LANCET."

It, as is asserted, the Cattle Disease is only the Small-pox, we have but to modify the Golden Rule, and do unto the Cow what we make the Cow do unto us.

THE LOST LIQUOR.

(A Poem for the Public.)

ALAS! where is the good old ale,
 The brave strong beer of yore?
 That famous liquor is on sale,
 At any tap no more.
 A few old farmers, here and there,
 May brew right stingo still;
 But you scarce meet it anywhere,
 Go wheresoe'er you will.

That ale, the "jolly good and old,"
 The good old Bishop sung;
 'Twould warm the heart, as down it rolled,
 And tingle on the tongue.
 That mighty ale cheered copper nose,
 And, nearly as might be,
 Rejoiced the soul like some grand close
 Of some old English glee.

'Twas never merry world since first
 The beer-engine began.
 Beer is a creature to be nursed,
 As tenderly as Man.
 Whatever makes it rapid flow,
 Doth good stuff grievous wrong.
 Man wants a little beer below,
 And wants that little strong.

Nothing from Spain.

THE following pithy announcement appeared the other morning in the Paris Correspondence of the *Post* :—

"We get nothing from Spain to-day."

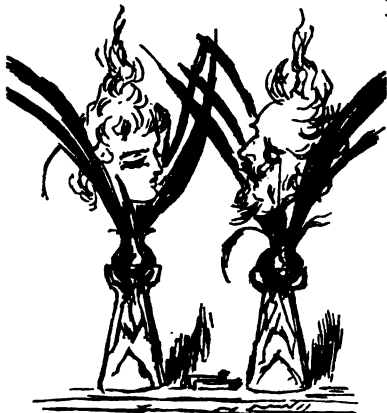
This would be a safe stereotype for a City article. It might be otherwise worded as "Nothing to-day of interest from Spanish capital." In commercial circles there is a confident expectation that the Spanish dividends will be paid on the Greek Calends.

CONUNDRUM.

(From Colwell Hatchney.)

If a vegetable went out hunting what would it wear?
 Turnip-tops.

SO EARLY IN THE MORNING.



E'hear there is to be a new Club, called The One o'Clock Club. In order to get it up, the promoters and secretary are working like—well, say, "like one o'clock!" What do the MRS. CAUDLES say to this? The One o'Clock Club, ladies, is to be open at all hours; during the large hours, and during the small hours. The qualifications will be a power of consuming not less than a certain quantity of stimulants; of puffing an uncertain amount of tobacco; of being able to tell one good story, guaranteeing a new one every other month. Each member must know the words (at least) of one song, and the tune as well, if possible. No one admitted who holds the unsound opinion that supper is unwholesome, or that every one ought to be in bed by twelve o'clock at the latest. The DUKE OF BEDFORD will not be asked to be Chairman of the Committee. Supposing this Club able to get any life into it, we are afraid that, as it must consist only of late members, it will soon be defunct.

A SEASONABLE BEAR-STORY.

AUTHENTICITY is the striking attribute of the following story, told in the *Post*.—

"A BEAR ON FIRE.—The guardians of the Garden of Plants, Paris, were lately surprised by hearing extraordinary howlings proceed from the bear-pit. On going to the spot they found that one of the bears was on fire; and, after vainly attempting to extinguish the flames by rolling the poor animal on the ground, they at last succeeded in plunging him into the large basin of water intended as a bath for him and his fellows. It appears that the bear's fur was set on fire by one of the new fire-work playthings, which a mischievous person had lighted and thrown into the pit."

The foregoing statement affords decisive proof of the extraordinary sagacity of the bear, which people in general are not aware of. Under ordinary circumstances the attendants of wild beasts do not trust themselves with bears. Who has ever seen one of the keepers at the Zoological Gardens venture into the bear-pit? Some time ago, somewhere in Switzerland—was it not at Berne?—a man tumbled into one, and the bears instantly ate him up. But when a bear is on fire, which does not happen every day, he then becomes the most tractable of animals, inasmuch that, as is related in the foregoing anecdote, he will suffer himself to be rolled on the ground in order to be put out, and submit to be plunged into the basin of water provided as a bath for him and his fellows. They, too, with a sagacity even greater than his own, and with a fellow-feeling which bears have never had credit for, abstain from all interference with the exertions of the men who are trying to rescue their companion. Of course it took several men to roll the bear on the ground, unless the bear was a very little bear. One hardly knows which most to admire, the intelligence of the burning bear, and his companions, or the gallantry of the guardians who entered the bear-pit in reliance on the knowledge of a peculiarity in the nature of bears which MR. TIMBS may, or may not, insert in the next edition of his entertaining and instructive work, *Things not Generally Known*.

Private Theatricals.

AN amateur performance came off the other evening at the house of LADY PAINTER, and achieved, the gossips say, a most remarkable success. The play that was performed was a fashionable version of the piece called *Masks and Faces*. Nearly all the ladies present took a part in the performance; for, though they were invited simply to a dance, they had their faces covered with such masks of rouge and pearl powder, that scarcely a square inch of their complexion was left visible.

FENIAN SELF-GOVERNMENT.

THE Fenians wanted a good cry. Those of them that have been sentenced to penal servitude would want that no longer if their warders only let them howl. As to the rest that remain at large, the most suitable cry for them would be, "The Autonomy of the Lunatic Asylum!"

CARDS IN THE CASUAL WARD.—Amongst the vagabonds who fill the casual wards some pass the night in card-playing. Of course, knaves are trumps.

THE FIX OF THE FORTY.

(SIR EDWIN LANDSEER chosen President of the Academy, January 24th, SIR EDWIN refuses: the Meeting is adjourned for a week.)

UNDER the punch-bowl and the pepper-boxes,
In conclave the Academicians sat;
ÆSOP had figured them as dogs or faxes,
Lion or mouse, eagle or blinking bat.
Some whose intrusion there keeps out their betters;
Some who bring thicker honours bravely won:
As far as R. A. go, all "men of letters,"
Though other title to that rank be none.

The men, to whose hands English Art is given
To hold high, but who, some time, let it drop;
Those who think their receipts prove Art has thriven,
And claim to keep school, when they but keep shop.
The few who feel Art has great work to do,
And that the Academicians ought to do it;
The many who all strain and stir eachew,
Knowing what's rotten will be first to see it.

The small men who on R.A. stills look smaller,
The big men who'd show bigger, seen apart
From this crowd, where the pigmies hold them taller,
—As they are, gauged by measure of the mart,—
Than e'en Art's Anakim, beyond their border:
Those who like sword or sceptre wield the brush,
And those who work, like journeymen, to order,
And from their studios bar one colour—black.

The conclave's task, to choose a man for bearing
Their President's red robe and golden chain—
Both articles that seem the worse for wearing,
Judging by those who've worn them, reign by reign:
The stately shade of REYNOLDS frowned about them,
WEST's Quaker ghost stared emptily around,
E'en LAWRENCE's smooth spectre seemed to doubt them,
And SHAW's small shadow brooded near the ground.

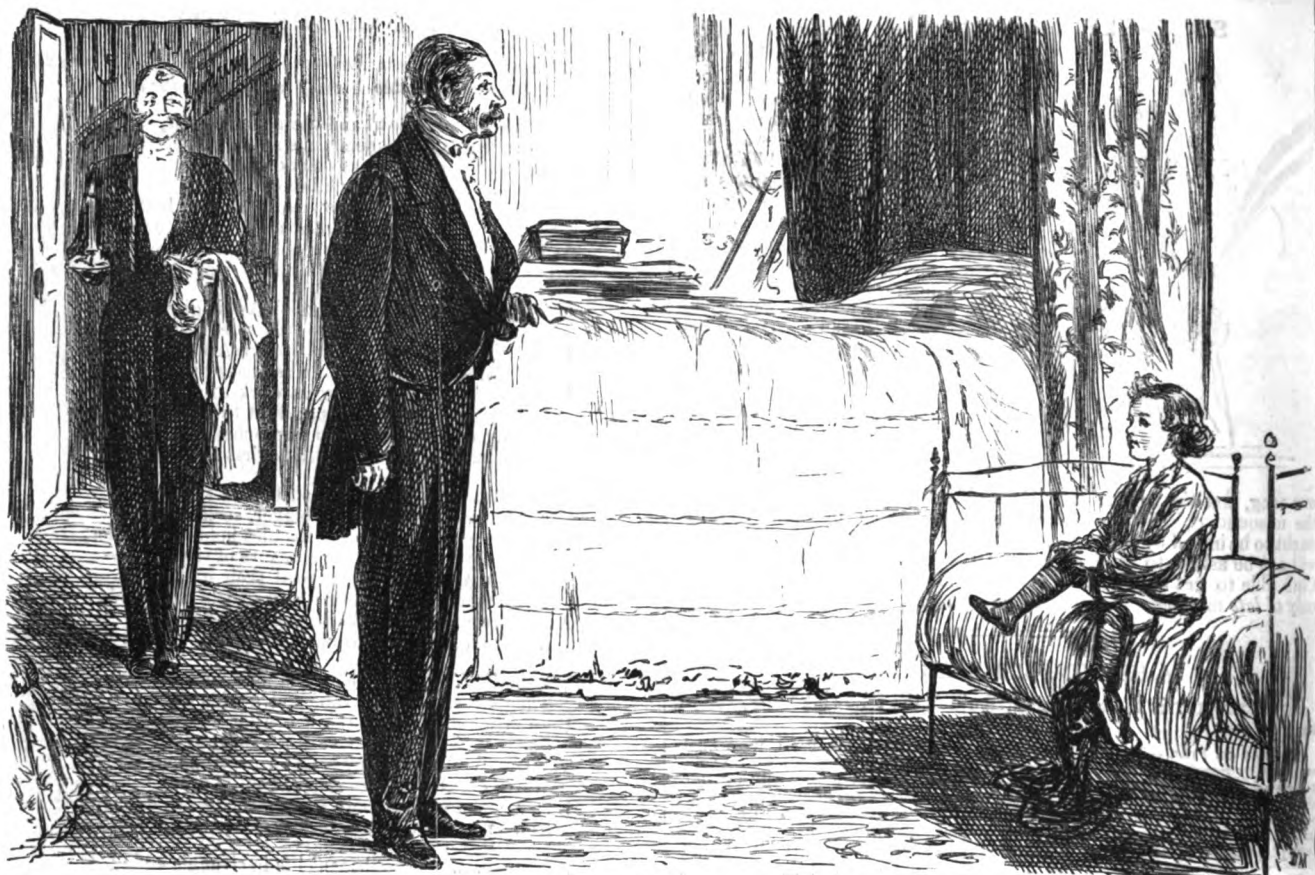
REYNOLDS, whose well-spent life in struggle ended
With petty plots, small quarrels, scorns undue,
Who lived to spurn the tree that he had tended,
And from its withering shade his age withdrew.
How had he wondered, in the transformation
Art's craft, means, patrons, all have undergone,
To find his Forty scorning all mutation,
No new lights owned, and no new blood laid on.

The same close-guarded pale, the same aversion
Young power to welcome or to honour old:
The same worn rate as guarded from incursion;
Practice as petty, theory as cold,
No recognition of the growth within,
No satisfaction of the needs without,
The laurel of performance still to win,
The buds of promise still a case of doubt.

The conclave's met, with closed doors, as besemeth
Cardinals or Academies in three;
In choosing Popes or Presidents who deemeth
Laymen have wills to speak, or writs to know?
At length the vote is cast; attendant Muses
Of art and history, wondering, record,
A great man's chosen; but the man refuses—
And they who hoped and feared alike are floored!

Was 't that SIR EDWIN thought the place above him,
Or that he thought himself above the place?
Was 't that he better loved the crowds that love him?
Would rather live for great work than for base?
Was 't that the Academy would less be winners,
Than he a loser, by that chain oppress?
Was 't that he shirked the speeches at the dinners,
Or that the Lions sat upon his chest?

Whate'er the cause, the Academy is baffled,
And cannot boast a LANDSEER on its throne;
What if the robe and chain were to be raffled,
And trust the hazard of the die alone?
Methinks that were as wise mode of selection,
As this by ballot, with closed doors, eyes, ears;
Or choose the worst, and to the world's objection,
Reply, "Was he not chosen by his Peers!"



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

(THE HOUSE IS FULL OF VISITORS.—REGINALD SLEEPS IN HIS FATHER'S BEDROOM.)

Papa. "WHY, HOW'S THIS, REGINALD? NOT IN BED YET? IT'S NEARLY FOUR O'CLOCK! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN ASLEEP HOURS AGO!"

Reginald. "HAW! AND PRAY, WHY ME IN PARTICULAR, PAPA?"

THE MEXICAN DUET.

Arranged for MR. SEWARD and H.I.M. the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Mr. Seward. Now, LOUIS N., I want to know,
When you 'll get out of Mexico?
Your stopping there is quite a blow
At our great doctrine called MONROE.

Louis Nap. France takes no bidding from a foe,
I know what to her name I owe,
No threats from BUNKUM, BOSE, & Co.,
Shall have the power to make me go.

Mr. Seward. Now, really, if you answer so,
We must commence to pick the crow.

Louis Nap. The crow, indeed—your notion's low,
The eagle's form my banners show.

Mr. Seward. And we ain't got no eagle, no?
As good a bird as yours, *mon beau*.

Louis Nap. The sovereign whom I took in tow,
I mean to keep *in statu quo*.

Mr. Seward. Be off, and rest content to sow
New kingdoms on the banks of Po.

Louis Nap. Such chaff as that, be pleased to stow,
And in one boat let's try to row.
Acknowledge MAXIMILIAN.

Mr. Seward. O!

Louis Nap. And then my word is "Eastward, ho!"

Mr. Seward. Persuade me not. Our people, slow
To wrath, begin with rage to glow.

Louis Nap. The guns of France, in thundering row,
Will act upon that heat like *feux*.

Mr. Seward. Now, each has drawn his longest bow.

Louis Nap. We will not let the quarrel grow.
Mr. Seward. But will you go your home untie?
Louis Nap. Untie a goose one answers "Bo."
Both. { Your swagger } is not worth a Jom.
 { Your puppet }
 { You shall } get out of Mexico.
 { I shan't }

COMPETITION IN THE TEMPLE.

ACCORDING to a contemporary "a sort of competitive examination for the Readership of the Temple," now vacant, is going on at the Temple Church. There were 136 candidates for this office, but the Benchers of the Inner Temple, with whom the appointment for this time rests, have reduced their numbers by 130, leaving half-a-dozen to compete for it by celebrating divine service each in his turn. So two of these reverend gentlemen did duty last Sunday week, two last Sunday, and the last two will have their innings in the reading desk and the pulpit on Sunday, Feb. 4. This certainly seems all fair enough, but is not the sense of justice, rather than that of reverence, gratified by the exhibition of six persons reading, praying, and preaching against each other for a situation? Does not this competition in surplices look a little too much like jumping in sacks?

Balance of Evils.

"It is a painful thing," said JONES, who had been deceived, "to have pretended friends, and to find them out." "Yes," said BROWN, "but that can happen seldom. The plague of life is that you are always liable to find them at home."

NUTS FOR HIPPOPHAGISTS.—The Chestnut and the Cob.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



The leading Members of the British Senate
Behold portrayed by Mr. C. H. Bennett!

SEE the proud SPEAKER, re-elected, stand,
The great Crown Lawyers upon either hand—
PALMER, who edited the *Book of Praise*,
And COLLIER, who the painter's skill displays.
Above them LORD LLANOVER points doth moot
With CAPTAIN GROSVENOR, smoking a cheroot.
Then see a splendid ring, its centre, BRIGHT,
Grimly preparing for Reform to fight,
'Twere a good omen should his stubborn will
Yield to the chain of intellectual MILL,
O'er whom TOM HUGHES, a man of brains and wit,
Still praises Yankeedom, nor heeds its split.
The blind, clear-sighted FAWCETT means hard knocks,
And so does TORRENS, he who ousted COX.
There fiery ROEBUCK wields his ready lance,
And veteran BROUGHAM hurries home from France.
Then mark LORD CRANWORTH with his awful mace,
And CLARENDON with discontented face,
ARGYLL's bright hair, the gallant GRANVILLE's form,
And REDCLIFFE, peering for a coming storm.

Majora nunc canamus, Public. Lo!
The great Reform Bill stands, a thing of snow.
Assistance RUSSELL, GLADSTONE, GOSCHEN, bring,
While DERBY, DIZZY, WALPOLE, missiles fling.
The pipe may hint of smoke—the broom may mean
That something's coming to make all things clean.
PEEL, who "resigned" (are you avized of that?)
To FORTESCUE hands over howling Pat.
Marches the gentle, rogue-reproving GREY,
And STAFFORD NORTHCOTE various things doth say.
In tranquil slumber MILNER GIBSON lies,
Regardless of F. KELLY's beer-boy cries,
And CHARLEY WOOD serene contempt displays
For Naval Lords who tug in different ways,
One, CLARENCE PAGET, of the frank replies,
The other, PAKINGTON, who—seems—so wise.

Outside, and to the left, LORD NORTHBROOK's tact
Instructs the younger GLADSTONE how to act.

Two fiery pigs you see enrich the show,
This pulls at CARDWELL, and that tugs at LOWE.
The CARDWELL pig, *Beau-séant*, who madly squeaks,
Hints at Jamaican niggers and their freaks.
The gallant HARTINGTON with pride displays
The British soldier to the British gaze,
While KINGLAKE taunts, in words best left unsaid,
A libellous doll he'd better put to bed.
BULWER and LAYARD in one chariot ride,
'Tis a great inkstand, each great author's pride.
While VILLIERS drops the sentimental tear,
And STANLEY states what all are glad to hear.

High on the right SIR MORTON Peto wheels COWPER, who shows the astonishment he feels. A hint that bold Contractors soon push through Things which the Board of Works finds hard to do. HORSMAN, the orator, near them clings, Rehearsing paragraphs with pointed stings, While vocal WHALLEY (since the House insists) Obeys "sing, sing"—and HARVEY LEWIS lists.

The noble ELCHO on an Armstrong speeds,
 DE GREY and DUFFERIN are his toiling steeds,
 "Fiery, the fiery DUK," (*King Lear's* the phrase)
 HASTES, a brave fireman, to his favourite blaze,
 While STANSFELD, by his friends unfairly sold,
 Sits, a dejected party, in the cold.

Tantane antis? See mitres twin.
Two theologians meet with huge disdain.
The POPE's tiara bold GEORGE BOWYER crowns
Beneath the British bishop's WHITESIDE frowns.
Last man of all, CLANRICARDE, virtuous swell,
Who does not look particularly well.

Such are the leading Members of the Senate ;
 Herein portrayed by Mr. C. B. Bennett.

THE ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Thursday, February 1, 1866. The new Parliament met. MR. DISSELSON was for the third time elected Speaker. MR. DISSELSON complained that a Conservative had not been allowed to second the nomination of a gentleman unanimously approved. MR. GLADSTONE intimated that he had assumed the leadership of the House, and hoped for support. He gracefully alluded to the difficulty any one must feel who succeeded LORD PALMERSTON. "What shall the man do that cometh after the king?" MR. BRIGHT complained that Members who dined with the SPEAKER were obliged to wear Court dress, or uniform. Swearing then commenced, and was heard, at intervals, until the following Tuesday, when the Session was inaugurated in the usual manner. *Mr. Punch* has no particular remark to make upon the preliminary proceedings, except to note that about a fourth of the new House consists of new men, and that the old ones seem awfully afraid lest the *new comers* should not behave themselves properly. We trust that such anticipations are unfounded, and that the various hints given by the SPEAKER, and others, on the day of meeting, will produce the desired effect of enforcing tolerable conduct in such persons as STUART MILL, FAWCETT, THOMAS HUGHES, and other thoughtless youths. *Mr. Punch's* co-operation, for the purpose of preserving order, may be relied upon throughout a Session which promises to afford him much matter for pessimic contemplation.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

(With some genuine criticisms.)



If any one wants to see *Lady Teazle* well played let him go to the St. James's, and see Miss HERBERT in that character. I do not say an admirer of SHERIDAN will be pleased with the performance as a whole: if he expects nothing from the rest of the company engaged in the representation of this model comedy, verily he will not be disappointed. *The School for Scandal* has proved a hit, and to several people it is, absolutely, an entire novelty. Gallery and pit crowd to see it, and have a general idea that it is by DROW ROUGICAULT or

SHAKSPEARE; the gallery inclining to **SHAKSPEARE**. They thoroughly enjoy every touch of nature, and not a point escapes them.

The dress circle have seen it somewhere else, and tell one another confidentially that it isn't a new piece. Somebody better informed than his neighbours observes out loud for their information, "New piece! I should think not. Why I recollect its being played"—here he becomes vague, and after attempting to recall various theatrical recollections of his childhood, wherein Pantomime is strongest, he winds up with a general date—"Oh, many years ago." A minority have come to see it because it is **SHERIDAN'S**.

In one or two private boxes the ladies, if suddenly questioned as to the authorship will venture upon **SIR E. LYTTON BULWER**. The holders of stalls are there because **MISS HERBERT** appears in a new character, and care nothing as to authorship.

During the screen scene they speculate upon the plot in this fashion.

1st Young Lady (to Gentleman.) That old fellow (meaning SIR PETER) will tell the secret.

Young Gentleman (pretending superior knowledge.) No, he won't.

2nd Young Lady (to elderly Gentleman). Does Sir Oliver (meaning SIR PETER) tell (refers to bill) Joseph who is behind the screen?

Elderly Gentleman (probably Uncle). No, no (*correcting himself by the dim light of memory.*) Yes; but that's *Sir Peter*, not *Sir Oliver* (*feels a little uncertain after this statement and refers to bill; satisfied and becomes authoritative.*) Yes, that's *Sir Peter* and the other's not *Joseph*, it's *Charles*—(*faltering*) *Sir Charles* (*refers to bill again and picks himself up*)—no *Charles Surfsace*.

At the end of the Act the comment upon the Scene is "that was very good, wasn't it?"

The curtain has fallen, Miss HERBERT has re-appeared, and the stalls talk about what they've seen.

1st Young Lady (*enthusiastically*). Oh, I ~~have~~ enjoyed that very much.

Her Papa (impressively). Yes, it does one good to see one of the old Comedies on the stage.

2nd Young Lady (surprised). Is it an old piece?

Her Papa (amused by the question). Old? It was written—ah!—(not being quite clear upon this point, he depresses her youth)—it was written (jocosely) before you were born or thought of.

1st Young Lady. Wasn't it by SHERIDAN KNOWENS?

Her Papa (not liking to appear puzzled). Yeat that is—
(dubiously as if SHERIDAN KNOWLES had not written the
whole of it.) Yes—yes. (Changes the subject).

Another Young Lady (to her friend). How did you like that dress of Lady Teazle's? (This difficult subject occupies several minutes.)

Young Gentleman (from Oxford, who is going to a fancy ball in a few days). Did they wear moustachios with powder?

His Friend (rather annoyed at being asked). They? Who? Oxford Man. Why, the fellows in this reign. (Looks at his planbill)

His Friend (determining upon a course of engaging half-candour.) Well, I don't know exactly what reign it is in. (Refers to bill and is disappointed.)

Oxford Man (in an offhand manner, meant to convey that he is really very well up in history). Oh, one of the GEORGEs.

His Friend. I don't think they wore powder; let me see when did—(thinks of a word that will pass his friend pretty considerably)—periwigs come in?

Oxford Man (who has hitherto carelessly associated the name with periwinkles and earwigs). Well, the periwig, (advances very cautiously)—the periwig, was,—or—after the curls—(gets into deep water) in the JAMESES' period—(wonders what he means, and repeats to see if he can find out).—Yes, in (slowly) the JAMESES' time—(flounders hopelessly).

His Friend (has half a mind to say, "Ah, but there were four Jameses", but substitutes). Which JAMES?

Orford Man (getting out of the mess eloquently). Oh, it's all much the same thing. (Determines to read up GIBSON or somebody, and changes the conversation)

1st Swell to 2nd Swell (lounging with their backs to the Orchestra). HERBERT's doosid good in it.

2nd Swell. Oh, doosid. (*Uses his opera-glasses vaguely.*)

1st Swell (critically). It's a doosid' good piece, too.

2nd Swell (not to be outdone in criticism). Yes: not bad: but, on nothing without the action.

but—ar—nothing without the acting.
1st Swell (who finds it too much trouble to think any more). Yes; p'raps so; yes.

What do you think of that, *Mr. Pusch*? If I say that these are sketched from life, will you believe,

Yours honestly, **LITTLE TOM EAVES.**

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.—A Smart young Articled Clerk, hearing it stated by a lecturer that "man is merely a machine," remarked, "Then I suppose an attorney may be said to be a Suing machine."

THE WANTS OF DAILY-PAPER LIFE.



PUNCH.—Having been informed by a friend who was reading the paper, which he subsequently kept all to himself for exactly one hour and a half, that there was “nothing in it,” I was obliged to put up with the advertisement-sheet. Becoming interested in the wants and necessities of my fellow-creatures, I rummaged among the contents of a waste-paper drawer, and from the dead leaves of the last few weeks I made the following extracts:

BOY WANTED to wait at table and be generally useful; about 5 feet 1. Upper Livery found.

“Now,” said I to myself, “what cause produces this effect?” Evidently the Boy was wanted by a family that had already employed one, because they were possessed of an “upper livery.” The height of the former youth was, when he first came, under five feet, or exactly five feet one; and the boy having,

with the startling rapidity of fungus growth, shot up to five feet three while the livery was yet new, the necessity for his dismissal became obvious. Hence the advertisement.

Let me present you with another:—

TO YOUNG NOBLEMEN or GENTLEMEN.—A young man of good address, age 23, would like an ENGAGEMENT as HUMBLE COMPANION. Has a practical knowledge of photography, understands carpentering, turning, or bookbinding, cleaning guns or rifles; can ride or drive, and make himself useful in any capacity. To travel or otherwise.

This strikes me as emanating from *Uriah Heep, Junior*. *Uriah*, you recollect, was so very ‘umble. I try to picture to myself a humble companion, and find that I must begin by imagining a proud young nobleman or a haughty young gentleman. I see the humble companion crawling in on all-fours into his patron’s room in the morning, carrying the hot-water can in his mouth, as the blind man’s dog does the tray. I seem to see him sneaking off, still on all-fours, with the proud young nobleman’s boots, fawning on him when he comes down to breakfast, and begging for bits of toast to be placed on the tip of his nose until at the word of command given by the proud young nobleman, he shall toss it up in the air, catch it in his mouth, and be satisfied with his morning’s meal. His morning’s occupation will be to photograph the proud or haughty nobleman or gentleman in various attitudes. I don’t quite see the “carpentering,” unless a pigstye or fowl-house has to be built, or any little repairs are needed in the house. “Turning” applies to lathe-turning, in wood or ivory, organ turning, or turning round and round when, in obedience to the haughty one’s wish, he dances a saraband to amuse his master. Turning should also include turning white, or red, or green, when put before the fire, like the chemically-prepared pictures of the chameleon. But picturing all this to myself, I can’t fancy *Uriah Heep, Junior*.

Next:—

TO ARTISTS.—A gentleman, having a large house, in the best part of Islington, is desirous of meeting with a brother ARTIST to JOIN him, and to SHARE his STUDIO, use of lay figure, if agreeable.

“Now,” said I to myself, “here’s an effect: what’s the cause?” Why was this advertisement inserted? The reason is patent: he has a “large house in the best part of Islington.” There’s a picture of dreariness for you! In it is a bare, dismal-looking, cold, draughty studio, untenanted save by the lay figure. The lonely artist and the lay figure together, face to face, in front of the wretched little unwholesome stove that makes a faint pretence of warming the cheerless apartment. He enters into conversation with this lay figure: he and the lay figure together decide upon this advertisement: he hopes the lay figure will make himself agreeable to any companion who may offer himself; and he makes the willingness of the lay figure to join in the suggested arrangement a condition of its joint use. The solitary of Islington has, in fact, become thoroughly unbinged, and requires some genial spirit to join him. What a sensational legend might be written on the subject of the artist and the lay figure! The genial brother might attempt to dispel these vapours by proceeding to dress the figure up as a clergyman, call it clerical and lay rolled into one, poke his melancholy friend in the ribs, dance round the studio, and sing of Merry Islington once more.

In the next I find the subject for a cartoon and several smaller pictures:—

A GENTLEMAN who is dispensing with his second COACHMAN wishes to RECOMMEND him. He is honest sober, and trustworthy, and without possessing any showy qualities, is well qualified to drive young ladies or an old lady or gentleman.

The Cartoon would be “A Gentleman dispensing with his Second Coachman.” Isn’t that grand? What an impressive ceremony! The Gentleman, in flowered dressing-gown and Turkish smoking-cap, with bright slippers upon his gentlemanly feet, blessing with one hand the kneeling figure of the Second Coachman (in powdered wig), while in the other he raises aloft the illuminated parchment whereon is written the terms of the dispensation. I need not dwell on the accessories; but if any of your admirable artists feel inclined to take the hint, let them not overlook the form of the *First* Coachman in the background. He has been already dispensed with, and should, I think, be weeping bitterly, or, from another point of view of his character, smiling serenely, from cherubic heights, upon the figure of the Second Coachman.

The Second Coachman is not showy, but he drives young ladies. There’s a subject for one of your young men, *Mr. Punch*! What a lovely team, with Cupid as postilion on the leaders of an eight-in-hand! He drives an old lady, or an old gentleman. I see him saying, “Gently, gently!” to some frisky old dowager, or breathing a stout old gentleman up a hill.

That will do for the present, my dear *Punch*.

Receive the assurance, &c.,

RUSTICUS EXPECTANS.

A SHORT WAY WITH MUSSULMAN PILGRIMS.

At the instance of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, a Sanitary Conference of delegates from the Great European Powers is about to meet at Constantinople with the view of taking measures to prevent the generation of cholera, occasioned by the accumulations of filth which attend the periodical pilgrimages to Mecca, and other sites of the shrines of MAHOMET.

Some obstacle to the operations necessary for the enforcement of cleanliness is expected to arise from the fanaticism of the dirty pilgrims.

Fanaticism originates the evil, dirt, whence cholera springs. The Conference will have to strike at the root of that evil.

Their proper course will be to remove the Kaaba Stone from Mecca, and MAHOMET’S Coffin from Medina.

MAHOMET’S Coffin can be deposited in the British Museum.

The Kaaba Stone can be set up in the Louvre. Or:—

The Kaaba Stone could be placed in the British Museum, and the Louvre could receive MAHOMET’S Coffin.

For the choice between the Kaaba Stone and the Coffin of MAHOMET, M. DROUYN DE L’HUY and EARL RUSSELL might, on the part of their respective Governments, toss up.

WASHING PUT OUT.

It has been suggested that the fellows who not only avail themselves of workhouse shelter and fare, but who destroy their clothes in order to be re-clad at the rate-payers’ expense, should be rendered all the fitter for new garments by means of ten minutes’ lavation. The spout of a fire-engine is to supply the *douche*. In the case of the worst class this might not be improper treatment, and it would enable the officials to add a line to the triumphant chant in which the offenders proclaim their character:—

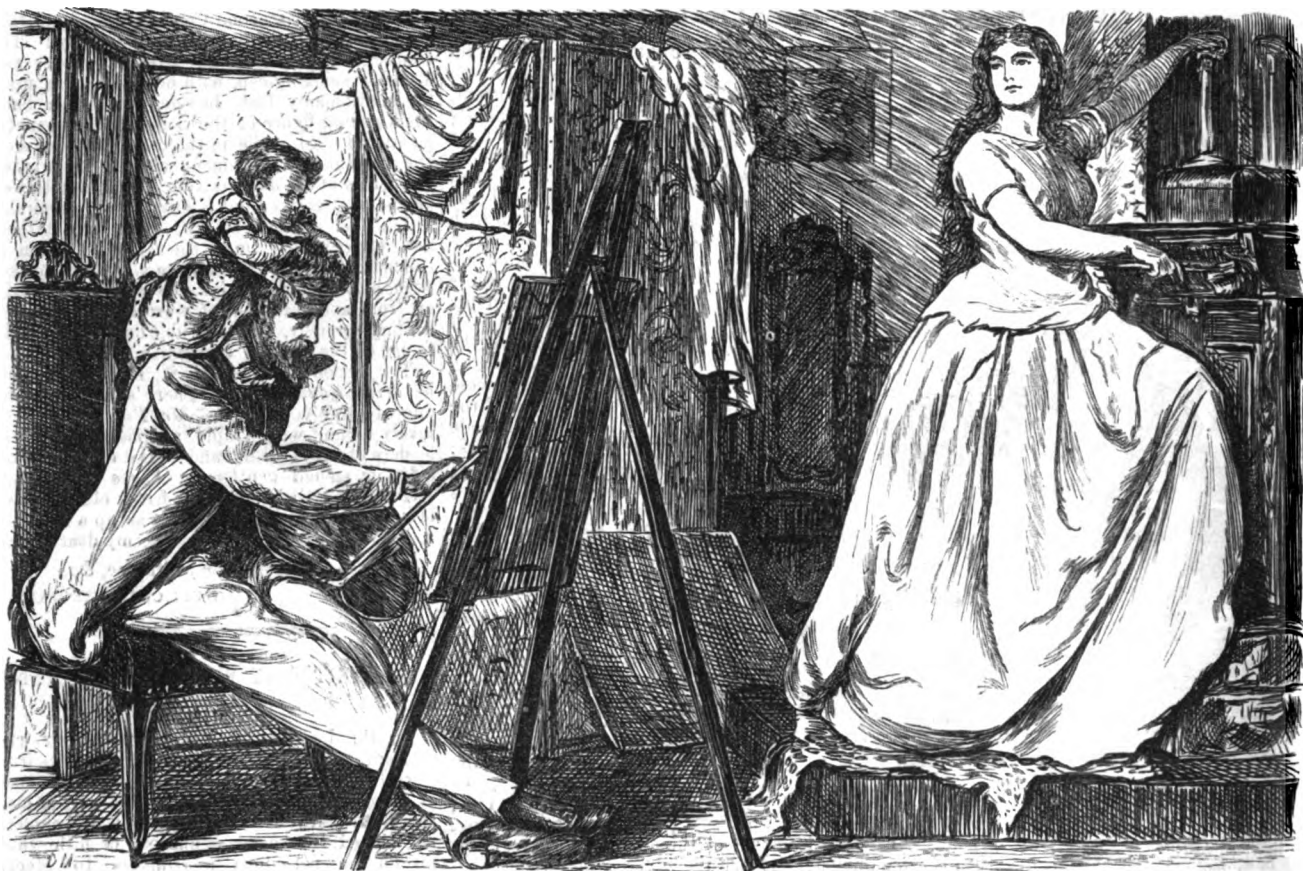
Sturdy Beggar.

Here we are, and here we goes.

We are the beggars that tears up our clothes!

Officials.

And we are the beades that turns on the hose!



THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

MRS. FRED DOESN'T CARE HOW LONG SHE SITS FOR HER "DEAR FRED," SO LONG AS HER "DARLING FREDDY" IS IN SOME SAFE PLACE WHERE HE CAN'T GET INTO MISCHIEF.

GOING DOWN TO THE HOUSE.

THE SPEAKER 's re-elected,
The Session has begun,
For QUEEN'S Speech, long expected,
The old yarns have been spun.
The Address (of yarns no newer)
Moved and seconded as well—
As *ill*, perhaps, were truer,
Were truth a thing to tell.

Now *guidances* and *gobemouches*,
May watch along Whitehall,
Collective Wisdom's douches,
Descend in frequent fall.
Alone, in pairs and trices,
Housewards the Members stroll;
Some, names for cautious Clio's
Recording on her roll,

And some which now bawled abrilly,
As yon old clothesman's cry,
The world (therein not silly)
Would willingly let die.
Names whose Dutch-metal glory
Already's on the go;
And whose echo in our story,
Will be e'en as that "Old Clo'!"

HER MAJESTY's patrician
And plebeian servants all;
Ministers, Opposition,
Who give or take the wall;
The Treasury-bench *in ease*,
Or *in posse*; grave and gay;
Men whose fathers fought at Cressy,
And mushrooms of a day;

Whippers-in, gently petting
The new hounds of their packs;
Railway directors, sweating
'Neath the jobs piled on their backs;
Squires great on bovine races;
Lawyers, like cabs, "at call;"
Some great men of small places,
In a large place feeling small.

'Tis strange how Lords and Commons,
Snob and swell, squire and clown,
Proclaim themselves, on summons,
To the House "going down."
If our wise ones, who thus gather,
The highest places crown,
The answer should be rather,
"Going up" than "going down."

But alas, to judge by quality
Of measures and of votes;
By the jobbery and venality,
The turn of talk and coats;
By the House's odds and evens,
Its rebuke and its renown,
Most members to St. Stephens
Too truly *do* "go down."

For thee, my stout EARL RUSSELL,
Who prepar'at to face the storm,
And re-test thine ancient muscle
'Gainst the hard knot of Reform.
Thy least consideration place,
On JOHN BRIGHT's smile or frown,
Let's hope that thine will prove a case
Of going *up*, not "down."



GOING DOWN TO THE HOUSE.

LORD RUSSELL. "WELL, BRIGHT, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

JOHNNY BRIGHT. "ANYTHING YOUR HONOUR IS WILLING TO GIVE ME NOW."

Punch's Table-Talk.

385.

I HORN to see all the Water Companies swept away, and London supplied, on the non-intermission principle, from the Bala Lake, or better, from the head waters of the Severn, by Plinlimmon. It is disgraceful that the metropolis of the world should be worse off than Glasgow, and half a dozen obscure cities in the north of England. Every house in it could have water up to the garret, and the natural fall would send up a fountain in Smithfield to the height of St. Paul's.

386.

In St. Kilda all the inhabitants catch cold when a stranger arrives. I usually catch one, which confines me to my room, when a stranger proposes to arrive, and I don't want him.

387.

Grammar is thought to have improved. Yet many rich but honest people are not cured of writing that they will have much pleasure in accepting your invitation.

388.

You are aware that the Beaver is not a beast, or at least that the Catholic Church permits its being devoured during fasts. Hence, I suspect, came the old vow, "If I don't do it, I'll eat my Hat."

389.

Don't you know what the Black Ball line of packets is? These are the boats in which men belt from society when they have been pilled at the Clubs.

390.

The nucleus of our planet is supposed to consist of unoxidised masses, the metalloids of the alkalies, and the earths. Volcanic activity is excited in the nucleus by the access of water and air. But the difficulty, as I told HUMBOLDT, that I feel as to the penetration of water into the volcanic focus arises from consideration of the opposing pressure of the external column of water and the internal lava, and the deficiency of burning hydrogen gas during the explosion. Perhaps some of you may like to go into the next room and meditate on the subject, while I finish my wine.

391.

Who would not have flowers on his tomb for ever and ever, when he can secure that ornament for a payment of ten guineas to a Cemetery Company? Flowers for ever for the price of four pounds of Weeds.

392.

Many attempts have been made to define the Height of Assurance. I should, were I interested in the profits, say that it had been reached by the Assurance Society that has just given £1000 to the new school scheme. Not being interested, I rejoice that an excellent fund is so much the richer.

393.

Greenock—the most detestable place extant—has been suddenly covered with glory. A gentleman from that place, Dns. MORTON, has won the blue ribbon of Cambridge. I put it, in a friendly way, to Greenock, that as it is now illustrious for ever, it would be a noble thing to burn itself down in honour of the Senior Wrangler.

394.

I don't bother boys with books in the holidays. But this Christmas the weather was detestable, and when my boys had tumbled over the banisters about forty times, and done all the mischief that was conceivable, they yearied for something to do. So I thought that they might as well read a little French. To this end, I had an interview with a young gentleman who stated that he had lived many years in France, and was quite up to the language. By way of test I respectfully handed him the *Tartuffe*, and begged him to write me a translation of the first few lines. *Emmie*, you know, asks *Madame Pernelle* why she is leaving the house. She answers—

"C'est que je ne puis voir tout ce ménage-ci,
Et que de me complaire on ne prend nul souci."

Having smoked half a weed, I returned to the study, and the proposed tutor smilingly handed me a *translation*, in which the above lines were thus rendered:—

"It is because I do not see all the family here,
And because to compliment me you take no care."

This he explained to be not only a faithful translation, but also English poetry. I did not engage that party.

395.

I will name to you five truly great men who cared nothing for music. BURKE, FOX, DR. JOHNSON, PITT, MAGDOOSH.

396.

When SHELLEY's most glorious poem appeared, CHARLES LAMB wrote to his bookseller to send him *Prometheus Unbound*. He duly received the Greek play—in boards.

397.

Now then, owl. Is that the way to blow out a wax candle? If you don't want it to smoulder, and all the wick to waste away, serve it as I serve you—blow it up.

398.

In 1831—it was on a Wednesday in the November—I was in the pit of the Adelphi. A man rose up, during the play, and complained to MR. FREDERICK YATES, who was then on the stage, that a lady in front would not take off her big blue bonnet, which prevented the complainant from seeing what was going on. "Sir," said MR. YATES, severely, "you ought to have too much of the gallantry of an Englishman to desire anything that could be inconvenient to a lady." The house cheered the Manager, and the grumbler bolted. Nevertheless, I thought and think, that he had grounds for growls, and if he is alive, it may comfort him to know my opinion.

399.

I like the enthusiastic old Herald who pilled ADAM because he had no opportunity of studying genealogy.

400.

A man who goes out to breakfast (if he have a breakfast at home) is an idiot whom it were gross flattery to call a fool.

401.

The love of evil is the root of all money. Consider this well, Sir I see you don't understand it.

402.

I will give this last salmon outlet to the first who tells me who COCKUS was. I pause for a reply. All dumb? Then I call it myself, informing your ignorances that one COCK, translated into COCKUS by CAMDEN, was the only English officer killed when we smashed up the Armada. Wine to the memory of the gallant COCKUS.

403.

My friends the Academicians have no such advantages as painters in former days had. For instance, MAHOMET the Second, wishing to convince BRELLIN, the artist, that he had made some little mistake in a picture of the beheading of JOHN THE BAPTIST, called a slave to him, and cut off his head; there and then, in order to illustrate the officium.

404.

Pass the Burgundy. Do you know that AUSTREGILDA, a beautiful queen of that country, being about to die, ordered her two doctors to be killed and buried with her? I think there was a sense of humour in this lady.

405.

When the next ruffian who has received his sentence from the Beak declares that "he can do that lot on his head," make him try the first half hour in that attitude, aided by a rope and a beam. I don't think we should hear the vaunt repeated, after the result had been made known in Scoundrelia.

406.

I retract my abuse of the West. A courteous Bristolian, to whom I tender my best thanks, has sent me documents giving a capital account of Pen Park Hole. I fear that it is not quite so awful as could be wished, but it is a place to see, and I intend to descend into it. The poor clergyman was lost there on the 27th March, 1775.

407.

The only railway scheme in which we are very much interested is the Mid London. Mad London wants it. So does Mud London.

408.

It is to run underground, five miles and a half, from Shepherd's Bush to Farringdon Street. By the Marble Arch, Bond Street, Hanover Square, Soho Square, Drury Lane, Lincoln's Inn, Middle Row, and Hatton Garden. Cost, two millions and a half. If the stations are put in the right places (which they seldom are) this line will be a blessing, and we shall never go into the streets at all. The shopkeepers will be frantic, but it will serve the whole commercial world just right, for its insolent and selfish neglect to keep the thoroughfares reasonably clear and clean. I hope the bill will pass.

409.

As for the railway people, of all sorts, we owe them no consideration. If any existing lines hinder the laying of good new ones, Parliament must remember that what it gave, it can take away. Cut through railways as unceremoniously as the railways cut through our houses, churches, and estates.

410.

Gentlemen. *Potaturus vos saluto*. The Session having now commenced, it will be necessary for me to talk in Parliament. Averse to double trouble, I shall, for the present, favour you with no more of



JONES,

AS HE APPEARED WHEN BEING TOLD THAT HE WAS "SO DREADFULLY SATIRICAL."

A SPIRITUAL APPEAL TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

(BY NICHOLAS BRADY AND WAHUM TATE.)

LET Parliament of them beware
That would, with specious aim,
Revise the Book of Common Prayer,
And would abridge the same.
A measure to effect that end
Is forward to be brought,
As we are told that some intend,
But may it come to naught!

For they that would that book amend
We feel, with boding qualms,
Would first of all excise the end,
Our version of the Psalms.
Some say we have, the truth to tell,
And they are not a few,
Turned Holy Writ to doggerel,
Which they would fain eschew.

The text of DAVID's Psalms, alone,
All sacred and sublime,
We have corrupted with our own,
'Tis said, to make it rhyme.
Our lines are set, they further carp,
To tunes grotesque and queer,
Composed, unmeet for DAVID's harp,
To suit a Beadle's ear.

O let not innovation rash
Our psalter e'er discard,
As though by name imputing trash
To Royal Hebrew Bard;
But let it evermore remain
As pointed to be sung
In churches, to parochial strain,
By parish children young.

Devout Churchwardens do suppose
The cherub-choir so sings,
With chubby face and small snub nose,
And else all head and wings;
Such cherubs as are carved on pews,
And tombstones do adorn.
Consent not BRADY to disuse,
Nor cast off TATE in scorn.

FRENCH CANARDS AND ENGLISH GEESE.

REALLY we grow more and more astonished every day to find how perfectly the French are acquainted with the social habits of the English. "Our lively neighbours," as we call them, are alive to every change in our customs or costumes, and nothing can escape their vigilant attention. When one reflects how widely distant their shores are from our own: when one considers that it takes no less than ninety minutes to cross over the Channel; and that a man may dine in Paris, and breakfast the next morning with his friends in Leicester Square: one is astonished by the knowledge which the French have somehow managed to acquire about our ways of life and private goings on. Everything we do, or say, or think, seems to be known to them, and all our little eccentricities of etiquette and fashion are patent to their eye, and most minutely understood.

As the press is now acknowledged as the centre of intelligence, we are not surprised to notice that the journalists of France are eminently conversant with our peculiarities, and singularly accurate in their description of whatever may concern our English life. Remotely distant as they are from us in geographical position, French writers somehow manage to pick up an amazing knowledge of our habits, and were they born and bred among us they could hardly be more perfectly acquainted with our ways. For instance, see how truthfully a writer in the *Univers* describes a social practice which at Christmastide in England, we all know, is widely prevalent:—

"It is customary in that country of spleen for every gentleman who is admitted into Society to send a fat goose at Christmas to the lady of the house he is in the habit of visiting. Beautiful women receive a whole magazine of estates in their drawing-rooms; and are thus enabled by an ingenious calculation to ascertain the number of their friends or their suitors by that of the fat geese sent them. So many geese, so many lovers. In England a goose is sent instead of a love letter. It is very original, like everything that is English."

If our French friend had but thought of it, he might with equal truth have stated that this curious English custom, of presenting a fat goose to the lady one loves best, has been lately ascertained to be of ancient Roman origin, and to have been practised since the days of SQUINTUS CURTIUS, who, through obliquity of vision, fell into a sawpit

and was smothered in dust. The custom is referred to by the poet VIRGIL, in the famous line beginning, "*Quot oves, tot amantes*," which is one of the most splendid specimens now extant of hexameter Greek verse. Geese were always revered as sacred birds in ancient Rome, from the fact that in a certain monetary crisis which occurred during the Second Consulship of PLANCUS, large flocks of them succeeded in laying golden eggs, and thus saved the Roman capitalists from having to shell out.

Through the labours of the British Antiquarian Society, some interesting documents have lately been discovered, which prove very completely that the practice of presenting a fat goose, as a love-token, was introduced to England in the reign of JULIUS SKEEZAR, who came over for the purpose of buying some Scotch snuff. That the custom soon took root, and became extremely popular, may be gathered from the frequent allusions to its costliness which occur in CHAUCER, CONGREVE, COLLEY, CIBBA, and BEN THOMPSON, and other needy poets of the præ-Shakspearian age. Thus, SPENSER in his ballad of "*The Done Brown Maid*," makes *Daphne* rail against the stinginess of *Damon* for giving her a lean duckling in lieu of a fat goose, which, owing to the poultry plague (a forerunner of our Rinderpest), and consequent extraordinary dearthness of provisions, he could not well afford. So DRYDEN, too, bewails his pitiable plight, on the occasion of his having prepared the usual love-gift when, as the old black-letter chronicle relates;

"*For dyd jumpe o'er y^e gardenne gate,
And intoe y^e Pantrie he pokyd his pate;
A good fatte goose he thre dyd se,
Oho, quoth Syr Renard, here's dinnere for me!"*

The poet SMOLLETT, also, alludes to this quaint custom in a sonnet which is likewise extant in black letter, and which for the benefit of our French friends we may cite:—

"*I gave my Love a fatte, fatte goose,
'Twas hatchyd eke in June:*

About its head she put a noose,
And hanged it full soon;
For pennies good I thus did loose;
So she gets out at last."

Expensive as the custom was, however, it was not permitted to fall into disuse. Thrifty parents probably insisted on their daughters keeping up the practice, and young ladies were paternally encouraged in flirtation, for the sake of the fat geese which thus might be obtained. Girls, doubtless, were forbidden to dance with a young gentleman whose income seemed uncertain, lest at Christmas he might fail to send the tributary geese.

But, be this as it may, the custom somehow has been handed down from the dark ages, and never was more popular than in our own enlightened times! As our French friends are aware, the course of true love here in England never can run smoothly, unless a goose be yearly presented as a love-gift. Half the breach of promise cases reported in our newspapers arise from some neglect of this universal practice. Perhaps from being viewed as a good emblem of a lover, a goose is thought to be the fittest tribute of affection; and young ladies never dream of simpering their "Ask Mamma!" until they have assurance that Christmas-tide will bring them the usual Christmas gift. Everybody knows that in genteel society it is usual for *fiancés* to wear the beaks and head plumes of the geese their lovers send them, *pour encourager les autres*; and flirts may frequently be seen with a score or so of goose-necks dangling round their waists, like the scalps which Indian warriors wear to show how many enemies their tomahawk has slain. In fact, the goose is worshipped here as the bird sacred to Venus, just as with Minerva is identified the owl. The first step to success with a young suitor is the goose-step; and when he is accepted, it is usual for his friends to tell him that his goose is cooked.

THE FENIAN CENTRE.

Town—"The Spring of Ballynagh."



Oh, love is the soul of a 'cute Fenian!

What he loves is the swag,
and he grabs all he can,
With his Office of Centre,
and Circle so green.

His heart is malignant, his
head is unsound,
But in it an eye to the main-
chance is found.

He plots, and conspires, and
he howls, and he fights,
For swag, all for swag, for in
that he delights,

With his Office of Centre,
and Circle so green.

Who has e'er to New York
had of late to repair?

A Fenian all in his glory is
there,

With his Office of Centre,
and Circle so green.

His course all so clear, with-
out hindrance or check,
No fear of a halter slipped
round his nate neck.

He goes to his Lodge, raves
against England's Crown,

And there they fall off and he knocks his friends down,
With his Office of Centre, and Circle so green.

To business returning, when homeward he goes,
Subscriptions pour in, and he pockets all those,

With his Office of Centre, and Circle so green.

He meets with a Yankee, who, grinning a smile,
Cries, "Wal, I say, PAT, I conclude you've struck it,"

To the bar then they go, liquor up after that,

And you next in his carriage reclining see PAT,

With his Office of Centre and Circle so green.

Clear the country, I say, that gave PATRICK his birth,
Clear the land of the oak and the neighbouring earth,

From the Office of Centre, and Circle so green.

Sweep the Fenians clean off the banks of the Shannon;
They may plant in New York or Chicago their cannon.

Distracted and dished, at Disloyalty's shrine,

May the Irish Republic in vapour decline,

With its Office of Centre, and Circle so green!

ACCOMMODATION FOR IRELAND.

(To the Editor of Punch.)

SIR,

At a numerous and influential meeting of noblemen, merchants, and capitalists, the other day in Dublin, it was unanimously resolved that Government ought to aid the development of Railway enterprise in Ireland, by lending Irish railway companies money at a low rate of interest in order to relieve them from the load of debt which they are at present burdened with.

This proposal excites the ridicule of the selfish and cold-hearted Saxon. Sir, the expectation of poor old Ireland, when every now and then pecuniary difficulties come about her, to be lifted out of her embarrassments and liberated from her obligations by a little advance out of the pockets of her wealthier sister, what is it, after all, more than any gentleman, that wants to maintain himself as such, naturally expects at the hands of his rich relations? Whenever he gets into trouble he applies to them for assistance, and, if they are of the right sort, they give it him, without hesitation, and without superfluous remonstrance.

Good and generous relations are those that encourage you in all your speculations, and, as often as your schemes miscarry, pay the expenses of your misadventures, take your losses on themselves, and supply you with the means of making a fresh start.

Shabby, mean, ungenerous relations are they that, when you tell them of any undertaking that you mean to attempt, offer you advice, which you don't want, and don't lend you money, which you do. They advise you to give up your project instead of supplying you with the means of executing it, because they foresee (and be hanged to them) that you will fail. In case of your attempting it, and not succeeding, they remind you that they told you so, and when you have recourse to them for relief from the liabilities you have contracted, make your disregard of the warning they gave you their paltry excuse for refusing to bear the consequences of your failure, and declining, with redoubled stinginess, to give you a chance of retrieving your prospects at their own contemptible expense.

Sir, the devil fly away with such dirty calculating creatures! Give me the relations that will behave like buffers when I tumble back upon them, presenting cushions to break my fall, and acting as with springs to set me up again, tacitly acknowledging their simple duty to render me those necessary services as a matter of course.

Sir, a nation is made up of individuals, and nothing short of what will satisfy the latter will satisfy the former. You would not think, now, that the ingenuous remarks foregoing were addressed to you by a Scotchman and not

AN IRISHMAN.

P.S. You may talk, in your cold-blooded way, of legislating for poor old Ireland, but the only Bill that she wants is one which you must accept yourselves, and renew as often as it becomes payable.

A HAIR'S BREADTH ESCAPE.

Dialogue said to have been overheard at a French watering-place, and which might have been overheard at some English ones.

Anxious Mamma (as she sees her Duck of a Daughter take the water). My darling child! You are going in with your back-hair on!

Duck of a Daughter (who combines a regard to appearances with a prudent eye to the hair-dresser's bill). No, Mamma, it's last Season's hair.

* *Madame*. Malheureuse! Tu te baignes dans tes cheveux!

Memoiselle. Non, Maman—ce sont les cheveux de l'année passée.

Putting Up and Putting Down.

AILMENTS are bad, but worse, too oft, are cures.

We raised a Board of Works to put down sewers;
The sewers they have put down. THWAITES and his Turks—
And now 'tis who'll put down the Board of Works?

Self-Complacency in Plush.

"HA!" exclaimed MR. JOHN THOMAS, standing with his coat-tails drawn forwards and his back to the kitchen-fire, "I've heerd a good deal about the cattle complaint, but am appy to say it aven't yet attacked my calves."

ANOTHER BLOW AT THE CHURCH.

WHAT! The ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY and YORK to be no longer Trustees of the British Museum!

This is what comes of *Essays and Reviews*, Rationalism, and COLENSO!

THE Allies of Spain in her war against her South-American Ex-dependencies.—Block-ade and Rhodomont-ade.



MILITARY MANŒUVRE.

Captain Havanner (to Old Gent, who looks as if he would object to Smoking). "BEG PARDON, WOULD YOU OBJECT TO CHANGE YOUR CARRIAGE? LADY HERE—LARGE FAMILY—LOTS OF LUGGAGE—YOUNG CHILDREN—ELDEST BOY JUST THROUGH THE MEASLES—BABY TEETHING—"

Old Gent (with alacrity). "OH, CERTAINLY! CERTAINLY!"

[Has the satisfaction of seeing the Lady still on the Platform when the Train starts, while the Captain has the Carriage to himself.]

THE BOLD GOVERNOR EYRE AND THE BULLS OF EXETER HALL.

(A Song for the Streets.)

On the right of the Strand, as you walk to the West,
The street of all London the finest and best,
You'll see a Greek word on a portico tall:
The building behind it is Exeter Hall.

There people resort to hear spouters abuse
Mahomedans, Catholics, Pagans, and Jews,
Ex-drunkards talk cant, Irish clergymen brawl,
And fanatics howl nonsense in Exeter Hall.

The victim, just now, of its blather and blare,
Is a brave British gentleman, GOVERNOR EYRE,
Who, for saving Jamaica with powder and ball,
Has roused all the malice of Exeter Hall.

The Hall has its Pets, whom you must not attack,
And chiefly it pets QUASHI-BUNGO the black:
And if QUASHI-BUNGO quotes words from ST. PAUL,
It's ready to kiss him, is Exeter Hall.

At times QUASHI-BUNGO from Scripture refrains,
And chops up white people, and scoops out their brains:
Uprises at once the philanthropist squall,
"Of course you provoked him," says Exeter Hall.

For some horrible murders performed by the Pet,
EYRE gave him a lesson he'll never forget,
"You monster, you wretch! QUASHI-BUNGO to maul;
"We'll hang you at Newgate," cries Exeter Hall.

"We'll hear," says JOHN BULL, "hold your jabber and row,
I've known my old friend, MR. EYRE, before now."
"He's a NERO, a JEFFREYS, a GOVERNOR WALL,"
Cries, screaming with passion, mad Exeter Hall.

Now JOHN stops his ears to fanatical spite,
And suspects QUASHI-BUNGO was served very right,
But he'll hear the whole story, not told in the drawl
And spasmodic bewailings of Exeter Hall.

But if, when the tale of Jamaica is told,
The QUEEN gives her thanks to the Governor bold,
What a bellow will burst from the favourite stall
Of the big bulls of Bashan in Exeter Hall!

GOOD NEWS.

THERE is some hope for an end of the Rinderpest at last. The cows have taken up the subject. We rejoice to find, from a Bristol paper, that they have called a meeting. Here is the advertisement, and we hope that many influential cows will attend:—

"NOTICE.—A MEETING OF THE MILK-PRODUCERS in and around the City of Bristol will be holden in the Large Room at the BUNCH OF GRAPES, Nicholas Street, on THURSDAY Next, at Three o'clock in the Afternoon."

Eccelesiastical Intelligence.

WE have our usual authority to announce that in the contemplated revision of the Prayer Book, it is proposed to substitute for the Psalter of NICHOLAS BRADY and NAHUM TATE a new version of the Psalms by ALFRED TENNYSON and ROBERT BROWNING.

Friday. LORD CHELMSFORD demanded information as to the condition and chances of the Abyssinian captives. LORD CLARENDON said that MR. RASSAM had been sent on a mission to KING THEODORE, and that there were some hopes of his success. This affair is being horribly bungled, and English *prestige* is being frittered away. In all probability the result will be, we fear, an unpleasant one for the captives, and, we hope, a still more unpleasant one for the Abyssinian king.

On the report on the Commons address, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON severely reprov'd MR. BRIGHT for language he used, at a meeting, in reference to GOVERNOR EYRE, whom MR. BRIGHT had prejudged. The Member for Birmingham was impenitent, and said what would have

been legitimately effective had it been reasonably just. MR. BOUVERIE, following MR. POTTER, said that there had been "too much Pottering with the Reform question," and intimated, as the representative of a strong party among the Liberals, that a mere lowering of franchise would not be acceptable, and that the subject ought to be settled for the present century. So said other Liberals. MR. GLADSTONE, who, as EARL RUSSELL told a deputation, will have to expound the Reform Bill, must be in a state of justifiable irritability, as he is at present debarred from making preparations for an oration, which no doubt will be regarded as one of the events of his life. It is disheartening work to air splendid decorations which may have to be put away again.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED.



SUPPOSING FARMER WAPSHOT HAD RUN UP TO TOWN ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY, TO CONSULT HIS MEMBER ABOUT A NATIONAL CATTLE INSURANCE,



WHEN HE WENT DOWN TO THE HOUSE,



HE WOULD SURELY—



HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN—



FOR A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.



ALTHOUGH HE MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN ELECTED SPEAKER,



HE WOULD PROBABLY HAVE TAKEN THE OATHS



AND HIS SEAT.



THEN, WHAT WOULD HAVE BECOME OF HIM.

A Handy Excuse.

A Most elegant lady was taken up for kleptomania, when a gentleman present said, "It was all owing to her taper hand." "And pray, what has that to do with it?" inquired the unsuspecting Magistrate. "Why, Sir, you see it accounts naturally for her being light-fingered."

Ornithology.

THE Dodo is not extinct. This bird's name, when written in full, is known to all Ornithologists as the Ditto-ditto; epistolary necessities have reduced the title to Do-do.

Yours truly, A. V. AIRY.



BAD CUSTOMER.

Landlady. "WHAT GENTLEMAN'S LUGGAGE IS THIS, SAM!"

Ancient Waiter. "GETLEMAN'S LUGGAGE, 'M! 'OR' BLESHYER, NO, MUM! THAT'S ARTIS'S TRAPS, THAT IS. THEY'LL 'AVE TEA HERE TO-NIGHT, TAKE A LITTLE LODGIN' TO-MORROW, AND THERE THEY'LL BE A LOAFIN' ABOUT THE PLACE FOR MONTHS, DOIN' NO GOOD TO NOBODY!"

SUBURBS OF EASE.

ACCORDING to the *South London Chronicle*, two distinct projects, to be worked out by as many joint-stock companies (limited), are on foot in philanthropic and commercial circles, with a view to the creation, in the neighbourhood of London, of suburban villages. That is to say, one of these projects is contemplated in a philanthropic circle; the other in a commercial circle. The former, aiming to provide suitable houses for the working-classes, relies on the principle that a gift to the poor is a loan on the safest possible security; the latter, intending simply to make money, "is based on the assumption that capitalists may obtain good dividends."

These two projects, both the one designed by Benevolence, and the other devised by Acquisitiveness, would, under conditions, deserve to be encouraged by the Society for the Preservation of Commons and Open Spaces. Let the proposed suburban villages be created in neighbourhoods sufficiently remote from London to keep the villages distinct, and sufficiently uninteresting to render their creation an improvement. The new suburban villages will then preserve the old from suffocation by housing the increase of population that threatens to fuse them together into a mere expansion of London. Dreary wastes will give place to lively dwellings, and pleasant wilds will be spared.

Good name in man or woman, we all know, is the immediate jewel of their souls; and the character of our old villages about London and elsewhere, is precious too. Suffer it not to be destroyed by speculative builders! Regulate the extension of large towns. Make them spread in patches. A grove of chimneys is not better than a grove of trees. DR. JOHNSON never would have said it was, if he had not been purblind. Both groves are good in their way, however. Let groves of trees intervene between groves of chimneys. There are, not too far from London, plenty of wastes neither useful nor ornamental, which, excepted from the wholesome prohibitions of an Anti-Inclosure Bill, would afford ample scope to both Benevolence and Acquisitiveness for the creation of suburban villages.

A CARD.

MADAME RAFFAEL begs to inform her friends and patronesses, and the *beau monde* generally, that she has succeeded to the business of cheek-painter and plasterer, in the *atelier* lately occupied by MAD'LE CANTIDIA, who, having realised a handsome fortune, has retired from the trade.

Having had great practice in the art of facial decoration, MADAME RAFFAEL feels great confidence in offering her services to ladies whose fair charms show symptoms of decay. By the use of her restoratives, the ravages of time and dissipation are concealed, and a youthful bloom diffused upon an old and wrinkled cheek. Crowsfeet, spots and freckles are carefully effaced, and premature grey hairs are, at the wearer's pleasure, either reddened or removed. Lips are freshened up for purposes of flirting, and made suitable for public use beneath the mistletoe. Complexions are made capable of the semblance of a blush, while a pearly hue is given to the yellowest of teeth.

It being now the *mode* for ladies every other day or so to change the colour of their hair, MADAME RAFFAEL has on hand a vast variety of dyes, ready to be used at any moment's notice, and warranted to wear well in the very warmest room. Chignons supplied of the fashionable hue, as well as raven ringlets which may be worn for mourning, and glossy nut-brown tresses to be made up into watch-chains for sentimental friends.

N.B. Cracked Complexions made as good as new. Repairs neatly executed, and with prompt despatch.

ON THE FASHIONABLE COLOURED HAIR.

"DREARY me," said old MRS. GUY, "why now-a-days all the young gals is light headed."

MEDICAL.—The lights of the Metropolis are very bad indeed, and no wonder when they have been suffering so long from a gas-trick fever.

LAYS OF LAMBETH.

Lambeth Union House, Old Men's Ward, No. 6.

ORDER MR. PUNCH, SER.—
Last week as ever you I dis-
charged myself from the 'ouse
'oping to pick up a livin' anti-
side, through being fotter-
graded, along of the public
interest excited about me by
that Casual Gent as vote me
up in the *Pell Mill Gazette*,
but 'ave been treated, I con-
sider, very sealy, and come
back, wish I 'ave now turned
my 'and to hoggigrams, and
accordingly enclose a speci-
men, and shall be glad of a
trifal to drink your 'alth,

Your humble Servant,
DADDY.

N.B. Not bein' much of an
'and at the pen, the above,
and below also, 'as been cop-
ied far me by parties in
the 'ouse (wish you will excuse, names being agin' orders) as have
knowned better days, the hoggigrams in particular, wish I giv the
ideas, but the rimes and touchin' up is by a poet as is now in the 'ouse
(No. 4, Men's ward) all along o' hicker and conwinned 'abits.

A LARGE ORDER

Of Life's extremes each towards other stretches,
Till homeless wretchedness this comfort bath;
That our C.P.'s (or casual pauper wretches)
Are all C.B.'s, Companions of the Bath.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

That dirty water won't wash clean is boah,
So in one bath let twice five casuals wash.
But the ten casuals washed (asks our reporter)
What earthly process is to wash the water?

Dear Mr. Punch, I enclose poor DADDY's playful efforts. Of course,
the poetic garb is your humble servant's, as is also the following
jeu d'esprit, which I call—

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW; OR, "SIC TRANSIT
GLORIA DAD-DI."

The Pen has its heroes as well as the Sword;
One such hero at least this our time doth afford:
Him, 'who truth of the workhouse determined to tell,
Went in among Lambeth's foul casuals, pell-mell.

How little old DADDY suspected his cloth,
When he helped him to *foes*, after "weak mutton breth";
How little the Master e'er dreamed that the shed
'Mong its hay-bags, that night, held at least one *prose-bed*.

Well—this hero his daring adventure achieved,
And next day London read, shuddered, blushed, and believed:
And a modern prosaic Inferno we knew,
With as black horrors hinted, as e'er DANTE drew.

But who *was* this new DANTE? To Leonine name
He preferred the sly sweets of anonymous fame.
Not so his life-models, his Belial, KAY,
And his Virgil, old DADDY, who showed him the way.

Like their painter, who braved Lambeth crank-shed to shame us,
They awakened next morning, to find themselves famous:
Their names, thank the Press penny trumpets, loud rang
In the popular ear, on the popular tongue.

We know not how KAY has discounted renown—
But that blue-eyed youth has not yet blazed on town,
As an old or new wonder of *Exeter Hall*,
Id est, *Leon* or *saint*, at prayer-meeting or ball.

In the school of the book slams hard study like KAY's
Makes us know gilt from gingerbread, pudding from praise:
He can rattle nine days' wonder at what it is worth,
As sudden and swift in its death as its birth.

Not so poor old DADDY: of insight less large,
From the House and his functions he claimed his discharge;

By photographers' arts done, in every sense, brown,
Thought his face was his fortune, and went on the town.

A crown was the glittering bait that came o'er
Poor DADDY, as crowns have lured others before.
"Your negative give, and five shillings we'll pay!"
To such price for one's negative who could say nay?

Two half-crowns in his pocket, rich, famous, and free,
Two brief happy days DADDY spent on the spree.
But his two half-crowns gone, and his two-days' dream o'er,
DADDY found that his fame wouldn't bring him in more.

Two negatives equal to one "yes," we know,
But here to two negatives Business said "no."
Photography, lately all smiles, now looked black,
And (his mug in her *carte*) on his face turned her back.

So, with tail 'twixt his legs, back poor DADDY must crawl,
To the House, dist, uniform, ward-work and all,
To supply a fresh answer to "What's in a name?"
And add one to thy shooting-stars, Popular Fame!

If you can find room for the above, and send a *quid pro quo*, please
send up my *honorarium* separate from poor old DADDY's, as mistakes
might occur in this as in other Houses, and so oblige yours,

X. BROWN,
(Servant of the House, in the Lambeth Union Livery.)

COMIC COURT COSTUME.

PURBANE thinking that fine feathers do not constitute fine birds,
plain JOHN BRIGHT has an objection to attend the SPEAKER's parties in
"decorated apparel." Probably he would like to wear a broadbrim
on these festive State occasions, and would think it seemly if the guests all
dressed in drab. But he contents himself with simply begging that in
future these bidden to such feasts may come in any clothes they like,
and need not air their calves by putting off their trousers, and donning
a Court suit.

Plain JOHN forgets, however, that without rules for their guidance
men are liable to error in the matter of costume. If men followed their
own liking when dining with the SPEAKER, perhaps some of them might
like to come in loose old shooting jackets, while others might appear in
pink coats and top-boots. No doubt, a Member is a Member for a' that,
and a' that; still there seems a certain fitness in wearing for State
visits a set fashion of State dress.

As servants of the State, the Ministers are properly costumed in a fine
livery, and it is surely meet that other guests who sit at meat with them
should alike be somewhat gorgeously arrayed. Were the SPEAKER's
rule relaxed, and his visitors allowed to come in any dress they liked,
who knows but some mad wag might wear the comic fancy costume, in
which, later in the evening, he meant to cut a dash at some dramatic
fancy ball? Peradventure, too, when chimney-sweeps obtain a seat in
Parliament (thanks to the projected extension of the franchise), some
honourable gentlemen might enter without washing, and sit down with
the SPEAKER in their usual workday soot. To guard against such antics,
it might be needful for the SPEAKER to announce in his State-party cards
of invitation—

"N.B. Clowns and pantaloons and Court fools not admitted."

GETTING UP HIS A.B.C.

WE are credibly informed that MR. WHALLEY is so enamoured of
the Association that was in full play at Oscott College, under the title
of "The Anti-Bunker Confederation," that he is about to start a
similar one himself, and to install himself President of it. The Associ-
ation, however, is not to be established, like its glorious predecessor,
for "mere nonsense," but will be carried on, like everything its
honoured founder does, in perfect seriousness, waging war at all times
against all clerical errors, and members also, of the Romish Church.
There is a strong look of probability about the rumour, though we must
say at the same time that it hardly seems consistent, in so thoroughly
orthodox a gentleman as the Member for Peterborough, putting himself
at the head of an institution like an *abbacy*. (A.B.C.)

Epigram by an Agriculturist.

THEY talk of houses and o' wine,
In some parts chiefly. We don't, here.
We drink malt liquor; deals in swine:
Converses most on pigs and beer.

WOMAN'S MISSION.—Sub-mission.

GOOD STYLE OF PUBLIC SCHOOL.

MR. PUNCH,

It is too probable that the disclosures afforded by "FITZGERALD & NORTHCOKE and Another," will induce MR. WHALLEY to ask for a Committee of Inquiry into the state of the discipline of Roman Catholic Schools.

Thereupon, of course, MR. WHALLEY will be requested, by a triumphant majority of the House of Commons, to sing. He will also be duly ridiculed by that excellent portion of the Press which, while it occasionally controverts certain points in what the ungenteel British Public calls Popery, perseveringly snubs all those vulgar and ill-informed people who presume to make any attempt whatever at preventing that same Popery from having entirely its own way.

It is, nevertheless, perhaps, a pity that MR. WHALLEY has no chance of getting Parliament to institute the investigation which he may be expected to demand. The truth which the Member for Peterborough seeks to ascertain, would, no doubt, be elicited, put him to confusion.

I apprehend that a Committee of Inquiry touching the method of education pursued at St. Mary's, Oscott, would discover that the malignancy so characteristic of such of its features as were revealed on the trial of the above-named case, pervades all its details.

The penance into which the scholars of that establishment are subject to be put for their misdeeds, would probably turn out to be far from the dreadful thing which it is of course suspected to be by MR. WHALLEY.

I imagine that, when the young gentlemen at Oscott are naughty, they are usually put for a certain time in a corner, and with their faces to the wall. The student who will not learn his book—gag up his *Horridodes*, for instance—is, I suppose, made to stand on a stool, with a conical cap on his head labelled "Dunce," and a fasciculus of twigs from the *Betula alba* in his right hand. If he has been guilty of telling stories, he is, perhaps, posted in the same conspicuous situation for a certain time, and obliged to hold a scarlet rag, or something of that sort, between his lips. In saying his *Horace*, if he makes a false quantity, for example, I dare say a mark is suspended to his neck, and he has to wear it until he catches a fellow-collegian making a blunder, when he passes it on to him. And the general government of the College, I take it, is managed on a principle of mutual information; the good scholars being instructed to tell upon the naughty, and the naughty on each other. How much better it is to be bred up in the practice of a chastening self-humiliation, which Pride calls sneaking, than to be educated in the observance of that opposite conduct which is accounted honourable at a genuinely English Public School? The glimpse we have had of the arrangements that prevail at St. Mary's, Oscott, will, surely, Mr. Punch, make you redouble your exertions to bring about that union desired by the Reverend Author of

EIRNMOON.

2 Feast of St. Hamulus Ambulator, 1866.

LIGHT FROM LLANGOLLEN.

THE question is settled at last. Science may take herself off to the Zambesi River, or to Natal, or to some place where she has not been found out to be a humbug. A simple Welsh squire has discovered what all the learned philosophers have failed to divine. With noble frankness, he has instantly divulged the secret, without making selfish stipulations for patents or rewards. We, in the same spirit, extract the squire's letter, *verbatim, et literatim*, from the *Llangollen Advertiser*:—

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

To the Editor.

SIR,—My opinion of the Cattle Plague is Volcanic Effluvia rising out of the earth, and incurable by man, as a punishment for the extravagance of great people, and many of the lower orders—foxhounds, prize running, greyhounds, race horses, and hunters, consuming the food of men, and leading their owners to wickedness and ruin—the great feeding their servants three or four times a day on flesh meat, and their women servants cream twice a day, steaming down a quarter of beef for gravy, and throwing the waste away, with scores of children within a few yards of their gates sucking orange peel, and eating dirty crusts to save themselves from starving. In three months, the lords and ladies will be obliged to part with two-thirds of their servants; and perhaps, cannot find beef for the rest.—I am, &c.,

A LANDOWNER.

An Authority on Art.

JONES, who is a second RUSKIN in a small way, was asked if he would like being the President of the Royal Academy, and this is the solemn dictum he gave:—"Why, you see, it's a plaguy difficult! It requires such a combination of so many different qualities rarely met with in the same individual; that is to say, to make a good President. Now, for instance, I could do the examiner in made easily enough, but I doubt if I could manage the forty-four in R.A."

FROM THE ROYAL NEWS.

HER MAJESTY's state horses consider themselves the *crème de la crème* of equine aristocracy.

FAREWELL TO CRINOLINE.

If there were any doubts about the fact that crinoline is doomed, they would surely be dispelled by the following account of how the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH was attired at the opening of the legislative session. We take it from the Paris news of the *Court Circular*, which is always well informed in foreign, as well as English fashionable affairs:—

"She was dressed with extreme simplicity—a mauve silk robe, with train, the graceful folds of which indicated the absence of all crinoline, and over her shoulders an elegant shawl of *dentelle fine*, fastened behind to the waist, and floating even on the train."

Whether an elegant lace shawl be compatible precisely with what is called "extreme simplicity" in dress, is a question which we leave *Le Follet* to discuss. We are too pleased with the statement that the EMPRESS wears no crinoline, to be critical about the wording of the news. If the EMPRESS gives it up, clearly crinoline must die. It was she who first inspired the breath of life into air-tubing for petticoat expansion, and bade the sharp-edged steel hoops chase the shins of men. It was she by whose fell countenance (scarce redeemed by her fair face) wide skirts became the fashion here in filthy London, and the knees of long-legged gentlemen seated in an omnibus were plastered with their dirt. She it was who brought extensive dresses into vogue, and made so many a poor husband sigh at seeing the extensive bills he had to pay for them. For the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH is Empress of the Fashions; and, though Britons never will be slaves, yet Britonesses slavishly obey whatever mandates the French Empress of the Fashions may see fit to put forth.

Now, therefore, that the EMPRESS has left off wearing crinoline, we may be sure that her example will be generally followed, and our drawing-rooms and pavements will no longer be blocked up by women with wide skirts. What great folks do the less will imitate; and now that the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE has laid aside her crinoline, Miss Brown and MRS. ROBINSON, of course, will do the same. As we are old enough to value comfort and convenience, we rejoice that ladies' dresses are about to be diminished. The Eastern phrase of "May your shadow never be less!" is the last thing we should ever think of saying to a lady, while she persists in wearing an exuberance of skirt.

UNITED ACTION.

My case, State Doctors, right and left,
Must give no scope to Faction,
Unless of Beef you'd be bereft;
It needs united action.
You better had forthwith agree,
By temporary paction,
To do the best you can for me,
With your united action.

If you're unable to fulfil
Your curative intention
In my behalf, make haste and kill
Your patient, for prevention.
Bar, by the surest means you can,
Sound herds from all contact
With tainted kine, as though one man,
In your united action.

Don't make the murrain-stricken Bull,
A stalking-horse for Party,
But pull away, together pull
With effort strong and hearty,
To bring him, if you can about,
By simultaneous traction
Or else the cattle-plague stamp out,
With your united action.

The Most Wonderful Trick of all.

CORONEL STODARE keeps advertising his "CELEBRATED INDIAN BASKET FEAT." We have heard of cork soles and wooden legs, and even wooden heads, but "basket feet" certainly run far in advance of every other mechanical invention as yet applied to the human frame. We shall have the frame itself made of wicker-work next, we suppose? By the way, do the basket elephants and horses we see on the stage have feet to match?

THIS IS FRANK.

A NEW M.P. writes to us to say that the Royal Academy have done wisely in voting a GRANT for themselves, for they will never get another out of Parliament.

SHAKESPEARE ON FENIANISM.—"Rebellion flat Rebellion."—King John.

GENERAL ADOPTION OF THE ROLLING SKATE.



LIVELY APPEARANCE OF REGENT STREET IN JUNE.



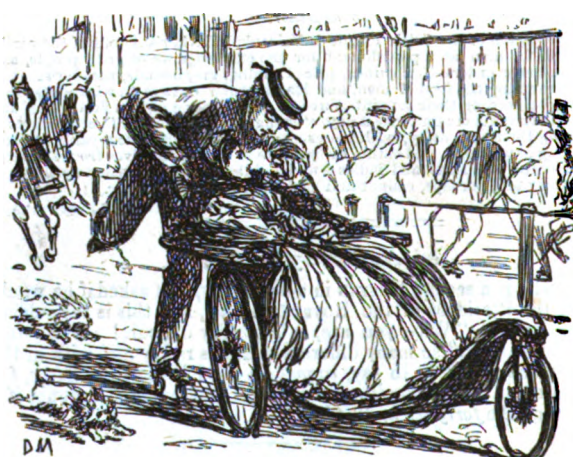
PATERFAMILIAS TAKES HIS FAMILY TO THE SEA-SIDE CHEAPLY.



OLD LADY CAUGHT BY THE WEST WIND AND BLOWN CITYWARDS.



CHARLES LIKES A NICE TROT BY THE SIDE OF LUCY.



FRED AND EMILY PREFER A MORE RAPID MODE OF PROGRESSION.



THE POLITICAL COW-DOCTORS.

THE PATENT. "OH, IF THEY'D ONLY LEAVE OFF QUARRELLING, AND JUST TRY 'UNITED ACTION,' IT MIGHT BE THE SAVING OF ME!"

TAX-GATHERERS' MUTUAL PROTECTION SOCIETY.

(From the Alarmist.)

At a crisis like this, when vested rights are being remorselessly trampled on, it behoves every man to stand by his Order. We therefore congratulate the Gatherers of Great Britain on having formed themselves into a defensive association with a firm resolution not to be ridden over roughshod by a pitiful parsimonious policy. For what with fiscal remissions and reductions, year after year, things are beginning to assume a serious aspect. The "great per-centage interest" is in peril, and all who are concerned in upholding taxation at its normal standard should combine and conquer without delay.

But if individuals were alone affected by these financial vagaries, many would suffer in Spartan silence, however acute, might be their pangs. The Gatherers of England bleed inwardly for their beloved country. Our national debt, they with patriotic spirit have always recognised as the badge of our national honour, while from our enemies it has wrung the complimentary exclamation, "Sure never was nation so trusted before!" Doubtless we owe much to posterity, and with proud tenderness, as of a parent taking largess from a child, we acknowledge it. How inconsistent then, and melancholy is that ignorant impatience of taxation, which unhappily we find among all classes from the bishop to the builder downwards, and ascending from the dairyman to the dean. Their clouded vision cannot perceive that a single penny in the pound, like mercy, "falls as the gentle dew from heaven," refreshing alike to those that gather and those that pay. How men can renounce their duties and retain their self-respect is most marvellous! Must not all virtues fade, when the highest virtue—that exhibited in paying our taxes on the first application, is ignored? If we lived in heathen lands, we might expect the payer's pocket to be fiercely buttoned up, but in this golden realm, where the Gatherer's expressive knock should have a humanising sound, such savagery is unpardonable.

Once for all, let us repeat that H.M.S. *Britannia* must pursue her proper course—"her march is o'er the mountain wave,"—and we must have no pitching or rolling. Our national burthens serve as ballast, holding her down but keeping her erect. Without some steady power a ship is but a shell, and under similar conditions (which DERBY forbid) the state vessel would be made a butt of. Our Pilot, whose life has been a chequered one, can see nothing satisfactory looming in the future, and is apt to indulge in mournful reflections, doubtless very much out of place, especially when a party from mere opposition, taunts him with his views not being clear, and goes so far as to account for it—by his being dizzy.

TO MR. SPEAKER.

THIRCE-SPEAKER DENISON,
Think of BRIGHT's benison,
Sharing your venison,
Sipping your hook;
His frame—no puny form—
Safe from Court uniform,
Old-world, as cuneiform
Scrawls on a rock.

Press not the coat of plum,
Leave lace to sword and drum,
Bid him unruffled come,
Calm and at ease;
GRENVILLE and ONSLOW's name,
Fade shall before your fame—
First to whose dinners came
Black-robed M.P.s.

ECCLESIASTICAL OMNIBUS.

As member of a deputation, which, the other day, presented to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY a memorial against any alteration of the Common Prayer Book, the Inevitable ARCHDEACON DENISON made a speech concluding with the subjoined observation touching the Ritualists and their opponents in the Established Church, with relation to certain principles whereby, he thought, their common action ought to be regulated:—

"If both parties guided themselves by those rules, they might look forward to the day when the Church of England would become what by its name and inheritance, and divine gift it was, the Church of the great English people."

Very good. But the great English people, the Nobility and Gentry, do already for the most part, belong to the Established Church. The majority of Dissenters are small tradesmen. What the Established Church wants is to become the Church of the little English people as well as that of the great.

OPEN SPACES.

MR. PUNCH,

A New Society has been formed which I am sure you will be prompt to support. It is called the "Commons Preservation Society." It is not political, as the first word of its title might lead some blazing Reformers to suppose. It has nothing to do with the hopes and fears, the perils and prospects of the six-hundred and fifty odd gentlemen who are trooping down to Westminster to-day. It is careless about close boroughs, but zealous for open spaces. It leaves to politicians the redistribution of seats, but is not indifferent to the restoration of benches. It is not concerned with the representation, but with the recreation of the people. Too wise to meddle with the Constitution of England, it attends to the constitution of England's artisans. Its constituency are the working people of London, its members some of the best hearts and heads that London contains.

The "Commons Preservation Society" seeks to save for the white faces drifting all over London, for the men, women, and children engaged in the thousand and one trades—many of them breeding disease and shortening life—that the wants and whims of the world have established in the courts and alleys, the lanes and yards of the Metropolis, the heaths and commons, the fields and forests, with their green turf and gold gorse, their May blossom and wild rose-bush, which are still unspoiled by the builder, the railway contractor and the Lord of the Manor, or, if invaded, have as yet the enemy only at the outposts. It longs to reduce that standing army of victims to lung-disease alone, which death raises every year from the ranks of labour and poverty; and to make sure, if but for one summer holiday, the enjoyment of air and light and sunshine, green trees stirred by the breeze, and shadows flying over the grass, to those peat-up workers whose monotonous existence in this big bulging city we dignify with the name of life.

A Society with such an excellent object should be helped both by purse and pen. On public grounds, you, *Mr. Punch*, will not, I think, refuse to devote one of your open spaces to this brief notice of its institution.

Yours, &c.,

February 6, 1866.

SHERWOOD FORRESTER.

ETHNOLOGY AND HAGIOLOGY.

THE skulls of St. Mansuy and St. Gérard, bishops of Toul, had been, says *Galignani*, preserved in the same reliquary, with a label affixed to each. But, the labels having fallen off, the question arose, which was St. Gérard and which was St. Mansuy? For the solution of this difficulty, the Bishop of Nancy, M^r. LAVIGIERRE, requested M. GODRON, known as an ethnologist, to examine the two canonised crania. The ethnological *savant* immediately recognised one of them as that of a Gaul, and the other as having belonged to a man of a different nation. Conformably with this distinction, in point of fact, St. Gérard was of Gallic race, and St. Mansuy a Scotchman. The presence of four teeth in the skull of the latter, afterwards found mentioned on one of the labels, further attested his identity. Such is the story that *Galignani* would have us believe. But what BISHOP OF NANCY, or other such bishop, would dream of invoking the perilous aid of ethnology, and that, too, for the purpose of discriminating between the skulls of two saints? Surely, any thorough prelate, who devoutly acknowledges the miraculous agency of relics, would invite the skulls to speak for themselves, which they, if the skulls of genuine saints, would of course immediately do, to the edification of the faithful, and the astonishment and confutation of heretical outsiders. No doubt that was what the skulls of SS. Gérard and Mansuy really did; only it suited *Galignani's* purpose, instead of relating the marvel that actually occurred, to tell another story calculated to impose on the credulity of his scientific readers.

TENNISON IN THE COLONIES.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

I write to you from a colony of which you may have heard, called New Zealand. To show you that we are making great progress in civilisation, will you allow me to append a little dialogue which took place at a public auction the other day. The auctioneer is, I am happy to say, a member of the House of Representatives.

Auctioneer of the Country. Here is, gentlemen, a superbly bound edition of the *Idols of the King*.

Anxious Bidder. What idols?

Auctioneer. Egyptian, I believe; but that doesn't matter. Who bids?

Yours, antipodically,

TATTOO.

CONUNDRUM. (BY OUR OLD ARM CHAIR.)

To what tribe do Scotch Jews belong? Mac-Assur.



THE ACME OF BEAUTY AND UTILITY

HAVING AT LAST BEEN EFFECTED, NO SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER ALTERATIONS IN THE DRESS OF THE GUARDS WILL BE ENTERTAINED.

BY ORDER, PUNCH, ADJ.-GEN.

A BAPTIST IN CONVOCATION!

IN Convocation, making a speech against the law which requires the insertion of a conscience clause in the trust-deed of a Church of England school as a condition of assistance out of the public money, a venerable divine is reported to have said that—

"In his own school he had, in consequence of the injustice of the system, turned HER MAJESTY'S Inspector out of the school, and had told the boys that if he came again to put him into the pond. (*Laughter.*) He did not come again, although it was now eleven years ago."

From the foregoing statement we may derive assurance that the reverse of truth would be suggested by anybody who ventured to intimate the opinion that ARCHDEACON DENISON is a controvertist prepared to invoke fire and faggot against his theological adversaries. Water, and not fire, appears to be the element which the Venerable Archdeacon prefers to employ as a polemical agent. Water, under certain conditions, has a name for being useful in spiritual warfare. The great enemy of man is alleged to entertain a peculiar antipathy to the sanctified protoxide of hydrogen. Aspersation with holy water is, by believers in holy water, said to suffice for putting him to flight. Does not DR. DENISON think that a copious discharge of water from a syringe, or a hose, or a mop, or even a good vigorous sprinkling from the end of a plasterer's

brush, would as effectually rout HER MAJESTY'S Inspector of Schools? Would not a ducking in a pond have been more than enough for the purpose of making him keep away? And, in the opinion of ARCHDEACON DENISON, would not that summary immersion combine too much of the practice of the Baptists with the theory of the Anglo-Catholic School?

BEER v. BOSH.

IN a recently tried case, which every one is talking of, the REV. DR. NORTHCOOT, giving evidence as the Principal of Oscott College, said he thought it was a "sin" for lads to go into a public-house to get a glass of beer. If DR. NORTHCOOT be justified by the creed which he professes in holding this opinion, DR. PUNCH, for his soul's sake, and for his body's also, is heartily rejoiced that he is not a Roman Catholic. When a schoolboy, DR. PUNCH had an amazing thirst for beer, and does not mind confessing that he sometimes condescended to drink it at a "public." Verily, if it be sin for boys to take a glass of beer, we ought to place the beverage beyond their means if possible: and for their soul's sake should quadruple, and not reduce, the Malt-Tax.

DR. PUNCH sincerely trusts that the lads at Oscott College will not be rude enough to serenade their Principal some evening, with some such song as this:—

Solo.

Says DOCTOR N. "For you, young men,
A terrible end is near:
'Tis a mortal sin, at a roadside inn,
To drink o'en a glassful of beer."

Chorus.

But we like a drop of good beer,
And of Purgatorée we've no fear.
So give three groans
For the Master who owns
That he'd rob a poor boy of his beer!

THE SATURDAY POPS.

SATURDAY pops with riflemen are generally popular; for, being a half-holiday, the day is pretty often used by them for target practice. But other "Pops" are audible than those made by an Enfield. There are the "Monday Pops" for instance; and who, possessing ears and brains, hath not heard their pleasant music? So popular are these "Pops" that the room where they are listened to will often hardly hold the audience; and their director therefore wisely has determined upon letting off some extra Monday Pops on Saturdays. There may seem to be some smack of Irish Bullism in this; but MR. BULL, when he is pleased, cares little if an Irish Bull be found in that which pleases him. If he were asked by any chance—

"Which is the properest day for Pops? Saturday? eh? or Monday?"

MR. BULL, if he be musical, would probably reply—

"Each is the properest day for Pops. So better have two than one day."

"We are Seven," the child said, and, like the bullets in *Der Frei-schütz*, the Saturday Pops this year are Seven. "Six will achieve" success, there is small doubt; and "the seventh" will *not* "deceive," or we are very much mistaken. With such a company to fire away as HALL'S, JOACHIM & Co., we may expect a good report of the forthcoming Saturday Pops. Doubtless every piece fired off will hit the JOHN BULL'S-eye of public favour.

AMBIGUOUS WORK.

AMONG sundry books lately advertised we find one bearing the remarkable title of—

"THOUGHTS ON PERSONAL RELIGION."

Personality in religion is very objectionable. Disputants on theology are sometimes too apt to interchange personalities in religious controversy. When religion becomes thus personal, its professors, of whatever denomination, must all be considered as being what may with truth be called "decidedly Low Church."

A Howl from a Hotel.

HIRE a Cab-horse to Charing its Cross,
And see a smart lady who'll give you her sauce.
With rings on her fingers, which proudly she shows,
At you and your luggage she'll turn up her nose.

To IDLE VAGABONDS, &c.—Proposed substitute for "Toko," at Lambeth workhouse:—"Toko."



MR. JACOB POPLIN TRIES A DAY IN THE BIG WOODS,

DESIROUS OF AVOIDING THE (TO HIM) WORRYING CONTINGENCIES AND OBSTACLES OF THE VALE. HE HAS BEEN QUIETLY RIDING IN THE REAR, BUT THE FOX HAVING DOUBLED AND GONE AWAY, BRINGS DOWN THE CAVALRY, WHICH HE IS NOT PREPARED TO RECEIVE.

THE WANTS OF AN AGE.

WHAT are the requirements that generate advertisements? Manifestly, the contrary of the thing required. I haven't a servant: I advertise for one. My butler is fat: I advertise for a lean one. My housemaid is careless: I advertise for one who is careful. What sad domestic pictures arise out of this consideration! Thus:—

SEVERAL SERVANTS WANTED—First, a thorough In-door Servant;—

Let us pause for a minute. The advertiser wants several servants. Evidently, there has been a regular turn-out of the entire establishment: the domestics have all been turned out of doors; hence the want of a thorough in-door servant. No gad-about, no desire to walk out and get half a yard of ribbon in the evening, or a pining for a Sunday out, as the other servant, who has left, was accustomed to do. Let us continue:—

1. Wife as Professed Cook: no assistance given, as there are but two in family;—

One of the two in family was obliged to assist in the kitchen occasionally in former times. "But," says he to himself, or she to herself, "I don't do that again," and hence the terms of the advertisement.

Secondly, a thoroughly good active Gardener, he must milk one cow well, he must be married, with no encumbrance.

What a state of things must have existed before! Let us suppose what the former gardener was like; of course the opposite of the above description. He must have been "a thoroughly bad slothful gardener, he milked two cows badly, and one not at all; he wasn't married, but he had seven children." I pity the master, and am not surprised at the advertisement.

Here's another that makes one grieve for the suffering family:—

FOOTMAN WANTED, not under 20, in a small quiet family, to wear livery, and make himself useful. He must be Church of England, have a year's character, and not smoke.

Their last footman was, you may gather from this, nineteen years of age, was dirty and slovenly in his dress, and regarded himself as simply ornamental. He was of no fixed principles, inclining secretly to Mormonism, had a vague six months' character, and appreciated his master's cigars and tobacco to a pretty considerable extent.

Lastly, my eye has been caught by an eccentric advertisement, from which any future antiquarian may obtain some slight information as to the manners and customs of a small middle-class family in the nineteenth century:—

GOOD COOK WANTED.—Wages £18, and everything found. No boots, knives, or windows.]

The advertiser has in him the poetic fire when writing of wages,

"18 pound,
And everything found."

and therefore we are not surprised at the queerness of the domestic arrangements. What good cook, for eighteen pounds a-year, would go to live where there were no boots, no knives, and no windows? Where consequently they use either their bare feet, or slippers, eat with their fingers and a fork, live by candlelight, and are obliged to go out of doors whenever they require a breath of fresh air. You may get a dying, but no living, in such a household as that.

Receive my assurance, &c.,

Lozange Cottage, Chestshire.

RUSTICUS EXECTORANS.

Answers to Correspondents.

Dramatic Ours.—There is no play of SHAKESPEARE's called *Mustard and Cressida*.

Baron Meter asks us will it be fine the day after to-morrow? We never divulge a secret: we regret that we really can not tell him.

One who's been bitten, complains that he can't get crocuses to grow in his back-garden. Consult a Solicitor.

OUR COUNTRY LETTER.

“Our Correspondent, who writes a town letter for a Provincial Newspaper, has sent it to us by mistake. We were too late to prevent its appearance. His information is varied, and will please those who have not had sufficient time to peruse the daily papers.”



DELICIOUS day—indeed, the weather is lovely; the beautiful trees in our parks are radiant with their brightest green; the wild fowl skim the Serpentine, and the little deer canter up and down the lady's mile, occasionally stopping to take buns from the hand of one of our brave defenders of the soil—by which I mean the park-keepers. The plashing fountains of Trafalgar gladden the eye and heart of the beaming City man as he trips towards the Royal Exchange, and the carol of the “busman” is heard on his perch. How bright is the Metropolis! Town very full; Parliament has met, and the Queen has sat in her robes of state. The Members of Convocation have addressed the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY on the subject of the Cattle Plague, and com-

plained that His Grace had not been vaccinated ever since he was seven years old. Miss AVONIA JONES has decided upon accepting the Banda and Kirwee Booty. But protests against the revision of the Prayer-book by the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who is as a contemporary informs us, “unauthorised.” The Miss Manager of the Charing Cross Hotel is reported to have entered a convent. There have been several interesting trials this week. The libel case of FITZGERALD *versus* RYAN was tried before DR. NORTHCOTE and a common jury, in which MR. SIMS REEVES and MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY assisted. It was ultimately decided in favour of MR. BRIGHT, who, however, objected to appear in costume, saying, that he thought the only court suit necessary on any, even the most solemn occasion, was an eye-glass. Two new pieces have been produced at two theatres—one is *Never too Late to Mend*, and the other *Rip Van Winkle*: in the latter MR. BUCKSTONE is admirable; but if any country cousins want a treat, let them come up to town and hear MR. JEFFERSON, as *King Pippin*, in Astley's pantomime. PROFESSOR GAMGER inveighs against the present mode which the Commons have, of rushing to the Bar of the House of Lords. I dare say you have heard a rumour of the Fenian deputation to LORD RUSSELL. It was said that the leading members of the Fenians called on his Lordship in town, to ask him if the pikes and other weapons might be returned to them. The noble earl treated the whole matter as a jest, and said, that they have done away with all the pikes about London, and he thought that the same plan might advantageously be carried out in and about Dublin. The deputation then withdrew: among them was the celebrated Head Centre STEPHENS, whose disguise attracted considerable attention. The whole story is a *canard*, trumped up, they say, by the BISHOP OF OXFORD. In the House of Lords, the other evening, LORD BATEMAN offered to recite the history of his ancestor, by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK; but this has not appeared in the public journals. Take it for what it is worth. SIR EDWIN LANDSEER has had an interview with the lion on the top of Marlborough House: the result has not transpired. It is unlikely that GRIST and MARIO will open a new music hall next winter: where are they to get a site? Besides, the Magistrates won't give another licence.

A Tremendous Blow.

THE wind has been so strong lately that not even artillery has been able to stand against it, as verified by the following:—

“The *Journal du Havre* states that during the recent violent hurricane forty cannon planted on the pier of Cherbourg were thrown into the sea.”

By Boreas! it must have been blowing “great guns” at the time.

(A D. V. SECRETARY.)

THE SEEDS OF REBELLION were sown by the Printing Press of The Irish People, the notorious Fenian Sewing-machine. The entire plant to be disposed of. Apply at the Police Barracks, Dublin.

A FETICH AVENGED.

LET us leave off boasting that we are not as other nations are. It is not true that there are no such Magistrates in the world as our Great Unpaid. Witness the following scrap of foreign intelligence:—

“THE HOLY COAT AT TRÈVES.—The writer of an article published by the *Morgenblatt* of St. Gallen, and charged with ‘having ridiculed the relic known as the Holy Coat of Trèves,’ appeared a few days ago before the tribunal of that city, and was condemned to a week's imprisonment. The director of the journal was also sentenced to a fine of twenty thalers.”

Fining and imprisoning people for ridiculing an old coat, certainly bents, by some length, imposing penalties on persons for not going to church. The tribunal of Trèves must be admitted to have surpassed anything wonderful that has been done by a British County or Borough Bench for some time. It evidently, if not composed altogether of ecclesiastics, comprises a very strong sacerdotal element. So do some of our own rural Benches; and the REVEREND MR. MIDAS, J.P., must envy the foreign priests who can send anybody to gaol for turning an old coat into ridicule, whilst it is not in the power of the strongest clerical *quorum* at home to commit the scoffer who has even dared to make fun of a shovel-hat.

We are not told how the “relic known as the Holy Coat of Trèves” was ridiculed in the *Morgenblatt*. Perhaps the writer of the offending article in that journal, borrowing a jest from an old English repository of witticisms, went so far as to say the Holy Coat was more holy than righteous. The joke is threadbare, but, for that very reason, all the more appropriate to a coat which, very likely, if less than eighteen centuries old, is, nevertheless, quite as old as itself.

PAROCHIAL PERSPICUITY.

“PROVIDENCE has blessed you with talents and opportunities, instead of which you go stealing geese off a common.” This celebrated passage in the sentence pronounced by a venerable Magistrate is not unparalleled. Subjoined is a copy of a certain handbill lately exhibited in the windows of divers shops in the suburban village of Deadpool:—

VESTRY NOTICE.
PARISH OF DEADPOOL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a Vestry will be held at the Vestry Room, in and for this Parish, on Thursday the 8 February at 7 o'clock in the afternoon, the particulars of which are stated on the Church and Chapel doors.

LINE HYPHEN, Printer.

BLANK DASH, } Churchwardens.
DOT STARS, }

If the conclusion of the foregoing announcement is the expression of a fact, the particulars of last Thursday afternoon had been stated on the Church and Chapel doors. That is what the authors of the bill above quoted say. What they meant to say appears to have been, that the particulars of the Vestry had been stated on the doors of the Church and Chapels. What they would have meant to say if they had understood their own meaning, and would have said had they also known the meaning of words, probably was that, on the day and at the place named, there would be held a Vestry to transact certain business, the particulars of which, &c. And then the world would have lost a fine example of Ellipsis.

AN AUSTRIAN COURT CARD.

THERE are minds to which the following announcement, taken from the *Post*, may afford some satisfaction:—

“DIAMONDS AND FLOWERS.—The EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA has recently introduced a new fashion. It is to have a diamond, representing a dew-drop, fixed to a real flower. A few evenings ago her Majesty had in her hand a bouquet of white carnations, and on each, in the centre, was a large diamond.”

The example of the EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA, as above related, will of course add a fresh weight to the load of expense, which husbands, who have already to pay more than they can afford for finery and trinkets, are saddled with. This may be that last ounce which will break many a donkey's back. Thus considering, men in the enjoyment of single blessedness will see new reason for contentment with their blessed lot, and, unless they are immensely rich, for preference of their own bliss to domestic happiness. Ladies, because they take to carrying diamonds in nose-gays, cannot, of course, be therefore expected to wear one jewel the less on their heads, or in their ears, or their noses, should it become “the fashion to wear them” in that situation, as of course it will if any civilised Empress should begin doing so. To any one who considers the state of Austrian finance, the EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA's display of diamonds must appear peculiarly becoming. Now that her Imperial Majesty has taken to dance about carrying bunches of flowers, with a diamond stuck in every one of them, it may not perhaps be deemed improper to call her the EMPRESS OF DIAMONDS.

WHY is PRINCE CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein like BOMBY the elder?—Because he's the captive of (St.) HELLENA.

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTY.

DEAR PUNCH,

COUSIN ADAM prophesied t' weather for this present severe winter. I send you a few of his best forecasts,
The Fens, Lincolnshire.

And remain, yours, ESAU WAPSHOT.



1865. Dec. 1st.—SEVERE FROST AND SLEET.



1866. Jan. 1st.—COLD WINDS AND HARD FROST.



Jan. 20th.—FROST AND SNOW.



Jan. 31st.—PARTIAL FROST.



Feb. 12th.—HARD FROST.



March 1st WILL PROBABLY BE REPRESENTED AS ABOVE, FOR ADAM MAKES IT OUT SULTRY.

GREAT LITERARY SALE.

THOUGH not disposed to go all lengths with MR. BRIGHT, and to declare that America is Paradise, inhabited only by angels, we have no objection to take a hint from our smart Transatlantic relations. It seems that they sell the Dead Letters which lie at their Post Offices. A great sale of this kind has just taken place at New York, and all kinds of articles, found in the unclaimed despatches, have been got rid of by auction.

It has occurred to Mr. Punch, that in these days of dear meat and outrageous millinery, he may as well turn an honest penny by the sale of his Dead Letters; that is, the effusions of ninety-eight per cent. of his Correspondents.

He hereby gives notice, therefore, that the first Dead Letter Sale will take place at a date to be announced in future bills.

Among the Letters will be found the following interesting lots:—

Five hundred and ninety-seven bad jokes upon the name of GOVERNOR EYRE, recommending Jamaica to try "change of EYRE," congratulating him on "cutting the GORDON knot," &c. &c.

Nearly a thousand intimations (warranted original) that the Pope's Bull has got the Rinderpest.

Fifty-three attempts at pathetic poetry on a subject which needs no bad verse to ensure its being remembered, the loss of the *London*.

Eighty-six caricatures of DR. PUSBY, with epigrams, the point of which is usually Pussy.

Ninety-seven caricatures of MR. SPURGEON, with epigrams, the point of which is usually Sturgeon.

Forty-three protests against LORD RUSSELL's trying to increase the respectability of his Ministry by taking a Duffer in.

Heaps of Nights in Something or other, bad imitations of the Casual Gent. A Night in the Charing Cross Hotel, a Night in the House of Lords, a Night in a Night-cellar, and similar rubbish, are among these.

Several thousand obvious attempts on the part of auctioneers, hotel keepers, local nobodies, quack doctors, and the like, to obtain the awful

puff which a paragraph in *Punch* would give them. The usual dodge is to send a letter, purporting to come from somebody who is surprised, or offended, at the proceedings of the fellow who wants the puff, begging that Mr. *Punch* will "show up" such a character.

Many hundreds of old jokes, (sworn to have been heard on the date of the letters) with requests for the smallest remuneration, as the senders are "hard up."

A Cart-full of letters with pamphlets, into not one of which, of course, Mr. *Punch* ever thinks of looking.

Jokes carefully transcribed from early volumes of Mr. *Punch*. He may as well mention that he keeps a Memory Boy, who knows every line in *The Vulturns*, and who has never been at fault except twice, on both of which occasions he was immediately put to death.

Two thousand letters enclosing things which the writers admit to be under the mark, but which they beg may be inserted as encouragement to young beginners, who may do better hereafter.

Several hundred letters from snobs who have not even yet discovered that Mr. *Punch* arose to smite down the scandalous press, not to imitate it. The names of persons libelled by such writers are carefully expunged by Mr. *Punch*, but those of the scoundrels who send the letters remain for exposure.

Hitherto Mr. *Punch* has been burning the rubbish above described, but in future he intends to sell it. Purchasers must remove the lots at their own risk of mental demoralisation.

Justice Shallow and Justice Silence.

PUNCH hears that the success of an actor who brought an action against a critic for mentioning him unkindly, has induced another actor to menace an action against another critic for not mentioning him at all.

HOUSEHOLD NOTE.

(By a Cockney.) What to do with Cold Mutton.—Heat it.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, February 19. The "men of business" who manage Railway Companies and other speculations have invented a clever dodge for borrowing money which they have no moral right to borrow, to the detriment of their legitimate creditors. Complaint is made, but the railwaymen, like their predecessors the highwaymen, have strong friends.

LORD RUSSELL declines to do anything towards reforming the British Museum, because the Trustees rejected some suggestions made to them by his

Lordship. The present state of that collection is simply preposterous, and we always avoid, if possible, the disagreeable duty of taking a foreigner to see dusty straddling stuffed giraffes, South Sea monstrosities, and pickled fishes, in the splendid chambers above, and to hear that priceless classical relics, of exquisite beauty, are crowded into the damp vaults below. *Punch* is opposed, as a rule, to capital punishment, but if the execution of a Trustee or two in the court-yard would induce the others to expel the beasts and expose the beauties, a slight example like that would be a small matter in comparison with the result.

SIR GEORGE GREY promises a Committee on the subject of the Theatrical Licence. We need hardly tell a playgoer of education that this has nothing to do with the Poetical Licence—poetry having long since been sequestered from the boards. *Mr. Punch* himself intends to appear, and give some evidence that will astonish a good many people considerably more than it will please them. And no Manager need write him an insolent letter abusing him for swearing to the truth.

More Saxon tyranny. Certain Irish returning officers suppose themselves to have cast up the votes, at the last King's County election, wrongly. So MR. AYTON coolly requested the House to take the correction for granted, turn out SIR PATRICK O'BRIEN, and seat MR. POPE HENNESSY. As soon as the astounded ATTORNEY-GENERAL could reduce his eyes to their natural size and close his mouth, he re-opened the latter to inform MR. AYTON that there was such a thing as an Election Committee for any gentleman who fancied that he ought to be in any other gentleman's place. But really, before much further expense is incurred, would it not be wise to send over the poll-books to some Englishman—we dare say that one of the younger clerks of MESSRS. HARDING, PULLEN AND GIBBONS, or some other eminent accountants, would at after-hours, and for a small gratuity, set the High Sheriff and all the officials of King's County right in their arithmetic.

Then did SIR GEORGE GREY, in an elaborate speech, introduce the Government Bill for dealing with the Rinderpest. As those who are interested in the details of the proposed law will study them in all their legal amplitude, *Mr. Punch* will merely state that as the Bill first stood, it provided for the slaughter and burial of diseased cattle, and for the isolation of suspected beasts. It prohibited the removal of cattle by night, and forbade its travelling by day without a licence. It abolished fairs and markets for lean and store stock, and ordained that fat cattle, if allowed to go to market, should die there. And it provided compensation to the owner, such compensation to be paid out of the Rates. Some of the Members did not think the measure stringent enough, and others, of course, objected to particular clauses. Let us hope, that the revised Act will be effectual, or we shall realize the declaration of *Hamlet* that the time is out of Joint.

SIR GEORGE said one thing which made *Mr. Punch* laugh, though the topic was not laughable. He thought it better to work through Parliament than to issue an order "from a small room in the council chamber." Doubtless there should be proportion in everything, but why a large law should not come out of a little room *Mr. Punch* does not see. But if a vast apartment be necessary for an Act about bullocks, what monstrous chamber should contain the Legislature when making

the Reform Act? The Crystal Palace is the biggest place that occurs to us, and MR. GEORGE will be pleased to consider whether he can have it ready about Easter. The SPEAKER will look well, perched on the HARMONIC orchestra, and the organist may as well be at his post, in case MR. WHALLEY should be requested to sing.

Tuesday. St. Pancake's day. The Lords talked Rinderpest. EARL DUBBY thought that proceeding by Bill was too slow work, and recommended resolutions. He also thought that Government had already exceeded its powers, but the LORD CHANCELLOR denied this. LORD CHASWORTH quoted Latin, remarking that *Delegatus non potest delegare*, which means, our JUDY, that if you order JANE COOK to go and buy a sweetbread, she has no right to dispatch MARY HOUSEMAID on that errand, a fact of which you are no doubt aware, and would have made JANE also aware, to her disadvantage, without your ever having heard the law Latin. EARL GREY, to whom *Punch* had privately shown our last Caricature, the day before its publication, spoke exactly its counsel, and recommended United Action, of course amid loud and general applause from Hereditary Wisdom.

MR. HARDCASTLE takes charge of the anti-Church-Rate Bill this year. The motion for the Second Reading will, we understand, be made by his step-son, MR. TONY LUMPKIN. The Church of England announces, through MR. NEWDEGATE, that she will stoop to conquer, but will only stoop as low as commutation. That gallant sportsman is much better engaged with Grouse in the gun-room than with Church Bills.

The Parliamentary Oath came up. Protestants and Catholics swear differently. They both avow allegiance to their Royal Mrs., but there is a lot of nonsense divided among them about the Pope and the Pretender and the disavowal of designs against the Church of England, and inasmuch as nonsense should be got rid of when it is neither graceful nor amusing, it is as well that the Oath (if honest gentlemen are to be asked to swear at all) should be a sensible one. SIR GEORGE GREY proposes that an M.P. shall merely swear to bear allegiance to his QUEEN and defend her against all conspiracies. MR. NEWDEGATE sees objections to the innovation, reminds the House of Fenianism, and that DR. MANNING has lately preached a sermon in honour of St. THOMAS A'BECKETT. We are not much afraid of the Fenians, but the oration for St. THOMAS makes us shudder. Let us think. BECKETT was the head of the Catholic Church in England. So is DR. MANNING. Suppose that SIR NEWDEGATE DE NEWDEGATE and three other knights, (say SIR WHALLEY DE BOSH, SIR WHITESIDE DE BEARS, and SIR FERRAND DE BELLO) do put on armour (they can borrow it from MR. GY) proceed to St. George's Cathedral when DR. MANNING is there, and polish him off. It would be quite as much in keeping with the instincts of our day as to insist on insisting all the Catholics because one priest performs a sentimental folly.

Wednesday. Festival of S.S. Saltfish and Eggsauce. Also S. Valentine. Notwithstanding which facts, the Commons addressed themselves to the Rinderpest Reform Bill. MR. HUNT proposed a more stringent measure, and his name suggested to MR. BRIGHT to abuse hunting. He drew a fearful picture of aristocrats sweeping over the lands, and spreading contagion by means of their fox-hounds. This was Bankum. But what MR. BRIGHT said, to the purpose, was that the proposed Compensation was a grievance, and that the tax-payer would have a right to complain if his money were taken to compensate rich farmers and landowners. They ought to be ashamed to ask Parliament to legislate in order to pay the losses in their special trade.

MR. LOWE had, of course, something keen to say about the Birmingham manufacture of grievances, and the setting class against class, and he ingeniously argued that the compensation was not given out of love to the farmer, but to bribe that party to help in stamping out the disease.

This morning's sitting was adorned by the maiden speech of JOHN STUART MILL, whose rising occasioned much interest. MR. MILL did not object to the principle of compensation, but to its amount, and to the manner in which it was to be raised. The former was extravagant. [It is satisfactory to be able to interpolate that the words of wisdom prevailed, and that the next night the amount was largely cut down.] The latter was unjust. The disease raised the price of produce, and the consumer would be called upon, first to compensate the cattle owner, and then to pay the increased price of food. The Bill would tax heaviest those least able to bear the burden. Mutual insurance would be the just means of securing compensation, the farmers who had not suffered ought to compensate their fellow tradesmen who had, and an aristocracy which enjoyed the highest honours ought to have the feelings of an aristocracy, and bravely meet the brunt of inconveniences. So spoke JOHN STUART MILL.

LORD CRANBOURNE (ROBERT CECIL), who means to be a kind of power in the assembly of which he has hitherto been a kind of ornament, controverted the preceding views with ability, and had the House with him in his depreciation of SIR GEORGE GREY's awful awe of local authorities.

Thursday. In Committee on the Bill, MR. BRIGHT tried to get rid of the compensation clauses, but MR. GLADSTONE, (who by the way is

Affability itself, now he is at the top of the tree) dwelt upon the "natural tendencies" of the farmer, and it was found necessary to admit the principle. But the amount was cut down, from two-thirds of a beast's value to one half, Mr. BRIGHT was beaten in an attempt to make the owner's consent needful, and Mr. HUNT beat the Government, by 364 to 181, carrying an amendment for the absolute stoppage of cattle traffic by rail, until after Lady-Day.

Friday. The respected Government appeared to be blown about with every wind of Cattle doctrine. It is not many weeks since Mr. GLADSTONE solemnly warned the owners to expect no aid from the State, and now he defends a Bill, which was originally objectionable, and was since made much more so, for the last arrangement was to throw the whole compensation on the public Rates. Mr. DISRAELI was nearly right in calling the thing Crude Legislation, but there is a harder word for it. The measure was further muddled to-day.

Jamaica is to have the same Constitution as Trinidad. Do you know, Materfamilias, what the Habeas Corpus Act is? Of course not. Never mind, or at least don't ask Materfamilias until he shall have had time to consult his Cyclopaedia. Then he will tell you that it is the law which prevents persons from being imprisoned at the mere will of the Executive, and that it is suspended only in cases of public peril. But then suspected persons may be arrested without cause or purpose being assigned. The Government asked Parliament to suspend the Act, in Ireland, and a special sitting on Saturday handed over the Irish to the Executive.

TWO REFORM BILLS; OR, THAT AND THIS.

THAT.

I'LL sing of an old Bill, planned by some good old pates,
That raised some rare rows out of doors, and indoors some rare debates;
That floored the questions which it raised, and decided franchise-fates,
Without "leverage" or reticence, or weak and wilful waits—
The original Reform Bill, all of JOHN RUSSELL's prime!

This gallant Bill, it cut the knots of pride, distrust, and doubt,
That fettered England's middle-class, straight-forward, stiff, and stout;
It let plebeian vigour in, nor shut patrician out,
And it warned off Revolution, that was roaring all about.
That original Reform Bill, all of JOHN RUSSELL's prime!

It recognised the changes that busy Time had made,
The shiftings of our people, the transfers of our trade;
It owned for strong the growths of youth, owned rottenness decayed,
And rased no old foundations save to strengthen those it laid—
The original Reform Bill, all of JOHN RUSSELL's prime.

Over-hot and hasty Radicals declared it slow and small,
Over-cold and stubborn Tories swore that it subverted all;
But English sense saw in it 'twixt their two extremes a wall,
And, with the nation's voice that's God's, to life of law did call
The original Reform Bill, all of JOHN RUSSELL's prime.

Who can forget the thrills that swept the nation's pulses strong,
As The Speech proclaimed its coming, watched and waited for so long;
On the stages of its passage the rejoicing nation's throng,
Their roused wrath, terrible to those who threatened it with wrong—
The original Reform Bill, all of LORD RUSSELL's prime.

That was a time worth living in, a Bill worth carrying through,
It held the seeds of good to come, it knit the old and new;
It faggoted the nation's strength the nation's work to do,
Shut from its pale no class that cared to come that pale into—
The original Reform Bill of LORD RUSSELL's early prime.

No class-voice, interest, prejudice was dominant therein,
Its franchise needed winning, but was not too high to win;
With workers, of hard hands or soft, it dealt as kith and kin;
Under its shade good law has grown, life risen, and wealth flowed in—
The original Reform Bill, of LORD RUSSELL's early prime!

THIS.

Must I sing of a New Bill, come about none quite knows how,
But which all who ought to father seem alike loth to avow;
An accident of accidents, got in a hasty row,
Dragged up, and dry or wet-nursed, as BRIGHT guides or fates allow—
The perfunctory Reform Bill, of LORD RUSSELL's second prime?

It saw not light in answer to the nation's need or call,
But on a time, when old Whig chance of office had run small;
As a tub to catch the whale below the gangway was let fall—
A safe election eard and theme for the kind of talk called "tail"—
A perfunctory Reform Bill, of LORD RUSSELL's second prime.

Artful DIZZY being down upon LORD RUSSELL's little game
Determined to show England that he could play the same;
So every party bawled Reform, until the word became
For Royal Speech a stereotype, for Cabinets a shame—
And we swarmed with small Reform Bills, in LORD RUSSELL's second prime.

There is a Bill, to do the work the old one left undone,
Resume old franchises ill-used, give new rights fairly won;
To find voice for new-minted thoughts through Labour's hosts that run,—
Such a Bill were worth fighting for, and were *this* such a one,
We should cheer the new Reform Bill, though of RUSSELL's later prime.

To be o'erthrown on such a Bill, were to be made more strong,
Who leaves a good work, largely planned, returns to it ere long;
But to compound with weakness, and wink at well-proved wrong,
Is not the way to help the right, nor even push along
This perfunctory Reform Bill, of LORD RUSSELL's second prime.

Of *this* Bill we've heard little, and we don't like what we hear:
It promises us nothing but "leverage" this year:
Leaves are potent to upset, but the good of them 'tis clear,
Depends on who's to use 'em, and the choice of hands we fear
From a one-barrelled Reform Bill, of LORD RUSSELL's second prime.

Lo, unbarred in with doubts and fears, without a welcome hail,
Owned by its friends not all they want, but all that they can nail;
Not as they come who mean to win, or failing, manlike fail,
But with bated breath comes sneaking at the Royal Speech's tail,
The perfunctory Reform Bill of LORD RUSSELL's second prime!

LIBRARY OF FICTION.

The Reign of Terror in Jamaica. A Serial, published on the arrival of the West India Mail. BRIGHT, SHAMMYRUMSTUFF & Co., *Morning Star* Office, Fleet Street. One Penny.

We congratulate our spirited contemporary on being the first to introduce the *feuilleton* into a London newspaper. Under the above title it has commenced an exciting fiction in the best style of the penny novelists, and we may fairly say that since the celebrated *Gory Hand in the Dark Cellar*, we have read nothing more sensational than the *Reign of Terror in Jamaica*. Under the guise of a special commissioner, the Fleet Street novelist describes his horrors with gusto. He begins dashing—

"I am about to unfold a Tale of Horror!"
"I know more of the measures taken to suppress the rebellion than almost any one individual in Jamaica. * * * The whites are generally ignorant of what I am about to detail to you. * * * I do not believe one tithe of the atrocities have yet been unearthed, as day by day adds to the detail of horrors."

We have no intention of injuring the success of this fiction by telling the points. The writer represents himself as going about among the blacks, and being inspired by their stories, and any one who knows the exquisite truthfulness of the negro character will feel that a romancer, who lays his hand on a black informant, in every sense "strikes *he*." We must extract a gem or two in order to increase the avidity with which this Tale of Horror will be sought for:—

"MACLENNAN deserves a statue of the bravest marble. Faithful and true, he was hanged that night. He did not miscalculate the nature of the (white) beings who were making a Hell upon Earth on Morant Bay."

But this passage is the most brilliant of all. One of his black heroines—

"*Stealthily entered: but imagine her horror when looking up she saw the grisly forms of nine of her neighbours swinging round responsive to the night blast. A return to the wood and the wet air among the frogs was better than this.*"

A rebel's house is entered by the soldiers while it is dark. He dashes away, deserting his wife and children, but a rifle-ball hits him on the shoulder.

"*Imagine the scene—the poor creatures roused from sleep by the tramp of armed men, the flash from the ready rifle, the cry of pain from the husband and father, and the dark figures of the soldiers dimly seen through the sulphurous smoke.*"

Without making further extracts, we commend this romance of Jamaica to all the lovers of penny fiction, and we congratulate the enterprising publishers, MESSRS. BRIGHT AND SHAMMYRUMSTUFF on the spirit which induced them to engage the pen of a spy novelist rather than to imitate the *Times*, *Daily News*, and *Telegraph*, who tamely send out gentlemen with no higher mission than to ascertain facts from credible witnesses. The writer of the novel is a true artist, and while giving all these horrors, he is careful to supply evidence that they are merely the creation of the sable population with whom he gossips, and he displays real art in dressing up the crude conceptions of the blacks into sensational narrative. We trust the Tale of Horror will be as popular as it deserves to be.



A LITTLE MISTAKE.

Captain Bullion (to Remnants, the Woollen-Draper, who has been invited, as usual, to a day's Pheasant Shooting by old Bullion the Banker). "YOUR GUN'S NO. 12, I BELIEVE, MR. WHAT'S-S-NAME!"

Remnants (thinking the Captain, generally so 'igh and mighty, is going to be sociable). "I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW THE PRECISE FIGURE, CAPTAIN, BUT—"

Captain Bullion. "HAW! WHAT I MEAN IS, 'CAUSE YOU SEEM TO HAVE BEEN TRYING TO KEEP YOUR BARRELS CLOSE TO MY EYES EVER SINCE WE LEFT THE COVER!"

FRIGHTFUL IMPERTINENCE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Standard* recently called attention to this curious circumstance:—

"The *Jewish Intelligence*, the accredited organ of the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, states that the secretaries have been obliged to borrow money at a high rate of interest to defray current expenses. The annual receipts of the society are between £30,000 and £40,000 per annum."

Upon this, and upon the extraordinary costliness of performing the feat of converting foreign Hebrews, we have not now any inclination to speak. The Society, we presume, knows its own business, and if its patrons are satisfied to convert alien Jews at £690 a-head (we think that was the last result of a comparison of the outlay with the number of convertites) we have no right to object. Merely as matter of business, we assure them that the thing could be done cheaper in London, and as one convert is as good as another, we should think that Houndsditch was as good a hunting field as Palestine. But, we repeat, this is their business. The *Standard's* correspondent proceeds to say:—

"As an old friend to the Jewish mission I feel entitled to ask whether these pecuniary embarrassments are to be ascribed the society's refusal to subscribe to Dr. BAKER'S mission to Abyssinia for the release of one of their oldest missionaries, the REV. HENRY STANLEY?"

This question is impertinent, and worse. The writer of the letter, as an educated man who knows the world, must be perfectly well aware that any such assistance is entirely out of the question. For months and months British subjects, and a British official who tried to help them, have been lying in the dungeon of an Abyssinian demi-savage, who has treated them with the utmost cruelty, his only merciful act having been that last reported, the release of one of them by beating him to death. Some of these men are missionaries, but they are unhappily white. Exeter Hall, therefore, has nothing to say to them. Had one of them been coloured, or had a stray QUASHI-BUNGO got into the hands

of KING THEODORE, we should long since have had great demonstrations, and evangelical noblemen would have vied with converted naval officers in clamouring for the deliverance of the precious vessels. As it is, they must take their chance, while the eyes and energies of Exeter Hall are directed upon Jamaica, and the Hall is in a flurry lest SIR HENRY STORKS should lay too much stress upon QUASHI-BUNGO'S chopping up a couple of score of white people, and eating their brains. Already, we perceive, for fear lest home fanaticism should cool, the number of executed negroes has been run up by the negrophiles, from 400 to 3000, and it will be 30,000, should any rumours come that SIR HENRY STORKS thinks that MR. EYRE only did his duty. Is this a time to trouble missionary societies about white sufferers for religion? The *Standard's* correspondent ought to be ashamed of himself.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

THE subjoined paragraph, from the *Post*, is incredible. It attributes to the KING OF PRUSSIA a degree of moral sense:—

"THE SANS-SOUCI WINDMILL.—The Prussian journals announce that another historical memorial is about to disappear. The famous windmill of Sans-Souci, which the Great FREDERICK had respected, and which his descendants had enclosed in the Park of Potsdam as a monument of their respect for legality, is about to be pulled down by the King's order."

If this statement were true, it would show that his Majesty KING WILLIAM had conscience enough to feel that the windmill which stood in the Park of Potsdam was a standing satire on the spoliation of Denmark.

INTERNATIONAL COURTESIES.—An Edinburgh Curling Club has been invited to the next Hairdressers' Soirée in Hanover Square. The thought does credit to Head and art.



THE BATTLE OF THE RUBRIC.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. "MY FRIENDS! MY FRIENDS! YOU'LL DESTROY THAT GOOD OLD BOOK OF PRAYER BETWEEN YOU."

A GOOD JOKE.

On St. Valentine's day MR. THOMAS CASELEY (some time participant in the burglary at MR. WALKER'S) donned his full uniform and appeared in the witness box of the Court of Queen's Bench. The whole case was, from a theatrical point of view, most successful, and all the actors concerned exerted themselves to the utmost in order to please their audience. Their efforts met with the success they deserved, but despite the wit and humour of the CHIEF JUSTICE and the Counsel for the defence, the Burglariou Witness distanced them by several good laughs, and undoubtedly carried away the palm. MR. CASELEY, in getting his first laugh, made an exquisite point, by saying—

"I know Sun Court well (laughter)."

What humour! MR. WALKER'S shop was in Sun Court, and given most likely with a sly wink towards MR. WALKER, which convulsed the jury. After a few answers spoken quietly, in order to lead up to the next trump, he said—

"We opened MR. CASELEY'S safe first (laughter)."

There's a good joke for you! How everyone in Court must have wished to have been able to utter such a witticism as that. But the second law comedian, MR. WRESTER, was getting jealous, so we read—

"MR. WRESTER. You let yourselves down, then? (laughter)."

Neat this, not brilliant; but MR. CASELEY was ready for him—

"CASELEY. Just so (laughter)."

He had him there. The repartee polished MR. WRESTER off, and he didn't try again for some time. CASELEY now had it all his own way:—

"CASELEY. I and another man took some tools with us, such as crowbars (laughter)."

Again—

"We tested the safe to see whether it was possible to open it under the disadvantages under which we were labouring (loud laughter)."

This description of practical fun is as good as a pantomime: Clown, MR. CASELEY.

In fact the people roared with laughter at MR. CASELEY'S entertainment. When MR. CASELEY lamented his "unfortunate experience" in burglary, and evinced any tendency towards pathos, the audience would no more hear of it, than they would accept LUSTON as *Macbeth*. So he returned to his first line, and elicited screams of laughter by telling his story about the "Alderman," the "Citizen," the "Citizen's friend," and so forth.

But for all this fun, which makes such a capital story, and is so humorous in the telling, MR. CASELEY is still undergoing penal servitude. What a different view of the matter might have been taken, if MR. CASELEY himself had, at his own trial, been permitted to tell his story his own way, and had had, as defendant, such support from Judge, Counsel, and Jury, as was given him the other day in the character of witness. Let us suppose a case, say of manslaughter. Let us imagine MR. WILLIAM DE STOKES on his trial for that humorous offence against society; and let us further suppose that the prisoner's mouth is allowed to be open in his own defence, and the last hypothesis shall be that the administration of justice is being made as pleasant as possible to all parties. This would be something like the report, dramatically rendered.

The prisoner, who appeared in evening dress, was then placed at the bar. After the jury had been asked what they would take, the trial commenced. The evidence having been given, in a genial way, as to the fact, the prisoner entered upon his defence, and became a witness in his own favour.

Mr. Jenkins, Q.C., for the prosecution. You had a pickaxe in your hand when you entered the fields, eh?

Prisoner (winks knowingly, and taps his nose). Would yer?

[Roars of laughter.]

Mr. Wigg (jocosely). You had, you know you had, you dog. *[A laugh.]*

Prisoner (addressing his Lordship). I will now appear as MR. BUCKSTONE.

[Disappears for a second or so behind the dock, and re-appears as MR. BUCKSTONE in Box and Cox; applause; Usher suppresses it.]

Prisoner (imitating.) I will tell you my brief but melancholy tale.

Mr. Jenkins (seeing a professional joke in the word brief). In the case of a brief—

Chief Justice (potentially to Mr. Wigg.) Do be quiet.

Jury. Order, order.

Prisoner (resuming his imitation). I walked out one morning in the salubrious neighbourhood of Ramsgate or Margate *(laugh by a Jurymen who knows both places)*. I forget which; it's so confusin' *(laugh)*. Sometimes I've got an idea it was Mamsgate; no, I mean Rargate. No, no, no, I don't mean that. Upon my word, I'm so confusoid I hardly know what I do mean *(roars)*. So I'll just lie down and take my nap *(yawns)*. Now, shall I swallow my nap before I take my breakfast, or take my breakfast before I, . . . no—no—shall I nap my swallow?

[Yawns; shouts of laughter; great applause. Usher attempts to

suppress it, but is immediately ordered out of Court by the Judge. Prisoner disappears behind dock, and re-appears in a different wig, and a new dress. Laughter and applause.]

Mr. Jenkins. You quarrelled with MR. JENKINS, I believe, and then struck him with the pickaxe?

Prisoner (imitating an Irishman). Sure, sorr, 'tis meself that did that same *(laughter)*. I tak hold of ould JENKINS by the nape of his neck, this way *(illustrates on MR. JONAS, the Governor of Newgate; roars)*, and tuk up the bit of a pickaxe. *(Apologetically, in his own natural voice, to the Judge.)* I beg your pardon, my Lord, but I am not a very good hand at Irish imitations.

Chief Justice (encouragingly.) On the contrary, I think it very good indeed; pray go on. *[Jury applaud.]*

Prisoner. If your Lordship will excuse me I will now appear as OLD JENKINS.

Chief Justice. I think if you showed us how you used the pickaxe, it would be better fun. However, as you like.

Prisoner (after examining small bones). I regret that I have not an old man's wig here; so that I must postpone JENKINS until a future occasion. *[Indulgent applause.]*

Mr. Jenkins. We can't get on without JENKINS.

Chief Justice (persuasively). Oh come, you must give us JENKINS. Never mind the wig. *[Usher laughs, and suppresses himself, immediately.]*

Prisoner. Well, my Lord, I'll do the best I can. OLD JENKINS, I must explain now, to talk something like MR. COMPTON *(several laughs)*. He came into the field and said *(imitates)*, "The air's finer here than it is in the metropolus. When I got to the metropolus, I went to my banker's, and says I to the banker, 'It's a curious fact, but I want the pre-cise sum of two thousand pounds seven and sixpence ha'p'ny.'"

[Audience convulsed with laughter; the Chief Justice wipes tears from his eyes, and says "he never did."]

Prisoner (continues his imitation.) "Oho!" says the banker. Oho! says I. "Hum!" says the banker. Aha! says I,—and that's all."

[Great applause, during which Prisoner disappears, and re-appears dressed as MR. TOOLE in Joe the Fireman.]

Mr. Jenkins. And the pickaxe?

Jury. Order! order!

Prisoner (as Mr. Toole). Well, you know, I did take up the pickaxe, you know; only when I heard he'd got this here two thousand pounds all in real gold, including seven and sixpence ha'p'ny in his pocket, I says, "Don't you see," says I, "Hand over, old Cooky," says I, and finding him so unpersuadable, you see, I just taps him on the head with the pickaxe, and it just went crack like old china: it did, indeed.

[Roars; convulsions; a Jurymen in fits of laughter is withdrawn, and the case is adjourned pending his recovery.]

Chief Justice (to Prisoner). It is almost a pity that a man like you should waste your powers in cracking heads instead of jokes. However, no matter. I think a vote of thanks should be presented to the Prisoner for his admirable entertainment.

Foreman of Jury. Carried nem. con., my Lord.

[The Prisoner bows and retires: end of trial for that day, due notice to be given of his next appearance in public.]

A MERRY HOST.

We find this in the *Salisbury Journal*—

"Early on Monday morning a young man named CHARLES DYER, who was lodging at the New Inn, Stapleford, was attacked by a rat, which caught him by the right nostril, and held him most tenaciously. It was not until the landlord had been called and entered the room with a light that the animal could be driven away, and even then the sufferer had to drive it away himself. The landlord bore into such a fit of immoderate laughter as to be unable to render any assistance."

The ability to be easily amused is a delightful one. We see it rather largely developed in the audiences who listen to certain performances and to "comic" songs. But the landlord of the New Inn at Stapleford must be the very jolliest fellow in the world. Perhaps he is *Mari Tapley*, removed from a certain well-beloved Dragon. Immoderate laughter because a rat has hold of one's guest's nose is a feat worthy of commemoration. Let us hope that so pleasing a talent may have scope for development, and that the next rat may lay hold of mine host's own nose. If he laughs then, the respected landlord must certainly change his name to DEMOCRITUS BUNG.

RESPONSIBILITY AND RINDERPEST.

To "stamp out" the Cattle Plague how could we dare? Rebellion was "stamped out" by GOVERNOR EYRE!

AMONG the spooney bits of Goodyness which gem the provincial press we read, "Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm." What for? He only wants you to let him come under your umbrella.



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN

IN THE ACT OF WRITING A FUNNY POEM FOR PUNCH, THAT WILL MAKE YOU DIE OF LAUGHING WHEN YOU READ IT.

[The enlarged photograph on the wall represents the same party when not engaged in comic composition.]

A BORE FOR THE HOME-OFFICE.

SCENE—A Smoking-Room. CHAFFINGTON and SWEARS tête-à-tête.

Chaff. Oh, I say!

Swears. What?

Chaff. Listen to this—from the *West Sussex Gazette*. Petworth Petty Sessions. Present—G. BARTHELOT and J. NAPPER, Esqs. (Reads):—

"STEALING WOOD.—LUKE FLOATE, labourer, was charged with having, in the parish of Pulborough, on the 22nd of December last, stolen one piece of wood, of the value of 2d., the property of GEORGE PARKER, labourer. Prisoner, who said he kicked up the wood on the road, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

"ANOTHER CASE OF WOOD STEALING.—JOHN FREEMAN was charged with stealing a piece of wood, value 1d., the property of WILLIAM WOOD, of the parish of Billingshurst; and was sentenced to one month's imprisonment with hard labour."

What a shame!

Swears. No doubt the Magistrates were quite right.

Chaff. Perhaps.

Swears. In all probability the fellows they sent to prison were notorious thieves.

Chaff. Very likely.

Swears. Caught out at last in stealing wood, and very properly sentenced to imprisonment and hard labour. Only whipping ought to have been added.

Chaff. Still I say, what a shame!

Swears. What! a shame of the Magistrates to punish them as they deserved?

Chaff. No; of the newspaper reporter, in not stating the circumstances—if there were any, such as you suppose—that made their punishment just.

Swears. Whether it was just or not, what signifies?

Chaff. Nothing, of course, to hard-headed men like you and myself—who, by the way, should all marry strong-minded women, and then, if

their children turned out very unlike their parents, what nice people some in the next generation would be!

Swears. It is merely a sentimental question.

Chaff. Partly, not merely. As far as justice or injustice is concerned, it is merely a sentimental, or, as sentimentalists say, a moral question. But, besides that, it is a question of money. How much does it cost to keep a man in gaol?

Swears. I don't know. The keep of a pauper in a workhouse, though, is 3s. 6d. a-week.

Chaff. Then, of course, that of a thief in prison would amount to a good deal more.

Swears. Well?

Chaff. Suppose those two men imprisoned, with hard labour, for stealing penn'orths of wood, were not habitual thieves, they would have cost nobody anything out of gaol, unless they had gone into the workhouse, and then they would have cost less than they do now, living, luxuriously, a month and two months in quod. If the Magistrates have made a mistake in committing them, they have put the County to needless expense. I don't say they have made a mistake, mind; but people will think they have.

Swears. What if people do? Who cares for popular indignation?

Chaff. Echo answers, nation. But as likely as not they will memorialise the HOME SECRETARY to remove those Beaks from the Commission of the Peace.

Swears. Ah! yes, now I see. That will be a bore for SIR GEORGE GREY. What with this Cattle Plague, and Reform, and one thing and another, he has more irons in the fire than he can manage. It certainly is a shame of reporters to make imperfect statements, which, as they stand, are calculated to give poor GREY the trouble of at least inquiring whether certain Magistrates are judicious enough to be fit to perform judicial functions. Give me a light.

SCRAGGY.—MISS MARTINEAU is supposed to have counselled the Ballet to prudence, in her excellent work, *Mind among the Spindles*.

UNIVERSITY NOTICES.

THE Professor of Botany will give a course of Lectures on Weeds, their use and abuse; with especial reference to the so-called "real Havannahs." In connection with the subject he proposes to form a Practical Class for the benefit of those lately entered at the University. The fragrant herb will be supplied from the Botanic Garden.

The Regius Professor of Medicine will deliver a course of HOLLOWAY'S Pills to any gentleman desirous of taking them.

The Professor of Physiology proposes to lecture on Skulls, and the best mode of feathering them. Practical classes for the purpose of catching crabs will be held on the river during the present term.

The Professor of Chemistry will commence a series of experiments on his assistant, with the view of ascertaining the strength of materials. Gentlemen who wish to attend had better do so, or they will be desired to leave the room.

The Professor of Latin will lecture on the right principles of "Translation," as applied to Bishops in the present day. He also proposes, later in the term, to discuss the value of Latin "Composition" as an agent for preventing the fouling of ships' bottoms.

The Professor of Music is at home, as usual, in the Cave of Harmony, where those who attend his lectures are requested to make themselves very much at home also. Punch on the table at nine o'clock. First-rate talent engaged. The Demonstrator of Anatomy will, by special request, give a few performances on the "bones," and some prime matches between the Proctor's bull-dogs are expected to come off.

The Professor of Mechanical Philosophy will lecture during the present term on Hair Brushing by machinery, with observations on its influence on the Heads of Houses, and on the state of the poll at the close of the last Oxford election.

Results of Reform.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read all the country papers, and in at least ten this week I find

"A QUANTITY of Good SWEDES for SALE."

And Sweden has just been reforming her Constitution. Slavery is the result, shameless slavery! O, let LORD RUSSELL be warned in time.

Yours, in terror,
CARLTON CLUB.
AN OLD TORY.

THE BALLET ON THE PLATFORM.



HIS season it is proposed to vary the entertainments provided for the serious public by the introduction of a new species of performance at Exeter Hall.

The frequenters of that quasi sacred edifice for the most part cherish an insuperable objection to theatrical amusements, inasmuch that perhaps very few of them have ever entered a playhouse except for the purpose of hearing a special sermon preached there. They cannot be brought to believe in the great moral improvement that has been wrought in the modern drama.

There is a species of dramatic exhibition which, if presented to them elsewhere than in a theatre, would enlarge the rather too narrow circle of the recreations which they are

in need of, without in the least offending any of their reasonable scruples, or of their respectable, if groundless, prejudices.

They would certainly see nothing to censure in the spectacle of a duly regulated ballet. As this species of performance, apart from the mere orchestra, appeals exclusively to the eye, of course it cannot possibly scandalise them by any verbal impropriety, like profane swearing, or any other bad language, such as they perhaps suppose they would still, even in these times, be likely to hear uttered on the stage.

Although the action of a ballet consists wholly in dancing, the dancing of a ballet is not promiscuous; and it is only to promiscuous dancing, and not to dancing in itself, that serious persons object. Ballet dancing is now based purely

on the principle of the SPURGEON Quadrilles. The youthful Shepherd, or other male personage who assists in the ballet, does nothing more than steady the leading *danseuse* occasionally in her *pose*. For this purpose, in the Exeter Hall ballets, a young minister in his proper character of Pastor, and costume of black ditto and white tie, can walk on when he is wanted.

The subject whereon the first of the series of ballets about to be produced at Exeter Hall will be founded, is, we understand that of *The Dairyman's Daughter*. It will conclude with a grand Illumination. Scene in the Bowers of Bliss, attended with a brilliant distribution of tracts.

The profits of these performances will be devoted to the aid of a charitable association, which has been instituted by some benevolent ladies and gentlemen. Its object is to help ballet-girls towards saving the wherewithal to support themselves, after their superannuation, or in sickness or distress, by the pursuit of some honest calling. They are superannuated at thirty-five; the wages which they have previously been earning by the labour of their legs average £1 per week, ranging between 30s. and 12s., and out of that they must find their own shoes, which, what little leisure rehearsals allow them, they have to spend in cobbling. The "Ballet Benefit Fund" has been founded to encourage them to put by 1s. a fortnight, or as much more as they can, in the Post-office Savings' Bank. A Subscription to this deserving Charity is opened at DRUMMONDS', and our serious readers will perhaps contribute directly thereunto, if any unforeseen hindrance should defeat the idea of bringing out *The Dairyman's Daughter* as a ballet at Exeter Hall.

[When, two years ago, *Mr. Punch* took up his cudgel to poke Benevolence in the chest on behalf of the ballet-girls, it turned out that there were already in existence provident institutions, of whose benefits the ladies of the ballet could avail themselves, by subscription, if they chose. These were, and are, the Dramatic and Equestrian Fund, and the General Benevolent Theatrical Fund.—EDITOR.]

A COURSING CONUNDRUM.—When is a greyhound not a greyhound? When it turns a hare!

MR. PEABODY'S GIFT.

MR. PUNCH,

THE other day I read a book entitled *Half a Million of Money*. That was fiction. Soon afterwards I read a letter in which an American merchant resident in London expressed his intention to increase a gift he had already made to the poor of London, so that it should amount to a quarter of a million of money. That was fact. How best can we thank MR. PEABODY? Am I right in my impression that we received his first donation with rather an excess of well-bred calmness, with a suppression of emotion and feeling which it would not have been unbecoming, if we had startled the best society by unrestrainedly displaying? And now that MR. PEABODY'S gift is made perfect and complete, I fancy we are in danger of falling again into the same state of gentlemanly composure. Is it that we are overwhelmed by its magnitude? Is it that events of greater importance have diverted our attention from MR. PEABODY'S unexampled benevolence? Can we think of nothing else than LORD SYDNEY'S mission to invest the new LEOPOLD with the sacred Garter; or LORD WHARFLOCK'S amusing entomological trial; or the absorbing question—shall PORN HENNESSY have a seat again in the House of Commons? or the christening of a baby Princeling at Osborne; or the happy thought that led a French lady to appear at an Imperial masqued ball as the Archangel Michael; or the blessings of that episcopal wisdom which is said to be meditating a remonstrance to the Pope and his Bishops against the spread of Mariolatry? (His Holiness would probably not show more contempt if he were asked to preach at one of the Special Sunday Services in the Britannia Theatre.)

I will confess to you that I indulged myself with the thought that it would be a graceful conclusion to the reference sure to be made to American affairs in the QUEEN'S Speech, if a few words of cordial recognition were devoted to the munificence of this great American citizen. Of course, I was immediately ashamed of myself for thinking such a thing possible; and I hope you will overlook the ignorance of etiquette, routine, and precedent—the shadowy creatures that hold us back when we are yearning to obey some noble impulse—betrayed by such a disordered fancy. When I read the Speech, all feelings of disappointment about MR. PEABODY evaporated, for I found that from the beginning to the end of the Royal oration there was not a line to commemorate the name and the fame of the great Minister lying so near in the sacred silence of the Abbey. The shadowy creatures were again appalled by my audacious expectation, and held out menacingly a noose of ruddy tape.

I then waited to see whether MR. CHILDERS, in proposing a public loan in aid of the erection of houses for the labouring poor would introduce MR. PEABODY'S name. He did, and handsomely: and I am not without hope that before the vessel of State gets into the chopping seas that lie in its track, the Captain, or perhaps the first lieutenant, may say something on this American question which would give unqualified satisfaction on both sides the Atlantic. You will not misunderstand me. You will not suppose that when I speak of thanking MR. PEABODY, I am thinking of gold boxes, or addresses beautifully engrossed on vellum and enclosed in polished caskets, or public banquets, or services of plate. His gift towers above all ordinary gifts, as St. Paul's rises over all meaner edifices; but it does seem to me that it should be acknowledged and gratefully recorded by the voice of the eloquent speaker and the pen of the eloquent writer, be it in Parliament or in the pulpit, from the public platform or in the columns of the omnipotent Press. To some extent this has been done, but not commensurate with the magnitude, the rarity, and the disinterestedness of the gift.

When I read the unprofitable proceedings of Convocation, the discussions about canons and catechisms, rubrics and conscience clauses, I think to myself that MR. PEABODY may be doing more for the souls of the poor, by providing for their bodies, than both Houses of Convocation will do, though they should sit to the end of the century, and enjoy a fresh *gravenen* at each sitting.

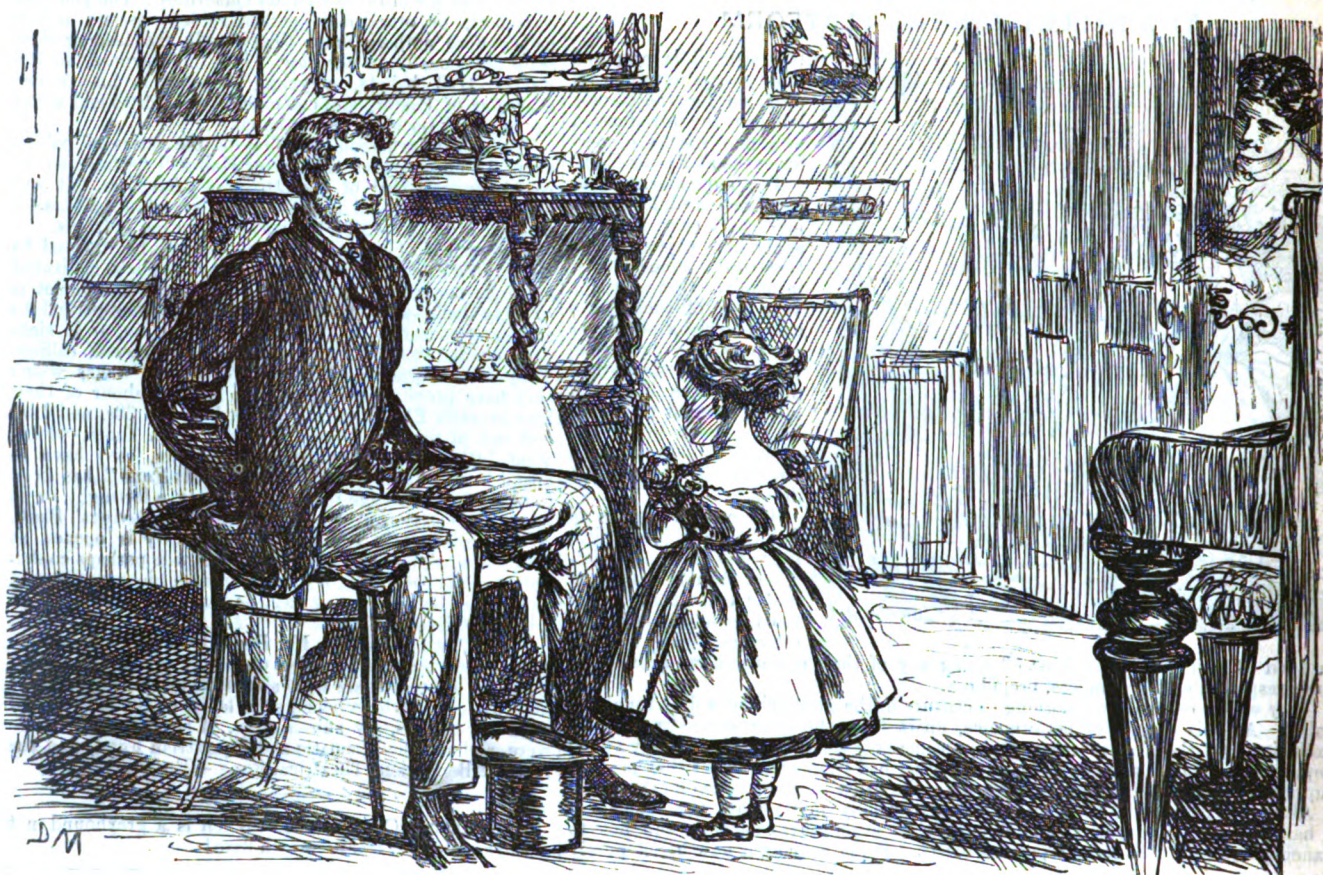
If I were the BISHOP OF LONDON, out of the fund with which his name will be imperishably associated, in every district containing a PEABODY block of buildings, or dwellings for the poor, such as ALDERMAN WATERLOW understands how to build, I would provide a working Clergyman; sure that he would find eager listeners in men and women, translated from styes of filth and disease, and degradation, to homes abounding in cleanliness, and health, and comfort, through the direct bounty or beneficent example of the man who has arisen to the rescue and deliverance of the poor of London—GEORGE PEABODY.

Perhaps the best commemoration of their benefactor by the Peabody settlements would be a day's holiday in the country every summer, on his birthday, if it falls in one of the leafy months.

A LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

SEE WHAT IT IS TO BE A CLASSIC WIT.

WHY is a Greek scholar like a brave warrior?
Because he makes light of his foes.



STIRRING INCIDENT OF MODERN LIFE.

"Last Saturday, MR. B—N happened to make a morning call on MRS. S—TH, a lady living near Portman Square. During his visit, MRS. S—TH went into another part of the house, to fetch the last number of *Punch*, leaving him alone in the dining-room with Cissy, her daughter, a person of determined appearance, who suddenly said, 'Pease, MR. B—N, wipe poor Cissy's nose!' Nobody was within call—the danger was imminent. MR. B—N did not, however, lose all presence of mind. It appears he rarely, if ever, stirs from home without a pocket-handkerchief, concealed somewhere about his person—a wise precaution at this time of the year. Fixing his eye on the young lady, he cautiously drew it from his pocket, and then—but we will not harrow the feelings of the unmarried reader with a detailed account of what followed.

"MR. B—N is only four-and-twenty, and of active rather than powerful build. We hear that his daring act will shortly be rewarded by the hand and heart of MRS. S—TH's beautiful but accomplished sister, who had been an unsuspected witness of his chivalrous self-devotion."—*The Bloomsbury Guardian*.

[Our Artist has selected (judiciously, we think) the moment when Mr. B—N is feeling in his pocket for the inoffensive weapon.

HOW TO GET GOOD SERVANTS.

CHARITY covereth a multitude of skins, and thrusteth meat and drink down a multitude of throattles. Charity, besides this, giveth homes to the homeless, and findeth friends to help the friendless: saving them thereby from the "bath like mutton-broth" and other casual horrors of the workhouse casual ward. A believer in the uses of well-directed charity, *Mr. Punch* will ever keep his columns open to its claims. A few inches of this "valuable space" are therefore spared for the admission of a plea for the Female Aid Society, which, in order to extend its serviceable aid, now needs substantial help itself.

This Society provides a "Home for Friendless Young Females" (as the Secretary calls them—for the last time, be it hoped: the man who nicknames women "females," deserves to have his ears boxed). Orphan girls and others who need shelter and protection are received and taken care of, and trained in household duties, and when fit for service are provided with a place. People who are always complaining of bad servants should subscribe to this Society, whose aim is to make good ones. The complaint is now almost as universal as the cattle-plague: and were each of the complainants every year to send a sovereign to the Female Aid Society (27, Red Lion Square), we should not hear so much talk of the wilfulness of housemaids and the wastefulness of cooks.

SEASONABLE TRANSLATION.

LENTUS IN UMBRÂ.—Under a lent umbrella.

LETTER FROM A BATH BRICK.

O, PUNCH!

WHAT do you think of "genteel" Bath now. This favourite retreat of extreme propriety, threepenny whist, "serious" half-pay officers, plain women, and general dulness? One would expect at least common decorum in such a place. Well, the "ladies" of Bath, in the first ecstasies of loyal cackle, ordered a beautiful present for the PRINCESS OF WALES. But, being too shabby to pay for it, they are now showing it at a shilling a head! True, by the pigs of KING BLADUD. Of course the Princess could never accept such a thing, now, even if the two or three hundred pounds could be raised here, a very unlikely event. Truly, Bath is a "genteel" city, and I am,

Yours truly,

AN ASHAMED BATHONIAN.

Milsom Street.

An Inevitable Sequence.

"The Convocation of York has done some better service by discussing the treatment of MR. NIBB, as the opinion of a clerical body might have weight with a Bishop; but the discussion came to nothing."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

WHAT else could be expected?

Ex Nihilo nihil fit.

MOTTO FOR THE LONDON RAILWAYS.—Solitudinem faciunt; station appellat.



OUR MONTHLY WEATHER REPORT.

*Captain O'Leary and Miss Roberts—REPORT IT "AWFULLY JOLLY."**Miss Roberts' Parents—REPORT IT "SOMETHING DREADFUL."*

LINES BY A CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT MARINER.

ADDRESSED TO HIS UNIVERSITY.

Wish ye, sons of Alma Mater,
Long lost laurels to replace;
Listen to a stout old Pater,
Once renowned in many a race.
Now, alas! I'm fat and forty,
And my form grows round to view;
And my nose is rather "porty,"
But my heart is still light-blue.

'Tis as bad as an emetic,
E'en my 'baccy I refuse,
When I hear that sports athletic,
Interfere with Cambridge crews.
Once a Grecian runner famous,
Scorned to fight his country's foes;
And to Greece, as some to Camus,
Caused innumerable woes.

When I hear the voice parental
Cry, "my youngster shall not row!"
Then my wrath is transcendental,
Then my words with vigour flow.
Sires, with hearts of alabaster,
Your stern "vetos" yet you'll rue;
When ye see a sixth disaster,
Overwhelm your loved light-blue.

But whate'er to Cambridge happen,
Sons of Cam behave like men!
Rally round your royal Cap'n,
King of Lake, and King of Fen!
Fortune helps the brave who court her,
Only to yourselves be true;
And perhaps, on Putney's water,
Victory will crown light-blue.

When your Cox'en cries "all ready,"
Be alert, dismiss all napping;
Get well forward, all sit steady,
Grasp the oar, avoid all "capping."
Shoulders square, backs straight, eyes ever
Fixed upon the back before;
Then all eight, with one endeavour,
Dip at once the bladed oar.

Catch your stroke at the beginning,
Then let legs with vigour work:
Little hope has he of winning,
Who his "stretcher" loves to shirk.
Let your rigid arms, extended,
Be as straight as pokers two;
And until the stroke is ended,
Pull it, without jerking, through!

Thus all disputations spurning,
Ye, ere many a year has past,
While old Fortune's wheel is turning,
Victory shall taste at last.
Ere some Ministerial Cox'en,
Finds a cure for Plague of Cattle;
Ye shall triumph over Oxon,
On your watery field of battle.

ARGONAUT.

To a Correspondent.

A GENTLEMAN troubled with a short memory having acquired the bad habit of turning down a leaf of a book so as to remember where he left off, writes to say that he never can recollect a street that he's only been in once. How is he to remedy this defect? Very simply: let him do as he does with his books, turn down a corner.

THE DIET OF WORMS.—*Assafoetida and Onions.*—See Times of Feb. 10.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ADORA CANAMUS, for Saturday, February 18, 1866, will be a day to be remembered in Parliamentary annals. On the previous evening Government determined that the Habeas Corpus Act must be suspended in Ireland. The Fenian-pest has to be stamped out. So QUEEN, Lords, and Commons had all to unite, and in one day to pass the Suspension Act.

The Commons, like the kettle, began it. SIR GEORGE GREY stated that the cessation of the American war had released a great number of Irish Americans from service, and that

many of these had come to Ireland, in order to promote Fenianism. They were regularly paid by somebody, were biding their time for an outbreak, and were doing their worst to cause disaffection. They were "wanted," but to make a general capture of the rascals, it was necessary to dispense with the law which forbids arrest without warrant, and imprisonment without appeal to the judges. MR. DISRAELI supported the Government, with divers censures, not of weight. He gave, possibly from conviction, a strong testimony to the loyalty of the Catholic priesthood.

MR. BRIGHT saw his way to a clap-trap speech which should not inconvenience his friend EARL RUSSELL, and he let off a very sonorous one, which MR. GLADSTONE described as containing what was in part untrue, in part open to question, and generally out of place. Anything more characteristic of the shopkeeper (who hurries an article into his window because something about that article is in the morning's papers) and less of the statesman, can hardly be imagined. It may easily be imagined that the grievance-shop received the caustic attentions of those two keen-eyed *flâneurs*, MESSRS. ROEBUCK and HORSMAN. An Irish Member, MR. DILLON, declared Ireland to be sadly misgoverned, as most countries are, where men "depend" upon Governments, or one another, or anything but individual energy, punctuality, and truthfulness. MR. MILL said that we were not responsible for the misdeeds of past centuries, but that there was work to be done for Ireland, and he supported Government. MR. MOORE (Irish) demanded land legislation, and the destruction of the Irish Church; COLONEL CONOLLY (Irish) said that Ireland was improving, and that Fenianism was a foreign movement; SIR JOHN GRAY (Irish) replied to MR. ROEBUCK, who had scoffed at the new-born loyalty of the priests, and the O'DONOGHUE (very Irish) said that Ireland did not want coercion, and that the Fenians did not mean robbery and murder. He opposed the suspension.

MR. GLADSTONE made short work with the objectors, and in answer to MR. BRIGHT, who had said that the Irish would gladly unmoor their island, and take it two thousand miles to the west, declined to recognise the voice of the Irish people, except through their representatives, who were supporting the proposals of Government. The unity of sentiment displayed by the Irish people would enable Ministers to put down a wicked conspiracy.

The handful of dissentients took a division, when the Government had 364, and their opponents had 6. In three minutes more the Bill had been read three times and passed.

The Cattle Bill also passed, and it is to be hoped that somebody knows, or means to know what it enacts, for it has since gone through the Lords, and is Law.

Their Lordships sat waiting for the Habeas Corpus Bill, which SIR GEORGE GREY brought them as soon as it was ready. After speeches from EARLS RUSSELL and DERBY it was hastened through the House, and an appointment was made to meet at eleven at night, for the Royal Assent, the QUEEN being in the Isle of Wight. But a luggage train—rien n'est sacré pour un Van Demon—got in the way of the royal assent bringer, and Mr. Punch has to place for the first time on record the entry that on

Sunday the Houses, slightly represented, met. The Suspension Bill became Law. As *Punch's History of England* will supersede all others, it may be convenient to mention that Government had not been so Jolly Green as to wait until notice had been given to all the rascals concerned to hide themselves, but made a grand police raid on the Saturday, and walked off about a hundred astonished Fenians to gaol with the utmost promptitude. Since then the Guards have been sent to Ireland, and the Stamp-Out of the pest promises to be effectual. Isolation is the first experiment. We had hoped that it would render execution unnecessary, but the Fenians have begun to murder.

Monday. The Lords passed a Bill enabling Government to seize the Telegraph lines in Ireland. They could already do so in England, but have not availed themselves of the power, and indeed a very frightful collision might occur if, while Mr. Punch was in the telegraph office, requesting the young lady clerk to transmit a kiss to Mrs. JULIA PUNCH, EARL RUSSELL should try to shoulder him out of the niche, in order to dispatch a State secret.

In the Commons, MR. THOMAS HUGHES offered resistance to another Railway Bill for cutting a poor neighbourhood to pieces without any provision for the ejected, and though he disclaimed any intention of hindering legislation which was likely to be useful, our friend TOM BROWN compelled the railwaymen to acknowledge the justice of his views, and to suggest his endeavouring to carry a general resolution on the subject. And this he means to try.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, amid laughter, of course, demanded whether the fact that the Royal Assent to the Suspension Act had been given on Sunday did not make the proceedings illegal. MR. GRIFFITH was quite right to ask the question. As a well-informed man, he knows that if you cut your nails on Sunday you will sup sorrow on Monday, that if it rains on Sunday it is because it rained on Friday, that a deed dated on Sunday is utterly void, and that a child born on a Sunday will never like onions, and he is to be commended for bringing his great general information to the aid of the State. The HOME SECRETARY, however, had studied the subject, and was able to say that the Suspension Act was valid.

MR. GLADSTONE announced that our friend, MR. BOXALL (an eminent artist and a courteous gentleman) had been appointed Director of the National Gallery, and that such appointment was made solely because EARL RUSSELL believed MR. BOXALL to be the most efficient man for the purpose. If there were a sarcasm latent in such a back-handed compliment to a Whig nobleman, MR. Punch declines to see it, and congratulates MR. BOXALL.

MR. HUNT's Cattle Bill then came on, and Parliament was delivered, like the martyrs in Rome, to the beasts.

Tuesday. The Bill enabling public bodies and others to lend pictures to the great show, which MR. COLE has so wisely got LORD DERBY to father, was read a Second Time. And a very good show it will be, and Mr. Punch is only sorry that he did not live in past ages, that his own portrait might have been the gem of the Exhibition.

Something came out, touching which there will be a most hideous row, or the Irish Protestants and their English backers have lost their taste for a shindy. Government means to make a concession to the Irish Catholics in the matter of University Education, and — but we don't want to spoil sport—let the parties concerned hit on the scent. If the game were Hide and Seek, we should cry "very warm" when the Protestant approached the articles called "affiliation," and "Senate."

MR. TORRENS, with an excellent speech, introduced a Bill to provide better dwellings for artisans and labourers. One fact which he stated will show why public aid is necessary, or at least why private aid will not be granted. Such dwellings will not pay a speculator more than 5 per cent., and he looks for at least 7.

MR. CLAY, having promised his constituents to introduce a Reform Bill, manfully fulfilled his promise. He proposes that any person who may choose to offer himself to the Civil Service Commissioners for examination, and shall show that he can read, write, spell, and work the four rules of arithmetic, may be placed on the register. The process shall cost him half-a-crown. It may be thought that the qualification is low, but how many Members of the Houses of Lords and Commons, suddenly brought to the test, would be plucked? *Punch* knows at least a score, who could about as easily do compound multiplication as take an observation of the sun, and whom he would not at all like to bring, in an unprepared state, up to hegemony, ptarmigan, sphynx, yatch, acknowledgement, heighth, rhythymical, or anthropopatheically. Three very smart speeches, from MR. GREGORY, LORD ELCHO, and MR. HORSMAN, followed, and then MR. GLADSTONE, complimenting MR. CLAY on his clear and lucid speech, intimated with equal clearness and lucidity that nothing should extract from him the slightest information as to the intentions of Government in regard to Reform. In the interest of History, Mr. Punch may mention that at this date the public mind was puzzled (though not agitated) by the most opposite declarations from those who are supposed to be in Ministerial confidence; one set alleging that we are

to have a franchise Bill only, and another, that we are to have a re-distribution of seats. *Quies sabb?*

Wednesday. In answer to an excessively pious Kentish baronet called SIR BROOK BRIDGES, SIR GEORGE GREY again declined appointing a fast day for a "national calamity" which did not affect the whole of the United Kingdom.

SIR C. O'LOGHLEN introduced a Bill for abolishing the starvation system by which juries are forced to give Ugolino verdicts. It also proposed to empower the discharge of juries who disagreed. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL wished the question to stand over until it was seen whether the baby murderers, CHARLOTTE WINSON, could be legally hanged or not.

Thursday. LORD HALIFAX, *olim* SIR CHARLES WOOD, took his seat as a Peer.

Stately doings in the Commons. £6,000 a-year and £30,000 down, were given to PRINCESS HELENA; and £15,000 a-year to CAPTAIN PRINCE ALFRED. MR. GLADSTONE made a curious mistake about the young lady, describing her as the eldest unmarried daughter at the time the QUEEN was left a widow. He must have forgotten, for the moment, an exquisite sonnet in which *Mr. Punch* offered his homage to PRINCESS ALICE in reference to her filial conduct at that season. Next night he apologised, and we beg him to think no more about it.

In an eloquent speech, worthy the occasion, MR. GLADSTONE then moved the creation of a memorial to LORD PALMERSTON. MR. DISRAELI briefly, but gracefully seconded the motion. MR. HOPE hoped that the monument would be really a noble one, and SIR JOHN PAKINSON, advertent to the fact that we have as yet no memorial to WELLINGTON, trusted that no unworthy delay would occur.

On the Jamaica Constitution Bill COLONEL EDWARDS managed to let out his indignation on behalf of GOVERNOR EYRE, but all other speakers carefully kept off the tabooed ground.

Friday. SIR ROBERT PREER, out of office, may be troublesome. To-night he stuck to MR. GLADSTONE until he got a promise that nothing should be done *in re* Catholic Education, until the House should be consulted.

A Neutrality debate, touching American affairs, brought out a fine speech from MR. GLADSTONE, who spoke as one more mindful of English honour than of Anglo-American fanaticism. The proceedings of the night had the usual conversazione character; but everything has an end.

DISRAELI AND DUTY!

WE can hardly believe that MR. DISRAELI, on the motion to give PALMERSTON a statue, really said to MR. SPEAKER:—

"I trust, Sir, that the time may never come when the love of fame shall cease to be the sovereign passion of our public men."

Why, BENJAMIN, has not the time already come when the love of good and truth is the sovereign passion of every public man who deserves a statue instead of a caricature? Is not the desire to effect wise and just legislation, to do the best that you can for your country and mankind at large, the ruling motive which causes you, yourself, to aspire at office? Oh dear, what injustice you do your own nature! "Know thyself," says old Philosophy, but has said it in vain to you, BEN; you are a great Statesman, and you know a thing or two, but self-knowledge is certainly not your *forte*. Earnestness is.

Jolly for Sir Joshua!

THE Polytechnic announces, amongst its various attractions, "The Cherubs Floating in the Air—after SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS." That must, indeed, be a glimpse of Paradise. DANTE, in his Vision of that abode of bliss, never probably contemplated anything more delightful than the spectacle of a great Artist with cherubs floating after him in the air.

Paradoxical.

THE largest house in town
Is larger when increased;
When let to somebody, say BROWN,
The largest house is *lease'd*.

TANTALISING ANNOUNCEMENT.

"No Charge for Stamping?" Ah, *Mr. Punch*, don't I wish the Cattle Plague could be stamped out on those terms? Yours truly, JOHN BULL.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

SCHOOL FOR UNGOVERNABLE BOYS.—The Advertiser, who has had much experience in the management of disobedient and disorderly children, will be happy to take charge of one or two hundred young Fenians answering this description. Terms moderate. Address, REV. HABRAS CORPUS, care of Miss IRELAND, College Green.

BOS LOCUTUS EST.

'TIS the sorrows of a poor old Cow,
With Rinderpest a-knocking at the door,
And what's far worse, these Acts that won't allow
A chance for life, e'en if the plague's got o'er.

Local self-government for cow or man
To live or die by, as the case might be,
I fondly hoped was England's settled plan,
But with self-government 'tis all U.P.!

While gentle GRAY controlled the English roast,
Local authorities were potent still;
By varying light from centre unto coast
To read the Council's Orders at their will.

But loud and louder in bucolic roar,
"Slay, isolate, stamp out!" exclaimed the squires;
Remonstrant GREY and BARKING backward bore,
And quenched the Council's ineffectual fires.

And HUNT rushed to the squirearchy's front,
And smote self-government between the brows;
And where GRAY scourged with whips, determined HUNT
With scorpions scourged us miserable cows.

'Twas at the Rinderpest he aimed his blow,
That blow may reach the Rinderpest or not,
But our doomed backs the burden undergo,
And, hap what will, 'tis we must pay the shot!

Stagg'ring beneath our statutory load,
Of clause, exception, penalty, and pain—
Forbade to change a field, or cross a road,
Fined if we move, and if we linger, slain;

If foreigners, doomed, where we land, to die;
If natives, when we're sick, debarred from cure;
No medicine but the pole-axe let to try—
A remedy at once too sharp and sure!

Vain to search either Act for fault or flaw,
To find what each permits, what each allows;
For though the Acts are such as cows might draw,
They won't leave their construction to the cows.

To starve our towns, nor yet from plague ensure,
The taxes swell, yet farmers not relieve;
To kill us hapless cows by way of cure,
Is all collective wisdom can achieve!

Months since, perhaps, one effort sharp and strong,
Had stamped the plague out, but *that* asked a will;
You halted between "kill or cure" so long,
The case has grown past cure, howe'er you kill.

And when the pest, sown broadcast, wide has spread,
To panic from paralysis you swing;
And to the Cattle plague the Steppes have bred,
Add all the cattle-plagues your Acts must bring.

No Mistaken Identity.

CERTAIN newspapers announce the intended "Secession to Rome" of the REV. P. GURDON, vicar of Assington in Suffolk, who "has been for some time identified with the ultra-ritualist party in the Eastern Counties." In the paragraph containing this intelligence, it is further stated that "MR. GURDON will shortly leave Assington. Identified," as the reverend gentleman has been, "with the ultra-ritualist party" will not all the asses of Assington follow their leader?

An Old Nursery Chime.

(New Song from the Cattle Plague Debates.)

AIR—"Jack and Jill."

"KILL" and "kill," says either Bill:
No cure's allowed but slaughter;
GREY comes down
Poleaxe on crown,
And HUNT comes axing arter.

HITTING THE RIGHT NAIL ON THE HEAD.

THE title for MR. WARD HUNT (when elevated to the Peerage, on the demand of a grateful squirearchy)—LORD AX-MINSTER.



CONSIDERATE.

Churchwarden. "TELL YE WHAT 'TIS, SIR. THE CONGREGATION DO WISH YOU WOULDN'T PUT THAT 'ERE CURATE UP IN PULPIT—NOBODY CAN'T HEAR UN."

Old Sporting Rector. "WELL, BLUNT, THE FACT IS, TWEEDLER'S SUCH A GOOD FELLOW FOR PARISH WORK, I'M OBLIGED TO GIVE HIM A MOUNT SOMETIMES."

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Incense.—The BISHOP OF LONDON has admitted that any congregation, or any member thereof, may be justly incensed by the Clergyman or Clergymen of the parish.

Symbolism.—That where the use of symbols is desired by the congregation, they may be played simultaneously with the organ.

New Officer.—The BISHOP OF OXFORD thinks of creating a new officer in his diocese. He will be Inspector of Ecclesiastical Vestments, and will take rank with the Groom of the Stole.

New Bishop and Orders.

1. Proposal for Convocation, that, instead of getting the QUEEN to make a new Bishop, His Grace of Canterbury should proceed to institute a *Shilling Ordinary* at Lambeth Palace, for the benefit of the Clergy only. This would bring them together daily at two o'clock. Orders given while the Archbishop's in the room.

2. That an *Arch Deacon* shall, during the sitting of Convocation, say, at all events, *one* funny thing. In the event of his not complying with this rule, he will be deposed, and an *Archer Deacon* will have his place.

3. That any unauthorised approach to intercommunion between the Anglican and Russian Churches is to be reprobated. We may adopt the cassock, but should avoid the Cossack.

4. That during the Long Vacation the Reader at the Temple may skip his lessons.

Probable Ecclesiastical Preferences.

MR. CLARK, of the Haymarket, collated to Amen Corner.

MR. FRANK MATTHEWS to a vacant stall at St. James's, when such an event occurs.

MR. JOHN PARRY to St. Bride's. Many a happy couple will attend his "Wedding Breakfast."

For Theological Students.

The BISHOP OF LONDON, remembering his Schoolmaster days, advises young Candidates to study USSHER's works.

Convocation at its next meeting will take into consideration the propriety of appointing a Naval Chaplain to every See.

The dress of the Military Chaplains is to be bearskin, regimental collar, bands, short surplice with epaulettes, hood according to degree, sword, jackboots, and spurs. If the Chaplain-in-Chief to the forces is raised to the rank of a Bishop, the mitre with a red feather in the top will take the place of the bearskin. He will also carry a pouch full of charges; and on field-days will take precedence of the Cannons. There is nothing more, thank you, to-day.

PAINTED BABIES.

IN Paris the fine ladies not merely smear themselves with rouge, but make their babies even wear it! And the law provides no punishment for such disgusting outrages. Will this French fashion, we wonder, become popular in England? Girls with pimply faces and bad complexions wear rouge and pearl-powder unblushingly enough—at least nobody can see their blushes, if they have any. Will such artists, when they marry, take to colouring their children? Painting on velvet is a very pretty art; but to paint upon the velvet of a baby's dimpled cheek is a worse outrage upon nature than painting on a lily. English ladies mostly take their fashions from the French, but we hope they will not introduce this infant school of painting. If MR. KINGSLEY's *Water Babies* be translated into French, perhaps, to make them popular, the babies will be painted, and put forward with the title of the *Water-colour Babies*.

QUESTION TO A WORKING GARDENER.

"Of all your trees which yields most fruit?" Says he,
"Sir, the best fruits come from my *Indus-tree*."

DEFINITION OF A TERM. (BY OUR OWN PEPPER'S GHOST.)

"MAKING a dead set"—a party of Ghosts arranging a quadrille.



THE FENIAN-PEST.

HIBERNIA. "O MY DEAR SISTER, WHAT *ARE* WE TO DO WITH THESE TROUBLESOME PEOPLE?"

BRITANNIA. "TRY ISOLATION FIRST, MY DEAR, AND THEN——"

REVIEWS OF NEW MUSIC.

1. *Never forget the Dear Ones.*
2. *Rock me to Sleep.*
3. *Hark, the Bells are Ringing.*
4. *I Naviganti.*
5. *I cannot bear to say Farewell.*
6. *When Gentle Ones are Round us.*
7. *I slept, and O how sweet the Dream!*

1. This is a ballad which makes it clear that its composer has not been unmindful of the fact that the chief component parts of practical music are melody, harmony, and rhythm, by which latter term we do not mean to imply that which is pronounced, and should be spelt, *rime*, by which we do not mean to imply *frost*. We see much merit in this verse :—

"Never forget the dear ones,
Buy always of the cheap;
If you've a numerous family
Which you're obliged to keep.
No, don't forget the dear ones,
When you a-shopping go;
Or you will soon discover
Your purse is getting low."

2. This song illustrates the truth that melody and air are synonymous terms in modern music, whatever they may have been in that of ancient Greece and Rome. The following lines are full of a certain inspiration :

"Rock me to sleep, thy father's heat
Demands this boon, O daughter fair:
As, dinner done, he sinks to rest
In his Americanian chair."

"The chord must be at times unstrung,
My darling child, my sassy minx.
Rock me to sleep, and hold thy tongue,
While I enjoy my forty winks."

3. The bells have more than once, unless our memory deceives us (and we should be very much ashamed of it, could we think it capable of such an act) been alluded to in lyrical verse. Nevertheless an original composer and an original poet will attain novelty of treatment, however hackneyed the theme. We like the merry gaiety of the lines which follow :—

"Hark, the bells are ringing, ringing,
Through the wide, the wide hotel,
Chambermaids are bringing, bringing
Water to each angry swell.
Yea, the bells are ringing, ringing,
Soon the gong, the gong will roar:
To the dinner table bringing
Swells and belles from every floor.
Hark the bells, &c."

4. Few will be inclined to deny that if Italy is the country of music (not that there is not other music) there is a propriety in adapting Italian music to Italian words. Without disparaging the language in which SHAKESPEARE wrote and BRAHAM occasionally sung, it may be allowed that to melody of a certain kind, the Italian tongue is especially fitted, and here we think is an illustration :—

"I Naviganti, ancora parlanti,
Ammontanamento ricalco posadò,
Frasagliaturo e ben maturante,
O mio birbone con asinino!
Non hanno eglino di tutte cattivo?
Lo questo me stesso lioezza non ho,
Pranzate videte sorella rilievo
Augumentazione avanti bravo."

5. Domestic pathos, though it may be of a less elevated character than the loftier grief of poetry or the tragic drama, has nevertheless abundant power to touch the heartstrings in the rightly constituted bosom. When wedded to appropriate melody the conjunction is eminently successful. By the way, ought we to be quite satisfied with the consecutive sevenths approaching the dissonant fourth—but *non offender maculis*—read this :—

"I cannot bear to say Farewell,
And yet I know 'tis right,
I sniff the dinner's fragrant smell,
I have an appetite.
But as thou dost not bid me stay,
Of course I cannot stop;
So, fare thee well—my fare to-day
Will be one mutton chop."

6. In a gentler mood than that of the reproachful and baffled sponge, the vocalist may deal with the following playful ditty. We have no unfavourable remark to offer upon it, but should it be successful, its success will probably induce the composer to attempt further composition :—

"When gentle ones are round us
What fun is blind man's buff,
Some girl's light hand has bound us,
And sorely tight enough.
A stealthy peep revealing
One form among the rest,
We catch, 'mid general squawling,
The one we like the best."

7. The last composition which we have leisure or space to notice on the present occasion does not give us an opportunity of dwelling upon the advantage of an occasional infraction of the grammatical law of chromatic semitones, or we should like to have dwelt (*pace* the shade of SEBASTIAN BACH) on the diapason of the tonic pedal. But we prefer appending the beautiful lines with which we shall close the present article, merely remarking that in due season we may again proceed to an examination of similar evidences that the power of musical composition has not as yet been lost in this country :—

"I slept, and O how sweet the dream!
In GRANGE's shop there sat but two:
And strawberries red and iciest cream,
Were brought to me by I know who.
He whispered low, his love was told,
In cream the fruit he bade me plunge,
And if I found that cream too cold,
He bade me try the cake of sponge.

He talked of all that makes up life,
Of dresses, dances, drives, and drums;
Of ponies which he'd buy his wife,
And bracelets costing awful sums.
His tones grew low—I listened well,
The accents changed to Mary Tegg's;
'Your Ma have rang the breakfast bell,
And if you're late you'll git no heggs.'"

THE STAFF COLLEGE.

DEAR PUNCH,

As you once before helped me out of a Staff College difficulty, I am induced to appeal to you again for a solution of the following problem in Astronomy, which I can make neither head nor tail of. Please explain it to me, as I am told I shall be quite unfit for the active duties of the Staff if I can't do it, and they say it is very easy when you know it.

I have such a lot of other subjects to work at that my head is rather confused, and, as I have not got my astronomical notes by me, but am writing from memory, I may, perhaps, have jumbled up the enunciation a little, but, of course, you will be able to make it out. To the best of my recollection, here it is: Determination, by an observer at the First Point of Aries, of the augmented occultation in latitude of the bright limb of the Pole-star, in his circum-meridional transit across the Equator; by observations of the Equatorial horizontal semi-diameters of two known moon-culminating Lunar Distances. The Greenwich Mean Time and the Right Ascension of the Equator are given, and the Parallax of the Zenith, cleared of altitude and azimuth, is supposed to be known approximately. As well as I remember, the object of the above problem is to ascertain the Longitude of the South Pole, and the Error of Rate of the Compass at that Station.—I remain, ever yours,

A MILITARY HERSCHEL.

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

THEY call you selfish, Sir, do they? What they mean is, that you decline to sacrifice your self to themselves.

Everybody does as he pleases, with or without reflection. Well, Sir, A man commonly called selfish differs from those who call him so merely in following his own inclinations under the restraint of intelligence.

The ass and the pig have few wants, and don't care to supply any wants but their own. You may believe some people who tell you they can be content with a little.

Sir, the reason why they object to your love of money is, because it keeps your money from them.

AMUSEMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES ON A WET AFTERNOON.—Knitting their Eyebrows.

THE CONTRAST.



MR. ALGERNON MUGGLES REQUESTS THE PLEASURE OF WALTZING WITH MISS LAVINIA SPRINGFUTE:



BUT AS HE CAN ONLY SCUFFLE ABOUT IN WHAT HE CALLS THE "DOO TONG," AND LAVINIA "DOTES" ON THE OLD THREE-TIME BUSINESS (AND WHICH THE MUSICIANS ARE PLAYING), THEY CORDIALLY HATE EACH OTHER IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES!

THE UMBRELLA-TAX.

To Persons who are gifted with small means and large families, what a delightful place America must be just now to live in! Here in England we complain and grumble about Income-Tax, but how our growls would be increased if we resided in America! The tax-gatherer has a finger there in every family pie, and nothing that is made or sold escapes his hungry clutches. As a homely illustration, only look at this:—

"Each part of an umbrella has been taxed once, some parts twice, before the umbrella is completed, when it is taxed again as a whole. There is a tax on the silk, alpaca, or gingham, a tax on the handle, a tax on the ferule, a tax on the frame, a tax on the material of which the elastic band is composed, and a second tax on the band, a tax on the button, a tax on the tassel if there be one; the tax on the silk or alpaca is fifty or sixty per cent. *ad valorem* on importation, the tax on each part made in the Union is six per cent. *ad valorem*, and the tax on the umbrella is again six per cent. *ad valorem*."

In England, stealing an umbrella is scarcely viewed as theft, but it can hardly be so leniently treated in America. Taxed as it is there, an umbrella must be valued as a costly piece of property, and the law no doubt awards a very heavy penalty to those who steal, or haply even borrow an umbrella. Of course no one in New York now dreams of lending his umbrella, without taking an acknowledgment and formal bond for its return; and if the bond be broken, we dare say that the holder is by law empowered to clap the borrower in prison, and keep him there until the lent umbrella be replaced.

Expensive as they must be, while every part of them is taxed, umbrellas must be quite a costly part of an establishment, and a Cæsar in New York, in lieu of boasting of his horses, doubtless brags about the number of umbrellas that he keeps. Instead of showing you his stud, he proudly bids you come and look at his umbrella stand, and asks you just to guess the price he gave for that green gingham, or how many hundred dollars he paid down for that brown silk. Young men who want to marry are probably deterred by the thought that they will have to find their wife in an umbrella, a luxury which at present they are too poor to afford. No doubt, too, among the attractions of a widow must be reckoned the umbrellas which have kindly been bequeathed to her: and when in New York a young couple have set up their umbrella, people know that they are prospering, and expect to see them ere long setting up their brougham.

"Mute" but not "Inglorious."

EVERYBODY'S old friend SYLVANUS URRAN is so exhilarated by his own rejuvenescence since he came to Whitefriars, that he seems to have increased pleasure in the compilation of his Obituary—so much so, that we would suggest *The Gentleman's Magazine* should take for its motto "Funerals performed."

A LIFT FOR THE LIFE-BOATS.

THE other day LORD MALMESBURY, sadly wanting to appear as a great public benefactor, asked the Government if they knew what a famous institution is the National Life-boat Institution, how many precious lives it annually saves, and how very much it stands in need of Government assistance. The DUKE OF SOMERSET replied, on behalf of the Ministry, that they were perfectly aware of the merits of this institution; but that, as for its requiring any help just now from Government, he had positive assurance that this would be declined, with thanks, if it were offered. A grant from Government implies some sort of Government control, and this, he owned, the Institution would, perhaps, not be the better for. As administered at present, its funds were amply adequate and most carefully applied, and, seeing that the public felt quite satisfied of this, there was small fear that the public contributions would diminish.

To this sensible reply made by his brother peer, LORD PUNCH would merely add, that the nation has a right to feel proud of its Life-boats, supported as they are by the voluntary system. Well nigh a thousand lives were saved by them last year, and pretty near a million pounds' worth of merchantable property. With this fact in his mind, LORD PUNCH sincerely trusts that the nation will continue to keep its purse-strings open to keep the boats afloat, and that the unfounded fear of Government assistance will not persuade the public to button up their pockets. What with the Fenian pest, the cattle plague, and the possible Reform Bill, the Government just now have quite enough work on their hands, and may safely trust the nation with the launching of its Life-boats.

So, ye gentlemen of England, including all M.P.'s, pray lend a hand to save your fellow creatures from the seas. Give your five or ten pounds yearly, or say better still *guineas*, to the Nation's Royal Life-boat Institution, if you please.

On a Dramatic Author.

"Yes, he's a plagiarist," from TOM this fell,
"As to his social faults, Sir, one excuses 'em;
'Cos he's good natured, takes a joke so well."
"True," cries an author, "He takes mine and uses 'em."

FOR THE BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

A FAST young lady on being shown a tobacco plant, at Chatsworth, asked if it was the genealogical tree of the CAVENDISHES.

THE MYSTERY OF MILK.—Some people wonder that, under existing circumstances, the price of milk in London has not risen. But the Rinderpest does not affect the Cow with the Iron Tail.

THE TURF AND THE CLOTH.



THE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER has, of course, perused the following statement in the "Sporting Intelligence" contributed by ARGUS to the *Morning Post* :—

"An interesting little work has just been compiled for private circulation, entitled *Danbury Statistics* which gives a return of the number of horses trained in the great southern stable, as well as the amount of their winnings from 1832 to 1865. The author of this little work is the Rev. WALTER BLOUNT, the esteemed landlord and domestic chaplain of JOHN DAY, and he has executed his task with care, correctness, and ability."

Certainly the BISHOP OF WIN-

CHES-TER must make an example of the Rev. Gentleman above-named by *ARGUS*. That is to say, the Rev. Gentleman's Bishop, surely, will not fail to hold him up as affording a pattern to other Clergymen in dedicating his leisure to the collection of useful information, instead of abusing it in the composition of *Essays and Reviews*, or critical remarks on the Pentateuch, calculated to unsettle people's minds. The employment of spare time in compiling *Danbury Statistics* is the recreation of an exemplary and stable-minded Clergyman.

The Bishop will also note, with satisfaction, the circumstance that so great a celebrity on the turf as JOHN DAY is likewise such a thorough Churchman as to keep a domestic chaplain, who, when not expressly occupied with JOHN's spiritual affairs, devotes the pen of an accomplished clerk to those of his stud. The connection thus existing between the Turf and Church will perhaps suggest to the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER the expediency of getting up a party of prelates to go, on a properly appointed drag, to the Derby, so as to countenance a pure English sport, and, at the same time, put the STIGGERS and the CHADBRANDS, who preach about on the race-course, out of countenance. A delicate compliment would thus be paid to a distinguished personage, after whom the mitred visitors to Epsom might be called JOHN DAY's lot of lawn.

THE THREE R's TEST.

MR. PUNCH,

You laughed, of course, at MR. CLAY's proposal of an education test for the elective franchise in the shape of the Three R's—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic. Everybody laughed at it because it was so ridiculously reasonable. They laughed when they came to think of it. At first it took away their breath. They kept silence, and considered what was to be said against it. It was too simply good not to be felt to be inadmissible. On consideration, they began to recollect that every political arrangement which at first sight looks perfect, is open to the objection that it won't work, for various reasons that experience only can refute.

Well, Sir, perhaps the necessary examination of every candidate for the franchise would be a little troublesome. But couldn't we adopt MR. CLAY's notion with a difference? Let existing qualifications be retained on the principle of *uti possidetis*. Let the qualification proposed by MR. CLAY enfranchise the unenfranchised, as many of them as are fit to have votes. The need for examination might be limited by taking certain callings and professions as proof in themselves of sufficiency in the Three R's. Independent lodgers, who want to be also independent electors, would be almost the only persons, above the ten-pound householders, who would then have to be examined. Would the number of educated people, below the pecuniary mark of ten-pound householders, be such as to create any necessity for very numerous examiners? If so, Mr. Punch, surely the little extra trouble and expense, that would attend the increase of the constituency by the addition of many new voters, would be amply repaid by the improvement thereof which would accrue to it in the great accession that it would derive from the intelligence and morality of the working classes. No honest artisan need be ashamed to submit to the test of the Three R's. He would be kept in countenance by a sufficient number of bloated aristocrats like myself living in a

TWO-PAIR BACK.

Belgravia, Feb., 1866.

BOCKUM DOLLS BONNETED.

"BERLIN, FEB. 22 (AFTERNOON).

"COUNT VON BISMARCK has just communicated to the Chamber of Deputies a Royal decree, ordering both Houses of the Diet to be closed to-morrow, and to remain adjourned until the end of the present session."

FOR years to try a weighty cause
Opinion's Court has sat :
In "BISMARCK versus BOCKUM DOLLS,"
Or "Helmet against Hat."
Opinion braved, and Law laid low,
Not fearing revolution,
Now BISMARCK with a swashing blow
Bonnets the Constitution!

The Chamber will not vote supplies;
BISMARCK can tax without it :
The Chamber duly will protest,
BISMARCK, as duly, flout it.
TWISTEN and FRÉZEL may talk big,
BISMARCK has courts to catch them ;
The Chamber may claim rights of speech,
But rights of fiat o'ermatch them.

"Protest? Your protest we return ;
The King won't even read it :
Flare up? Tall talk we laugh to scorn,
While out of doors none heed it.
Though BOCKUM DOLLS puts on his hat,
His bell though GRABOW tinkles,
Will it wake Prussia from her sleep,
As deep as RIP VAN WINKLE'S?

"*Vogue la Gaieté!* Brute-force is King,
In a drill-sergeant bodied :
The strong battalions are ours,
And Might, not Right, our Godhead :
We have an army at our back,
You but a host of dreamers,
So let your Parliament go pack,
And ware strappado, schemers!

"You prate of England—of the fate
Of STRAFFORD and of STUART !
Ere she breeds CROMWELLS, HAMPDENs, PYMS,
Prussia must learn a new art.
Talk was on English Sovereign's side,
But Deed on English people's :
Roundheads had crowns that braved a crack,
Beneath their hats like steeples."

HAS BISMARCK ta'en your measure true,
Long-suffering Prussian brothers?
Are we so different, we and you,
Close-kinned as were our mothers?
Is talk the utmost of your will,
Or are you only waiting,
For BISMARCK's lesson to bear fruits,
And deeds to oust debating?

HERR GRABOW hopes that Prussia'll stand
Still by the Constitution !
Stand by it, yes : strike for it, no—
That would be Revolution !
"God Save the King!" such is the cry,
With which you close the Session—
Suppose you add, "and grant us pluck
To temper our discretion."

SPORTING.

MR. PUNCH will be much obliged if Masters of Hounds and Harriers will give him timely notice of their hunting appointments. Mr. P. having placed the management of this department in the ablest hands trusts that, &c. &c. With great satisfaction we present the public with our first list of

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS (FOR NEXT WEEK).

WESTMINSTER: St. Martin's Lane. Monday at 10.
BLOOMSBURY: Portland Road. Wednesday at 11.
CLERKENWELL: Duncan Terrace. Thursday at 10.
BOW: Bow Road. Saturday at 11.
WHITECHAPEL: Thursday and Friday at 11.

[*.* Some mistake. That is what comes of trusting a Law reporter with a Sporting Sub-Editorship. He's taken the list of the County Courts out of the *Times*.—J. P.]



A Legend of Camelot.—Part 1.

TALL Braunighrindas left her bed
At cock-crow, with an aching head.

⊗ miserie !

"I yearn to suffer and to do,"
She cried, "ere sunset, something new !

⊗ miserie !

"To do and suffer, ere I die,
I care not what. I know not why.

⊗ miserie !

"Some quest I crave to undertake,
Or burden bear, or trouble make."

⊗ miserie !

She shook her hair about her form
In waves of colour bright and warm.

⊗ miserie !

It rolled and writhed, and reached the floor :
A silver wedding-ring she wore.

⊗ miserie !

She left her tower, and wandered down
Into the High Street of the town.

⊗ miserie !

Her pale feet glimmered, in and out,
Like tombstones as she went about.

⊗ miserie !

From right to left, and left to right ;
And blue veins streakt her insteps white ;

⊗ miserie !

And folks did ask her in the street
"How fared it with her long pale feet ?"

⊗ miserie !

And blinkt, as though 'twere hard to bear
The red-heat of her blazing hair !

⊗ miserie !

Sir Galahad and Sir Lancelot
Came hand-in-hand down Camelot ;

⊗ miserie !

Sir Gauvain followed close behind ;
A weight hung heavy on his mind.

⊗ miserie !

"Who knows this damsel, burning bright,"
Quoth Lancelot, "like a northern light ?"

⊗ miserie !

Quoth Sir Gauvain : "I know her not !"
"Who quoth you *did* ?" quoth Lancelot.

⊗ miserie !

"'Tis Braunighrindas !" quoth Sir Bors.
(Just then returning from the wars).

⊗ miserie !

Then quoth the pure Sir Galahad :
"She seems, methinks, but lightly clad !

⊗ miserie !

"The winds blow somewhat chill to-day ;
Moreover, what would Arthur say !"

⊗ miserie !

She thrust her chin towards Galahad
Full many an inch beyond her head . . .

⊗ miserie !

But when she noted Sir Gauvain
She wept, and drew it in again !

⊗ miserie !

She wept : "How beautiful am I !"
He shook the poplars with a sigh.

⊗ miserie !

Sir Lancelot was standing near ;
Him kist he thrice behind the ear.

⊗ miserie !

"Ah me !" sighed Lancelot where he stood,
"I cannot fathom it !" . . . (who could ?)

⊗ miserie !

Hard by his wares a weaver wove,
And weaving with a will, he throve ;

⊗ miserie !

Him beckoned Galahad, and said,—
"Gaunt Braunighrindas wants your aid . . .

⊗ miserie !

"Behold the wild growth from her nape !
Good weaver, weave it into shape !"

⊗ miserie !

The weaver straightway to his loom
Did lead her, whilst the knights made room ;

⊗ miserie !

And wove her locks, both web and woof,
And made them wind and waterproof ;

⊗ miserie !

Then with his shears he opened wide
An arm-hole neat on either side,

⊗ miserie !

And bound her with his handkerchief
Right round the middle like a sheaf.

⊗ miserie !

"Are you content, knight ?" quoth Sir Bors
To Galahad ; quoth he, "Of course !"

⊗ miserie !

"Ah, me ! those locks," quoth Sir Gauvain,
"Will never know the comb again !"

⊗ miserie !

The bold Sir Lancelot quoth he nought ;
So (haply) all the more he thought.

⊗ miserie !

MR. CRUSTY ON THE COST OF FEMININE COSTUME.



UNOH, MY BOY, — Being (happily for me, I think), a regular old bachelor, and not having to find raiment for a wife and seven daughters, I take some pleasure every month in reading the particulars of new and costly costumes, which, my newspaper informs me, are coming in vogue. It is true, a single life is not invariably comfortable — indeed, it cannot be, so long as shirt-buttons exist; but an old bachelor at any rate is free from the annoyance of hearing that eternal jabberation about finery which wives and daughters usually are certain to keep up. Moreover, he is free from the expenses incidental to those visits of the milliner, to which this jabberation generally leads. Single as I am, I calmly smoke my meerschaum in my solitude at home, and read with perfect equanimity such details as the following, which, if I were married, would fill me with dismay:—

"Town toilette.—Poult-de-sole dress, with two petticoats; the first is garnished at the bottom by a band of Astracan fur; the second is bordered by a large cord. Bodice cut in a point in front and behind; straight sleeves ornamented with Astracan fur; bonnet of black velvet, ornamented simply on an Empire form by a large barbe of lace; in the interior, band of velvet, on which are attached small chains of gold, retaining gold sequins; muff of Astracan fur."

How I hug myself to think that I have no wife of my bosom, who might bother me to buy her such a gorgeous dress as this! Fur, velvet, lace, and gold! What a swellshe she would be! Bonnet "on an Empire form," with a beard by way of ornament! Why, if the woman were an Empress, she could not well be more expensively got up. And all this splendour the dear creature would use merely for her morning calls and other common out-door work. Whenever she remained at home (if, unlike *Madame Benetton*, she ever was there visible), she would probably array herself in this alarming style:—

"An in-door toilette, composed of a first petticoat of green satin, formed with gold buttons, and by a second petticoat of plain velvet of the same colour, open in apron on a petticoat of satin; bodice forming a Hungarian vest, open in front; satin sleeves; linen collar, with stars of purple at the corners; under-sleeves, with assorted cuffs; in the hair, a velvet band."

First petticoat of satin! second petticoat of velvet! open vest of Hungary! and, O ye stars—stars of gypure! Imagine my dismay at seeing Mrs. CRUSTY sitting down to lunch in this theatrical costume! And perhaps when she went out with me (or, far more probably, without me) to dinner in the evening, her simple toilette would comprise some such magnificence as this:—

"Dress of jonquill satin, losenged by tulle of the same colour, with detached daisies in Chantilly lace, fastened at the corners of each losenge. EMPRESS JOSEPHINE coiffure, simply ornamented by a diadem of brilliants accompanied by a string of the same stones, forming, without interruption, a necklace, which is fastened to the middle of the bodice."

Jujubé and marah-mallow lozenges I know, but what in wonder's name are lozenges of tulle? And what a queer idea it seems to stick such stieky things as lozenges upon a lady's evening dress! Moreover, who except a milliner or else a millionnaire, would ever talk about a head-dress being "simply ornamented by a diadem of brilliants?" Simple ornaments, forsooth! A man must be a simpleton to let his wife expend his hard-earned cash on such simplicities!

Pour moi, like poor *Osello*, I may say, "I have no wife;" so I have no cause for alarm when I calculate the cost of these vastly simple splendours. But do young bachelors, I wonder, ever peep into the fashion books? If not, let an old bachelor advise them so to do before they pop the fatal question. Not many young incomes will bear the frequent cost of jonquill satin dresses and diadems of brilliants.

With this friendly word of warning, which I expect no one *succumbit* to profit by, I remain, Sir, yours most singly, and therefore most serenely,

CÉLEBS CRUSTY.

The Hermitage, Humpstead.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

I'm blessed with a fair benefice, the living may be worth Five hundred pounds a-year at most, east, west, and north; Where'er it is, it matters not, if you try you won't divine, There's many a country rector in a plight resembling mine.

Tho' what I'm going to tell of it might make a bishop swear, I've hitherto borne patiently life's lot of care and care; But when my *Punch* turned on me, who was wont that care to wile, 'Twas a case of "Et tu Brute," and it fairly roused my bile.

You say I starve my curate, that I put without remorse His precious life in danger, and work him like a horse; While I play the Magnifico—you go a deal too far, You little know, thrice happy *Punch*, what curates really are.

A cottage not in ruins, and ninety pounds a-year, A pittance as you'd call it, I suppose, I give him clear; I can't afford to offer more, and still perform the feat, With wife and growing family, of making both ends meet.

A gentlemanly curate, who shows without pretence, That white ties are compatible with charity and sense, Is rare as Bird of Paradise—I scatter sans avail—For, like it, he alights not—the salt for such a tail.

The lion in the pulpit, and out of it the dove, I mean the evangelical, whom all old ladies love; The slap-you-on-the-back sort, that are muscular and "Broad," The hectic flushed that fast and wear a miniature of LAUD.

Yes, all have I found wanting, e'en brought up from a child, By careful aunts, the priory-good, or sentimental mild; The Calvinist who damned us all one week, and, which perplexed Our minds—the theologian who saved us all the next.

A saint who thought *one* wife a sin, and, preaching, flung the pearls To swine, if swine could take the form of pretty English girls, Another—who came carping at my careless choice, and who Atoned, 'twas found out afterwards, for him, by having two.

Another—scarce it edifies such curate freaks to show— Short, thick, and oleaginous, opinions very low; Who from dissent converted—until he fancy took, And married, within six weeks from the time he came—my cook.

Next week the place is vacant, it often is, there lies The note of the sole applicant e'en now before my eyes; "Do I object to waiting, some rectors do, if so, What points at the whist parties, and is the croquet slow?"

Well, *Punch*, old flier, you've 'sulted me, as once becoming "tight," My curate to the bishop said, and wanted him to fight. But vengeance, save a single wish, I'll lay upon the shelf,— I only wish that you, *Punch*, were a rector like myself.

SAYINGS OF THE FATHERS OF THE DESSERT.

(Dedicated with feelings of the greatest possible respect to an eminent contributor to "The Month.")

I.

"It is certain," quoth PARBOOCHERIUS the deacon, "that there was a great Bishop of Hippo, who used to review books."

"True," replied Abbot JOCOSUS, "but no one has in consequence accused him of being Hippo-critical."

II.

The Hermit HOMERERIUS was seated alone at Christmas time in a corner of his cell. A pie was on his knees. Glancing the four fingers of his right hand, he, by the aid of his thumb, extracted a large dried raisin, and looking upwards, enstained, "What a good boy am I." But he ate not the plum.

III.

The aged monk, JACOBUS CORVUS, being asked after refection, whether he would have any more to eat *then*, or would wait until he got it, replied, "No, thank you, I have had enough."

IV.

"Let us retire to our pallets," said the DRACON SOMNOLENTUMCAPUT. "Nay, let us abide here yet a while," suggested the MONK TARDUS. "There are still some embers, it were wise to place the saucepan thereupon," quoth ABBOT AVIDUMVENTER. "Let us take a slight meal before we depart."

(To be discontinued.)



ON THE ICE.

BEING HELPED ALONG A SLIDE BY SOME ONE ELSE'S BROTHER, AND—



BEING HELPED ALONG BY ONE'S OWN BROTHER.

THE RAILWAY DESPOTS.

We are monarchs of all we survey,
Our progress there's none to dispute:
From the centre our lines, to the sea,
Branches new, all around, ever shoot.
O Solitude! where are thy charms,
If we choose, that we cannot deface,
And destroy, with discordant alarms,
The peace of a beautiful place?

We are out of legality's reach,
We may take land or leave it alone;
Need but fee certain lawyers for speech,
By forced sale to make it our own.
The public may not want our train,
Our railway desire not to see;
But you're governed by mercantile men,
The strongest among them are we.

Society, comfort, and love,
Bestowed, in a cottage, on man;
As happy as dove is with dove,
Let people enjoy while they can.
For any fond pair from their cage,
If we want it, we drive without ruth;
Pull down the Retreat of old age,
And raze the Asylum of youth.

Extension! what treasure untold,
Resides in that oft-spoken word!
What visions of silver and gold,
Which traffic may some day afford.
Where the sound of the train-starting bell
Lone valleys and rocks never heard;
Never scented the smoke and the smell,
Or swarmed when a sabbath appeared.

Ye victims, whose rights are our sport,
Go howl on the desolate shore,
We win the Committee's report,
And your homesteads shall know you no more.
Our friends you to Parliament send,
There many and mighty are we.
O give us the vote of each friend,
On his legs whom we don't want to see!

How fool we the national mind
To give up all else for quick flight!
What a trophy we reared in you blind
Excluding St. Paul's from the sight!
When we think of a neighbouring land,
We imagine ourselves to be there.
Would its people and Government stand
Such doings as ours, if we were?

But we've upset the humble-bees' nest;
Of a swarm round our ears we're aware;
We've the labouring class dispossessed,
And that wrong we shall have to repair
If TOM HUGHES gain his point in his place;
But money, encouraging thought!
Gives Railway oppression a grace,
And reconciles men to—what not?

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

I AM almost tempted to wish, Sir, that I were as great a fool as old BROWN. He consoles himself for his narrow circumstances by the reflection that, as he has nothing to leave behind him, his relations will not rejoice at his death. I should be glad if I could console myself anyhow for my impecuniosity. But, were I a rich man, I should not care a fig who might rejoice at my death, supposing nobody tried to shorten my life. And, Sir, if you wanted your relatives to grieve instead of rejoicing at your death, you could easily make them do so by leaving all you died worth to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Money is not happiness, Sir? No, Sir; and money is not wine. Money is not beauty. But, Sir, no money no Madeira, and no money no matrimony—the state of life which, as I trust, Sir, you daily experience, is the nearest approximation to happiness below.



A Legend of Camelot.—Part 2.

As one-eyed Eastern past, who sold,
And bought, and bartered garments old;
 ❖ miserie !

His yellow garb did show the thread,
A triple head-dress crowned his head;
 ❖ miserie !

And, ever and anon, his throat,
Thick-bearded, gave a solemn note;
 ❖ miserie !

The knights were gathered in a knot;
Rapt in a trance, they heard him not;
 ❖ miserie !

Before them Braunightrindas stood
In native growth of gown and hood;
 ❖ miserie !

Fresh from a cunning weaver's hand,
She lookt, not gaudy, but so grand !
 ❖ miserie !

Not gaudy, gentles, but so neat !
For chaste and knightly eyes a treat !
 ❖ miserie !

The Pilgrim eyed her shapely dress
With curious eye to business;
 ❖ miserie !

Then whispered he to Braunightrindas,
"I'll give five shekels for the lot !"
 ❖ miserie !

Grutuxine his battle-axe he drew . . .
Once and again he clove him through !
 ❖ miserie !

"No man of many words am I !"
Quoth he, and wove his weapon dry.

 ❖ miserie !
A butcher caught the sounds and said,
"There go two cracks upon one head !"
 ❖ miserie !

A baker whispered in his fun :
"Butcher, more heads are crackt than one !"
 ❖ miserie !

"The moon is up to many tricks !"
Quoth he who made the candlesticks ! . . .
 ❖ miserie !

Dead-limp, the unbeliever lay
Athwart the flags and stopt the way . . .
 ❖ miserie !

The bold Sir Braunightrindas mused a bit,
And smole a bitter smile at it.
 ❖ miserie !

Grutuxine, he gave his orders brief :—
"Manants : emportez-moi ce Juif !"
 ❖ miserie !

Some heard the knight not : they that heard
Made answer to him none, nor stirred.
 ❖ miserie !

But Braunightrindas was not dumb ;
Her opportunity had come.
 ❖ miserie !

Her accents tinkled ivory-sweet—
"Je vais l'emporter tout de suite !"
 ❖ miserie !

She bowed her body, slenderly,
And lifted him full tenderly :

 ❖ miserie !
Fall silverly her stretched throat
Intoned the wonted Hebrew note :
 ❖ miserie !

Right broke-in-halfenly she bent ;
Jew-laden on her way she went !
 ❖ miserie !

The knights all left her one by one,
And, leaving, cried in unison—
 ❖ miserie !

"Voyez ce vilain Juif qui pend
Par derrière et par devant !"
 ❖ miserie !

Yet bearing it she journeyed forth,
Selecting north-north-east by north.
 ❖ miserie !

The knights (most wisely) with one mouth,
Selected south-south-west by south.
 ❖ miserie !

The butcher, baker, and the rest,
Said, "Let them go where they like best !"
 ❖ miserie !

And many a wink they wunk, and shook
Their heads ; but furthermore they took
 ❖ miserie !

No note : it was a way they had,
In Camelot, when folks went mad . . .
 ❖ miserie !

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ready with a reply. He would look at the terms of the Royal address.

On *Monday*, February 26th, the Lords had a little debate on the propriety of taking the Irish priests into the pay of the State. LORD RUSSELL admitted that the present Established Church in Ireland was a mistake, but he did not believe that Protestants would consent to establishing another, or would even let him do what he would like to do; namely, pass, at a single sitting, a Bill for taking the Church Revenues and applying them to the purposes of real education. We agree with the noble Earl in thinking that either proposal would "excite some remark."

LORD WESTMORATH actually made a sensible little speech, complaining of the now recognised practice of running over people in the streets. He declared that "the majority of what were called accidents were murders, caused by the recklessness and heartlessness of persons who did not care a button for the lives of others, provided their own trumpery traffic went on." But LORD WESTMORATH, as a legislator, should know that the Saxon spirit of our laws has always held property as more valuable than human life. What signifies the killing a few people compared to the early delivery of goods by railway van?

The lion on Northumberland House is saved. A new street was to go through the house, but the Swells rushed to the rescue of a Duke, and the Bill for the new street is to be altered. Considering what is done with the habitations of lesser folk, we don't exactly see justice in all this; but, zodiacally speaking, Leo and Libra are two things.

MR. WHITE made an excellent speech, advocating Retrenchment, to which MR. GLADSTONE made a reply of much adroitness, and advised the retrenchers to imitate the late JOSEPH HUME, and contest the estimates, item by item.

"London's Nightmare." Bumbledom, that is to say, the conflicting jurisdictions of folks who ought to have no jurisdiction at all, and who job, blunder, squabble, and utterly misgovern the metropolis of the world, was well lectured upon by LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, SIR GEORGE GREY, who is afraid of everything, is not the man to sweep the whole system of vestries, and boards, and companies into infinite space, and erect a power, based on civil representation, and capable of governing; but it is satisfactory to know that the Home Minister is valiant enough to admit that "the subject is one of great importance." As he is said to meditate early retirement, we may hope that his successor will go even a step further.

The Navy Estimates were then taken. They are the same as last year, but LORD CLARENCE PAGET said that there really was a reduction, though it hath not appeared. We can but echo him and *Roderigo*, "It hath *not* appeared."

Tuesday. MR. LYSTON O'BRIEN asked, very reasonably, whether the Board of Trade would do nothing to obviate the danger to which persons on horseback and in carriages are exposed by the railway-engines which now run shrieking across thoroughfares and terrifying horses. MR. MILNER GIBSON replied; that if the authorities complained, the Board would act, but that private persons had no right to complain of being smashed. Never mind, gentlemen Railwaymen, Juries will take notice of such answers, and, we trust, continue to give Howling Damages whenever an action is brought for the slaughter of such contemptible creatures as private individuals. The Jury Box is our only protection against you.

Another onslaught upon Bumbledom was made, and the "system," if such a chaos may be called by a name implying order, was further illustrated, and much contempt expressed for its components. A Select Committee has been appointed to consider the subject.

The Indian telegraph was much abused by MR. CRAWFORD, who has a right to speak, spending, as he does, £3000 a-year in electricity. The most awful nonsense is transmitted by the polyglot clerks, merchants are told to buy when they ought to sell, and peace is announced when war is fiercer than ever. Moreover, when a foreign clerk does not like a message, he does not send it at all. The specific for all afflictions, a Committee, was prescribed.

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in recording that an eloquent and well-deserved compliment was paid by MR. GLADSTONE to MR. EWART, on the subject of Free Libraries, an institution which will always be coupled with the name of WILLIAM EWART.

Wednesday. The Ecclesiastical Day was duly observed. MR. HADFIELD, Dissenter, moved the Second Reading of the Bill for doing away with the declaration made by persons taking office under the Crown, or Corporations, that the office-holder will do nothing to upset the

Church. The declaration is perfectly useless, and the House has condemned it half-a-dozen times. MR. NEWBEGATE, of course, against the wishes of his Conservative friends, took a division, and the Bill was read by 176 to 55. But as LORD DERRY frankly admitted that the test was useless, and that he resisted the abolition only to show the presumptuous Dissenters that they are not everybody, there does not seem any reason why that statesmanlike motive should not again be available against the Bill. A measure of a similar kind, for the relief of Fellows of Colleges, was also read a Second Time.

The Jamaica Government Bill was passed. MR. GAVE, who understands the island, explaining that the difficulties in it arose from the desire of our friend QUASHIBUNGO to be a little landed proprietor, and from his extreme dislike to bind himself to work. The Coolie immigration had done good, by supplying labourers.

PRINCE ALFRED's Allowance Bill was read a Second Time, and a very handsome tribute was paid to the young sailor's estimable character by MR. GLADSTONE, who did not describe him as the eldest of the princes. Mr. Punch was pleased to see H.R.H. thoroughly enjoying the wit of the *School for Scandal*, on the previous Monday, and appreciating the grace and delicacy of MISS HERBERT, as *Lady Teasle*. We wish that the Royal Family would always show marked approval of that class of drama, as the mass require leading in such matters, and think all the better of CONGREVE and SHERIDAN, if the QUEEN's box is filled when those, and authors of the same character, "have the floor."

Thursday. LORD REDENSDALE said that it was time for Parliament completely to revolutionise the system on which railway enterprises were promoted. His Lordship is at least ten years too late. London, especially, is delivered over to the schemers, and no man can say that his house will be his own six months hence. We incline to think that it would not be an unadvisable thing to abandon London to the railways and the vans, and to re-establish the metropolis of England at Winchester, where EGBERT was crowned, and which was the capital for many a glorious year afterwards. Why not turn out the soldiers from the palace begun by SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN for CHARLES THE SECOND, and establish QUEEN VICTORIA in Winchester? There is a cheap and excellent school for her grandchildren, and to know the Cathedral is an education in itself. London has had enough of supremacy, and is demoralised. Let it remain a great railway station.

The Second Reading of the Bill for making a new Brighton Railway, was carried.

MR. HARVEY LEWIS, doing his duty as Member for Marylebone, demanded why MR. COWPER did not cleanse the dangerously filthy Ornamental Water in the Regent's Park. The answer was ultra-official. The lake had certainly been a nuisance, but MR. COWPER had ordered a great deal of new water to be poured in, and there had been no complaints since. Mr. Punch, who was in the habit of feeding the ducks in the said lake, begs leave—in fact, takes it—to remark that pouring clean water into dirty in order to purify the latter, is not a philosophic process, as any of MR. COWPER's housemaids will tell him, and also that the fact of absence of complaint in the cold weather by no means proves that the water will not be offensive in June. There are many feet of foul mud in it, and no well-bred cat will eat the fish caught by the little boys of the Terraces. The Park thanks MR. LEWIS, and requests his continued attention.

Next we had a good battle, in which the great chieftains engaged. Tories got in for Devonport, and are petitioned against. Government, not being Tory, was eager to lend all assistance to the petitioners, and granted leave to the agents to have the Dockyard workmen mustered there, to be served with the SPEAKER's warrant. This

was not, perhaps, very much. But the zealous solicitor, having got at the men, proceeded to cross-examine them severely, and in fact to get up the case with all the advantage of supposed Government influence. It may easily be imagined that here were the materials for a patriotic row, and that a PAKINGTON, a CRANBOURNE, a CAIRNS, and a DISREBEL improved the occasion. MR. GLADSTONE was obliged to express regret at what had taken place.

On the Navy Estimates debates, the most interesting statement was that of LORD C. PAGET, that CAPTAIN COLBS, who had offended the authorities, first by his cleverness, and, secondly, by writing a letter, had said that he regretted the second cause of anger, and had been taken back into the Service.

Friday.—LORD DERBY, as the last surviving trustee of the affairs of the late KING LEOPOLD, gave an interesting account of his trust. When that Prince, a gentleman in the best sense of the word, ascended the throne of Belgium, he was entitled to the £50,000 a-year, settled on him as the husband of poor PRINCESS CHARLOTTE. Becoming king, he arranged to pay back the annuity, deducting only the expenses connected with Claremont, and certain pensions to the servants of his lamented wife. The trustees have thus repaid more than a million to the Treasury. The king is gone, and the trust is over, but there are still some old servants whose case the Minister has promised to consider.

As interesting was another matter mentioned by LORD DERBY. The amiable and venerable ex-Queen of the French, H^{ER} MAJESTY MARIE AMÉLIE, who resides at Claremont, will, at the express request of our QUEEN, earnestly confirmed by every one of her subjects who can appreciate dignity, goodness, and graciousness, continue to abide there as the guest of England.

In the Commons we had a debate on captures at sea. Diverged of somorous technicalities and subtle distinctions, the case is this. Trade wishes wars to be made with rose-water, so far as trade itself is concerned. "Kill one another, by all means," says the trader, "but let my carts go out with goods, and let goods be delivered at my shop door." The spirit of mere trade, as distinguished from the nobleness of national commerce, dictates the selling a blunderbus to shoot one's own brother, unless one's own brother will pay one more to have the blunderbus kept looked up. It may easily, therefore, be understood that wars, as at present conducted, are excessively inconvenient to the mere trader. The Bag-man principle, now sought to be established, is that a war is a Government affair, and ought not to interfere with the shop. So private property at sea is not to be touched. Statesmen reply that war is a dreadful thing, and a whole nation's business, and that the establishment of Protection for a class is out of the question. So we shall not order the rose-water.



THE LAST MONTH OF JACK-FISHING.

IF THE WATER CONTINUE TO RISE, IT WILL BE RATHER UNPLEASANT FOR JONES.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S CHAUNT.

ALL—"Oh where, and oh where."

(To be sung to a ritualistic movement.)

Oh wear, and oh wear, copes and chasubles at home!
Not in a church within the shade of my cathedral dome:
If you do, in your heart you've already gone to Rome.

Beware, oh beware, how you rouse the sleeping bench
Of England, Scotland, Ireland, from CANTUAR. to TRENCH!
And its *gour* altar-fires we shall be compelled to quench.

You were, oh you were, and it cannot be ignored,
The followers of ANDREWS, of pious KEN, and LAUD!
But you've gone long past *them*, and your doctrine's all abroad.

Aware, I'm aware, to what point you all have come
When I read that book, that *Anglicanum Di-vo-to-ri-um*;
And I say to myself, I must be no longer dumb.

So wear then, so wear, ev'ry dress drawn in that tome,
But mind it is not done in sight of my cathedral dome,
If you do, we must part, and you'd better go to Rome.

WILD SPORT AT WILLINGHAM.

WE have yet a good deal to learn from our French neighbours, but not so much as we had. There was a time when our ideas of feathered game were limited to the birds named in the game list. Now, though it cannot, indeed, be said that *nous avons changé tout cela*, the truth, nevertheless, is that we have changed some of it. At any rate, some of us have changed the old English ideas which once prevailed on that subject for those which are generally entertained in France. Witness the subjoined account, from the *Rafford and Gainsborough News*, of some shooting which certainly comes under the head of *le sport*:-

WILLINGHAM.—This village was enlivened on Wednesday, the 17th inst., by a little blackbird shooting. Large numbers turned out with guns, and about 80 birds were killed, two shooting six each. One sportsman had made a bet that he would kill six, and he succeeded in winning his wager, but not without great difficulty. A capital spread was provided in the evening at Mr. ROSE TOM'S, the Half Moon, to which about 17 sat down. The "crack-shots" fired three volleys just before going in to supper. A band of music was in the vicinity, and altogether the event caused considerable stir and enjoyment.

In the estimation of JACQUES BONHOMME, a black-cock is identical with a cock blackbird, and the blackbird-shooters of Willingham appear to have quite adopted M. BONHOMME'S view of black game. A whole village capable of being "enlivened by a little blackbird shooting" must very nearly resemble one whose inhabitants would all be thrown into a state of excitement by the news that JULIUS or ALPHONSE had caught a minnow, or shot a tom-tit. The firing, on the part of the "crack shots," of volleys in the air before going in to supper, was a piece of fun evidently, like most of our contemporary dramas, borrowed from the French. So, clearly, was the employment of the band of music, whose triumphant strains resounded to celebrate the blackbird battue. Perhaps the *feu de joie* that preceded the supper of our Gallicised merleicides was the death of a barn-owl.

The blackbird is a destructive mischievous bird, he kills and eats the snails, which might, and perhaps soon will, be food for the "crack shots" of Willingham, who are doubtless aware that those *crustaceans* are included in our lively neighbours' dietary. The blackbird also destroys slugs, and robs the gardener of them as well as snails. He is likewise, for one, the vile early bird that picks up the innocent worm, and the noise which he makes, called his song, is merely an utterance of exultation in the prospect of prey, and forebodes rain.

Courage, men of Willingham; shoot cock-robins as well as blackbirds. This little warbler—the cock-robin—is eaten with bread-crumbs. Shoot him now, when the pairing season has commenced; shoot him, cook him, and eat him too, *à la Française*. Shoot and eat the gold-finches as well, and the linnets, and the wrens, and all the other little birds that devour so many caterpillars. Shoot ducks, and geese, and barn-door fowls, and to signalise in the highest style your enthusiasm for *la chasse*, go and shoot foxes. After that, get played in to supper to the tune of *The Huntsman's Chorus*, and then at ye down, my masters, and fall to, not on a venison pasty, marry, no, but on

"Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,"

while attendant vocalists sing the "*Song of Sipsence*."

Fashion and Art.

WE are in a position to state that, with a view to the abolition of the existing monstrosities of female attire, the directors of the School of Design have offered a premium for the invention of a lady's dress that shall form the best combination of convenience, elegance, and economy.



"HARD LINES."

Mistress (to former Cook). "WELL, ELISA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?"

Ex-Cook. "WELL, MUM, AS YOU WOULDN'T GIVE ME NO CHARACTEER, I'VE BEEN OBLIGED TO MARRY A SOLDIER!"

PIO'S NO—NO!

"Travellers visiting the Pope's dominions should be very careful not to bring forbidden books, or Colt's revolvers with them, the Custom-house officers having strict orders to confiscate them, and it is not always possible to recover them after the owners have left the Roman States. Forbidden books are those condemned by the Congregation of the Index, books on religion or morality in general, political and philosophical works of every description, and more especially Italian religious tracts published in London. But, above all, travellers should be careful not to bring English, Italian, or other Bibles with them, the Bible being strictly prohibited."—MR. ODO RUSSELL to LORD CLARENDON.

"FROM our dominions we exclude—
(*Urbis et orbis Papa vindex*)—
All COLT's revolvers, and that brood
Of Satan—books named in the Index.

"Books on the Church (St. Peter's mystery),
The State (St. Peter's principality);
Books upon politics and history,
Books on religion and morality.

"Tracts, one and all, but chief therein
Such as are in Italian written,
And printed in that seat of sin
And hold of heresy, Great Britain.

"Above all, ye, of every nation
Who seek the sacred soil of Rome,
Be warned, if ye'd 'scape confiscation,
Your Bibles must be left at home.

"No matter what the tongue or text is,
By whom translated, when, or where;
The Bible upon no pretext is
Allowed to pass St. Peter's Chair."

Wise Pope—that PETER's seat guard'st well,
'Gainst heretics' invasion free—

With the dove's innocence how well
The serpent's wisdom shows in thee!

While Popes remain doubt's sole resolvers,
Sole founts of truth, sole whips of sin,
What use in keeping out revolvers,
If Revolution's self 's let in?

What all the Colts that e'er exploded,
All GARIBALDI's guns and swords,
To the live shells, time-fused and loaded,
Between the plainest Bible boards?

What Revolution into ruins
So like to hurl St. Peter's Dome,
As God's word gauged with Papal doings,
The Bible face to face with Rome?

SPAIN SOLILOQUISES.

"The Republic of Peru has formed an alliance offensive and defensive with Chili, for the war against Spain."—*Foreign Intelligence.*

CARAMBA! what's this protocolling and pother?
All my waspish step-children in arms up again!
After all these years more South-American bother,
Check, once more, to the Castle (and Lion) of Spain!

Aggression proves costly—one's pride though it tickles;
Two republics at once on one's hands is no lark:
My heart I had hardened against Chili pickles,
But not for a course of Peruvian bark.

My Castilian bounce is beginning to vanish,
Small I gladly would sing, shy I'd cheerfully fight
All the more as Peruvian bark's not like Spanish,
But, they say, goes along with Peruvian bite!



LONDON'S NIGHTMARE.

SAD WANT OF SURGEONS IN THE ARMY.



DEAR READER, The Report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the alleged grievances of medical officers in HER MAJESTY'S military and naval service, has, in so far as it concerns Army Surgeons, just appeared. Its appearance has necessitated the publication of the following announcement:—

WANTED for SERVICE in the BRITISH ARMY, a number of highly accomplished young SURGEONS, possessing not only first-rate professional attainments, but also the advantage of a good

general education, and NOT PROUD. They are required to be FELLOWS of the ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, and also to have obtained an English PHYSICIAN'S DEGREE. With the breeding, habits, and manners of gentlemen, they must combine a submissive temper, so as to be able to stand any extent of SMURRING that may be inflicted on them by COMBATANT OFFICERS, and, under occasional circumstances, to CLEAN BOOTS. They must be willing to occupy a SIDE-TABLE at Mess, and ready to jump up and CARRY PLATES at call. When unavoidably summoned to take part in any COURT MARTIAL or other BOARD of INQUIRY whereat their assistance is absolutely necessary, and whereon COMBATANT OFFICERS are SITTING, THEY must be CONTENT TO STAND. None need apply that have any objection to endure any indignity. They must be prepared to accept and wear, without remonstrance, ANY UNIFORM that may be assigned to them, however GROTESQUE, as the discipline of the Army requires that they should be rendered sufficiently ridiculous to distinguish them from Combatant Officers. It will also be requisite for them to acquiesce in the REGULATION which DENIES those of them who chance to die the usual MILITARY HONOURS at their INTERMENT, even in those cases wherein the deceased Surgeons have died operating under fire. N.B. A slight increase of Pay. For further particulars inquire at the Tatters and Starvation Club, the Horse Guards, and the War Office.

WHAT LORD RUSSELL MAY BE SAYING.

"Rest and be thankful"—
Ay, a whole bank full,
Silver and gold would I give;
To buy peace and quiet,
To shun Reform riot,
And far from the Treasury live.

"Rating or rental"—
Pity my mental
Doubt, and dilemma, and care;
By deputations,
By delegations,
Schooled in this Downing Street chair.

"Rental or rating"—
Solid heads stating
Claims of their class without clamour;
Forging and blasting,
Chasing and casting,
Deft men with chisel and hammer.

Wish to see figures?
Cattle-plague, niggers,
Fenians lie on the table;
Startling in one sense,
Showing the nonsense
Talked about votes by the able.

BRIGHT's speeches heeding—
Voice, too misleading—
Hatched we a sweet little Bill;
Six and ten-poundered,
Sure to have foundered,
Ground into powder by MILL.

Late, but not too late,
GLADSTONE, my chief mate,
Laid Number Two on the anvil;
NORTHBROOKS and ROMILLY,
Get up your homily,
HALIFAX, would you help GRANVILLE?

ARGYLL cannot alter,
Nor CLARENDON falter,
Earl with two titles be ready;
SOMERSET back me,
If DERBY attack me—
STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, steady.

GLADSTONE, my main force,
GÖSCHEM, my spare horse,
LAYARD, and GIBSON, and GREY,
FORSTER and CARDWELL,
STANSFELD—all guard well
The bantling—the Twelfth is the day.

Franchise—the Borough?—
Measure is thorough,
Welcome to friends of safe progress;
Franchise—the County?—
Reform for her bounty
May get abused as an Ogreess.

Redistribution?
BISMARCK the Prussian
Might be an adequate man;
South to be blooded,
North to be flooded,
Balance the scales if you can.

CLAY's plan, and HARRIS's plan,
Take them, O working man,
Take them to BEALES and to ODGERS;
One thing I will do,
Slip in a clause or two,
Giving the franchise to lodgers.

Bill when debated,
House animated,
Benches with friends will be full;
LOWE scan it kindly,
ROEBUCK don't blindly
Rush at it just like a bull.

BRIGHT, my chief orator,
Bravely speak for it, or
Greatly I'm erring about you;
And, ah! EDWARD HORSMAN,
Come down in force, man,
MILL, GATHORNE HARDY can't roast you.

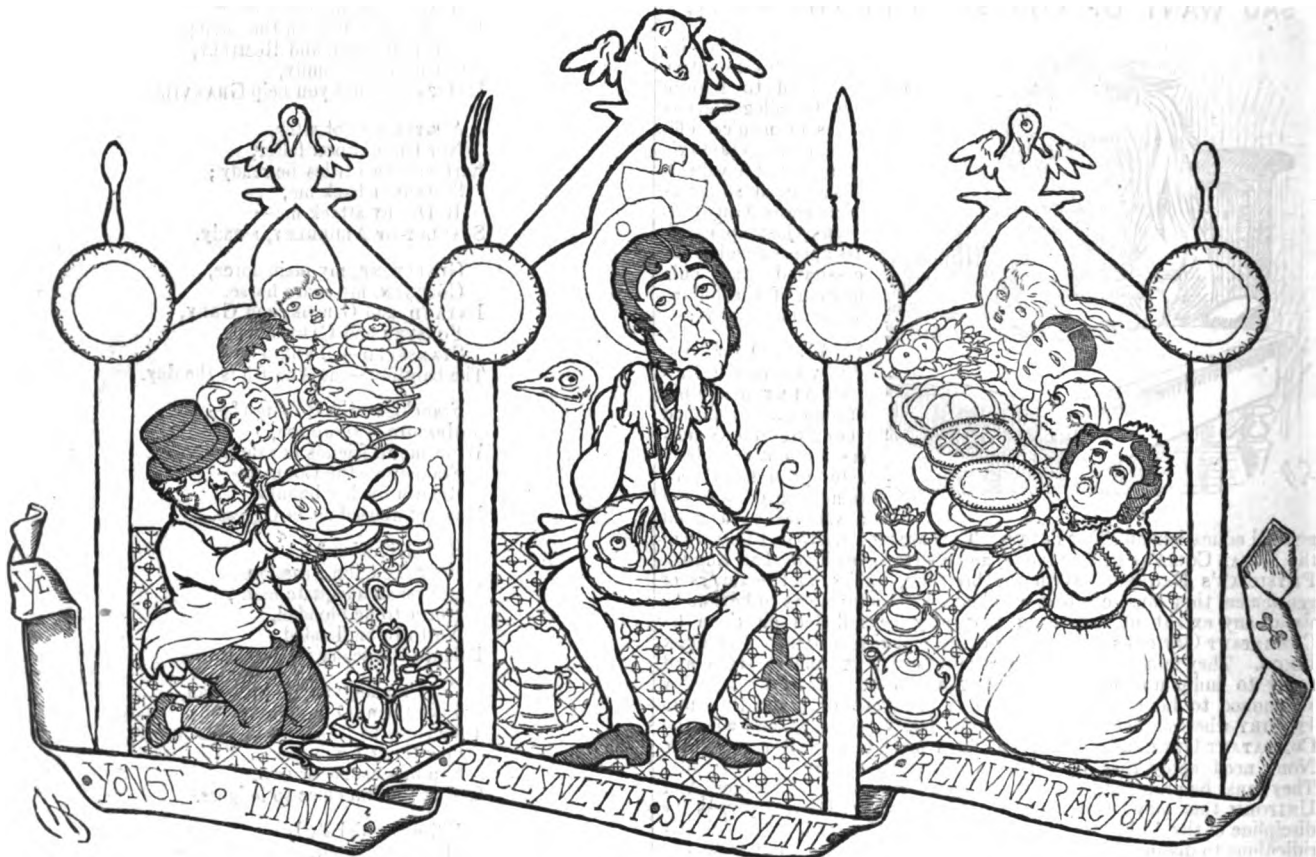
Bill when it's printed—
Have I this hinted?
Won't suit the standstills or Tories;
Hark! the old chorus,
Sires heard before us—
England, farewell to thy glories.

No, it will strengthen,
Ay, and will lengthen,
England and England's prosperity;
Bind us, unite us,
Raise us, and right us,
True People's Charter, in verity.

Carried, at hay-time
(No, not by May-time),
Hansom, ho! come from the rank fall:
Richmond, relieve me,
Richmond, receive me,
Once more to "rest and be thankful."

Thought by an Indifferentist.

In cold weather I incline to the religion of Zoroaster, and worship perpetual fire. My tailor's Christmas account having just been sent in, my thoughts are turned in the direction of Vesta. Very few London servants would have been capable of serving in *her* temple, if keeping up the sacred fire by night and day was the condition of their engagement. I don't recollect one housemaid who would have been among the Vestals.



"A YOUNG MAN wishes to find a home with a *pious* family, where his *Christian example* will be considered sufficient remuneration for his Board and Lodging. Address," &c.—(An actual Advertisement.)

A NICE young man, and a modest, too,
Offers himself to the public view;
And *Punch* does all he possibly can,
To aid the aim of the nice young man.

The household will be truly blest
Which this nice young man selects for nest;
Nor will think "example" a payment queer
For board and washing, and bed and beer.

In his pious presence there won't be heard
From the naughtiest urchin a naughty word,
And if MARY JANE should giggle at AMNE,
He'll frown them solemn, the good young man.

If the tea is weak, or the butter salt,
The nice young party will find no fault;
If the meat is rag, and the pudding stone,
The nice young party will only groan.

Should Mamma show rage, and Papa drop oath,
The nice young man will reprove them both;
And if the servant should tell a lie,
The nice young man will exclaim "O, fie!"

Treasure like this is treasure indeed,
It does one good such a thing to read,
And we've drawn a Triptych in which you scan
The saintly life of the nice young man.

HOMICIDAL FORGERY.

THE Report of the Committee on Capital Punishments is an able production; but not quite exhaustive.

On the 26th of last month, before MR. C. J. CARTER, Coroner for Kent, at the Beehive Tavern, Greenwich, an inquest was held on the body of HENRY GRIFFITHS, one of the crew of the *St. Andrew's Castle*. The British Jury that assisted in this investigation returned the following verdict:—

"That the deceased died from scurvy; and the Jury further say, that the juice shipped aboard the *St. Andrew's Castle* was a chemical decoction perfectly useless as a preventive of scurvy."

By "decoction" the British Jury will be seen to have meant solution. However, they were quite right in stigmatising it as useless. According to the evidence of DR. HENRY LEACH, a medical officer of the *Dreadnought*, as to the so-called lime-juice which had been administered to the deceased on board the *St. Andrew's Castle*—

"It was either citric acid and water, or weak lemon-juice, but they" (witness and a chemist of high standing) "believed that it was merely citric acid and water."

The British Jury that brought in the verdict above-quoted, wished to return one of "manslaughter," but that, the Coroner told them, they could not legally do. Manslaughter, certainly, is not the verdict that

ought to be returnable in such a case as this. It is all very well for a British Jury to be able to return a verdict of manslaughter against a hapless Chemist who, in a fit of mental absence, has dispensed a phial of laudanum by mistake for a black dose, or against an unfortunate Surgeon who, by an error in judgment, has destroyed the life that he did his best to save. But the offence of knowingly and wilfully supplying useless stuff under the name of a remedy, to be employed as such for the cure of diseases which that remedy may be requisite to prevent from killing, is surely about as great a crime as any that can deserve capital punishment. The Committee on that subject has omitted, in its Report, to say whether, in its opinion, criminals guilty of adulterating or counterfeiting medicine on whose purity life may depend, ought to be hanged, or only condemned to penal servitude for life and periodical flogging.

On a Late Canard.

"LORD RUSSELL out! Stuff! When he's put his foot
Down on the Bill? A fight he'll brave, and win it!"
"Are you quite right? On the Bill put his foot?
Should you not rather say, put his foot *in* it?"

A REAL SCOTCH JOKE.

WHAT's the next wine to Golden Sherry? Sillyry. (Siller—eh?)



A FORWARD YOUTH.

(ON THE WILTSHIRE DOWNS).—MASTER GEORGE, WISHING TO BE A HUNTING MAN, DISCARDS HIS CHUPPER, AND FINDS IN CONSEQUENCE THAT THERE IS SUCH A THING AS BEING A LITTLE TOO FORWARD.

HAIR-TRAPS.

WHAT endless ingenuity has been exercised in constructing traps for catching heirs! Our exalted Grandmothers employed powder as well as hair-triggers at a punctilious period when heirs stood much on forms. Neither BRAMAH nor CHUBB could show such complicated locks as those with which belles were formerly fitted up. An artificial simplicity now masks the spring of these terrible engines. Every day we hear of captives being taken by Italian bands, and once caught, be assured, their freedom is forfeited, beyond possibility of ransom.

Some time ago hair-traps with long twisted pendulums attached, and cherry-coloured bows, were extensively exhibited, and set. Rude people made small sport of them, and we doubt whether they ever brought to grief a heir that was worth a shilling. More recently a Chinese trap has received countenance from the heads of families. For a long while nets were used in various parts of England by devoted lovers of the chase, but this barbarous practice is now rarely adopted in Belgravia, unless it be within a very limited area. We are not sure, however, that in a picturesque point of view it has been improved upon by the dead weight which some modern hair-traps carry. Heirs are by nature timid and quickly alarmed, and a *chignon* might easily be mistaken for a porter's knot.

We were recently invited to an exhibition in Hanover Square, where we had an opportunity of observing the process of trap-manufacture. A sensible shudder ran through our frame as we glanced at the dangerous instruments around us, mounted on moveable carriages, and we felt like a lady when viewing a cannon-foundry. In imagination we saw the eldest son of a doting mother heart-stricken by one of these curious machines. Then we pictured to ourselves the cherished nephew of a wealthy bachelor baronet suddenly arrested in his wild career of joy, like a caged skylark, and condemned to carol a connubial and domesticated song. A Minister of State, a Colonel of Militia, and a Naval Commander were next taken prisoners, and held out their hands to be pinioned without a struggle, but not without a sigh. Here were contrivances of a most complex character, some resembling a battery of field pieces. Depending from a marble arch was a coil of little snakes.

Further on we observed a species of trellis-work flanked by chaos in *chevelure*. On one side crisp waves glistened beneath the sun-light, on the other playful ripples, from which perfume arose, lulling the senses as they sweetly succumbed to the mighty power of capillary attraction.

In addition to those above described, there are other traps under the express sanction of the law, and which supported by lofty poles, are chiefly used in snapping up fees. These legal implements are made, we believe, of strong horse-hair, and are capable, when handled with dexterity, of catching at one *coup* a woolsock and a great seal.

Worms against Worms.

WITH garlic, onions, ginger, WORMS
Doth assa/etida combine,
And teacheth, on no sordid terms,
Therewith the cure of ailing kine,
If poleaxe, thence, need no employ
To send our oxen to the grave,
From worms that cattle do destroy,
Then WORMS, in truth, shall cattle save.

DEAR EDITOR,—A dog called Beauty ("Bute" for short) ate some fowls. Whereupon your young man said, impromptu,

"Bute puts the fowls
Into his bowl's."

OBJECTION TO A UNIFORM RATE.

MR. BUMBLE the Beadle begs to say, that he werry much objects to the idear of uniform rating. Such a system, MR. BUMBLE believes, would lead to a most unporochial reduction of the splendour of porochial officers' costume.

POEM ON A PUBLIC-HOUSE.

Or this Establishment how can we speak?
Its cheese is mitey and its ale is weak.

THE PRIZE NAUTICAL DRAMA.

THE Prize for the T. P. COOKE drama has been awarded. Why has the following play been overlooked?

THE PIRATES OF THE POSADA;

OR, THE MERMAIDEN'S VOICELESS VOW.

A NAUTICAL-EQUESTRIAN COMEDY DRAMA, IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AGASTIUS O'FLAHERTY (Remagado commanding the Mounted Marines).

BLACK BOLSTER (a Mermaid in the disguise of a French Commissariat.)

THE HIGH ADMIRAL OF THE YELLOW (with a song, unless some one else sings it first.)

MOSES BEN MISHY (a Jew Pedlar in love with ZORINEA).

MISS JONES (daughter of OLD JONES).

FERRIWIX (her Maid, but in reality a concealed agent of the Accountant-General's family in India.)

*The actress (who turns out to be only the same though subsequently mistaken for ———, and rejected by several people on that account. Afterwards in disguise of a happy ——— called by his friends * * *, whom, however, he is deceiving.*

THE MERMAIDEN (The Voiceless—the Pride of the Ocean.)

ACT I., SCENE 1.—Interior of a Jam Closet. Time—Night. Through the air-holes is seen the waving sea in the distance, and the howling winds are heard as they career across stage from L. to R. (L. means left and so does R.) The Maniac's eye is noticed by those nearest the stage (extra price) glittering through the keyhole. He sings the opening chorus, sotto voce, and retires. End of first tableau. A Storm gets up.

Enter BLACK BOLSTER, he looks cautiously about and swears.

Black Bolster. So, she has alipt her mainstays and parted athwart the hawser. But tremble, tyrant! for this (shows dagger to audience) Aloft! he comes. *[Climbs up and down till he's tired.]*

Enter Ruffians dragging in the Lord High Admiral L. H. and R. H. (R. H. means Right hand.) The Reader is supposed to be in the Spanish Armada facing the audience.

All the Ruffians (together). Thou hast that about thee that passes show. Hush! We shall be overheard.

Chorus. Fortissimo.

Hey! nonny! nonny!

Blow the winds for the serpent's tooth!

Glorious are the days when we were young!

Solo. The High Admiral (accompanying himself upon a dulcimer concealed up his sleeve).

Oh, why this rage! why bear ye thus my limbs?

I care not for you: 'tis but one poor jump,

Then all is over: over: over. Yes. The drum!

[Trumpet heard without: I can play the trumpet.—Author's note.]

Enter MATT MOGGLETOP and all the other Characters who have not appeared at present. They release the Ruffians. Tableau.

Sir Darcy (apart, chuckling). Lor' love his dear eyes! if it ain't enough to grapple a capstern. *[Dances aside.]*

The Duke. Give me your hand, my man. *[Takes his hand.]* Though rank may sever us in society, yet remember that beneath that waistcoat beats the same heart that nurtured us both in childhood.

Moses (much affected). And will again.

[The Duke sinks through trap c., and several other people sink off in different directions as the scene closes. Tableau.]

ACT II.—Same as ACT I. This can be omitted in representation.

ACT III., SCENE 1.—A Mountainous District in Mesopotamia. Ships sailing. Time: half-price.

Enter SIR RICHARD, as if pursued, followed by the ——— and LADY OLIVIA.

Sir Peter. 'Gad, Madam, you give me bat a modicum after all.

Lady Olivia. When you married me you didn't say that.

Sir Peter. No, indeed, or (significantly) — or it might have been otherwise.

Lady Olivia. Well, SIR PETER, if you will throw the basin at a poor widow, it is not he who must suffer.

Sir Peter. Zounds, Madam, 'tis true. *[Takes snuff.]* A woman only has to say the word, and there's no doubt of it.

[Safe laugh this from the pit.—Author's note.]

The ———. I can endure this no longer.

[Tears them asunder.]

[They embark for Africa. Exit the ——— surreptitiously.]

SCENE 2.—The keel of the Convolution, H.M.S. On the fore-castle stands JOHN holding ADOLPHUS on the wheel. The Admiral is singing on the maintop wizen, while three midshipmen in trunks are vacillating on the cheerful bobstays. All hands peeping.

Ben. Come mates! Call in the fiddler. *[They send on shore for a fiddler, who enters without his fiddle.]* Nay then! a song! a song!

[After song the enemy's ship heaves herself in sight, and all prepare to receive cavalry. Real guns, real pumps, real sea-water, real swords. The enemy attempt to board the vessel, and, as there must be real fighting, the attempt may or may not be successful. The tableaux will be arranged by the survivors among themselves.]

The ——— (rising). Mine! mine! at last!

[Blue, red, and green fire. Rockets. Squibs. The fort appears in flames. The Black Slaves leave their holds, and throw themselves into the sea. Somebody strikes an attitude. Curtain.]

ACT IV., SCENE 1.—The Bay of Tunis. The horizon can just be seen through the last wave. Time, half-past twelve, only the clock's supposed to be a quarter of an hour fast. Below the gangway are three Mariners. The raft passes from left to right, to slow music. A salt-junk, filled with Chinese, passes over the bay.

Charles Surface (swimming towards them, holding a flag of truce.) It is never too late to mend. *[Tableau.]*

Pirates (drinking, and not observing him).

Hey! for the Rover's life!

Charles Surface (quietly). For the man who wouldn't ——— *[Sinks. Chord, and a Tableau.]*

Enter, above, CAPTAIN HORNCASTLE. Tableau.

Captain. And yet, methinks, she loves me!

Ben Bolt. Ay, ay, Sir. *[Taps the side of his nose. Tableau.]*

Captain. Say you so? Then no time must be lost. *[Winds up the clock. They search for CHARLES.]* No, he has escaped!

The ——— (suddenly). But you are mine! mine! mine for ever!

[The Simoom sweeps over the horizon, and destroys them at one blow. The Straits of Dover are seen going from England to France as the ship explodes. Tableau.]

ACT V., SCENE 1.—The interior of Scotland. On a peg hangs the Admiral's hat. In the corner R. stand his boots in an attitude of remonstrance. Chain cables lie about in different parts of the Cabin. Tableau. Several people discovered making two hundred a year on the average. Tableau.

Students (aside). Ech, Sirs, its a braw gude dounie wassal.

[The Fishermen struggle with them, but in the end MISS MARMALADE is rescued from the gang, and delivered over to her parents.]

Old Marmalade. Bless you, my own! Take her (to YOUNG BOLUS), and be happy! *[The boat sinks. Tableau.]*

All. What misery is theirs!

[A low wall rises from the sea, and is immediately caught up by those on board.]

Rip Van Ravenswood. Approach, dastard! (to somebody, name unknown) and receive the reward that——

His Crew. An honest heart can still——

Admiral and Crew (together). Give. Die, villain!

[The Pirate falls. Blue fire. Tableau to imitate BUCKSTONE; and Scene closes.]

The next is a short scene artistically introduced to allow of the "Heavy set" being made behind.

SCENE 2.—An extensive park leading through vistas of mountains into the cliffs bordering on the Caspian. R. H. stands a board, on which is written, "No admittance except on business." Enter a company of soldiers in search of SIMMONS, the escaped convict.

Charles (still sleeping). My mother—she washes me. Ah! ISABELLA.

[Awakes.] Ha! where am I?

The Commander-in-chief (suddenly smashing in the Admiral's cooked hat). Here! (Tableau).

[Leopards, and tigers, and snakes bound on, and (being of course tamed for the purpose) devour the Pirates. Scene then opens and discovers]

SCENE LAST.—The Sea of Durham. The sun, rising, discovers the united fleets of England, Ireland, and Prussia triumphing over the Posada and a tornado. Guns, cannons, fires.

Admiral (to MISS JONES). Then it was you, after all?

Miss Jones (blushing). I cannot deny it now.

Agastius. Och, sure, but the bracelet——

Black Bolster. Was yours—— *[Turning to LADY OLIVIA.]*

Lady Olivia. I will never be jealous again.

John. Ah, if I really thought you could mean that——

Samuel. She does.

All (except Adolphus). She does.

Alfred. Why then I should no longer have any hesitation in declaring that the Second Will is in her favour.

The ———. It is, and I am lost. *[Disappears.]*

1st Ruffian. And she is the long lost daughter of——

James (enthusiastically). No, she is (coming forward to audience) the Mermaid of the Voiceless Vow. *[Bows.]*

[All bow. Tableau representing allegorically The Steward's Borth. End. Curtain. Overture.]

AMONG THE ARTISTS.



OTHER evening, my dear Mr. Punch, I was strolling near St. Martin's Church, about eight, trying to get up an appetite for dinner, when I perceived that a side-door of the Royal Academy was open, and that persons were entering.

Now, though not a *financier*, like my friend, Mr. Y—s (whose capital novel *Land at Last*, I hereby desire to present to your attention), I am always but too ready to yield to the impulse of the moment. The impulse of that moment was to enter in at the Academy door, and see what the persons were

going to do. There are many difficulties, however, in this world, and I personally encountered one in the person of a porter, in an exceedingly handsome red gown, who asked me for a ticket. Informed that I hadn't got one, he inclined, I thought from his expressions, to the opinion that I had better go away. Affably countervailing this view, which, I am bound to say, was very civilly urged, as became a servant of the Arts whose study smelt of moccasins, I was suddenly taken by the arm, and a pleasant voice said,

"Do you want to come in? Great compliment to us, I am sure."

"I am equally sure of it," says I; "and who are you?"

"Now, if there is one thing in the world that I dislike," says my new friend, "it is an unnecessary question. Come in, can't you?"

"Well, your door is wide enough for an Elephant, and an Epicurus might manage," I promptly retorted. And in I went.

"Take off your things, and leave 'em here," said he, as we came into a large room with a lot of tables. "They'll be quite safe, I assure you."

"I—I—beg pardon," said I, rather frightened, and adding, in a whisper, "I'm not a Model."

"I should say not," says he, bursting into a laugh which was very rude and uncalled for. But I left my cloak, and hat, and umbrella, and wallet, and my folio edition of BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which I am fond of reading in the street.

"Now," says my companion, "come on." We went, past a screen, into another large chamber.

"This," he said, "is our Council Room. Have some tea?"

"I will," I replied, "if the state of the Academy funds justifies that outlay upon an outsider. You are quite sure of that?"

He said he was, and that there might be a little surplus afterwards. A domestic, in elegant attire, then brought me some tea, and I can truly say that it did credit to the taste of the Royal Academy.

I should mention that there were many gentlemen in the handsome room, which was decorated with pictures, and had no end of a painted ceiling, which came from Somerset House, where, as you may not be aware, the Exhibition used to be. I recognized most of the gentlemen, from photographs for which I have once or twice asked you to pay. By Jove, Sir (a harmless oath from EPICURUS), there was a large metalnet of The Forty, the men whose works make the talk of a thousand dinner-tables, and, I trust, cover their own with every luxury in or out of season. I say this, partly out of benevolence, and partly because I have received several invitations. My companion mentioned my name, adding yours (which was quite needless, I flatter myself), and my reception was most affable. Frankly, I think that more than one painter of history pieces must have been struck by the nobility of my features, and I observed that several great portrait artists regarded me in a peculiar manner. If I have not yet been asked to sit to any of them, it is, I am sure, from a delicate consideration of the great value of my time.

But I could not conceive what they were going to do, and I didn't like to ask. There is nothing like masterly inaction, as my friend MR. DISRAELI says. The world is to him who knows how to wait.

Suddenly the porter or beadle announced (we could hear it without him) that St. Martin had said 8.

"Come in," said the gentleman who had hitherto played *Virgil* to

my Dante—not that the Academy is an *Inferno*, quite the reverse, I am sure. "You must have a seat."

And where do you think I found myself? Why, in that big room of all, in which, when the Exhibition is open, it is so delightful to be caught by criminalness, and either imprisoned for ten minutes, or sent whirling into some old dowager's expansive and expensive arms. All the pictures were gone, of course, but instead of them hung huge and frameless copies of the Cartoons, of the Great Supper, and the Great Descent; and the room was divided by a partition. On one side were two long rows of pictorial Swells, with a Presidential chair in the middle, and on the other were lots of students, merry, earnest, watchful young fellows, mostly, who cheered royally as the notables came in. My keen glance instantly fell upon a yet more interesting group—a knot of bright-eyed young ladies, students also, as I learned. I regret that the seat allotted to me was too far from them to permit them to see me well.

"Now," I said to myself, with my usual prescience, "I shall find out what we are going to do."

At this moment I observed, in face of the Presidential chair, a large and well fortified Tribune, and light broke into my soul.

"I am blessed if I am not going to hear a lecture," said I, discontentedly. "How can I get out? Am I a person to be instructed?"

As I grumbled these words, tremendous applause burst forth, and a gentleman ascended the rostrum. I recalled the words, for something in that gentleman's appearance told me that I should hear him with satisfaction. An earnest face, a bright eye, and hair and beard silvered, I trust not from the cause—deep affliction at the follies of others—whereas has streaked my own chestnut locks with white. "I will hear this," said I, as the applause broke out again, and with a calm and kindly glance at the younger part of his audience, the lecturer began.

He spoke of Art, Sir, and upon that subject no one was so capable as myself to judge his words. This was the last of four lectures, it seemed. He addressed himself to the students, and in a lecture of a scholarly and elaborated kind, he impressed truths upon them. I am not a student; but had I been one, I should have been grateful for the counsel so carefully weighed and so earnestly given. I shall not report the address, though I could easily do so. But I will set down that, amid many brilliant antitheses and many pregnant aphorisms, he said:—

"Do not imitate others. Imitation is a partial abandonment of Reason."

It occurred to me, Sir, that this would be a good motto for the next Catalogue. I should have risen and said so, but feared that I might be turned out.

The lecture seemed to me—yes, Sir—to me, your *homme blasé*—too short. I was much interested, especially by the glowing and poetical eulogy which he pronounced upon the very few pictures to which he could accord the merit of real greatness. I was also interested in the intense attention of his audience, and especially in that of the young artists. Doubtless future Academicians—perhaps a Lady President (and why not?) sat there behind the men who have made their names household words. The whole affair was fresh to me, and I said, as I rose, that I should sketch the scene for you.

"But who is the lecturer," said I to my next neighbour.

"Good Jupiter!" he said, "don't you know?"

"Shouldn't have asked if I did," I said, haughtily.

He whispered.

"What?" cried I, in too great a hurry to be, I think, rightly grammatical. "Him which painted *Eastward Ho!* and *Camille* in the last Exhibition, and—"

"And a score of other admirable works—hold your row, can't you?"

"Shan't for you," I replied, walking off to my dinner.

Yours, artistically,

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

PADDING.

PARAGRAPHS to fill up a paper during a dearth of news. We do not want them ourselves this week, and present them with our compliments to any newspaper, gratis:—

Young Woman found behind a Fire-place.—About one o'clock yesterday morning, one of the Sudbury Police received intimation that there was a scratching, behind the bricks of a fire-place, in one of the Cottages near at hand. On going thither, and removing the plaster and mortar, a young girl, aged seventeen, was found. She was alive, and quite well. Being asked how she got there, she was unable to give any satisfactory reply. She stated, in answer to the Inspector, that she had been there for eight years. This is another proof of the extraordinary vitality of the young women in Sudbury.

Narrow Escape.—As MR. SADDLER, a master Mason, was walking past No. 13, Lime Tree Walk, Carlisle, a scaffolding, which had been for some time in a very unsafe condition, suddenly fell. As this was at the other end of the town, it luckily did not hurt MR. SADDLER, who indeed did not hear of the accident until next day.

A whole Village in Missouri has been blown away by the recent tempestuous gales.



PRESENCE OF MIND.

Driver. "RUN ROUND, JACK, SIT ON HER HEAD, AND CUT THE TRACES."

SHOCKING CASE OF LOCAL DESTITUTION.

THE Polar blast that swept over Great Britain on the first instant has threatened to convert what was apparently going to be an early spring into a late winter. With the virtual return of Christmas, Christmas charities also return. Atmospheric cold only serves to inflame Benevolence. Compassion is piqued by inclement skies.

The London casuals and poor of every description will no doubt experience all that munificence which can be demanded by a supplementary winter. The attention, however, of the affluent and bountiful may require to be called to less obtrusive distress in the provinces. May we venture to direct it to the grievous poverty which must be believed to afflict the inhabitants of Wareham?

The cupola of Wareham Town-hall wants to be repaired. An answer to a pathetic epistolary appeal for the sum needful for that purpose, addressed by the Mayor of the above-named borough to his Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, concludes thus, in the words of GENERAL KNOLLYS:—

"His Royal Highness is very sensible of the loyal feelings which have prompted you, as Mayor of Wareham, to make this application on behalf of so ancient and loyal a borough, and it would have afforded him sincere gratification to have answered it favourably had he not feared such precedent would be productive of similar appeals without the same merits or the same excuse. His Royal Highness trusts, however, that the estimated expense being only between £7 and £8, the good feeling of the inhabitants of Wareham will, on such an occasion, where the lives of the Corporation are in question, supply the want of any corporation fund applicable for the required purpose."

His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, of course, is not aware of the extreme poverty under which the inhabitants of Wareham must be suffering, inasmuch as their Mayor is obliged to beg £8 on their behalf to place in safety the cupola which, whenever he is seated in his official chair, impends over his own head and the heads of the Corporation. The latter, to be sure, through MR. ARTHUR TREVANN, one of their number, repudiate the Mayor's appeal to the generosity of His Royal Highness, but it is too clear that they are all in a state of Damocles and destitution.

Any old clothes, any old shoes, any old hats, or bonnets, will be

doubtless acceptable, on behalf of the indigent Warehamites, to the Mayor of Wareham. Donations of coats and blankets just now would be highly seasonable. In short we may be too sure that the smallest donation of any kind would be thankfully received. It is clearly not only the cupola of Wareham Town-hall that wants mending, but also the garments of the townspeople (who cannot but be out at elbows) and particularly the Mayor's gown. A subscription of sums, each not exceeding the smallest coin of the realm, is opened for their benefit at 85, Fleet Street. To this fund we feel sure that the very poorest will contribute, for the loaf is seldom down to even money, and they will never miss the odd farthing.

A READING BY STAR-LIGHT.

MR. PUNCH deeply and profoundly (he may say abyssively) regrets to discover by a reading of the kind above mentioned that his well-meant and kindly endeavour to promote the interests of a contemporary has been misjudged. He had hoped that no one who had studied *Mr. Punch's* character, which is as remarkable for its amiability as for its brilliancy, could fail to appreciate his earnestness in giving any Christian a benevolent shove-up to aid him in any meritorious effort. In complimenting the *Morning Star* upon the bold and sensational nature of its Jamaican Revelations, *Mr. Punch* had not the least intention of giving offence to his respected neighbour. Had *Mr. Punch* intended to be disagreeable, in which endeavour, however, he must always signally fail, he might have pointed out that to envelope serious narrative in the garb of penny fiction, is at once to discredit the writer in the estimation of educated people. But his sweet disposition revolted at the idea of severity, and he blandly favoured his astral neighbour with a hint which *Mr. Punch* is happy to see has been taken in reference to later Revelations. *Mr. Punch* will only add, that when he commits an injustice, he will say to the *Star*, with Jon—

"This breast shall be as open to thy sword
As now to thine embrace."

Let us liquor, if the *Star* will tolerate an American expression.



A Legend of Camelot.—Part 3.

SHE bore her burden all that day
Half-faint; the unconverted clay

❖ *miserie* !

A burden grew, beneath the sun,
In many a manner more than one.

❖ *miserie* !

Half-faint the whitening road along
She bore it, singing (in her song)—

❖ *miserie* !

"The locks you loved, Gauwaine, Gauwaine,
Will never know the comb again! . . .

The man you slew, Gauwaine, Gauwaine,
Will never come to life again!

So when they do, Gauwaine, Gauwaine,
Then take me back to town again!" . . .

The shepherds gazed, but marvelled not;
They knew the ways of Camelot!

❖ *miserie* !

She heeded neither man nor beast:
Her shadow lengthened toward the east.

❖ *miserie* !

A little castle she drew nigh,
With seven towers twelve inches high. . . .

❖ *miserie* !

A baby castle, all a-flame
With many a flower that hath no name.

❖ *miserie* !

It had a little moat all round:

A little drawbridge too she found,

❖ *miserie* !

On which there stood a stately maid,
Like her in radiant locks arrayed . . .

❖ *miserie* !

Save that her locks grew rank and wild,
By weaver's shuttle undefiled! . . .

❖ *miserie* !

Who held her brush and comb, as if
Her faltering hands had waxed stiff

❖ *miserie* !

With baulkt endeavour! whence she sung
A chant, the burden whereof rung:

❖ *miserie* !

"These hands have striven in vain
To part
These locks that won Gauwaine
His heart!"

All breathless, Brauniggrindas stopt
To listen, and her load she dropt,

❖ *miserie* !

And rolled in wonder wild and blear
The whites of her eyes grown green with fear:

❖ *miserie* !

—"What is your name, young person, pray?"

—"Knights call me *Fidele-strynges-le-Fay*."

❖ *miserie* !

—"You wear a wedding-ring, I see!"

—"I do . . . Gauwaine he gave it me . . ."

❖ *miserie* !

—"Are you Gauwaine his wedded spouse?
Is this Gauwaine his . . . country-house?"

❖ *miserie* !

—"I am . . . it is . . . we are . . . oh who,
That you should greet me thus, are you?"

❖ *miserie* !

—"I am ANOTHER! . . . since the morn
The fourth month of the year was born!" . . .

❖ *miserie* !

—"What! that which followed when the last
Bleak night of bitter March had past?" . . .

❖ *miserie* !

—"The same."—"That day for both hath
done!

And you, and he, and I, are ONE!" . . .

❖ *miserie* !

Then hand in hand, most woefully,
They went, the willows weeping nigh;

❖ *miserie* !

Left hand in left was left to cling!

On each a silver wedding-ring.

❖ *miserie* !

And having walkt a little space,
They halted, each one in her place:

❖ *miserie* !

And chanted loud a wondrous plaint
Well chosen: wild, one-noted, quaint:

❖ *miserie* !

"Heigho! the Wind and the Rain!
The Moon's at the Full, Gauwaine, Gauwaine!"

Heigho! the Wind and the Rain
On gold-hair woven, and gold-hair plain!

Heigho! the Wind and the Rain!
Oh when shall we Three meet again!"

Atween the river and the wood,
Knee-deep 'mid whispering reeds they stood:

❖ *miserie* !

The green earth oozing soft and dank
Beneath them, soak and suckt and sank! . . .

❖ *miserie* !

Yet soak-and-suck-and-sink or not,
They, chanting, craned towards Camelot. . . .

❖ *miserie* !

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



their Lordships' House," who was, nevertheless, a young man "not highly educated," and who had been nearly victimised by an artful young lady. Are there such things as ignorant young Lords, and do they vote on measures affecting the interests of the nation?

For the honour of the sturdy dwellers on the Durham Coast, we rejoice to be able to say that the Admiralty declares its disbelief in the story about the exhibition of false lights to wreck ships. We hope and believe that if a scoundrel were base enough even to suggest such an infernal idea to any two or three of those brave fellows, they would do the right thing by him, according to their lights (and ours) by pitching him into the sea, and leaving him there.

MR. GLADSTONE informed MR. BRIGHT that the despatches of the naval officers concerned in suppressing the Jamaica rebellion were written without warning being given to the writers not to be frank and sailorlike, and, therefore, that the Admiralty was not at liberty to publish those documents. The military officers' despatches were in the hands of SIR HENRY STOKES, as military superior. MR. BRIGHT declared that he should endeavour to obtain the former letters; but we imagine that his Grace of SOMERSET, having made up his mind on the matter, is not likely to give way. Nor does it seem just to examine an officer's confidential communications to his employers, in the hope of extracting evidence to his detriment.

In a discussion on the intended improvements in Palace Yard, MR. LOWE complained that Members ran the risk of their lives two or three times a day, from the vehicles which rush across the approaches to the House. MR. COWPER said that a subway would be constructed from the Clock Tower to Bridge Street. But in the meantime half the representative body may be knocked down, as happened last week to good SIR JOHN KYNASTON, late of Hardwick Hall, and later of Charing Cross Hospital. We suggest, as a preliminary measure of precaution, that the letters M.P., printed largely, at the expense of the nation, be affixed to the hat of every Member, and that drivers be ordered, on pain of flogging, to pull up and allow the wearer of such ensign to cross the street.

LORD HARTINGTON then favoured us with the Army Estimates. There is about a quarter of a million of reduction from the amount of last year. "But that's not much." He said that the Army thinks best of the Armstrong gun, and the Navy of the Whitworths. We have not arrived at a breech-loading rifle, nor, for our comfort, has France. There is some Fenianism in the Army, but there is no doubt of its general loyalty. He asked for 138,117 men.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, Victoria Crossman, made an effective speech against the present system of musketry instruction, which appears to be much overdone. LORD ELCHO is of this opinion, and asserts that any man of ordinary brains can learn the necessary rudiments in a fortnight. Government promises to consider the matter. MAJOR DICKSON condemned the examination for commissions, and desired to have, not educated, but "dashing" officers. The gallant Major is like the Irish young ladies complained of by the jilted schoolmaster,

"They don't care three pence for Plates and Cates,
They likes strapping dunces what stands six foot high."

Tuesday. MR. PUNCH is happy to say that, after a fight, the Gas Companies were routed, and the Corporation Gas Bill was read a Second Time, and referred to a Committee. A howl was made about breach of faith with the existing gangs of gas-makers, as if any consideration were due to folks who sell the worst of gas at the highest price they can extort. Fancy being sentimental over a gasometer! The Mid-London Railway Bill, which really did promise many conveniences to the Londoners, was thrown out. LORD STANLEY thought that we ought to wait and see what the Inner Circle, which is to be complete in about two years, would do for us. Well, such of us as are not run over in the meantime by the cabs and Van demons will see what we shall see, and the others will not mind.

MR. CHAMBERS brought in a Bill for legalising marriage with one's sister-in-law. The Commons have several times approved such a measure, and the Lords have

decided that there was no sin in such a marriage, if it were made before a certain date, but since that date the act acquired wickedness. Of course one would not dispute on a religious question with the Lords Spiritual, but this chronological theology seems funny to the irreverent.

MR. HENRY brought in a Bill for legalising executions in prison. SIR GEORGE GRAY did not oppose it, but said that the Government Bill on Capital Punishment would include provision for the above purpose. MR. EVANS, while protesting against executions altogether, thought that the Bill ought to provide for the admission of representatives of the Press to see the sentence carried out. This recognition of the Fourth Estate, by the other Three, would be a desirable novelty, but one could wish the opportunity selected were a more pleasant one. The Press might be brought into the Constitution by some other way than through the Press Yard.

Wednesday was devoted to a Church Rate Debate, when the Second Reading of a Bill for the total abolition of the Rate was carried by a majority of 33 in a house of 537. But MR. GLADSTONE, though voting for the Bill, intimated that it must be much altered in Committee, and he suggests a compromise, by which the compulsory character of the rate shall be got rid of. The Dissenters, on the other hand, wish to destroy all idea of the supremacy of the Church of England. MR. BRIGHT made a very forbearing speech, and said that although he believed and hoped that in a few years the political character of the Church would be extinguished, she would endure as a religious institution so long as she had the power to convey the truths of the New Testament to a single citizen. MR. DISRAELI made a forcible appeal to Members not to vote one thing when they meant another; but the result, though the majority was small, showed the confidence of the House in MR. GLADSTONE.

Thursday. The Lords passed the other Cattle Plague Bill (MR. HUNT'S), with various alterations. LORD ELLENBOROUGH said that we should never get rid of this plague until we got rid of the plague of Professors who professed to cure it. Legislation having now done its worst, we may interpolate a record that although the Government declines to appoint a Fast-Day in reference to the Rinderpest, the Primates and the Bishops are recommending such an observance. Some Clergymen are recalcitrant, and refuse to obey; first, because the order can only properly come from the QUEEN, and, secondly, because this is Lent, and is therefore already a time for fasting. In Scotland a Fast-Day is fixed, but MR. HORN, of Edinburgh, protests against it, having discovered that the disease was sent to punish us for granting money in support of Popery, and for using intoxicating liquors, and he therefore states that until we cease from these crimes, it is of no use making "a general confession of sin in the Slump."

MR. DISRAELI made a long speech on the Parliamentary Oaths Bill. He and other intellectual Conservatives have seen the absurdity of clinging to the old form, and we dare say that he has privately asked MR. NEWDEGATE whether he would not like to introduce words providing for the exclusion of the descendants of PERKIN WARBECK. But it is necessary to be solemn, even when abandoning a folly. "There is a form in these things, Madam, there is a form." So, in virtually announcing the surrender of the old oath, it was necessary for MR. DISRAELI to intimate that he must take dynastic securities, and a statement that the QUEEN is supreme in her Courts of justice. As if anything in England were really based on an oath. One is sorry to find that a body of English gentlemen require such talk from their leader. MR. NEWDEGATE'S anti-Popery terrors one can understand. The debate was prolonged until MR. WHALLEY rose, and the New House has evidently taken the same measure of this gentleman as the old, for those who did not cry "divide," cried "sing," and made noises which the SPEAKER was obliged to notice. Does it not occur to MR. WHALLEY that a gentleman is in a false position when he forces himself on a House which, rightly or wrongly, always treats him with disrespect? Occasionally, jeering and laughter may be bestowed on a BURKE or a GLADSTONE, but to be always treated as a buffoon, implies a mistake somewhere.

Friday. The FOREIGN SECRETARY said that MR. RABAN, who has gone to Abyssinia in the hope of rescuing the captives, had received a polite invitation from KING THEODOR to come to his Court, which the gallant adventurer had

expected to reach about the 10th of January. The Earl thought this to be very satisfactory intelligence, but LORD ELMHURST shook his noble head.

Very graceful speeches from EARL GRANVILLE, who, in moving the Second Reading of the Royal Annuity Bills, gave the most pleasant description of the amiable characters of the illustrious young personages for whom the country so gladly makes provision.

MR. SPEAKER had injured himself, while riding, and was obliged to inform the House that he was in acute pain, and could not preside. MR. DODSON, therefore, became First Commoner, and had to call SIR MORROW PETO to order for describing SERJEANT GASHAM (perhaps not inappurately) as his honourable and excitable friend.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES's proposals for compelling Railway Companies to provide houses for the working men whom they ejected, were discussed and rejected. LORD STANLEY urged that the plan would create a new and strange tenant-right, and that Parliament could not reasonably give an occupier more right against a company than he had against his landlord, who could turn him out at a week's notice. This is a good business argument, of course, only the landlord usually permits a man to stay while he pays his rent, and the Railway's avowed object is instantly to get rid of him. And in getting rid of him and hundreds more, *en masse*, it inflicts injury by making new lodgings scarce and expensive. MR. HUGHES stated that the Companies themselves admit this, and that some of them are prepared to make concessions. Are there not thousands of Arches that could be made into tenements?

The first Reform gun fired. Arm, arm! it is, it is, the season's opening roar. MR. GLADSTONE laid the statistics on the table.

SIR ROBERT PHIL made an able and elaborate speech against Coal Smoke, and people had better notice what Y says on the subject. That Final knows all about it, and declares that we are rapidly and wantonly exhausting our coal, and when that shall be gone, woe to the manufactures of England.

MR. GLADSTONE made an amusing speech about Dogs, for, like Mr. Punch, he can smile on the eve of battle. He seemed to intimate that he should abolish the present Dog-tax, which it is hard to collect, and make everybody who keeps a dog pay a small sum—say five shillings for a licence. This plan, sternly carried out, will abate a great nuisance.

Navy Estimates were taken, and after the House had refused to abolish flogging in the Army (it is more satisfactory to read that the practice is dying out), the Commons dispersed. Their next meeting was to confront The Reform Bill.

HARDBAKE AND HYMN-BOOK.

WE have been rather pleased than not, we think, with an illustration of the way in which spiritual and temporal business can be combined by an ingenious and devout person. The hardbake which we submit for the delectation of our readers emanates from the proprietor of a Baptist goodysnop. We dare say that his religion is as good as his lollipops, but not being acquainted with either, we hesitate to recommend them by advertisement, and therefore alter the name and address. But we gladly notice so delightful a union of the Confectioner and the Christian.

JOHN BLOERS,

TEA DEALER AND HAND CONFECTIONER.

TEA AND GROCERY, 25, BUNKUM STREET, ST. WALKERS.

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BUNKUM STREET PREACHING HALL,

RELIGIOUS SERVICES,

are held as follows: Sundays, Preaching at 11 a.m., and at Half-past 3 p.m.; Tuesdays, Prayer Meeting at 4-past 8 p.m. Thursdays, Preaching at 4-past 8 p.m. All Seats Free. All are Welcome!

A BUNDAY SCHOOL

Is conducted in the same place at Half-past 9 a.m. and at Half-past 2 p.m.

JOHN BLOERS, Pastor.

N.B. As strangers may not be willing to attend the above services, nor send their children to the school unless they know the denomination, it may not be unnecessary to state that it belongs to the Baptist Denomination.

Mendicity at its Source.

So the Mendicity Society refused to provide for its old and worn-out servants, or to render any assistance to their widows and surviving families! The Mendicity Society is supposed to be a charitable association, but Charity in this instance, does not follow its usual rule. The mendicity, and not the charity, of the Mendicity Society begins at home.

William Whitwell.

BORN: 1796.

DIED: MARCH 6, 1866.

Gone from the rule that was questioned so rarely,
Gone from the seat where he laid down the law;
Gaunt, stern and stalwart, with broad brow set squarely
O'er the fierce eye, and the granite-brow jaw.

No more the great Court shall see him dividing
Surprised crowds thick round the low chapel door:
No more shall others shrink cowed from his chiding,
Senate-house cheers sound his honour no more.

Son of a hammer-man: right kin of Thor, he
Clove his way thorough, right onward, amain;
Ruled when he'd conquered, was proud of his glory,—
Sledge-hammer smiter, in body and brain.

Sizar and master,—unbating, unresting;
Each step a triumph, in fair combat won—
Rivals he faced like a strong swimmer breasting
Waves that, once grappled with, terrors have none.

Trinity marked him o'erstepping the crowd of
Heads and Professors, self-centred, alone:
Bade as his strength was, that strength she was proud of,
Body and mind, she knew all was her own.

"Science his strength, and Omnipotence his weakness,"
So they said of him, who envied his power:
Those whom he silenced with more might than meekness,
Carped at his back, in his face fain to cower.

Milder men's graces might in him be lacking,
Still he was honest, kind hearted and brave:
Never good cause looked in vain for his backing,
Fool he ne'er spared, but he never screened knave.

England should cherish all lives, from beginning:
Lowly as his to such honour that rise:
Lives, of fair running and straightforward winning,
Lives, that so winning, may boast of the prize.

They that in years past have chafed at his chiding,
They that in boyish mood strove 'gainst his sway,
Boys' not blood cooled boys' impatience abiding,
Rev'rently think of "the Master" to-day.

Counting his courage, his manhood, his knowledge,
Counting the glory he won for us all,
Cambridge—not only his dearly loved College—
Mourns his seat empty in chapel and hall.

Lay him down, here—in the dim ante-chapel,
Where Newton's statue looms ghostly and white,
Broad brow set rigid in thought-mat'ring grapple,
Eyes that look upwards for light—and more light.

So he should rest—not where daisies are growing:
Newton beside him, and over his head
Trinity's full tide of life, ebbing, flowing,
Morning and evening, as he lies dead.

Sailors sleep best within boom of the billow,
Soldiers in sound of the shrill trumpet call:
So his own Chapel his death sleep should pillow,
Loved in his life-time with love beyond all.

Fiction and Fact.

"WHENEVER I'm awake in bed,
I lie and think," TOM BOUNCER said.
To which remark the prompt reply
Was, "When you're up you think and lie."

MORAL OF THE FRAUD.

FROM the proverbial title of MR. VINING's present entertainment joined with that of his pending revival, the Metropolitan Vestries may derive the appropriate motto, *Never too late to mend the Streets of London.*

A BAD INVESTMENT.—To buy the Honourable Member for Peter borough at his own WHALLEY-ation, and sell him at your own.



AN ARREST IN ERROR.

THE OTHER DAY, LITTLE MULROONEY WAS TAKING HOME SOME PROPERTIES HE HAD BORROWED TO PAINT IN HIS ACADEMY PICTURE, "THE MOSSTROOPER'S RETREAT," AND IT HAPPENED THAT AT THIS VERY TIME THE POLICE RECEIVED INFORMATION OF SOME SORT OR OTHER. CONSEQUENCE WAS—

"ARREST OF ANOTHER DESPERATE FENIAN CENTRE, ARMED TO THE TEETH, IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD!!!"

GOODY TWO-SHOES TO THE GOSSIPS.

ON THE NEW-BORN BABE.

WELL, it has seen the light at last, so now then welcome, little stranger.

The mother through a trial's past, and not by no means out of danger; Though she, by what accounts they give, 's as well as is to be expected. But is it likely for to live?—that's where my question is directed.

What sort of features it has got, wants more attention to decide it. Will it go into a quart-pot, and that be room enough to hide it? Except the big one fust of all, poor mites and mossels was them t'others, As never grow'd. Is this as small and piney-whiney as its brothers?

I know'd what they was; and I said to Mrs. JONES, "Ah! Mrs. JONES, Mum,"

Says I, "No sitchlike shrimps and shreds as they won't never make old bones, Mum;"

And, Mrs. JONES, I'll undertake she's ekal to the sitchuation— Says, "Mum, I never heer'd you make a truer spoken hobserwation."

The Doctor talks so round-about, and also lookin' so mysterus, That what he says one can't make out, he seems as if he didn't hear us; If he would tell us all he thought we then should be in a condition: But if a weasel 's to be caught asleep, so is that there Physician!

Well, there, we soon shall know the wust, and what's the hopes for little ducky,

But much depends on how they're nussed; who knows but this one may be lucky?

Things takes so long in that there House, 'tis talk, talk, talk, and dawdle, dawdle.

Ah, drat 'em! Will it live or no? Well, 'spose we drinks its 'elth in caudle!

COURT NEWS OF THE FUTURE.

LOUIS NAPOLEON and his Court listened a few weeks ago with delight to the somewhat broad songs of MDLLE. THERESA, a comic singer at the Parisian *Café Chantants*. Englishmen would be rather astonished if H.R.H. should follow this Imperial example. Shall we read in the *Court Circular*, after the list of the diners, who were honoured, &c., &c., that "The Great STEAD" was present by command, and sang his inimitable *Cure*. Their Royal Highnesses appeared delighted with his performance, and applauded the talented *artiste* to the echo. A similar honour was paid to MISS LEARY SMILER, known at the Islington Harmonic Hall as "*The Merriest Girl that's out*," who sang the ever popular "*Slap bang, here we are again*," calling upon the august assembly to join in the chorus; of which invitation H.R.H. was graciously pleased to intimate his acceptance. The message was conveyed to the fair *cantatrice* by an Equerry in Waiting, and at a given signal the whole party broke into a fairly harmonised refrain. The effect was most striking. Our reporter, who was handing the ices, was affected to tears.

The following songs were encored:—"The dark girl dressed in mauve," "Oh, she is such a nice young gal," and "The Costermonger's Daughter, or Don't tickle me, Jeremy Tweezer." The Queen's Private Band was in attendance, with some old melodies of MOZART and ROSSINI, &c., but was not called upon to perform.

Hard Upon Us.

"A work has just appeared by MADAME AUDOUARD, *Guerre aux Hommes*, the object of which is to prove that men are not so intelligent as women."

RATHER needless isn't this? Does not woman's position prove it. Is not man her slave? The rider in *Aesop's* fable might as well have written "*Guerre aux Chevaux*," to show that the horse is not so intelligent as the man who has mastered him. Are you not a little ungenerous, MADAME AUDOUARD?



THE GOSSIPS.

CHORUS OF GOSSIPS. "DO YOU THINK IT WILL LIVE?"

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

MR. GOODCHILD, whom you may recollect as giving those charmingly instructive juvenile parties years and years ago, went with us the other evening to hear MR. PHELPS in *Richelieu* at Drury Lane. Having wrapped ourselves up very carefully, on account of the draught in the stalls, we regretted to one another that we were unable to obtain railway rugs and hot-water bottles from the attendants, who might make small fortunes by accepting remuneration for the loan of these articles. We hope to see a notice to the effect that "opera-glasses, hot-water bottles, programmes, and railway rugs can be obtained on application to the box-keeper."

We thought everyone knew all about *Richelieu*. If MR. GOODCHILD is correct in his report, we were wrong. He depones to the following dialogue:—

SCENE—Stalls in Drury Lane Theatre. Time—after Seven.

Newly-married Wife (to newly-married Husband, who, she supposes, knows everything). JOHN, who wrote this *Richelieu*?

Newly-married Husband (rather startled by this sudden search after knowledge). Who wrote *Richelieu*? (Feels that if he hasn't an answer ready, his authority is in danger.) Who—(Wife is about to repeat the question, when her Husband takes advantage of a movement on the stage to check her inquiries by saying, in a whisper) Sessash! I'll tell you presently.

[Young Wife's attention is hereby directed to the stage, and Newly-married Gentleman obtains a respite.]

Young Lady (of High Church tendencies, to her sister). He was a Cardinal (alluding to MR. PHELPS). I wish the BISHOP OF OXFORD was dressed like that. Wouldn't it be grand?

Sister (argumentative young lady). But RICHELIEU wasn't a bishop.

First Young Lady. Oh yes, he was. (To UNCLE GEORGE, who in another two minutes would have been asleep). Wasn't he, Uncle?

Uncle George. Eh, my dear? What? Eh?

[Inclines his ear to his niece, trying to keep his eyes fixed on the stage at the same time, in case she may ask him about what's going on.]

First Young Lady. RICHELIEU was a bishop, wasn't he?

Uncle George (who up to this moment has not considered the subject). Oh, yes, he was a—at least he wasn't exactly what we call a bishop—he was a (pulls himself together with a strong effort, and calls to mind a history of England, with pictures, that he used to read when a boy)—a Prime Minister.

First Young Lady (surprised, but glad to exhibit her knowledge of these subjects). Oh, like LORD JOHN RUSSELL?

Uncle George (finds that he "really has quite forgotten his history"). No—no—no—(taking refuge under the show of promoting instruction, with good-humoured severity). You ought to read it. You ought to read it.

First Young Lady. What, uncle?

Uncle George (who would like to answer "books" generally, replies hurriedly). The history of—

[Shakes his head at the two girls, as much as to say, "You're interrupting the performance;" frowns at the stage, smiles, and says "Sessash!" The nieces determine to have it out afterwards.]

Critical Young Gentleman ("reading law" in the Temple). I enjoy seeing SHAKESPEARE.

Charles, his friend (a drawing-room amateur). Yes; but this isn't SHAKESPEARE.

Critical Young Gentleman (apparently amused at his own ignorance). That's funny. I always thought it was SHAKESPEARE'S.

[Refers to his bill, and finds that he's been looking at a prospective advertisement of "Shylock."]

Charles, his friend (who has no bill to refer to). Did you? (Thinks it, on the whole, as well to change the subject.) Have you seen the pantomime here?

Critical Young Gentleman. No. But that's very odd about SHAKESPEARE. I wonder how I got that into my head. Of course, it's by—

[Thinks of SHERIDAN KNOWLES, but his friend gives him no assistance.]

Man in the Pit, close behind. Sessash!

[CHARLES, his friend, blesses Man in Pit. Critical Young Gentleman looks round defiantly at Man in the Pit; Man in the Pit cracks a nut, and the piece proceeds.]

Theatrical person with an order, and a stout lady (in Dress Circle). PHELPS is very good in this.

Stout Lady. He looks exactly like—Lor', what's his name?—Beldemonio—

Theatrical Person. Oh, FRICHTER, not a bit—

Stout Lady (amused). Not FRICHTER—Lor' no. The old Cardinal in that. He's the same, isn't he?

Theatrical Person. No (puzzled)—yes—at least it's the same name. But his name was—dear me—(thinks)—

Stout Lady. FIFTUS something—FIFTUS THE SIXTH.

Theatrical Person (right at last). No, no, you mean SIXTUS THE FIFTH. (Loudly, for the information of the audience). Yes, Sixty-Six. I mean SIXTUS THE SIXTH—no, FIFTH—same time as RICHELIEU.

Audience (to *Theatrical Person*). Sessasssh!

[*Theatrical Person* gifies them, and holds his tongue.]

[At the end of Act I., the Newly-married Gentleman has discovered, from his bill, that RICHELIEU lived in the time of LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH. This, in a weak moment, he communicates to his wife.]

Newly-married Young Lady. Oh, yes, dear, I see. But I always confused him with MAZARIN. (Newly-married Gentleman smiles feebly, and wishes he hadn't spoken.) Was MAZARIN after or before RICHELIEU?

Newly-married Young Gentleman. Oh! he was—er—(looks at nothing through his opera-glasses)—he was—(stands up in the Stalls to give himself time)—oh (boldly)—he was after—yes, after RICHELIEU. (Uses opera-glasses vaguely.)

First Swell (who has come in during the first Act, to his friend). Doosid handsome dressing-gown the old boy (meaning MR. PHELPS) had on. Eh?

Second Swell. Yass; turned up with fur. Think I shall have one made like it.

First Swell (languidly). What's the story of this thing, eh?

Second Swell (not to be outdone). Oh, I don't know. Can't say much for the gals in it, eh? (Looks about.)

Elderly Gentleman from the Country (in the Pit, with a last week's bill of the "Merchant of Venice" bought outside the Theatre). Capital! First-rate! (At supper he tells his friends how delighted he's been with MR. PHELPS as Shylock.)

My friend MR. GOODCHILD had, up to this time, been rejoicing in the returning taste for the legitimate, he now thinks "the public want instruction, Sir." We also visited *She Stoops to Conquer*. I will tell you what we heard there another time. Miss HERBERT does well to revive old comedies; but it was a pity to stop the *School for Scandal*. Miss HERBERT's *Lady Teazle* is the nearest thing to perfection in the way of acting; but Miss *Hardecastle* is not in her line. Seriously, I am sure that Miss HERBERT could play *Lady Macbeth*; but then comes the east. As the Manageress, however, has surmounted all sorts of difficulties in placing GOLDSMITH and SHERIDAN on the stage, irrespective of her materials, why not proceed in the same way with the immortal WILLIAM. Allow me to suggest a cast for *Macbeth* at the St. James's supposing that Miss HERBERT plays the *Thane's* wife.

To ensure every character being well filled, each actor should consent to "double," i.e., take two parts, instead of leaving the second best to inferior artists. In this way *Macbeth* would be invested with a new interest, as a species of Shakespearian entertainment.

MACBETH.

(With probable Cast at the St. James's.)

DUNCAN, and First Witch	MR. ROBSON.
MALCOLM, Second Witch, and Ghost of Banquo	MR. OLATTON.
DONALDIN, and Third Witch	MR. CHARLES.
MACBETH	MR. FRANK MATTHEWS.
BANQUO, 1st Murderer, and an Apparition	MR. SANGER.
Physician, MACDUFF, and the Armed Head in the Cauldron	MR. WALTER LAGY.
Gentlewoman, HECATE, LADY MACDUFF	MRS. FRANK MATTHEWS.

I venture to say that this would draw all London.

AIRING A JEWEL.

THE *Oswestry Advertiser* is a very excellent paper, and in a general way we are above grudging a piece of good luck to a respectable and talented contemporary. But we think it a little hard that such a gem as the following should be sent for circulation in the kingdom of the late KING OSWALD, instead of being forwarded to us. Especially the editor of the Shropshire paper evidently does not appreciate the exquisite beauty of the lyric, and inserts it with a bit of good-natured sarcasm. We, on the contrary, transfer it to our columns, (for which it evidently was intended) with an unhesitating expression of admiration. We venture, as it is unchristened, to call it, after BURNS,

LAMENT OF THE OWNER OF STOTS AT THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

"Spring, hurry awhile, or thy flowers will be blighted and crossed, then they'll shiver and die; The times (not the grounds) are too hard, you will see, Flowers should not bloom when farmers could cry.

"But if thou wilt come now, oh, bring better days, Flowers are no balm for the farmer's pains; Can buttercups and daisies meet all his pay? When he's nothing to graze, is grass any gain."



IM-PERTINENT.

Stout Gent (naturally suspicious of the Street Boy). "GE' OUT O' MY WAY, YOU YOUNG RASCAL!"

Street Boy. "VICH VAY ROUND, GOV'NOUR!"

THE POPE'S OWN BRIGADE.

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the *Débat* the Pope's old soldiers are greatly disgusted with his Holiness's new army, consisting of recruits from France, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, of the class, loafer, whose appearance, language, and manners "indicate that they belong to the very lowest classes of society":—

"They are disliked not only by the people but by the military themselves; and there has already arisen in the Papal barracks more than one quarrel between the old soldiers and their new comrades. The Zouaves especially are humiliated by the strange companions imposed upon them; for this aristocratic corps, composed originally of the flower of the Franco-Belgian gentry, is animated by really chivalrous sentiments."

The army of the Pope is otherwise called the Pontifical legion. His new army, perhaps, will be well so called. It seems to consist of soldiers of whom you may say that their name is legion. The Pope's Own may be regarded as a denomination convertible with a synonym for the Inns of Court Volunteers. They may also be considered to bear a strong resemblance to *Falstaff's* ragged regiment. PRO NOWO surely would be ashamed to march through Coventry with them, if Coventry lay in his way. No wonder that any decent soldiers are disgusted with such comrades. Quartered with a rabblement of tag-rag-and-bobtail, the chivalrous and enthusiastic Papal Zouaves, as many of them as have read, and are versed in SHAKESPEARE, are now prepared to answer the conundrum, that might be proposed to them, "Why is Popery like misery?" Their reply, of course, would be, "Because it acquaints men with strange bedfellows."

A Bad Note from the Crystal Palace.

MR. SULLIVAN's new symphony played last Saturday at the Crystal Palace was, we are informed, "inspired by a study of OSSIAN." This has misled many people, who think that its general idea must necessarily be equestrian, because suggested by the poems of an 'Ossey' un.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

Examiner (to Scotch boy in Free School). Where is the village of Drum?

Scotch Boy (readily). In the County of Fife.

[*Price given.*]

CURIOSITIES FROM THE CLOUDS.

In a letter to the *Times* MR. G. J. SYMONDS, the other day, described meteorological phenomenon, that has usually occurred in March of late years, consisting in the fall of "water in a semi-solid state far denser than snow, and yet not hail nor ice," formed in masses, which he calls "natural snowballs." On this curious phenomenon, MR. SYMONDS remarks, "It may prove illusory at last; but when a phenomenon occurs on the same day, seven years out of ten, I think it wants watching." Certainly.

Shall we say, Sir, that these natural snowballs are *lusus nature*? Why, yes—if nature is accustomed to play at snowballing. But there are facts which warrant us in assigning these snowballs, by MR. SYMONDS, termed natural, to an origin which he and other scientific meteorologists have no idea of.

There is no reason to doubt that some, if not most, of the many accounts recorded of showers of frogs and fishes, and red rain, said to consist of small fungi, are true. Let those who will account for these wonders by the supposition of water-spouts. Will water-spouts serve to account for aërolites?

Only the other day, Sir, a number of these last-named things, about which all we know is that they tumble out of the sky, was exhibited on the occasion of a *conversations* at the house of a distinguished *savant*. They consisted of metallic and other matters, cemented together by a watery substance miscible with water; so that, if they had remained on the spot, near Montauban in France, where they were found, they would very soon have been washed clean away. Consequently they were of a comparatively soft consistence. Therefore, if they had tumbled from the moon, or the interplanetary spaces, as aërolites are supposed to do, they would have been dashed all to atoms. But their size was considerable, and they were warm when they were picked up. Yet their armth could not have been caused by the velocity of their fall through the atmosphere from a height of many thousands of miles, because then, they had not been utterly smashed, they would have buried themselves in the earth. Where, then, did they come from?

Not very far, Sir, depend upon it, from over our heads. Not so far as to be out of the reach of a tolerably bold climbing boy. The place whence they came will be found out some day. Meteorologists, after all, will, as they have been warned before, have to go back to that ladder of ascent to the higher regions which was once afforded to an adventurous youth by a wonderful bean stalk. There they will find where dwell the little fishes, and frogs, and fungi that occasionally descend to the nether earth in showers. There they will see the clouds of baked earth pitched over to be taken for meteoric stones. And there they will discover the true source of the snowballs imagined by MR. SYMONDS to be natural. Your men of science, Sir, will learn, to their confusion, that those objects are moulded by fairy hands. They will behold the little elves at play, snowballing, on certain holidays in March, when some of the missiles with which they pelt one another, falling out of bounds, come down hither in the shape of those masses of snow described as above by MR. G. J. SYMONDS, but properly called not natural, but supernatural, snowballs. Need I say that I am in sober earnest.

Harebrain Villa, March, 1866.

A SPIRITUALIST.

* * Our correspondent's is an extreme case. He will find a strait-waistcoat, which may be needful, left for him at the Office.

How to Get Rid of a Difficulty.

IRELAND is a difficulty. The Island of Heligoland is being, we are informed, slowly eaten up by the Governor's rabbits. *Ireland is an Island: can't the Lord Lieutenant keep rabbits?* Aha! Have I touched you nearly?

ECCLIASTICAL.

To Correspondents.—No, there is no Saint in the Calendar called St. Pancakes.

What Mattins ought to be used in Chapels? asks HIGHCHURCHIOUS 'ANGELICANUS. The use of London is Cocoa-fibre mattins!



TWO MAY BE COMPANY, THREE ARE NONE.

EMILY AND FRED HAVE ARRANGED TO TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER, PART OF THE WAY.

Polite Guard cuts in (supposing E. unprotected). "THERE'S A LADY IN THE NEXT CARRIAGE, MISS."

[E. doesn't seem to see it.]

ANOTHER DROP FOR THE DRAMA.

WITH exquisite good taste a highly enterprising Manager engaged "a few of the survivors" who were rescued from the *London*, and has been paying them to appear every evening at his theatre, as a prelude to the gambols of Pantaloon and Clown. With a similar high notion of the duties of men catering to entertain the public, another enterprising Manager has hired "kind old DADDY," late of Lambeth Workhouse, to exhibit himself nightly in a new sensation drama, called *The Casual Ward*. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," when it is utilised in this way for dramatic exhibition; and flourishing indeed is the condition of the drama, when such magnets are deemed requisite to make a play attractive, and to draw a decent house.

In putting plays upon the stage, some of our Managers of late have greatly studied the realities, introducing real gas-lamps to illumine a street scene, and cascades of real water in lieu of simple paint. This mania for realities appears to be extending, and real persons are exhibited as well as real things. A murderer's "real gig" was once announced as an attraction, and perhaps we soon may see a real murderer on the stage, and be told he has been respited in order to appear there for a few more extra nights. Or haply a sensation play may be produced, with a real gang of housebreakers engaged expressly to perform in it, and a real safe provided to be broken open nightly by "the Alderman" and other lawful implements in vogue.

If the horrors of the casual ward be thought a fitting subject for dramatic exhibition, perhaps we soon may see a drama called *The Union Infirmary*, with a score of real paupers all lying really ill. Or a sensation scene of surgery perhaps might prove attractive, and a real leg or arm be amputated nightly, before a crowded house. The exquisite good taste which led a Manager to hire some rescued sailors for his stage, and turn the terrors of a shipwreck to theatrical account, perhaps may set the fashion for founding a new drama on any terrible disaster that the newspapers record. Playgoers will thus become familiarised with horrors, which they read of with dismay; and to some minds a

calamity may fail to cause regret, on the ground of its affording a good subject for the stage. No doubt but the Cattle Plague may somehow soon be turned to some theatrical account. To please the Cockney playgoer, real cows might be exhibited, and real cow-doctors employed to wrangle and dispute. The audience in this way might be readily prepared for a strong sensation scene, wherein a real pole-axe might make a real hit. The band might then strike up the tune the old cow died of (whatever that may be); and, as a touching climax, a "few of the survivors" might slowly stalk across the stage.

LAW AND POLICE.

A CABMAN being haled before the sitting Magistrate for assaulting a passenger, defended himself by saying that he always pursued this course on principle. In reply to a question from the Bench, as to what principle was involved, he said, "None but the brave deserve the fare." The Magistrate said he was fond of boxing himself. The *Plaintiff* was consequently fined five shillings, and the Cabman left the Court with his friends.

At the Old Bailey, SNOOKS, the Editor of the *Skating Mercury*, was indicted for libelling JONES, an actor. SNOOKS pleaded guilty, and apologised. The learned Judge said, that, after all, this was only a metaphysical question. SNOOKS had undoubtedly libelled JONES most grossly, and most indefensibly. But he (the learned Judge) was fond of skating himself, and therefore, as imprisonment would deprive a very admirable skater of a great deal of amusement if the frost lasted, he would sentence him to be fined.

The *Prisoner* hoped that his Lordship wouldn't make the fine too heavy.

The *Learned Judge*. Oh, no! You've only libelled an actor, and, as I am very fond of skating, we'll say £10, eh? Come, £10 won't hurt you.

The *Prisoner* thought that perhaps that sum wouldn't hurt him very much. The case was then concluded amicably.

THE SPHINX.

I THINK STODARE's trick of the Sphinx, i.e.,

I think
The Sphinx,
Who winks
And blinks

in his box, one of the best tricks (I wish it was *tricks* for the sake of the rhyme) I've seen for many a day. I'm all the more ready to appreciate it, because I've found out how it's done, or rather, I *did* find out how it was done, only to discover more clearly how I had been done afterwards. Some people say it's done by reflectors. Oh! says I. Some that it's the drapery. Oh! says I, again. Some that it's animal magnetism. Is it? says I; but I won't tell, no, not a word. Howbeit, I discovered the trick—that is, I discovered how I could do it, and all I have to say is, that if COLONEL STODARE's illusion is not managed better than I took it to be, he is, of all his audience, the most deceived. Sir, I determined, having made my discovery, that I would achieve a fortune. I wanted only a table, a box, curtains, a man, some one to play the piano, and the thing was done. I would go into the country and anticipate the Colonel's provincial tour. On my head, or rather on my Sphinx, be it! So, Sir, having collected sufficient funds to defray my preliminary expenses, I made my first appearance on any boards, not a hundred miles from town, as the proprietor of a new Egyptian Sphinx. I do not mind giving an idea of my plan. It was simple; all great ideas are. There was a box with a hole in it: into this hole, the man, made up like a Sphinx, had to thrust his head: he was concealed from sight by drapery, artfully arranged behind the table. I taught my man a speech about the oracles of Egypt, and on the eventful day begged him to dine as early as possible, so as to have his head quite cool for the evening's performance. He seemed a good honest sort of fellow (confound him!), and informed me that he was a distinguished member of a Temperance Society. He added that he generally drank water, which I subsequently ascertained to be a qualified truth. Upon his earnest representation that five shillings would make him a respectable man in the matter of boots and a shirt in his uncle's keeping, I gave him that sum on the morning of the day.

Eight o'clock came, and there was a tremendous house to see the Sphinx. For the most part, it did not represent money, but influence; and I was satisfied.

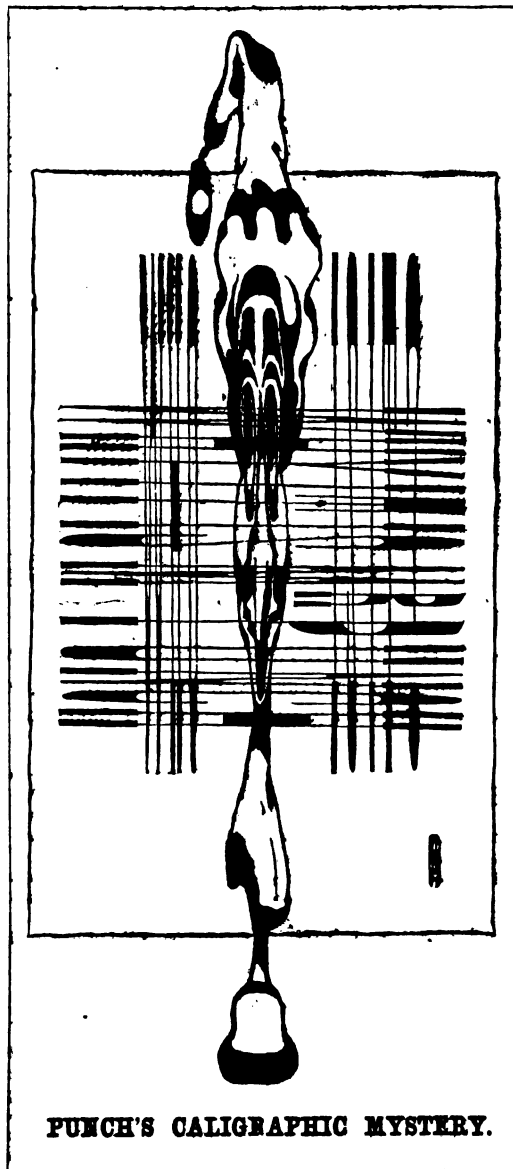
The dresser, who was to paint my Sphinx, had arrived; but the Sphinx-man himself had not yet appeared. This did not cause me very much anxiety, because, besides my implicit trust in his respectability and punctuality, I knew that he had undertaken to see after the lights and various little matters in front, while I was going through part the first, consisting of simple conjuring.

Part one was soon finished. The inexhaustible hat had come suddenly to an end, the magic plant refused to grow, and I had twice turned a laugh against myself, by failing to discover a card which I thought I had forced somebody to draw. I had also broken somebody's watch (value, *he* said, twenty guineas), in endeavouring to do the trick of finding the repeater in the loaf of ordinary household bread. With these trifling exceptions (I also lost a lady's diamond ring, and couldn't get the infernal cannon ball into the hat), everything had gone off very fairly. Sir, ten minutes were allowed for refreshment, and I retired: retired, Sir, to find my honest fellow, my Temperance villain, offering to fight the dresser, and refusing to put his confounded head into the box under eighteenpence more than his original terms. I saw that he was under the influence of liquor, and agreed to his exorbitant demands, with a firm determination of sending him about his business

on the morrow. He was pacified, and in three minutes more I was on the stage, prefacing the Great Sphinx trick of the evening.

I exhibited the box, showing that there was no deception. Judge, Sir, my horror when, on returning to place it on the table, I heard a voice—my man's—saying, hoarsely, in a bullying tone, through the drapery, "Two shillings more, guv'nor." I whispered—whispered! ha, ha! I hissed—"Yes," adding "be quiet, *bless* you," through my clenched teeth. I trembled. I hesitated. The audience applauded. "Come, desperation," said I to myself, "lend thy furious hold," and I opened the box. There was my Sphinx. Perfect. Admirable. Great applause. I began to explain him; he had been quiet for a few seconds only, confused by the glare

and the audience; but no sooner did I begin to speak, than he objected to stop in that position any longer, and asserted that somebody behind was tickling his legs. I tried to laugh it off; but, with several horrible oaths, he announced his resolution (in strong Irish) of not stopping there any more under five shillings down. "Sara," cried some ruffianly accomplice in the back seats, "'tis TIM FOGHARTY, devil a loss." "Ye lie, yer thief," says my Sphinx, and out he came with the box on his head, daring any one to tread on the tail of his coat. The ladies, screamed, the gentlemen struggled, I called for the police, they came and removed the Sphinx and me. The discovery of COLONEL STODARE's trick has cost me nearly one hundred pounds. And, Sir, I found out that that unprincipled villain of a dresser had had a quarrel with my Temperance man over their cups, and *did* tickle the Sphinx's legs with his camel's hair brush.



PUNCH'S CALIGRAPHIC MYSTERY.

LADIES' PIGTAILS IN A LUMP.

MR. PUNCH,

MASTERS of Workhouses, Prison Turnkeys, and Wardens of Lunatic Asylums, must be deriving some income now from the County Crop and Union Crop reaped from the heads of female convicts and paupers, and the locks shorn from those of lunatics of the softer sex. All that hair is doubtless the perquisite of these persons, and fetches a high price, being wanted for the manufacture of chignons.

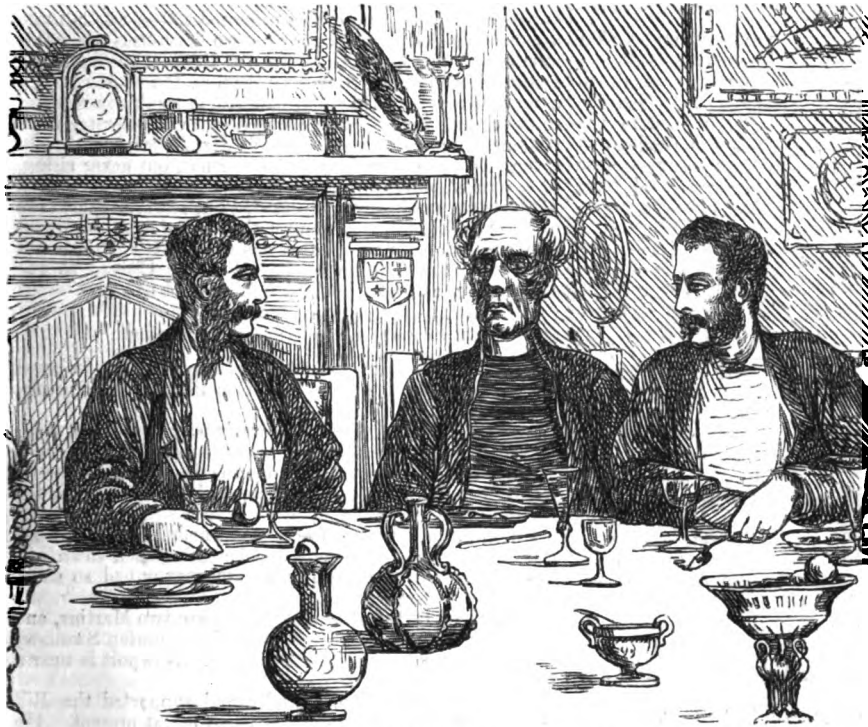
I dare say, Sir, many of your fair and youthful readers will laugh heartily when they imagine the sources whence their chignons have been derived.

A chignon, however, is not necessarily a laughing matter. Goddesses and heroines are represented by ancient sculptors as wearing chignons. But the chignon of the antique is a natural chignon. It is not at all funny. It is an excess of hair arranged in a graceful form. The modern chignon, even if natural, is an excess of hair arranged in a grotesque form. The ancient and natural chignon was a device for disposing of a superfluity with elegance. The modern and artificial chignon is the ludicrous imitation of a superfluity, justifiable by no rule of taste, except by the necessity of concealing a large wen, or other excrescence.

The mind that dictates female fashions must be extremely unintelligent and utterly devoid of all idea of principle in art. Little better can be said of the creatures that accept and acquiesce in all those fashions without regard to their absurdity. Amongst young ladies they, however, constitute, of course, a very small minority. By far the greater number go about groaning under the tyranny of fashion, and disgusted with the ridiculous things which its incomprehensible despotism compels them to wear. Their sighs blend with those of their sorrowing censor,

CRABWOOD SOWERBY.

Forsbloom Cottage, March, 1866. ?



DINING OUT IN A HUNTING NEIGHBOURHOOD.

First Foxhunter. "THAT WAS A FINE 40 MINUTES YESTERDAY?"

Second Ditto. "YES; DIDN'T SEEM SO LONG, EITHER!"

[Curate is puzzled, and wonders—do they allude to his lecture in the School-room?]

THE COMING BOAT RACE.

ATTEND, all ye who wish to see the names of each stout crew,
Who've come to town, from cap and gown, to fight for their fav'rite
blue.

OXFORD.

First TOTTENHAM comes, a well-known name, that cattle-driving Cox'en,
Who oft to victory has steer'd his gallant team of Oxon.
O'er Putney's course so well can he that team in safety lead,
That we ought to call old Father Thames the Oxford-Tottenham Road.
Then comes the stroke, a mariner of merit and renown;
Since dark blue are his colours, he can never be dun-brown.
Ye who would at your leisure his heroic deeds peruse,
Go, read *Tom Brown at Oxford* by his namesake, THOMAS HUGHES.
Next SANNHOUSE, short for Senate-house, but long enough for seven,
Shall to the eight-oar'd ship impart a sea-at-orial leaven.
Then Number Six (no truer word was ever said in joke)
In keeping with his name of WOOD, has heart and limbs of oak.
The voice of all aquatic men the praise of "Five" proclaims;
No finer sight, can eye delight, than "HENLEY-upon-Thames."
Then Number Four, no better oar, is sure to turn out game;
His heart's true blue, and "pulls it through," though WILLIAN* is his
name.

Then FREEMAN rows at Number Three, in a free and manly style;
No finer oar was e'er produced by the Tiber, Thames, or Nile.
Let politicians, if they please, rob freemen of their vote,
Provided they leave Oxford men a FREEMAN for their boat.
Among the crowd of oarsmen proud, no name will fame shout louder
Than his who sits at Number Two, the straight and upright CROWDER.
Then RAIKES rows bow, and we must allow that with all the weight
that's aft,

The bow-oar gives a rakish air to the bows o' the dark blue craft.
This is the crew, who've donned dark blue, and no stouter team of Oxon,
Has ploughed the waves of Old Father Thames, or owned a better Cox'en.

CAMBRIDGE.

Now, don't refuse, Aquatic Muse, the glories to rehearse
Of the rival crew, who've donned light blue, to row for better for worse.
They've lost their luck, but retain their pluck, and whate'er their fate
may be,

* Cf. Pickwick. "Here I am, but I hain't a willian."—FAT BOY.

ENTOMOLOGICAL JOURNALISM.

SUCCESS to the new publication named in the
ensuing paragraph extracted from a contem-
porary:—

"SUBURBAN LITERATURE.—Last week there appeared
an addition to our weekly literature, the suburban village
of Hornsey having put forth a periodical which is to
remedy all local abuses and supply all local wants. The
name chosen is the *Hornsey Hornet*, and the profits are
to be devoted to the relief of the village newsman,
named KNIGHT, who lost his sight while working as a
compositor."

The appearance of the *Hornsey Hornet* will
doubtless be the signal for the outcoming of other
kindred and alliterative insects in the neighbour-
hood of London. We may expect soon to see a
Hampstead Humble Bee, and a *Wimbledon Wasp*.
All these, of course, will be satirical papers, and
regular stingers, to which, perhaps, the *Woolwich
Working Bee* will be added, to be followed, pos-
sibly, by the *Dulwich Drone*. From the *Bees*
suburban journalism will next perhaps go for
nomenclature to some of the other *Lepidoptera*,
and start a *Brizton Blowfly*, in the interest of
the butchers, to keep up the price of meat. Then
the *Coleoptera* may come in for their turn under
the title of a *Kensington Cockchafer* or *Barnes
Beetle*. The *Articulata* perchance will also be
represented by a *Sydenham Spider*, a *Sarbiton
Scorpion*, and a *Clapham Cricket*. To pursue this
train of thought much farther would be to
descend to a depth of insect life of a degree too
low to be suitable to the refinement of any
reader except an enthusiastic entomologist. The
condition requisite for the success of any new
journal is that it shall supply some want. The
Hornsey Hornet is calculated to do this. We
trust that the issue of the *Hornsey Hornet* will
raise a hornet's nest of subscribers around the
head of MR. KNIGHT, the newsman, who lost
his sight in fighting life's battle in the ranks of the
Press.

Light blue may meet one more defeat, but disgrace they ne'er will see.
We've seen them row, thro' sleet and snow, till they sank—"morses
profundo"

(HORACE forgive me!) "*pulchrior Cami evenit arundo*."

First little FORBES, our praise absorbs, he comes from a learned College,
So Cambridge hopes, he will pull his ropes, with scientific knowledge.
May he shun the charge, of swinging barge, more straight than an
archer's arrow,
May he steer his eight, as he sits sedate, in the stern of his vessel narrow!
Then comes the stroke, with a heart of oak, who has stood to his flag
like twenty,

While some stood aloof, and were not proof against "*dolce far niente*."
So let us pray that GRIFFITHS may to the banks of Cam recall,
The swing and style, lost for a while, since the days of JONES and HALL.
Then WATNEY comes, and a pluckier seven ne'er rowed in a Cambridge
crew;
His long straight swing, is just the thing, which an oarsman loves to
view.

Then comes KINGLAKE, of a massive make, who in spite of failures past,
Like a sailor true, has nailed light-blue, as his colours to the mast.
The Consul bold, in days of old, was thanked by the Patres hoary,
When, in spite of luck, he displayed his pluck on the field of Cannae gory;
So whate'er the fate of the Cambridge eight, let Cambridge men agree,
Their voice to raise, in their Captain's praise, with thrice and three
times three.

The Number Five is all alive, and for hard work always ready,
As to and fro his broad back doth go, like a pendulum strong and steady.
Then FORTESCUE doth "pull it through" without delay or dawdlin';
Right proud I trow as they see him row are the merry men of Magdalen.
Then comes a name well known to fame, the great and gallant BURKE;
Who ne'er was known fatigue to own, or to neglect his work.
New zeal and life to each new stroke stout SALWYN doth impart.
And ever with fresh vigour, like Antæus, forward start.
Then, last of all in danger's hour, to row the boat along,
They've got a bow whom all allow to be both STILL and strong.
No crew can quail, or ever fail, to labour with a will,
When so much strength and spirits are supplied them by their STILL.

We've done our task—to you who ask the probable result,
We more will speak, if you next week our Prophet will consult.

PUNCH'S PROPHECY.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



YLANDER states that indigence made him undergo several discomforts. Had Mr. Punch lived in the times of the learned Augsburg, the former would have had pleasure in assisting the latter, but you see XYLANDER was born on the 26th of December, 1532, whereas Mr. Punch is writing of the 12th of March, 1866 (Monday), when at a quarter to five o'clock, Mr. GLADSTONE, Chancellor of the Exchequer, rose to introduce the Reform Bill.

And what EARL RUSSELL's Government offers in the way of amendment

of the Representation (of England and Wales only) is this:—

The County Franchise to be reduced from £50 to £14.

The Borough Franchise to be reduced from £10 to £7.

A Fancy Franchise, giving a vote to any person who has had £50 in the Savings' Bank for two years.

A vote to a Compound Householder whose holding is worth £10 a-year.

A vote to Lodgers who pay £10 a-year.

Abolition of the law that rates must be paid before voting.

Disfranchisement of the men in the Dockyards.

And these changes, and some smaller ones, with which Mr. Punch need not trouble the Households, are expected to result in the adding 400,000 persons, chiefly of the Working Class, to the present number of electors, which Mr. GLADSTONE estimates at 900,000.

Thoroughly to understand what would be the operation of the proposals, Materfamilias (who is more interested in the matter than she thinks, for does not Parliament impose the Taxes?) should know that the figures, which have been carefully collected by the Government, show that at present the Working Class, which has been raising itself, and which continues to raise itself, by honourable industry and frugality to the franchise, has already rather more than a Quarter of the representation, the rest being divided among tradesmen, merchants, lawyers, clergymen, physicians, bankers, landowners, fundholders, and what are termed the Educated Classes generally. The real question before the nation now is, whether it is desirable to accelerate the process which admits the Working Man, and to lower the franchise to him, instead of encouraging him to rise to it. The passing the proposed Bill would raise the number of Working Men with votes to about 380,000.

There, Materfamilias, is the question, impartially stated, and you may make up your own mind on the subject. Mr. Punch will now give you a brief account of the Two Nights' Debates.

MR. GLADSTONE is a great orator, and when on a subject that suits him there is no man whose eloquence is more ornate or impressive. To-night his speech, which occupied nearly two hours and a half, was anything but an oration. It was not that the elaborate details into which he had to enter were too small and prosaic for effect. In his Budget speeches, he deals with much smaller things, and lights them up with flashes of wit, or with fortunate allusions. Mr. Punch sat very close to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (he proves it by saying that Mr. G.'s first bang on the table was at the word "mis-spent"—now?), marked his brother statesman with respectful attention, and came away with the conviction that Mr. G. had not put his heart into his work. He began in a grave and elevated tone, yet the House was not impressed, but broke into an instant laugh when he made a slip, which amounted to a bull, and spoke of a certain occasion in which "every other speaker approved, or was silent." "Are you bringing in the Irish Reform Bill first?" whispered Mr. Punch. "Every other usual speaker," said Mr. GLADSTONE. It was a Straw, which showed that the House was in a humour to Chaff.

MR. GLADSTONE laboured for a long time to show that it was absolutely necessary to introduce the Bill, because so many Reform Bills had been promised and attempted. He then excused the Government for not having tried to introduce a grand general measure for settling the whole question, urging that such a measure would demand a very long series of debates, while very few nights were at the command of the Ministry. Of course he counted the nights very accurately, but such a reason seemed small and unworthy, when the magnitude of the subject was considered. But he sought to throw a qualified sop to Cerberus by hinting that if, in another Session, the other features of the question should be considered, the present Parliament was quite qualified to discuss them. The suggestion was adroit, but perhaps too adroit—at any rate, it excited no grateful response.

Then he plunged into the details with admirable lucidity, though without any

animation. Mr. Punch has often made honourable mention of his friend's love for Three Courses, but on this occasion he out-tripled Triplet, and calmly proposed to the Swells to do a rule-of-three sum, having for its two first terms the gross number of something, and for its third term the gross number of something promising them as the fourth term a certain discovery. How they laughed, in frank admission of total helplessness! But nobody could misunderstand his statement, or his proposals, which Mr. Punch has already given. So, on went the speech, never flat, but never rising, or sparkling, and never adorned even by a quotation, until Mr. GLADSTONE had recapitulated. Then he re-assumed the oratorical tone, and wound up with an allusion to the Horse of Troj, and with an eloquent appeal to the House not to reject the addition of the Working Classes to the constituency as that *monstrum infernalis*—not to say—

"Secundit fatalis machina muros
Festa arsis, medicosque minas
Seditionis urbi;"

but to welcome those classes as recruits, and then to begot in them a new attachment to the Constitution, the Throne, and the Law.

The Ministerial cheers had scarcely subsided, when Mr. MANN rose. He is member for Salisbury, is a Liberal, and has been an Australian legislator. He opposed the Bill, as leading to democracy, and he dwelt upon the corruption of democracy.

SIR JAMES FERGUSON (who was wounded at Ballinacorney) protested against disturbing a balance between town and country, a balance which LORD PALMERSTON had so sedulously sought to preserve.

MR. MARTIN (of Rochester, there are two Martins, and it would present mistake if one would call himself Swallow) objected to disfranchise the Dockmen. Newport is near a Dockyard.

SIR F. CROSSLEY spoke kindly, and supported the Bill as being as much as the country cared for at present. He thought that honesty was what was wanted in dealing with the measure.

MR. CRAWFORD, a Member for London, approved the middle course taken by Government.

MR. SEYMOUR GASCOIGNE (the Excitable Friend of Peter) protested against the Dockmen's disfranchisement. He sits for Portsmouth, where is a Dockyard.

MR. DUTTON joined in the protest. He sits for Cirencester, the pronunciation of which name in the 19th century the 21st may gather from the fact that there was a young lady of Cirencester who went to consult a solicitor, and when asked for a fee, she said fiddle-de-dee, I only came here as a visitor.

SIR HENRY HOARE approved the Bill, but would oppose it unless a solemn pledge were given for a re-distribution Bill next Session. We shall note his votes in April.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, an accomplished nobleman, strongly objected to this piece of a Bill, and, though a Conservative, boldly stated that the bribery question ought to have been grappled with, for that every general election cost upwards of £2,000,000, which sum for the most part went in degrading the people with bribes. Yet Mr. MILL, he well added, could be returned free of expense. Mr. Punch was at dinner, or would have cheered LORD ROBERT.

MR. HAMBURY, of the great brewing firm, expressed his respect for the Working Class.

MR. LAINE, of Wick (who was sent out to light the Indian financiers), Liberal, said that Mr. GLADSTONE's able speech led to an opposite conclusion to that of Mr. GLADSTONE, and that the statistics showed that the working man had already 26 per cent. of the representation, and was steadily and rapidly obtaining more. He saw much danger in the measure. Moreover, it would lower the franchise to those who had not taken pains to deserve it. LORD PALMERSTON would never have approved this Bill. Here Mr. Punch may interpolate the remark, that LORD PALMERSTON's name seems likely to be used for many a day as Mr. PITT's was, and also in the spirit of the pure SIR GALAHAD, in the immortal poem (*vide* another page) of BRAUNHILMINDAS—

"Moreover—what would ARTHUR say?"

MR. BAINES supported, and believed that there was exaggeration in the calculation as to the working men.

CAPTAIN GROSVENOR's neat maiden speech was in favour of the Bill.

After which there was a brilliant display of fireworks by the celebrated artist—

MR. HOBBSMAN, Liberal. He delivered a long speech full of smartnesses, hitting all round his own side, specially at

MR. BRIGHT, who, he said, ruled over EARL RUSSELL, and was the presiding spirit of this movement. Read this speech, *Materfamilias*, if you want to enjoy artistic sarcasm. Perhaps the hit most laughed at was the comparing MR. GLADSTONE to the Amateur Casual. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had plunged into a dark muddy pool, and had been soiled and shivering in questionable company ever since. He finished with scoff at the small but noisy party which had got up the Reform question.

The debate was adjourned, but not until MR. CHILDERS had carried the Second Reading of a Bill which may be much humbler, but which may not seem so in some thoughtful men's eyes, a Bill enabling Government to lend money for improving the dwellings of the Labouring Classes.

We don't care much about election petitions. Sometimes they are the result of rage, sometimes engines of extortion, sometimes undecidable proofs that pot is as black as kettle. But a name came up as that of somebody who would not proceed with some petition, and the petitioner's name is WALLINGTON SHEGOS. We must emblazon such a name, as the greatest curiosity of nomenclatural literature.

Tuesday. MR. ROBERT LOWE opened the debate, and dwelt with exceeding savageness upon the horrible character of the Lower Orders, the perfection of our present system, and the danger of disturbing it. He was utterly unjust to the class to which alone an argument on this Bill could apply. But he trumped MR. GLADSTONE's Latin very happily.

MR. VILLIERS could not agree with him, and thought that the people, properly so called, had given signal proof of their fitness for political power.

Among the speakers was MR. ARTHUR PEARL, youngest son of the SIR ROBERT. His maiden speech was for the Bill, and the House took special and kindly notice of him, as English gentlemen might have been expected to do by a son of the great Orator. He called MR. LOWE a Goliath of Logic, and favoured him with a well-throwing stone.

MR. MILLER opposed, but his speech was chiefly remarkable for its preternatural courage. He actually revived poor dear old *SIMPSON'S Times Demos*.

MR. WILKINSON was dashing, as usual. He regretted the days when LORD PALMERSTON reigned, and everything was quiet and no nonsense.

MR. FAWCETT's speech excited much interest. It was an able plea for the Working Classes, and an endeavour to show that they would not vote *en masse*, but in divisions, like other folks. He stated, however, that they would certainly, had they been in power, have plunged us into war for Poland.

MR. BRIGHT's speech was well constructed. He had to support the Bill, but to disclaim its authorship, and rather to grumble at it as not large enough. This was managed with much tact. He then went at MESSRS. HORSMAN and LOWE with great spirit, and charged them with being discontented candidates for office. MR. HORSMAN, he said, had set up a Cave of Adullam of his own, and as for MR. LOWE he was returned by LORD LANSDOWNE, who could as easily have sent in his butler or groom. He likened their party to a Scotch terrier, so covered with hair that you could not tell head from tail. Whether you like this sort of thing or not, the trained puglist is very good at slogging.

LORD CRANBOURNE was effective in opposition, and pathetic on the selfish and reckless egotism of EARL RUSSELL.

MR. JOHN HARDY was perhaps rather post-prandial than statesmanlike, talked about cigars, and Birmingham firearms, and things that had not a very evident connection with Reform, and then

The Reform Bill was read a First Time, and the Second Reading was fixed for the 12th April.

To this admirable compendium of the Grand Debate, we merely add that there was little else in the week. On *Wednesday* a union of Scotch and Irish Sabbatarians defeated a Bill for preventing certain Irish railway people from depriving the public of Sunday trains. On *Thursday* the Conservatives showed their strength on the Oath Bill, and numbered 223 to the 236 who rejected part of the amendment which MR. DISRAELI had been compelled, by his party, to invent. We should not have liked to see his intellectual face over such a task—*invidiâ Minervâ*. And on *Friday*, in the Lords, EARL GREY made a long speech on Ireland, and recommended the destruction of the Irish Church, and the division of her income among Episcopalians, Catholics, and Presbyterians. He was cleverly answered in a "roseate" speech by LORD DUFFERIN. The Commons talked of Woolwich and Sandhurst, and Irish riots, and voted vast sums for combative purposes.



A SKETCH AT ALDERSHOTT.

"OH, YEE, DEAR, I'M QUITE SAFE! I HAVE A FIRM HOLD."

GROSS CASE OF CLEMENCY AT WINDSOR.

THE following case, related by the *Post*, is one which would, a few years ago, have been animadverted on by sentimental writers in language expressive of a feeling supposed to be excited in the minds of some persons by cruelty and injustice, even although the sufferers of that injustice and cruelty are other persons; a feeling which, in those years, used to be described by the single word "indignation," unexplained by the significant epithet "virtuous:"—

"A HARSH JUDGMENT.—At the last Berks Petty Sessions, held at the Town Hall, Windsor, before MESSRS. P. H. CRITCHLEY and T. J. HERCY, GEORGE GALLY, apparently half-starved, was charged with stealing a turnip, the property of GEORGE ALLEN, Old Windsor. The poor fellow pulled a turnip on the previous Sunday morning, and actually ate half of it before he was detected in such a dreadful crime. The defendant pleaded guilty, and in default of paying a fine of 6s. and 6d. costs, he was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment with hard labour in Reading Gaol."

Mistakes will happen in the best regulated newspapers. Reporters are occasionally inexact in reporting the administration of justice, especially the administration of justice by Justices. There is, however, no necessity for suspecting any inaccuracy in the foregoing narrative. In all probability there was no mistake. There is, indeed, internal evidence of truth. The statement, that the prisoner had eaten half of the turnip which he stole, exhibits a curious, and, doubtless, undesigned coincidence with the previous statement that he was apparently half-starved. When he pulled the turnip, GEORGE GALLY was on the brink of absolute starvation. He had about half recovered therefrom by eating half the turnip.

Starving people have no right to take turnips and eat them, even out in the open fields, and least of all on Sunday. March is not August, and turnips are not ears of corn: neither is England Palestine, nor is the year 1866 the year 30, or any year thereabouts. The only objectionable part of the paragraph above-quoted is its heading. The judgment therein termed harsh was very much the reverse. One rather hesitates to say that, in sentencing GEORGE GALLY to fourteen days' imprisonment with hard labour in Reading Gaol, the Windsor Magistrates dealt mercifully with that turnip-stealer and Sabbath-breaker. Mercy is one of those obsolete words of the pathetic kind whose mere utterance now provokes the sneer of everybody but an idiot. Let us then simply say that those Magistrates did not punish that offender so severely as they might have punished him. They sent the man to gaol. Was it not in their power to send him to the workhouse?

QUESTION.—The well-known house of RUSSELL, GLADSTONE & Co. have been drawing a large Bill without considering their Returns. There seems to be some doubt if Parliament will accept it.



OUT OF PLACE.

Mrs. Flouncey. "YOU'LL GO TO CHURCH WITH US THIS MORNING, MR. PIPPINS!"

Mr. Pippins. "HAW, WEALLY, THA-ANKS, NO! I—I WEALLY SHOULDN'T KNOW A SOUL THERE!"

WHAT THE SHEEP THOUGHT OF IT.

AN ancient shepherd, hight JOHN RUSSELL,
Once stout, though now sore shrunk in muscle,
Summoned, one day, his flock together,
Under the lead of their bell-wether—
"Dear sheep," quoth he, "Reform is needed;
I tried it once, and it succeeded.
Your wool's improved, and more's got off it,
Till each year's clip brings larger profit;
You've finer points, your joints cut neater,
Your mutton's juicier and sweeter:
Nay, you're not only better eating,
But there's more music in your bleating:
Till all who shear, taste, hear, or view,
Say, 'Bless the Bill of Thirty-Two!'
And even those who feared that movement,
Are driv'n to own your vast improvement.
Now, if Reform Bill number one
For fleece and flesh so much has done,
Think what ideal wool and mutton
Bill number two your backs will put on!
So to Reform what say you?—Ha?"
The sheep responsive bleated "Baa!"
"Baa me no baas!" the shepherd cried,
"My hobby I again bestride;
Some five false starts I on that hobby
Have made, and never reached the lobby,
But now, once more in the pig-akin,
I mean to run, and hope to win.
"Hear!" bleated here and there a lamb,
When slow stepped forth an aged ram,
With curling horns that, wide outspread
Like wisdom's wig, adorned his head,
"Up to Reform," quoth he, "You're warmed:

But we shall have to be reformed.
Permit me to observe, politely,
Active and passive differ slightly.
I can remember Thirty-Two,
And what it brought, as well as you.
One main result of our then votes
Was to cut certain sheepish throats."
Quoth RUSSELL, "Yes: some rotten brothers—
To the great blessing of the others."
"True," quoth the ram—"true—with a *but*;
Their throats, who said so, were not cut;
But when you chose *that* lot for killing,
You never asked if *they* were willing,
Japanese style, the knife to snatch,
And cheerfully themselves dispatch.
The country, keen to have their lives,
Supplied the butchers and the knives.
Touching Reform Bill number two—
Death to us, p'raps, if sport to you—
There is one question I must put—
How many throats are to be cut?"
"The question's idle," quoth the swain,
"Yourselves shall deal the wholesome pain:
With your own hands let out the blood
That's wanted for the general good!"
"Thank you!" the ancient ram replied,
"The privilege should rouse our pride;
But, sheep or men, Sir, life is life,
And if you mean to use the knife,
Don't leave to us its application,
But go for butchers to the nation.
Proclaim our doom: let England view it . . .
If she likes, she'll send hands to do it."



THE REFORM BILL, 1866. FRANTIC EXCITEMENT!!!

MR. BULL (*reads*). "MR. GLADSTONE SAID GOVERNMENT HAD DETERMINED ———" (*Shouts*)
MRS. BULL (*reads*). "MR. LOCKE KING ROSE TO EXPLAIN ———" (*Shouts*)
THE BULLDOG (*reads*). "MR. LOWE SAID HE QUOTED ———" (*Shouts*)

LAY OF MODERN ENGLAND.

AUGUSTUS SMITH, of Seilly,
By Piper's Hole he swore
That the proud Lord of Brownlow
Should keep the waste no more.
By Piper's Hole he swore it,
And named a trying night,
And bade his myrmidons ride forth,
By special train from London's north,
To avenge the Common Right.

Where on the street of Drummond
Four Doric columns frown,
Where the gigantic STEPHENSON
On his own line looks down,
The stalwart navvies gathered,
From lodgings far and near;
Strong were the crowbars in their hands,
Stronger their hope for bear.

Loured the foul London gaslights,
And made the gloom more deep,
The raillien-peopled city's sons
Were in their early sleep,
When from the Euston Station
Glided the special train
That bore the force that went to win
Berkhamstead's waste again.

And sternly rode each navvy,
The crowbar in his gripe,
And scornful of the snob-made law,
A fire in every pipe;
They rode in solemn silence,
And not a navvy knew,
The leader whom he went to serve,
The work he went to do.

Thine old Red Cap, O Mother!
That train went rushing by,
Where Willenden bears JACK SHEPPARD'S
name
In holiest memory.
Where points to Heaven the spire
On Harrow's haunted Hill,
Where Pinner's perky stockbrokers
In cockney nests were still.

Through Bushey and through Watford,
And on to wild Boxmoor
That special train its weighty freight
Of rugged champions bore.

On, the steam-demon bore them,
Nor flagged upon the wing,
Until he lighted with his load
At Baptist-shapelled Tring.

Then spoke a voice accustomed
To bid strong men obey:
I know full well whose voice it was:
His name I may not say.
"This way," was all He uttered,
As brief was their reply,
The navvy wastes few idle words—
The navvies grunted "Ay."

They marched three miles in silence,
The road was dark and dear,
But thought upheld the navy's heart:
The pleasant thought of beer.
They reached Berkhamstead Common,
Or that which had been one,
Until by Ashridge's proud Lord
The feudal deed was done.

There, miles of iron railing
Scowled grimly in the dark,
Making what once was Common,
The Lord of Brownlow's Park:
His rights that Lord asserted,
Rights which they hold a myth,
The bold Berkhamstead Cammerons,
Led by AUGUSTUS SMITH.

Spoke out the nameless London,
"That Railing must go down."
Then firmer grasped the crowbar
Those hands so strong and brown,
They march against the railing,
They lay the crowbars law,
And down and down for many a yard
The costly railings go.

Strong are the navvies' muscles,
The navvies work like men:
Where was the Lord of Brownlow,
Where was brave PAXTON then?
Where was the valiant GROVER,
The gallant STOCKEN where,
And where was he who smokes the hams,
And makes the Earl his care?

Yes, where was grocer HAZELL,
Who raised the duteous song:

"As how a Lord like Brownlow's Lord
Could never do what's wrong?"
The Earl and all his champions
Were sleeping far away,
And ere the morn, upon the gorse
Three miles of railing lay.

"Hurrah!" the navvies shouted:
In sight a horseman glides:
See on his cob, with hah, boh, boh,
The duteous HAZELL rides:
To do his Lordship service
Comes riding through the park,
And bids the navvies let him know
Who brought them to their work.

Answer the stalwart navvies,
Who smoke the ham-smoker's game,
"Behold'st thou, HAZELL, you canal;
Would'st like to swim the same?
If not, with beer this instant
Thyself and cob redeem,"
And round him as they spoke, they drew,
And edged him near the stream.

So down went BROWNLOW's railings,
And down went HAZELL's beer,
And from the gathering crowd upgoes
One loud and lusty cheer.
For carriage, gig, and dog-cart
Come rushing on the scene,
And all Berkhamstead hastes to see
Where BROWNLOW's rails had been.

And husbands, wives, and children,
Went strolling through the game,
And cried, "We've got our own again,
Thanks to your friendly force."
They cut green little meadows,
As memories of the Band,
Whose lusty arms and iron bars
Had freed the Common land.

Bold was the deed and English
The Cammerons have done,
Let's hope the law of England, too,
Will smile upon their fun,
For our few remaining Commons
Must not be seized or sold,
Nor Lords forget they do not live
In the bad days of old.

PROVISION FOR THE SICK POOR.

THE description given the other day at Willis's Rooms, by the EARL OF CARNARVON and the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, of the brutalities to which the sick poor are subject in the infirmaries of most of the London workhouses, suggests two courses that might be taken in dealing with those wretched beings.

One course is that proposed by MR. ERNEST HART, and approved by the meeting which had heard the Earl and the Archbishop; that of levying a general metropolitan rate sufficient to make those infirmaries, placed under proper management, decent.

The suggestion of the other must be premised by the supposition of a case.

Suppose, then, that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had prevailed on the Legislature to enforce the establishment of hospitals for diseased or worn-out dogs and horses. Suppose inspection of these institutions to have discovered that the animals were most infamously neglected and ill-used. Suppose the following to form a correct account of some of the particulars of their maltreatment.

Mad dogs are suffered to remain in the same kennel with dogs that are only blind or lame, and to run about amongst old or ailing horses. The kennels and stables are generally in a state of hideous filth. The veterinary surgeon can only give each of his patients half-a-minute a day, being paid at the rate of a farthing a head. There are no paid attendants; so that the sick creatures have mostly to nurse each other. One-third of the quantity of air necessary to health is allowed to each inmate of hospitals for poor animals. Medicines are administered to them with shameful irregularity. A glandered horse was found to have had no medicine for three days. Paralysed dogs, with gangrenous backs, were found lying in misery. In one instance, the authorities who

governed the animal infirmary established carpet-beating grounds close to it, so as to fill it with clouds of dust, and in another a mound of graveyard earth, piled up in the court-yard of the institution, excluded from its wards light and air.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals itself would consider infirmaries for sick brutes, in the condition above described, worse than no infirmaries at all. If expense forbade proper accommodation for the poor beasts, even that very society would probably conclude that the only possible alternative was that of killing them.

That also is the other course which might be adopted in preference to the one of levying a rate adequate to the humane treatment of the sick poor.

The question therefore is, shall the Poor-law Guardians of the various metropolitan Unions be empowered by Act of Parliament to shoot, hang, drown, poison, or otherwise destroy, decrepit and diseased paupers? Whether they would, if they might, destroy them, there can be no question. It would be cheaper to put paupers out of their misery than it is to let them die in misery. It would at least be just as moral.

Let it not be urged that the destruction of paupers would be repugnant to our common Christianity. Christianity can be by no means common where the poor are treated as they are in the metropolitan workhouse infirmaries, and their treatment has not for a long time been generally denounced every week from the pulpits of every denomination.

A DISCLOSURE which can only be made in words certainly "tending to a breach of the peace:"—One Irishman disclosing his religion to another.



HOBBIES.

Artist. "GREAT TREAT ON MONDAY NIGHT, WASN'T IT?"

Politician. "OH, YAS, WERE YOU THAR? I THOUGHT GLADSTONE SURPASSED HIMSELF WEA'LY—HIS PERWOWATION WAS MAGNIFICO—"

Artist. "OH, AH, BUT I'M SPEAKING OF JOACHIM AND THE KREUTZER SONATA AT THE MONDAY POP!"

Politician. "HAW!"

[Subject dropped.]

SERMONS IN AIR.

WALLS have ears, we all know. What we did not know, perhaps, is, that bricks and mortar have lungs as well; and that the analysis of what a building breathes may sometimes reveal strange and significant results.

Thus, DR. ANGUS SMITH, we learn from the papers, has lately been examining some specimens of air from a London Law Court—nay, from the very fountain-head of Justice, the Court of Queen's Bench.

We regret to find him reporting that this breath of the highest of all the Superior Courts is very bad indeed—the most deficient in oxygen (the life and health-giving element) "of any specimens found by him during the day, in any inhabited place above ground!"

Think of that—worse than the air of an East-End sweeter's garret, or a West-End milliner's work-room, a Lambeth casual ward, or a Committee-Room in the New Houses of Parliament!

He considers the air of a room bad when, out of a million parts, it is deficient in 1000 of oxygen, workshops very bad when, out of the same quantity, they are deficient in 2000 parts of oxygen. In the Court of Queen's Bench, to every million parts of air there are 5000 parts less of oxygen than in the air of the Parks hard by. He goes on:—

"The moisture from the window was collected. It was perspiration in great part. It is putrefying, and discolours more permanganate now (a sure test of its impurity) than it did at first."

"Perspiration? How produced?" one is led to ask. Is it the quintessence of agonised witnesses, wrung out by cross-examination, or the insensible evaporation of conscientious scruples on the part of counsel? Is it concentrated effort of attention from bewildered jurymen, or hyper-saturated steam of sophistry from consummate special pleaders, condensed on the glass by its contact with the sunlight?

THE REFORM BILL IN A NUTSHELL.

HERE'S a Vote for the County to every fourteen Pounds holding, a let down from fifty: One hundred and seventy thousand, I ween, To the rank of electors 'twill lift ye.

Chorus.—Let the Bill pass,
'Twill enfranchise the mass,
But I'll warrant it won't satisfy any class!

Here's a Savings' Bank Suffrage, a notion absurd,
I've a notion 'twill meet small approval;
Here's a Franchise for Lodgers—but mind, not a word
About marking down seats for removal.

Chorus.—Let the Bill pass, &c.

All householders now by the ratepaying clause,
Sixty thousand or so, who are kept out,
The Bill will enfranchise—but is there no cause
Why some close boroughs ought to be swept out?

Chorus.—Let the Bill pass, &c.

For a Seven Pound Rental the Bill gives a vote,
Which may please our friend BAIGENT, and his party:
But the best of reformers row not in his boat,
And the cry for Reform is not hearty.

Chorus.—Let the Bill pass, &c.

A CORRECTION OF THE PRESS.

A CONTEMPORARY informs us that "Boulogne is preparing for a most interesting season, to be rendered so by means of an Exposition Internationale de Pêche," in a vast and splendid aquarium: and adds that—

"The port already presents a gay and thronged appearance, as a great number of English families are wintering there."

Our friends the eminent hands who habitually take every possible occasion for quoting the old fellow's statement that we English are accustomed to enjoy ourselves "*moult trisement*" are invited to attend to the word "as" in the foregoing extract, where it is used in the sense of "because." A great number of English families are wintering at Boulogne, and consequently the port thereof presents not only a thronged, but also a gay appearance. Let our friends above referred to learn to speak like true and not erroneous parrots, and addict themselves, in future, to remarking that we are wont to enjoy ourselves *moult gaiement*, after our peculiar manner, that of a particularly jolly people.

In any case, this analysis shows that the air of the Superior Courts must be very unwholesome to breathe, and justifies DR. SMITH'S conclusion that—

"Mere change of air will not purify a room like this, a current must pass through it for a long time until complete oxidation takes place."

We should like DR. ANGUS SMITH to analyse some of the air of the House of Commons—after, say, the debates on the Second Reading of the Reform Bill.

HONOUR TO A MAYOR.

"WAREHAM of the Cupola" is, it seems, laudably anxious that the world should judge it rightly. All that the Mayor, MR. FILLETER, did about the application to the PRINCE OF WALES for seven pounds, was done out of the Mayor's own head. It seems too that MR. FILLETER, as also might have been expected, is quite unconscious of the snub from Marlborough House, and says, "A more sensible, gentlemanly letter I never read. It is worth £5 at least merely to know under what excellent influences, and in what very good companionship the eldest son of our Sovereign QUEEN VICTORIA is placed." Well, here are five pounds out of the seven, and we are delighted to be able to add, that H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, as representing our Sovereign, QUEEN VICTORIA, has not been pleased to signify the slightest objection to MR. FILLETER'S taking, in commemoration of his intellectual demonstrations on this occasion, an addition to his present name, and being known for the future by the style and title of MR. FILLETER VREAL.

TO LANDSCAPE GARDENERS.—Ornamental Water is made with plain water.

A PLEA FOR THE CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.



R. PUNCH it appears has, very unintentionally, administered what some kindly-disposed ladies, engaged in a charitable work for the benefit of the ballet, think is a rap over the knuckles to them, and a heavy blow and sore discouragement to their benevolent labours.

This is naturally the more mortifying to these ladies, as their work was suggested by a letter published by Mr. Punch himself, setting forth the labours, hardships, and struggles of the poor little Fairies who shed a halo round Pantomime openings, help to make Transformation Scenes beautiful, and Bowers of Bliss supremely blissful. That letter revealed the seamy side of Fairyland—showed us the bowers of bliss without the blue fire and gas-jets, and introduced the reader to a very sorry transformation scene, from the Fairies' haunt on the boards to the Fairies' haunt in her cheerless Drury Lane garret, or her squalid Waterloo Road two-pair back.

Thereupon a Committee of ladies (whose names are given below) took up the case of the Fairies. Their notion was to promote providence (by encouraging Fairies to invest in the Savings' Bank, and by paying a per-centage on Fairy-deposits), to aid, by money and visiting, in cases of sickness and distress, and to help the acquisition of other means of employment by Fairies *hors de combat* from time—who does not want even Fairies—or anxious, for any other reason, to change their way of life from Fairydom to the work-a-day world. Mr. Punch, under the impression that Fairies were amenable to the benefits of some of the existing theatrical funds—at least, of the Dramatic Equestrian and Musical Sick Fund—has, it seems, put this impression into words which the kind friends of the Fairies think calculated to throw cold water on their attempt. Their spokeswoman writes to assure us that the two Societies we named “are not available for the Ballet *par-sonage*. But only for such members of the profession as have little parts to speak, or stage to sing.”

“At least,” she continues;

“We have Mrs. STIRLING’S assurance that ballet-girls cannot join them. But if they could, please remember that the money they would pay in would be lost to them, whereas it will be our great aim never to let the girls who join our Society, take out their savings’ Bank investments while in the profession.”

“Surely, dear Mr. Punch,” pleads our fair Correspondent,—

“For your offering some reparation for that cruel Editor’s Note appended to your last issue, and charming vignette in a late number, for you see it must entirely neutralise the good effect of the previous sentence, and that many a Fatherfamilias who had been nearly five-potender while reading your suggestion about Messrs. DRUMMOND, have now re-plunged his hand into the lower depths of his pocket on reading the assurance of Mr. Punch’s own self that ‘the ballet-girls are already provided for, if they choose.’ Now, do please give us another little notice of our work, as being under your special care, with a vignette representing the Grand Punch as protector since of the Fairy on the stage and in her own dreary home, and of the ladies who hope to follow and assist her there—while Mrs. JUDY will surely permit us to head our list of patronesses with her (through you) illustrious name.”

“And we earnestly beg of you to make it well understood that no gentleman whatever has anything to do with our work in any way except by the liberal contributions they send to Messrs. DRUMMOND. Ours is entirely a women’s work among women.”

“And, oh, Reverend Punch? what work might we not do if you would only go in for it in public, as we in private life! To raise the self-respect and tone, and to lower the petticoats of the whole *corps de ballet*, to purify the whole school of dancing of our day, to improve and refine the whole ‘public taste,’ making that usually led monster see that dancing and grace are not synonymous terms with kicks, and leaps, and undue exhibition of leg, and lessening the temptations, and encouraging the modesty of these poor girls, so many of whom are so honest and industrious, and so well deserving all help and friendliness that we can afford them.”

“Help us, dear Punch; and you will have your reward. Your devoted adherent,”

“A Father’s Friend.”

Miss BATTY, 5, Halkin Street, S.W.
 Countess DE GREY & RYON, 1, Carlton Gardens, W.
 Mrs. ALFRED SHADWELL, 89, Westbourne Terrace, W.
 Mrs. FRED. WITHERALL, 30, Westbourne Place, S.W.
 Mrs. STYALING, 3, Duchess Street, Portland Place, W.
 Mrs. BLAKEMAN, 1, Park Lane, W.

(To whom Members may send their names, and Subscribers their money.)

We are delighted to make the *amende honorable* for even a semblance of disfavour, by printing this letter, and by authorising the Committee to put down Mr. Punch as Patron—as the only masculine being who can be trusted to have anything to do with Fairies, except from the other side of the float.

Mr. Punch loves the ballet—in all honour and purity—for he knows how much charity, self-sacrifice, and noble resistance to temptation it includes in its ranks; and he loves, also—in all honour and brotherly affection—the ladies who have the courage and womanly feeling to hold out the hand to their sisters in short skirts and white satin shoes, and to do what in them lies to encourage good and industrious ballet-girls in their poor little efforts at saving, to succour them in sickness, and lend them a hand in their struggles for an honest maintenance.

AN ASS AT AN ORGAN.

We are very indulgent to our friends the ultra-Ritualists, because we believe that as the poor boys grow into men they will be ashamed of their effeminate absurdities. But we must draw the line somewhere, and if we permit a good deal of millinery and mountebankery in a beardless young priest, we really cannot stand it in an Organist. We shall have it in the Pew-opener next, nay, it may become efflorescent in a Beadle. Just read this letter from a Church newspaper. It purports to be signed by the organist of a Church in the West of England.

“Sir,—Master is fast approaching, and the Benedictines of ***** have promised to help us again, and are very anxious to make our service on that High Festival the most devotional in all the West of England. One gentleman of the community offered us two seven-branched candlesticks, but our Incumbent decried them, as he did not see his way clear to the using of more than the two lights ordered by the Edwardine Injunctions.”

The Incumbent seems to have had a glimmering of sense; or else a sense of the ludicrous.

“We have magnificent vestments for the High Festivals, and this week a violet set has been presented to us for penitential seasons. The full ritual has already so far gained favour that he would be a bold man who would attempt to extinguish our lights or to rob us of our vestments and other accessories. The services are also gradually making a profound impression on some of the neighbouring gentry.”

We should not wonder. And if some of the neighbouring gentry know the Bishop of the diocese, they might do worse than impart that profound impression. But here is the gem:—

“But we sadly want an organ. There is one on which we have our eye. It is nearly new, having been used only for a few months in a Methodist Chapel—for which we trust it would not be much the worse after being well incensed and exorcised.”

Incensed and exorcised, because some fellow Christians have listened, for a few months, to its music! We have a strong notion that this organist is making fun of his incumbent and the gentleman of the seven-branches, and the rest of the green goose. If so, all right, except that his fun is dim. But if he be in earnest in his insolent folly, we hereby authorise any active young Methodist to incense and exorcise him—if he can find the fellow. For as of course this was a begging letter, we withhold the advertisement.

KINDRED AND AFFINITY.

A BILL has been brought into the House of Commons by MR. CHAMBERS to legalise marriage with a deceased wife’s sister. Of course it will be opposed by all the Members of that Honourable House, if there are any, who delight in seeing the personal freedom of other people limited by prohibitions which do not happen to prevent themselves from gratifying their own inclinations. One of their arguments may be anticipated. They will probably urge that, if men are permitted to marry their deceased wives’ sisters, other men will demand permission to marry other ladies to whom they are still more nearly related. But that they can do now. Let people desirous of restricting other people in a matter of taste turn to the Table of Kindred and Affinity at the end of the Common Prayer-book, and there they will find that there is nothing to prevent anybody from marrying (and pecuniary considerations may make a man want to marry) the sister of his grandmother.

Local Self-Misgovernment.

Roads, botched with granite evermore,
 The horse’s friend bemoans,
 The local Bumbles grind the poor,
 But won’t crush those rough stones.

A THOUGHT ON ST. PATRICK’S DAY.

How just England is to the Island of Erin! Despite treason and rebellion, she, as represented by one of her great universities, Oxford, continues to award the Ireland Scholarship.

A Legend of Camelot.—Part 4.

THE pale wet moon did rise and ride,
O'er misty wolds and marshes wide.

Ⓜiserie !

Sad earth slept underneath the yew,
Lapt in the death-sweat men call dew.

Ⓜiserie !

O raven ringlets, ringing wet !
O bright eye rolling black as jet !

Ⓜiserie !

O matted locks about the chin !
O towering head-piece, battered in !

Ⓜiserie !

Three hats that fit each other tight,
Are worth the helmet of a knight !

Ⓜiserie !

He rose all shapeless from the mud,
His yellow garb was stained with blood ;

Ⓜiserie !

" Vat ish thish schwimming in mine head ?
Thish turning round and round ? " he said.

Ⓜiserie !

He took three paces through the night,
He saw red gold that glittered bright !

Ⓜiserie !

Two Royal Heads of Hair he saw !
And One was Woven, and One was Raw !

Ⓜiserie !

" O Sholomon ! if there ain't a pair
Of dead young damshels shinking there !

" O Moshesh ! vat a precious lot
Of beautiful red hair they've got !

" The prishe of it would compensat
Most handsome for my broken pate !

" How much their upper lipsh do pout !
How very much their chins shtick out !

" How dreadful shtrange they shtare ! they
sheem
Half to be dead, and half to dream !

" The Camelot peoplesh alwaysh try
To look like that ! I vonder vy ?

" Yet each hath got a lovely fashe !
Good Father Jacob shend them grashe !

" O Jacob ! blesh the lovely light,
That lit the moon that shtruck the knight,
That married the maid that carried the Jew,
That shold (as he intensh to do)
The golden locks and shilver rings
Of Brauntightrinde and Fiddlestrings ! "

Ⓜiserie !

Thus having given thanks, he drew
His two-fold weapon cutting true ;

Ⓜiserie !

And close he clipt, and clean and clear,
From crown and temple, nape and ear.

Ⓜiserie !

The wind in pity soughed and sighed !
The river beat the river side !

Ⓜiserie !

The willows wept to stand and see
The sweetest, softest heads that be,

Ⓜiserie !

In ghastliest baldness gleam dead-white,
And sink unhallowed out of sight !

Ⓜiserie !

But, lo, you ! Ere kind earth could fold
Their shame within its bosom cold,

Ⓜiserie !

The moon had laught in mockery down,
And stamp'd a high-light on each crown ! ! . . .

Ⓜiserie !

Thrice muttering deep his mystic note,
The stillness of the night he smote :

Ⓜiserie !

Then, with a treasure dangling slack
From either shoulder adown his back,

Ⓜiserie !



He, whistling in his whistle, strode,
Nor felt he faint upon the road !
Ⓜiserie !

You may be sure that it was not
The road that leads to Camelot !
Ⓜiserie !

THE SLANG OF THE STAGE.



WONDERFUL are the wants one every day sees advertised, and of all none are more wondrous than the wants theatrical! For example, do just look at this strange catalogue of some of them:—

WANTED, an ENTIRE DRAMATIC COMPANY, at the close of the present Equestrian Season, for the Summer, including Leading Gentleman, Heavy ditto, Juvenile ditto, First and Second Singing Low Comedians, Old Men, Walking Gents, &c., &c.; Leading Lady, Heavy and Old ditto, Walking ditto, Singing Chambermaid, Lady Dancer, and Scenic Artist (BOTH TO ACT), Leader of Orchestra, and others. Also several Utility Ladies and Gentlemen, Wardrobe-keeper, and a Carpenter and Property Man, both to combine Bill Posting and delivering. Stamps not required, as silence must be considered a negative.

It would appear from this announcement that a leading man upon the stage is regarded as a gentleman, while walking men are merely considered to be "gents." Of the grounds for this distinction we are not at all aware, nor do we know how long an actor continues to be "juvenile," nor at what age he is treated as one of the "old men." Then, how many pounds, we wonder, is a man required to weigh before he can procure an engagement as a "heavy" one? and what amount of salary could mollify a lady after the gross insult of calling her an "old ditto?"

We are not exactly certain who the two persons may be who are in such big letters wanted "BOTH TO ACT," but, from the great stress which is laid upon their doing so, we are led to think that acting is not so much required of the remainder of the company, and that the walking gentleman and lady may perhaps be walking-sticks. Though common on the stage, perhaps, "utility ladies" are not abundant off it; and we could wish that ladies generally would try to earn the epithet better than they do. As for a "property man" being wanted in this company, we should like to know the company that a property man—we mean a man of property—would not be asked to join. It is not everywhere, however, that a man of property

would be asked to act as bill-poster, as in the above announcement is the case. But there are things done on the stage which never would be dreamed of being done in real life: indeed, the things done on the stage are often quite as puzzling as the slang of stage advertisements, whereof what we have quoted is a tolerable dose.

THE PILOT THAT'S NEARING THE ROCK.

I WISHED to praise the Budget
By GLADSTONE framed, my nation,
Still further, as I judge it,
To lighten of taxation;
And fondly I expected
To sing, for London's pleasure,
Of Commons, well protected
By COWPER's pending measure.

The hope I had contracted
To laud, in verses polished,
Yet more good laws enacted,
And more bad Acts abolished.
But oh, what sad delusion
Shall I have laboured under,
If impotent conclusion
Result from grievous blunder.

Why, RUSSELL, didst thou, heeding
The Demagogue's sole worry,
No haste when there was need,
A crude Reform Bill hurry?
Plump on yon rock, appearing
So plain, in calmest weather,
With open eyes you're steering:
Confound it altogether!

But, you to wreck thus tending,
Obey no Maelström suction:
No, you yourself are sending
Your good ship to destruction.
No iron fate has bound her,
But only choice demented.
Ah! wherefore should she founder
When that might be prevented?

What, O thou, prone the twaddle,
To quote, of Whig tradition!
Would M^r. Fox, thy model,
Have done in thy position?
Self-sacrifice, from weeping
Hope's shipwreck, might insure us.
Then overboard by leaping
Oblige us, PALINURUS!

A NATIONAL DEBT OF HONOUR.

YOU are occasionally informed by the newspapers that a meeting has been held by the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt. The next time these gentlemen meet they will perhaps take into consideration, and report upon, a debt of about £6,100 which the nation owes to the surviving relatives of the late ADMIRAL FITZROY.

The sum above stated, and rather more, was so much money personally expended by ADMIRAL FITZROY on the public service, and never repaid to him. In particular, now some thirty years ago, "this conscientious surveyor, unwilling to quit his South American station without rendering his services in every way complete, had hired two additional vessels at his own cost to finish off the examination of the coasts of the Falkland Islands, and subsequently purchased a third, besides fitting out the *Beagle* to a great extent at his own expense." Was not this statement made by SIR ROBERT LIMPY MURCHISON, at the Royal Geographical Society, in his anniversary address to that scientific body, delivered May 22, 1863? And did not the eminent speaker on that occasion also relate how, so long ago as 1829, "young FITZROY" gained credit by his discovery of the Otway Water in the Straits of Magellan, inasmuch that his commanding officer, CAPTAIN PHILIP KING, very much applauding what he had done, named one of the chief sea passages Fitzroy Strait?

Everybody knows the work that FITZROY did as chief of the Weather Office; a capacity wherein, having saved a multitude of lives, he finally, from over-exertion, lost his own. He died morally worth millions; financially worth less than nothing: in debt £3000. The late First Minister of the Crown promised to confer a pension on Mrs. FITZROY, a promise

which was more than he found himself able to perform. Government can do no more than ask authority from the House of Commons for a grant sufficient to liquidate the debt which was all that the Admiral left behind him. The times are so bad; the nation is so poor, and is indebted to so many benefactors who had spent more than their all upon their country before they died!

The progress of a magnificent structure in course of erection by a grateful country in Hyde Park, shows, however, that Englishmen can contribute something out of their poverty in acknowledgment of true merit, even when its claims are not enforced by necessity.

In behalf of the late ADMIRAL FITZROY's widow and children, the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce has formed a fund to be called "The ADMIRAL FITZROY Testimonial Fund," to whose Committee the Honorary Secretary in London is CHARLES SHAW, Esq., 55, Charing Cross; the Secretary and Treasurer in Liverpool is WILLIAM FERGUSON, Esq., Liverpool and London Chambers; and their London Bankers are MESSRS. COURTS & Co.

Troublesome Things.

THERE are several varieties of a powder, said to be made of a species of camomile, sold under the name of Insecticide, or Insect-killer, as the Insecticide Vioat, Insecticide Dumont, Persian Insect-Powder, and so on, to destroy parasitical, bed-betting, and other odious animalcules. But there is no powder, and, if there is any power, it is, to the disgrace of the police who possess it, not exerted, to get rid of those abominable and dangerous Crawlers, by which the streets are infested, the empty Cabs that creep along the curbstone.



LACE-UP BOOTS ARE THE MOST COMFORTABLE; BUT IF THEY
COME UNDONE!!!

A SMALL REFORM SUGGESTED.

MR. PUNCH,

We are presented with a Reform Bill. I want you to fumigate, (I offer this word as a substitute for "ventilate," of which, with other overworked expressions and phrases, "infusion of new blood," for example, you must be a-weary, an anomaly that I think the proposed Statute of VICTORIA might redress.

I get into Parliament, after a toilsome canvass in hot weather up and down unpaved alleys, a considerable expenditure of wasted money, and possibly, the torments of an Election petition. I grow tired of Parliament, say, because the private bill business is too much for me, or my Constituents are too much for me, with their vigorous appetite for favours, and places, and pecuniary subscriptions, or the estimates for the London campaign, engaged in by costly sons and daughters, become inconveniently heavy.

I determine to resign my seat, and find I cannot be relieved of my trust, and issue a farewell address to the 153 freemen and other electors of Slumberwell without accepting the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, a pastoral appointment as fictitious as mermaids or the divine right of kings. I apply for this eligible situation, obtain it, and am gazetted as its fortunate occupant.

Possibly some fellow Member, as anxious as myself to escape from the diversion of listening to Counsel on Gas and Railway Bills, has already secured this hilly post, in which case I have to content myself with the inferior dignity of the Stewardship of the Hundred of Northstead, or it may be, Hempholm. Graced with one of these pretended preferments, I hear no more division bells. Is it necessary to maintain this sham? Would our exports fall off if it were slain? Why not banish it along with decayed oaths and declarations? Why cannot I write a letter to the SPEAKER, signifying my desire to dissolve my connection with Slumberwell, without being constrained to ask for the Chiltern Hundreds (a poor exchange for my thousands), or Northstead, or Hempholm? When a Bishop resigns his see (an unusual occurrence, I grant, but it has happened) he does not betake himself to an imaginary curacy; when a Judge retires from the Bench, he retreats into no fictitious Recordship. Would "Supply" be imperilled, if a

ESCAPE OF STEPHENS.

MR. PUNCH has received the following letters, and feels it his duty to make them public. The circumstances preclude his affixing his voucher to their truth:—

No. 1.

DEAR JONES,—Here I am, all safe and sound. For the last three days before leaving Ireland I had a fatiguing time of it, as I was perpetually walking about with the police in search of myself. On Tuesday, previous to my departure, I had the pleasure of dining with his Excellency the LORD LIEUTENANT. We talked about the prospects of Fenianism, and he said he would give something to catch STEPHENS. I told him that I was the Head-Centre, but he wouldn't believe it. I am having a very pleasant time of it, as there is still plenty of money left: when it is finished I shall, I think, take to Spiritualism, or go on the stage as a star.

The report that MR. STEPHANOS XENOS is myself in disguise is calculated to produce a wrong impression. I admire the Greeks.

Yours truly, STEPHENS.

No. 2.

DEAR PUNCH,—Send me your next Number. I enclose my card and address. You may forward the number to me by a Policeman, if you like.

Yours ever, STEPHENS.

Can I do anything for you in Paris?

[N.B. The card and address were signed, "H. WALKER," one of his numerous aliases, "Nusquam Lodge."]

No. 3.

DEAR STODARE,—Can you enter into some arrangement with me for the hire of your room at the Egyptian Hall during the Season? I propose giving an entertainment to be called, "STEPHENS at Home, and the Police Abroad." It will be very amusing, as I have a large and varied wardrobe. I shall have a panorama painted, and exhibit a real live Dublin Policeman, who will dance, sing, and show in pantomime how he catches STEPHENS. Your terms must include the piano.

Yours ever, STEPHENS.

P.S. Talk of your Basket Trick! I'll show you one worth ten of that.

PP.S. Advertise the Sphinx as the Head-Centre.

Yours S.

Member of Parliament were to disappear from the Treasury or Opposition ranks without this supposititious assumption of office?

I hope I am not rudely jostling the ark of the Constitution, in drawing attention to this rusty remainder of antiquity. I am neither democrat nor republican. I am willing to attend the SPEAKER'S dinners and *leudes* in a masquerade dress; I have no wish to see the Mace broken up and sold as old metal, or the Black Rod converted into fuel. If some real appointment could be assigned to retiring M.P.'s, if only for the space of a day, I would cheerfully take it. I would submit to be Chief Acrobat, or a Lord High Bedwarmer, or Umbrella in waiting; but I do protest against being obliged to accept an office which has no existence, except in the London Gazette, against the absurdity of being publicly announced as filling a Stewardship of which I can give no account, before it is permitted me to discontinue the letters M.P. after my name. It could not be more preposterous if I were proclaimed as having accepted the tenancy of a *Château d'Espagne*.

Is there an impassable obstacle to the abolition of this anomaly? and is it—fees?

I have my thoughts about a Lord of the Admiralty or Treasury being forced to seek re-election on taking office and emolument, but perhaps I am too headlong.

POTT WALLOP.

STIRRING STRAINS.

QUOTH DR. MACLEOD the other day at Glasgow:—

"There is no music in the world to be compared with the bagpipe. (*Applause*.) It is the music a Highlander understands best. There is something in the bagpipe will stir him when nothing else can. (*Great applause*.)"

Vara true, DR. MACLEOD. Here's your gude health, and a' your familie's! DR. MACPUNCH is a true Hielander, although till now he did na ken see muckle of his bluid and bairnplace. As ye say, mon, "There is something in the bagpipe" whilk sae "stirs him" that he never can sit quiet when he hears it. Play the bagpipe anywhere in the MACPUNCH'S neighbourhood, and it speedily will stir the MACPUNCH out of earshot!



A Legend of Camelot.—Part 5 and Last. Gauvain's Penance.

The castle weeds have grown so tall
Knights cannot see the red brick wall.

⊗ *miserie* !

The little drawbridge hangs awry,
The little flowery moat is dry !

⊗ *miserie* !

And the wind, it sighs and sighs away
Through the grey willows, night and day !

⊗ *miserie* !

And evermore two willows there
Do weep, whose boughs are always bare :

⊗ *miserie* !

At all times weep they, in and out
Of season, turn and turn about !

⊗ *miserie* !

But later, when the year doth fall,
And other willows, one and all,

⊗ *miserie* !

In yellowing and dishevelled leaf
Sway haggard with their autumn grief,

⊗ *miserie* !

Then do these leafless willows now
Put forth a rosebud from each bough !

⊗ *miserie* !

What time Gauvain, with spurless heels,
Barefoot (but not bare-headed) kneels

⊗ *miserie* !

Between ! . . . as fits a bigamous knight
Twice widowed in a single night :

⊗ *miserie* !

And then, for that promiscuous way
Of axing Hebrews in broad day,

⊗ *miserie* !

He ever uttereth a note
Of Eastern origin remote. . . .

⊗ *miserie* !

A well-known monochord, that tells
Of one who, wandering, buys and sells !

⊗ *miserie* !

What time the knights and damsels fair,
Of Arthur's court come trooping there,

⊗ *miserie* !

They come in dresses of dark green,
Two damsels take a knight between :

⊗ *miserie* !

One sad and sallow knight is fixt
Dyspeptic damsels twain betwixt !

⊗ *miserie* !

They speak not, but their weary eyes
And wan white eyelids droop and rise

⊗ *miserie* !

With dim dead gaze of mystic woe !
They always take their pleasure so

⊗ *miserie* !

In Camelot . . . It doth not lie
With us to ask, or answer, why !

⊗ *miserie* !

Yet, seeing them so fair and good,
Fain would we cheer them, if we could !

⊗ *miserie* !

And every time they find a bud,
They pluck it, and it bleeds red blood.

⊗ *miserie* !

And when they pluck a full blown rose,
And breathe the same, its colour goes !

⊗ *miserie* !

But with Gauvain alone at night,
The willows dance in their delight !

⊗ *miserie* !

The rosebuds wriggle in their bliss,
And lift them for his lips to kiss !

⊗ *miserie* !

And if he kiss a rose instead,
It blushes of a deeper red !

⊗ *miserie* !

And if he like it, let him be !
It makes no odds to you or me !

⊗ *miserie* !

O many-headed multitude,
Who read these rhymes that run so rude,

⊗ *miserie* !

Strive not to fathom their intent !
But say your prayers, and rest content

⊗ *miserie* !

That, notwithstanding those two cracks
He got from Gauvain's battle-axe,

⊗ *miserie* !

The Hebrew had the best of it !
So, Gentles, let us rest a bit.

⊗ *miserie* !

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HEMATICANS are sear-tarians in Arabia. We forget what their spiritual and temporal ideas are, nor does it matter to the narration that on *Monday, March 19*, British Spiritual and Temporal ideas came into collision, as will occur in a free country, and no harm done. Government had refused to appoint a Fast Day as a remedy for the Rinderpest. But the Bishops made their own appointments to that end. Dr. TAIT, of London, fixed a day on which the Head of the Church had announced Her intention to hold a Court, and as it was thought inoon-

gruous that the aristocracy, in gold and purple and fine linen, should be rejoicing at the Palace, while the rest of the people were in church, the day of penitence was put back, and fixed for the 30th. EARL RUSSELL moved, to-day, that the Lords' Committee should not sit, on the Fast Day, until the afternoon, and the proposal was accepted. Not so in the Commons. MR. GLADSTONE's similar motion was opposed by MR. BOUVIER, who refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the BISHOP OF LONDON. MR. GLADSTONE deprecated contention on such a subject, but MR. BRIGHT begged him to forget churchmanship and to remember statesmanship. The House was not to be subject to the will of a single bishop. LORD JOHN MANNERS wished to go to church. SIR GEORGE GREY thought that Members ought to have that advantage, if they desired it. ADMIRAL DUNCOMB complained of the long yarns—we beg pardon—sermons, now usual. After more talk the House divided, and the Bishop's men mustered 259 to 112 Anti-Bishopites.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was questioned as to a Re-Distribution Reform Bill. He stated that Government would not consider themselves acquitted of their obligation until they should have introduced such a measure, but that they would reserve perfect freedom as to the choice of an opportunity for so doing. And they would do nothing about Boundaries or anything else, until they "saw their way" with regard to the Reform Bill. MR. GLADSTONE cannot deny that he and his friends have been obligingly favoured by journalists and others with the offer of every kind of political telescope.

LORD HARTINGTON, in reply to a question touching big guns, said that he knew nothing about an Oval Bore. He will know a deal the first time he gets a bad egg.

The Oaths Bill passed, after some Protestant growls from the usual quarter.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON very properly brought up the terrible story of the loss of the *London*, and an interesting debate ensued. The late inquiry was described as a white-washing affair, stress was laid on the refusal to allow witnesses to be cross-examined, and the mode in which vessels are "inspected" was represented to be cursory and careless. Government, as usual, eschewed responsibility.

On Navy Estimates a gallant stand was made for the Old Men. It was declared shameful to compel a vigorous old Admiral to retire, when it was notorious that a healthy and (reasonably) temperate party of 70 was a younger man than a party of 50 who was not prudent. But LORD CLARENCE explained that it was necessary to produce a flow of promotion. His argument will have produced a flow of strong language from the lips of divers irascible old Sea Dogs.

Tuesday. Two distinguished gentlemen took steps for the purpose of tripping up the Reform Bill. Neither is a Conservative. One is EARL GROSVENOR (heir apparent to the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER), who intends to move that it is inexpedient to discuss a Reform Bill until the Entire Scheme is before Parliament. The other is SIR WILLIAM HUTT, who was the other day EARL RUSSELL's Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and who intends, should LORD GROSVENOR fail, to move that the Reform Bill, if passed, shall have no operation until Re-Distribution of Seats shall be made. Two ugly spear-thrusts at the Trojan Horse.

MR. CARDWELL having affectionately exclaimed to the Governor of Victoria, "Come here, DARLING!" we had a discussion on the recal. The COLONIAL SECRETARY explained that he had removed SIR CHARLES because it was impossible for him to work well with certain influential colonists, and not because he had committed certain errors.

MR. COWPER, for Government, brought in a Bill for improving and protecting the 180 Commons within a radius of 15 miles of the Metropolis. He, SIR THWAITES, and three others are to be Commissioners for the purpose. In the debate MR.

SANDFORD gave offence to that eternal teller, MR. AYTON, who scolded him for wanting to abolish the statutes of Merton. Certainly SANDFORD and MERTON ought not to be hostile. But do most folks know what the statutes of Merton are, or that from Merton proceeded the famous *Nolumus leges*? Touching the Bill, which is good so far as it goes, Mr. Punch expresses his and the nation's (which is tautology) obligation to the Chief Commissioner, and hopes that the improved and protected Commons will afford COWPER many a pleasant Winter Morning Walk-er ride.

People who take offices which a Catholic cannot hold, have to make a declaration that they do not believe in Transubstantiation. A Bill is introduced by SIR COLMAN O'LOOHLIN to do away with this. MR. GLADSTONE did not oppose it, but would like to deal with all Oaths and Declarations, *en bloc*, and so should we. It is certain that they hamper only those whose sense of honour would, without any such nonsense, keep them right.

Wednesday. The Bill for abolishing the tests that exclude Dissenters from the M.A. degree at Oxford University, and from its government, was eloquently moved by MR. COLERIDGE, in a maiden speech that exacted applause from all sides. One of his points was that nobody could remain a narrow-minded and acrid sectarian in presence of the glorious architecture and stately traditions of the grand old place. MR. TREVELYAN, nephew of LORD MACAULAY, and honourably known as the "Competition Walsh," made an excellent speech for the Bill. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would admit the postulates but not the Dissenters. MR. HENLEY thought that you might as well run after a pig with a soaped tail down High Street, in the hope of catching it, as expect good from mixed religious education, an illustration which might have seemed a little coarse from anybody but honest old grumbling MR. HANLEY. Some Members laid stress upon the value of the present system, as enforcing education based upon the Bible. But we are unaware that it is a tenet of Dissent to repudiate the Bible, and we have some idea that what Churchmen consult as the best dictionary of the sacred volume has been produced by a learned Dissenter, DR. WILLIAM SMITH. MR. LOWE stood up stoutly for the Bill and much more, and MR. GOSCHAM, Minister, wished to strengthen the Church by freeing her from artificial supports. On division the Exclusionists had 108, the Liberals 317.

Thursday. We believe that poor old LORD WESTMATH thinks that he is a Conservative, though he injures the Peerage deeply by showing how, very silly may be a man who may yet be able to vote on a Bill affecting national interests. Let him, therefore, oblige us by placing his proxy in the hands of LORD DERBY, and by amusing himself for the future, in some toy-shop, instead of the House of Lords. His remarkable demonstration to-day, when complaining of street dangers, roused even the kindly LORD STANHOPE to call order. WESTMATH wanted to "pole-axe" the HOME SECRETARY, because accidents occur. Not that such accidents ought not to be noticed, and severe measures taken. But there is such a thing as the accident of birth, and sometimes its consequences are WESTMATHS.

EARL GRANVILLE said that various excuses, but not sufficient ones, had been given for the non-execution of the Wellington monument. His promise was not very full of brilliancy—he hoped that about August a model might be sufficiently advanced to be visible.

THE O'DONOGHUE was cool. He asked the Government whether they did not think it would have a good effect to let out any of the captured Fenians (who could get bail). The ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND did not think it would, have at all a good effect, but intimated that any Fenian, from America, who had not been seized, and who wished to bolt, might do so. Treason seems very funny to certain Irishmen, but Englishmen have worked too long and too hard for settled institutions and social peace, to regard revolts as amusing matters. It may be well that THE O'DONOGHUE, and the Fenians in and out of gaol, should understand that if the Irish Government, instead of only suspending the Habeas Corpus, chose to suspend the violators of law, an amnesty for the act would pass as rapidly as did the Act for the former purpose.

MR. WHITESIDE made a long attack on the Government in regard to the escape of the Head-Centre. (If that man has any remorse he will howl to hear that Mr. Punch daily receives about sixty letters, enclosing the commendum about a hair-dresser being a head-scorer). He was duly

answered, and told by SIR ROBERT PEEL that one of his insinuations was mean and paltry. There was a row, but SIR ROBERT was adjudged not to be un-Parliamentary.

Rather an interesting debate on the selection of architects to compete for the Temple of Justice. The competition was to be limited to six. MR. CAVENDISH BENTINCK beat the Government by 101 to 70, and carried a resolution that such limitation was inexpedient. MR. TITE, who built the Royal Exchange, spoke out very gracefully, and declared that he owed much of his own success in life to open competition. But he wished that the work had been put at once into the hands of the ablest man in the profession. So would Mr. Punch wish if there were an Ablest Man. Were a SIR CHRISTOPHER or an INIGO extant, there would be no difficulty. As it is, perhaps, if three able men could be induced to go into partnership for the single purpose of producing the Temple, the junction of positives might form a superlative. But we fear that the men are only too positive for this.

Friday. Last night before our Easter holidays. The CHANCELLOR brought in the Bill for reforming the system of Capital Punishments; *appropos* thereof, MR. JUSTICE LUSH has been awarding very capital punishments indeed to a batch of scoundrel garotters at Manchester. They have had sound floggings, and have bellowed like the cowards such ruffians are. A graphic account of the operation might, with advantage, be circulated in the form of a tract.

LORD REDERDALE made an elaborate exposure of the manner in which schemers get up Railway Companies, to the detriment of the public. How many gentlemen who have fallen from honest poverty into dishonest riches by such swindling must grin over their claret at 190s., when they read his Lordship's speech. The Senate adjourned till the 13th of April.

In the Commons, MR. T. G. BARING explained the precautions taken before granting a licence to a Cabman. They are very stringent, and all but useless. Among other testimonials, he has to prove that he "knows the town well." In this very Lent moment we are sneezing whenever we are not coughing, with an aggregate series of colds caught by putting out our head in the wet to rave at blockheads for driving in ridiculously wrong directions.

Some Government announcements brought the early Session to an end. MR. GLADSTONE, according to MR. DISRAELI, changed his front in the face of the enemy. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, by way of meeting the menacing tactics of friends and foes, consented to promise that if the Reform Bill should be read a Second Time, he would inform the House as to the intentions of Government with regard to Re-Distribution, and Scotch and Irish Reform. He would do this by Bills, which, however, he would not proceed with, until the Franchise measure should be safe. LORD GROSVENOR was advised to declare himself dissatisfied, and to adhere to his motion. MR. DISRAELI charged the Government with incessant change of opinion, with timidity, and with precipitation; and touchingly begged them to be frank with the House. Lent has not produced the best effects in senatorial tempers, and a good many bitter things were said. MR. GLADSTONE accused his opponents of regarding the Working Men, who are "our own flesh and blood," as an Invading Army, and LORD CRANBOURNE called this "sentimental rant," and reminded the House that it was the Power of Taxation which it was proposed to transfer. MR. HOPS said that MR. GLADSTONE's language was either an appeal to popular passion, or was simply rubbish. MR. FORSTER said that the reference to taxation would make the masses believe that hitherto taxes had been laid on for the benefit of the superior classes. MR. GÖSCHEN said that the City rule, in important matters, was never to haggle. There was more of this sort of thing; and the only point on which all agreed, was to secure the Motion for Adjournment, which was done by an ugly rush from diners and cigars. The House of Representatives then was Counted Out until the 9th of April, when we meet for slaughter.

GOOSE AND SNAKE.

MR. TUPPER has written a Tragedy. The *Saturday Review*, of course, hisses it. When any man publishes a play he must be prepared for gooses. The ridicule cast by the *Saturday Review* on MR. TUPPER's tragedy will perhaps be not very generally considered unjust. But it is one thing to cut up a book; another to attempt to stab the writer. The *Saturday Review*'s criticisms of *Raleigh* conclude with the following rather characteristic remark:—

"It is not even funny, and this marks a distinct decay in Mr. TUPPER's wonderful powers."

The Editor of the *Saturday Review* should engage a gentleman to revise his proofs.

Removal of Rubbish.

WANTED a few good STREET-SWEEPING MACHINES to clear away the BETTING MEN and other HUMAN RUBBISH, that, contrary to law, is found encumbering the pavement of Farringdon Street, and other public thoroughfares in London, and constitutes a Nuisance that ought to be Removed forthwith.

LITTLE BILL (BORN A.D. 1866), AND BIG BILL (BORN A.D. 1831).

(A Dialogue.)

Little Bill. I say, big brother!

Big Bill.

Brother? How now, Sir? Keep your

distance:

What Hop-o'-my-Thumb is this, that comes no higher than my shoe?

Little Bill. I'm Little Bill, the child of RUSSELL's age,—I want assistance,

So I thought 'twas only natural I should apply to you.

Big Bill. I doubt a blood relationship, so boldly though you claim one:

Look at my thews and sinews, my proportions, and my size:

You've but one leg to stand on, and that leg is a lame one,

And you've but half allowance of arms and ears and eyes.

In short, to judge you frankly by limbs, looks, and proportion,

I must decline all brotherhood with such a mere abortion.

Little Bill. Oh, cruel brother! what I want is cheering and not chaff of you!

Big Bill. Then go back to where you came from, and fetch the other half of you:

When you're all there—two legs, two arms, a whole head on your shoulders—

I don't object to talk to you, in sight of all beholders;

But in your present half-and-half condition of existence

I must decline to acknowledge you, much more to give assistance.

Little Bill (plaintively). Oh, this is hard—it's very hard—and in my heavy need, too!

When I so want an adviser, and a guiding hand to lead, too!

To raise a mere puff of fair wind, like that which filled *your* sails full,

To win a sprinkle of the praise, that was showered on *you* by pails full!

When I ask aid from a brother, so much bigger, wiser, older,

Instead of a warm helping hand, to be treated to cold shoulder!

Big Bill (contemptuously). And what right, I should like to know, have *you* to more from *me*, Sir?

If you would thrive as I have thriven, what I was you must be, Sir:

Sprung, like Minerva armed at point, from the great brains that bore me,

Child of true needs, and furnished for the work that lay before me.

What question might be made of me I stood four-square to answer,

A brawny babe, full-limbed and fair, the makings of a man, Sir!

So I was welcomed by the shouts of those who long had waited,

With joy proportioned to their hate who my appearance hated;

And in the balanced joy and hate that raged about my cot,

Grim Revolution hovered outside, but entered not.

As that rude storm my cradle shook serene I lay and smiled,

And storm and smile alike foretold I was no common child.

Since then my life has well fulfilled the promise of my birth,

Till hate and joy have shaken hands, and all proclaim my worth.

But *you*, who crept into the world at a Royal Speech's tail,—

As four had done before you, abortions born to fail,—

Where was the joy or fear that hailed *you* coming into life?

What storm-wind wrapt *your* cradle in elemental strife?

When they stript off the swaddling clothes that kept you dark and still,

What was the cry? "What *this*! why *this* is only half a Bill!

Be your baby big or little, give us at least a whole one!

As for half Bills, it isn't worth the trouble to unroll one."

"Half a loaf" may be "better than no bread," if you will,

But certainly the proverb doesn't hold of half a Bill.

You *may* be, as you say you are, poor little Bill, my brother,

But I *can't* take one half's word for that until I see the other.

So, go back to those who sent you, and are you ask my aid,

Reg them to make your other half, and come when that is made.

A LADY HEAD-CENTRE.

"SISTER DAVIDOFF, a nun of the *Sacré Cœur*, who has been an inmate of the Central House in Paris for the last 25 years, has just re-entered social life by particular indulgence of PIUS IX. She is a Russian, and sister to the MARQUISE DE GABRIAC. For many years past she has, it is said, been practically mixed up with all the goings on in domestic or fashionable life."

It would seem that *rien n'est Sacré pour une femme* brandishing an Indult. Pity MYSTERBERE is gone, as he might have set the "Reason citation of a Nun," as a song for the Imperial charade-parties, &c.:—

Although I'm a nun,

I am fond of my fun,

THERRMA's gay patrons my wishes consult;

And excellent PIVS,

Perceiving my bias,

Indulges my tastes with his holy Indult.



LESSONS IN THE VACATION.

Public School-Man. "HE-AR, CABBY, WE'LL GIVE YOU EIGHTEEN-PENCE TO TAKE US TO BRIXTON."

Cabby. "WELL, I GENERALLY DO CARRY CHILDREN 'ALF PRICE, BUT I'M ENGAGED THIS MORNING, GENTS!"

DON'T NAIL HIS EAR TO THE PUMP.

SOME of our penny trumpets have been indulging in blasts of unwonted shrillness and sharpness, on the opposition from the Liberal side of the House to the Bill of the Government for the lowering of the franchise.

This is all fair enough, within limits. They may pitch into the *Times*, and as much as they please. It amuses them, and doesn't hurt the *Times*. They may describe MR. LOWE as "hating the people" only "less than he hates the parsons." MR. LOWE is quite able to keep his own head with his own hand. But what *Mr. Punch* complains of, is that these "organs" should lump up all Liberals who object to deal with an enfranchising Bill till they know what the Government purposes as to the re-distribution of seats, under the same head with MR. LOWE, as "recrants," "renegadoes," "stabbers in the back," "traitors in the camp," "miserable plotters," "wretched hirelings," and so forth.

When LORD GROSVENOR announces his intention to move, on the 19th of April, "that *this House, while ready to consider, with a view to its settlement, the question of Parliamentary Reform*," is of opinion that it is inexpedient to discuss a Bill for the reduction of the franchise in England and Wales until the House has before it the entire scheme contemplated by the Government for the amendment of the representation of the people," *Mr. Punch* feels himself obliged to say "ditto" to LORD GROSVENOR, because he feels that the motion is a perfectly reasonable one, and expresses very exactly the feeling of nine out of ten of the truest and wisest Reformers in the House of Commons, or out of it. As *Mr. Punch* includes himself in this category, he feels bound to protest against LORD GROSVENOR's being bespattered with all the phials of dirt that either *Jupiter Junior* or *Vox Stellarum* can empty on his head, because he has put into words what *Mr. Punch* honestly feels to be truth and sound sense on the subject of a Reform Bill.

"Tool," "cat's-paw," "decoy-duck," are very pretty words to fling at an opponent, but at all events they don't break any bones. But when our youthful *Jupiter* threatens us with flood and earthquake, typhoon and volcano-fire, as the consequence of postponing the single-barrelled Bill of the Government till the other barrel is added

to it, we must protest, in the words of HORACE, that the juvenile Thunderer

"Per purum tonantes
Egit equos volucrumque currum."

He is abusing his command of the celestial bolts, and rumbling and rattling out of a calm sky, in which we look in vain for portents of the terrors he piles up so liberally.

Mr. Punch must protest, still more emphatically, against such mischievous and malignant fustian as this—

"Does LORD GROSVENOR flatter himself that the sons of millions of his fellow-countrymen will leave his son in peaceful and tranquil possession of that colossal wealth which they have themselves created, if he denies to them the exercise of those first and just rights of citizenship—a deprivation of which, ever since the days of the Greek Republics, has implied dishonour and disgrace? Has he reflected how easily unscrupulous and violent men will lash great masses of Englishmen into a flame, by representing that the interests of great aristocratic houses, as interpreted by LORD GROSVENOR and LORD STANLEY, are in antagonism to the interests of the people of England?"

Everybody knows the old story of the Irish magistrate, who, seeing his enemy, the bailiff, in the hands of the mob, called out, "Don't nail his ear to the pump."

Mr. Punch is glad to think that the writers who try this sort of thing will find it not quite so easy as they think for "unscrupulous and violent men to lash great masses of Englishmen into a flame" by exaggeration and bad logic. In the meantime, as *Jupiter Junior*, and those who follow his lead, seem bent on putting to proof their powers in this line, *Mr. Punch* can only hug himself in the quiet conviction that all their efforts to distort objections to a half-and-half Reform Bill into opposition to a complete one, will be unavailing, and that Liberals in and out of the House will form and act up to their own views on the subject, in despite of the truculent and impudent rhodomontade of these most illiberal organs of "advanced opinion."

GOOD NEWS FOR THE SPIRITUALISTS.

In the Army Estimates for this year a sum was voted for disembodied Militia.



PUDDING BEFORE MEAT.

EARL GR-Y-N-R. "WHY, JOHN! BEEF BEFORE PUDDING!"

DIZZY. "HA! HA! WHAT AN ABSURD IDEA!"

"WHICH OF YOU HAS DONE THIS?"



right to withhold from his fellow creatures the glad news that there is a cure for affliction like unto his.

Again we ask you, Quacks, who is it to be? PUFF, with his Universal Balm; BOSH, with his Ubiquitous Essence of Hygeine; BLARE, with his Solvent Unguent Sedative; or SKUNK, with his Akesphorocent Akesodance?

We shall look out for you, Quack, whoever you are.

A GIGANTIC SCOTTISH JOKE.

SCOTLAND the Land of Cakes? Nay, Scotland is the land of better things than cakes. It was the partially happy remark of an Irish gentleman that to post a number of *Punch* to Edinburgh was sending coals to Newcastle. The only mistake in what the O'BOTHERER meant to express was that of regarding this periodical as a jocular publication. But he was quite right in the point which he intended to imply: namely, that Scotland is the Land of Jokes. And here is one of them:—

"The Chairman then proposed the toast of the evening—'The health of LIEUT.-GEN. SIR HOPE GRANT. (*Great Cheering.*)' He stated that his gallant friend had descended from a very old family, whose name had been mentioned in Scripture; but, owing to the use of the letter *i* instead of the letter *r*, the name had been altered, the passage in which it occurred reading now, 'There were giants in those days,' when the word should have been 'Grants.' (*Laughter.*)"

This capital joke was let off in St. James's Hall at a dinner given to the gallant officer, on whose name it turned, to celebrate his appointment to the post of honorary Colonel of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteer Corps. The utterer, and perhaps the author of the foregoing witticism according to the *Post*, was a noble lord, the Lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. HUGH MILLER, we know, was a Scot; and perhaps Scotland also claims his namesake JOSEPH. Not that the joke above quoted about the Giants and Grants is an "old Jon" by any means. On the contrary it is evidently a new FRANK. Seriously, however, we may remark that there appears to be a Scotch version of the Mosaic Records. That of Genesis is above quoted. The Scotch version of Exodus is the one cited by the Sabbatarians.

"The Best is Silence."

"A wedding recently took place at Alkborough Church at which the bride, bridegroom, bridesmaid, groomsmen, and two witnesses were all dumb."

Somebody, having threatened to write somebody's Life, was said to have added a new terror to death. The above group have lost two of the terrors of marriage. No scolding possible, and an inaudible *belles-mères*.

H yes, which of you, you Quacks? Do you think *Punch* is not down upon you. You humbugs!

In the *Times*' Second Column appears an advertisement pretending to come from a Hungarian Baron, who is troubled with lumbago, and 'who begs that any person who has been cured of that disease will kindly let him know what remedy was effective.

In a month or so, we shall read another advertisement from some vendor of Quack medicine or ointment, referring us to the Baron's case, and perhaps containing another letter from him, full of thankfulness to Providence and the Quack for the remedy which was kindly sent in answer to his first appeal. The Baron, as a Christian and a philanthropist, will feel that he has no

QUERIES WITH ANSWERS.

UNDER this heading an able and useful contemporary hebdomadally answers all sorts of questions on all sorts of subjects: explains the origin of the custom of eating mince-pies at Christmas; fixes the precise date when toothpicks were first used in England; clears up the mystery enveloping "Jack Robinson;" reveals the maiden name of SHAKESPEARE's godmother; settles the question of the authorship of "Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper;" and displays generally an amount of encyclopædial knowledge only to be out-done by the erudition of *Mr. Punch* himself.

To that last-mentioned oracle of universal learning, whose shrine is in Fleet Street, questions are addressed every day and by every post, on every topic that can disturb the brain or the temper, from cattle-plagues to cosmogonies, from Reform Bills to Refugees; and it is through a desire to satisfy some of his most pressing querists that *Mr. Punch* has determined from time to time to ease their minds, by laying the questions they have raised and publishing them with his own answers subjoined, selecting in the first instance a few miscellaneous difficulties (in the proportion of about one to a thousand of those submitted to him), for final and authoritative settlement.

"She never told her love." *Shakespeare*.—Is it known what was the secret the lady shrank from disclosing to the object of her affections?

STRATFORDUPON-AVONIANENSIS.

[The older Commentators, WARBURTON, JOHNSON, MALONE, STEEVENS, "Orator" HANLEY, and ANDREW MARVELL are confident that she referred to a Prior attachment to the head of a religious community. The modern critics, DYCE, COLLIER, KNIGHT, HALLIWELL, COWDEN CLARKE, DR. PARR, and WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, are equally certain that she was alluding to false teeth. It is a moot point, and will probably cause commentators not to speak to each other for many generations to come.]

"Who first used the expression "to go the whole hog?"

A LITERARY PORKBUTCHER.

[The great BACON. See his life, by GEORGE SELWYN, privately printed at the Strawberry Hill press by KITTY CLIVE. It is remarkable that the common phrase of "carrying coals to Newcastle" may be traced to BACON's shining rival—COKE.]

"Quotations Wanted:—

1. "And the grave is not its gaol."—A.N.M.I.E.

[Are you not misquoting? You must mean a line in a well-known poem by a celebrated American poet.]

2. "The glass of fashion."—LOUDLEY TALKINGTON.

[You will find it, by a careful search, in "The Mirror for Magistrates," written by the notorious JUDAS JEFFREYS. See SIR WILLIAM JONES's Edition, Book XVIII., canto lxxxix.]

"Can you supply the exact derivation of the word Thraldom?"

ASYMPTOTES GRANDIFLORA.

[First came into use when DR. JOHNSON was so much under the influence of the clever and fascinating MRS. THRALE.]

"What is the Taliacotian operation?"—MEDICUS EXPECTANS.

[Ask your Tailor.]

"The Heir of all the Ages." *Tennyson*.—What is his exact legal status?"

LEX.

[State us a case and we will answer it. One thing is clear. He would be liable to Succession Duty—an immense sum. See CHITTY and WHITTY's "Reports."]

"How would you define a first cousin once removed?"

A DESCENDANT OF BISHOP COSIN.

[As a relation who lives next door but one to you.]

"Where can I find an account of the oldest Almanacks?"

ZADKIEL MOORE MURPHY.

[In the *Arabi Nights' Entertainments*: see the *Three Kalendars*.]

"Can you, dear *Mr. Punch*, recommend me a Manual of Domestic Medicine?"—A YOUNG MOTHER.

[Yes: *The Doctor*, by DR. SOUTHEY.]

"I often see the letters C.B. after the names of distinguished persons. What do they signify?"—TYRO.

[Cherry Brandy.]

"I have seen it affirmed that a celebrated French Marshal stated he had been in the Peninsula in 1813-14, and in eleven battles, but never saw the back of the British soldier. Can you tell me who the Marshal was?"—CORDIAL INTENT.

[MARSHAL MAGNAN; and very magnanimous it was of him to say it. See the back numbers of the *Family Stove*.]

HAIR-DRESSING BY ELECTRICITY.



OUR ARTIST



SEARCHING FOR THE SIMPLE APPLIANCES OF



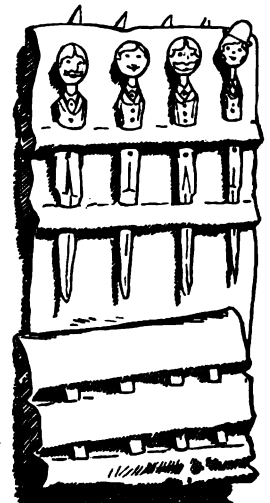
THE MIDDLE AGES;

AND ENCOURAGED BY THE PICTURESQUE GARB
OF THE MODERN ASSISTANTS—DETERMINES ON HAVING HIS
HAIR DRESSED AT LAST.AND AWAY
ALTOGETHER;

BUT AFTER BEING BRUSHED UP AND DOWN—



FORWARDS—BACKWARDS—

HIS HAIR HAVING BEEN PARTED
BY A GALVANIC BATTERY;HE IS READY FOR A GLASS-CASE, A BAND-BOX, OR INDEED ANYTHING
THAT WILL PRESERVE HIM—

AS NEAT AS A NEW PIN.



IT IS OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE, AND ON WITH THE NEW.

GUARD US FROM OUR GUARDIANS.

MY DEAR BROWN,

THANKS to a casual revelation of its horrors, some attention has been paid to our Poor Law system lately, and let us hope that public notice may lead to public good. The nation has protested through its mouthpiece, the Press, against the casual crowding of naked human beings in sties, where their humanity is speedily effaced. Where the Poor Law offers shelter it must also offer decency, and must provide inspectors to see that what it offers is properly supplied.

What manner of men, then, should we elect as Guardians, in order that the Poor Law may be rightly carried out? This, as you may know, is the month for their election: and here are a few words extremely *apropos*:-

"We have no hesitation in saying that there is a great deal of false economy practised by some well-meaning guardians. The very meagreness of the relief offered compels the recipient to apply again and again; whereas a somewhat liberal relief given in the first instance oftentimes prevents the necessity for a second application. The 'house-test,' as it is called, is too often applied in cases where a little out-relief would prevent them from becoming that which they too often do become after entering the house—perpetual paupers; for if once the threshold of the workhouse-door be crossed, the workhouse dress assumed, and workhouse society entered into, then are the seeds of pauperism sown, self-respect lost, and independence destroyed."

Penny wisdom and pound folly is the voice and vice of Bumbledom. Small shopkeepers are mostly now elected to be Guardians, and small shopkeepers are usually not gifted with large minds. As Guardians, who have the Poor Rates in their hands, they think a great deal more of the rates than of the poor, and care not how they pinch the latter, so the former are reduced. I thoroughly admit, therefore, that we have had enough of them, and should most heartily rejoice to see them make way for their betters, in the manner here proposed:-

"It would be well, therefore, if the ratepayers at the coming elections would return gentlemen of respectability, possessed of intelligence and sound common sense. They should be men who have time at their command, and willing to serve the Union at any moment. Mere talkers are not wanted."

Respectable, intelligent, well-to-do, and full of zeal and common sense, these, undoubtedly, are just the right men for the place. But will they let us thrust the greatness of Guardianship upon them?

Will they condescend to do our Poor-Law dirty work for us? Will you, or I, give up our leisure and our brains to go inspecting workhouses, and auditing accounts? Of course we shirk our duty if we decline to act, supposing that the post of Guardian be offered us. But we harden our skins somehow against the pricks of conscience, and turn a deafened ear to the call of public duty. And, after a good dinner, we prefer making inspection of the ash of a cigar, to making an inspection of a Workhouse Casual Ward.

Instead, then, of small shopkeepers, I wish a few big Swells would now and then consent to be Guardians of the poor, and thereby make the office a fashionable post. There are Lords who are "respectable" and not without "intelligence," and I believe that they have mostly lots of "time at their command." We might do worse than beg of them to do our Poor-Law work. Their taste for hunting might incline them to hunt up pauper grievances, and run the varmint "Bumbledom" once for all to earth. Instead of seeking some employment in directing Joint-Stock Companies and managing hotels, let them only condescend to act as Poor-Law Guardians, and, depend, our workhouse system would be speedily improved. You and I and others of the higher middle classes would no longer stand aloof from undertaking Poor-Law duties, when we found them undertaken by a Marquis or a Duke.

Yours serenely, EPAMINONDAS SMITH.

An Old Song.

A CONTEMPORARY announces that a new work by MR. FREDERICK CLAY, the well known amateur composer, will be played very shortly by some amateurs for a deserving charity connected with the Guards. The operetta is called "Out of Sight." Surely the title is more suggestive of a benefit connected with the *Police*?

NO MORE SENSATIONISTS.

"A SUPPLY of Natural Ink has been discovered near Buena Vista lake, California." Over here with a cargo of it as quick as may be. Who knows but that it may produce a supply of Natural Writers?

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.—The terms at Trinity will henceforth be called "THOMPSON'S SEASONS."

THE POLICE AND THEIR PENSIONS.

ALTHOUGH upon occasion he may poke a little fun at them, *Punch*, as a Great Briton, is proud of his police. He knows them to be hardly worked, and he cannot help suspecting that they are hardly paid; and if perchance they casually sup on his cold mutton, well—cooks will fall in love with somebody or other, and, after all, it is a charity to help one off with one's cold meat. As the song, a trifle altered, says:—

"With a helmet on his brow,
And a truncheon by his side,
Forth struts the bold policeman,
Of Scotland Yard the pride!

Who can wonder that his whiskers should captivate the kitchen? Who can wonder if flirtation, combined with a good supper, be a weakness of the Force?

Being thus inclined to look with favour on policemen, *Punch* regrets to see a statement in the *South London Chronicle* that they are somewhat harshly dealt with in the matter of their pensions, as well as in their pay. To their Pension Fund all constables are forced to be contributors. (Doubtless thou, SIR RICHARD? "Thyself shalt see the Act.") Every man JACK, or, rather, every man BOBBY of them is compelled by law to pay; but when he wishes for his pension, it may happen he won't get it. According to the *Chronicle*—

"The key to the regulations is supplied by the construction placed upon the Act constituting the fund, and which provides that every constable must pay, while he may receive some return. No sooner is a police constable morally entitled to a pension by long service than he is subjected to a system of espionage. He has served during a period of fifteen years, perhaps, and ought to have a pension of, we will say, £20 per annum. He remains still in the force. To abandon his post would be suicidal; his superiors think him a faithful and most useful officer, and will not accept his resignation. The wishes of his chiefs bind him with the force of law, and he cannot afford to sever the connection upon which his slender chances absolutely depend. But should he by some mishap lose the good opinion of his superintendant; or, during six years of further duty that should entitle him to a larger pension, be reported upon by his sergeant, not only the advantage of his extra service, but the benefit of the completed fifteen years is at once held to be forfeited."

This is bad enough for BOBBY; but, if the *Chronicle* be trustworthy, "worse remains behind:—"

"Nor is it only when a pension has been earned and purchased, that the proper beneficiary is deprived of it. Pensions are given, and then exertions are made to induce the pensioners to give up their certificates, and the ruse succeeding, all proof of the grant is destroyed. Sick pay—supposed to be charged upon the Fund—is doled out to invalids, who must submit to the torture of reporting themselves for duty, and sinking upon their beats, again and again; a refusal to attempt the impossible task of doing duty in old age brings prompt dismissal, without a pension. Full pensions have been actually granted, and have then been stopped, after efforts to cajole from the men everything constituting legal evidence failed."

Punch sincerely hopes that somebody or other will contradict these statements as speedily as may be, and forbears in the meanwhile from making any comment on them. But should they pass unchallenged, *Punch* must take them to be true; and then his truncheon will be ready to rap upon the knuckles all who have a hand in doling out the pensions which are due to the Police.

GIANTS IN COUNCIL.

"At an adjourned meeting of the 'Reform League,' present, CAPTAIN ROGERS, Messrs. ODGERS, BUBB, GILL, &c., &c., it was resolved that the Reform Bill, though not meeting just expectations, should be supported as an instalment."—*Star*.

ODGERS, ROGERS, BUBB, and GILL,
Do not much approve the Bill;
ROGERS, ODGERS, GILL, and BUBB,
Will not give the Bill a snub.
ODGERS, GILL, and BUBB, and ROGERS,
Go for manhood votes, and lodgers':
ROGERS, ODGERS, BUBB, and GILL,
Wait for something better still.
But, meantime, to aid it, club
ODGERS, ROGERS, GILL, and BUBB.

WHO ARE THE GREEN?

We copy the following frantic address from the New York papers of the 1st inst. :—

"Head-quarters, Fenian Brotherhood, New York, March 1.

"BROTHERS, the time for action has arrived. The *habeas corpus* is suspended in Ireland. Our brothers are being arrested by hundreds, and thrown into prison. Call your crows together immediately, send us all the aid in your power at once, and in God's name let us start for our destination.—Aid—Brothers—help—for God and Ireland. (Signed), "JOHN O'MAHONY."

"God Save the Green!"

We have seldom met with a finer piece of sarcasm than that contained in the concluding aspiration, and no doubt MR. O'MAHONY reckons it again and again, as he pockets the material aid furnished by his deluded followers. Probably when the Fenian excitement is over many a poor dupe will become well aware of the full significance of the words, "God save the Green."

MUSIC FOR MISCREANTS.

AFTER reading the subjoined announcement in the obituary of the *Times*:—

"On the 20th instant, at 17, Great Cumberland Street, Hyde Park, after a painful illness and acute suffering, brought on by injuries he received from thieves in Bishopsgate Street in September last, JOHN SPURGEON, Esq., M.D., aged 69,"

—relief must have been experienced by every right-minded person who also read, in the *Manchester Examiner*, the somewhat consolatory information which follows:—

"GAROTTERS UNDER THE LASH.—The garotters whom MR. JUSTICE LUSH sentenced to the lash are being flogged in batches of four a-day."

Gratifying intelligence! Our Manchester contemporary, however, does not stint us to a statement of the mere fact that certain garotters are in course of being flogged, but farther exhilarates us with the details of their punishment; telling us, first, that:—

"Yesterday GEORGE JONES, RICHARD COLES, JAMES MOLLOY, and ROBERT WILLIAMS received—the first two, a dozen and a half each, and the last two a couple of dozen each."

Eighteen lashes may be thought too few, and four-and-twenty not many enough to make that impression which the cat-o'-nine-tails ought on the only feelings that a garotter has; but there are lashes and lashes, and it is evident that the above-named rascals were flogged by a strong arm, with a will:—

"The punishment was administered in the presence of the Governor of the New Bailey, the surgeon, and two magistrates. The convicts all suffered severely, and, with the exception of JONES, howled at the first half-dozen."

To anybody who heard them, with an ear for the music of humanity, and a healthy feeling towards ruffians, their howling must have been more melodious than an oratorio. Its effect, in fact, was great:—

"WILLIAMS, who came last, and had probably heard the yells of the others, was moved partly by his apprehensions, and partly by the first fall of the lash, to complain to the surgeon that he was suffering from palpitation of the heart."

If MR. WILLIAMS had ever previously had the advantage of hearing any such music as that which affected him so powerfully when he came to hear it, he perhaps would, by its terrific influence, have been saved from having to make any of it himself. Whereas, although his heart very likely did palpitate with affright:—

"On being examined, he was found rather full in flesh, but quite well, and he was accordingly sent back to the post."

—to execute his own *solo* in due turn, to the great satisfaction of all his hearers except those who were, doubtless, rather instructed than pleased thereby.

Flogging has this great advantage over hanging, that it may be reformatory, and, if it is not so at once, may be repeated indefinitely. There will, we trust, be no necessity for enjoining the garotters' involuntary vocal efforts at the whipping-post, for which thanks are due to MR. JUSTICE LUSH. For, concludes the narrative of their castigation:—

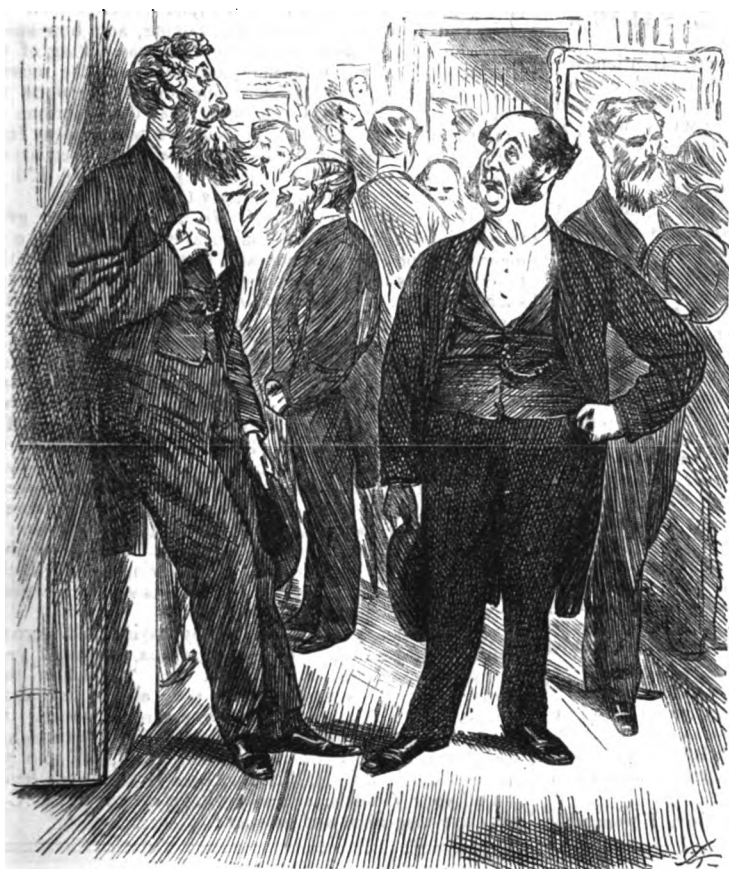
"The Governor (CAPTAIN MITCHELL) had visited each convict in his cell, and considered the flogging had had a very salutary effect."

The salutary effect of flogging would be much increased if the music which it awakes could be made to vibrate more extensively than it does on the ears of brutal scoundrels. The spectacle of the process by which the musical sounds are evoked, would enhance their efficacy. When a garotter is sentenced to be flogged, the time and place of his destined punishment should be advertised in low neighbourhoods. A select number of savages might be admitted by ticket to see him suffer, and hear him yell, and his whipping might take place close to the prison wall; so that the music that it would wring out of him might, being audible outside, exert its subduing influence on the dangerous classes assembled there.

TO DINERS-OUT.

It is stated in the papers that the Laureate's new Poem is on the *Death of Lucretius*. Whether this be true or not is not of so much consequence to you, Gentlemen, as the being able, when your pretty neighbour asks you who LUCRETIVUS was, to offer her the information required. Do not, therefore, say that he was, (as you probably imagine) the husband of LUCRETIA. Mention that he was a Roman poet, born 95 B.C., and that he wrote a splendid philosophical poem, on the doctrines of EPICURUS, surnamed ROTUNDUS. Add that he was driven mad by a love-potion administered by a lady called LUCILIA, for reasons which MR. TENNYSON may possibly assign, and that he finished his poem in that condition of mind, after which he is thought to have destroyed himself. Here, certainly you may say, is a theme for another great poet. Upon second thoughts, you won't be asked the question now, as all good girls read *Punch*, but you may as well know as much as your pretty neighbour.

EPIITAPH ON A PHYSICIAN.—He survived all his patients.



"SPOILING IT."

Lord Dabbling. "WA-AL, STREAKY, WHY I'VE HEARD—AH—YOU'RE NOT GOING TO—(yawns)—HAVE A PICT-YAR AT THE EXHIBITION!"

Streaky, R.A. "HAW, VERY PROBABLY NOT, M'LORD. WELL, I THINK IT ONLY—AH—GRACEFUL, M'LORD, WE SHOULD OCCASIONALLY FOREGO OUR PRIVILEGED SPACE FOR THE SAKE OF OUR YOUNGER PAINTERS—AH! BESIDES—I QUESTION IF I SHALL BE ABLE TO FINISH MY PUBLIC PORTRAITS IN TIME THIS YE-AR!"

GROANS FROM NORTH LONDON.

SIR, MR. PUNCH,

"TRAVELLERS all, of every station" (as MR. BALFE sings), and I may add, at every station, as naturally turn to you in the hour of their distress, as they do in the hour of their joy. Hear a melancholy tale.

The scene is the North London Railway. On Monday last, I got in at Stepney (you have heard of the Bells of Stepney, Sir, and that this is, erroneously supposed to be the parish of all who are born at sea?) that I might go to Highbury. I suppose there is no harm in going to Highbury. Whenever, as the Scotch say, but I mean as soon as the train was in motion, a lad struck up a tune on a fiddle, and played three or four old airs very hurriedly and very badly, handed round his cap, and got out at the first station we came to, to get into another carriage and repeat the nuisance. Several city gentlemen complained most lustily against such unwelcome visitors. I thought we were lucky to have got rid of him so quickly. So I proceeded, in the heat of temper, to Dalston, where, by some ingenious time-table planning, passengers have to change carriages, and wait ten or fifteen minutes. There we had a band of niggers, of whom I know that you are intensely fond.

When at last a train did come, I found I had got into a carriage where there was a man with a melancholy accordion. He played it, Sir, and begged. Do you like accordions, Sir? It happens that I don't. Do you like beggars, Sir? I don't.

Well, Sir, the next day, going in an opposite direction on the same line, I had to change my seat three times to avoid the same wretch, with the same instrument of torture. Again I found myself on the Dalston Junction Platform, where the previous days' entertainment was varied by having, instead of the niggers, a little boy and girl, aged about five and six respectively, with a whistle and some other instrument. Anything more horrible than the noise they made, I cannot conceive. It must have been instantly fatal to any quantity of old cows. I abstain from interpolating a Rinderpest joke, it is not because I am

deterred by your menaces, but because I am in no mood for jocularity.

Pray, *Mr. Punch*, suggest a remedy for our miseries, and believe me,

Your attached admirer,

A CITIZEN WITH NERVES.

[Does our Correspondent mean to say that the above atrocities were perpetrated in first-class carriages? If not, the subject has slight interest for the DUKE OF PUNCH and his aristocratic readers. But, if such were the case, we advise that the matter be brought before Parliament on its re-assembling. Is it for this that Railway Tyranny is permitted to ride rough-shod over the British hearth? Meantime, have "City Gentlemen" no toes to their boots, and have carriages no doors for the ejection of tormentors?]

THE RIGHTS OF THE WORKING MAN.

ABOUT the question of Reform,
The public mind appears lukewarm,
And seems to doubt the pending plan
Of extension of the suffrage for the Working Man.
Sing hey, the British Working Man!
Sing ho, the British Working Man!
Extend the suffrage all you can,
By the rule of fair proportion, for the Working Man.

The Working Man! but who is he,
And differs, how, from you and me?
All men's conditions if you scan,
There is hardly any fellow not a Working Man.
Sing hey, &c.

The Working Man, so called, is one
Whose labour by mere hand is done;
An Operative, Artisan,
Or Mechanic, is distinctively the Working Man.
Sing hey, &c.

We lately heard the Working Man
Called "fellow-creatures," but, what then?
Why, so 's the grinning African!
That was giving little credit to the Working Man.
Sing hey, &c.

A good Reform Bill would be meant
All classes well to represent,
But not to give a larger than
His due share in Legislation to the Working Man.
Sing hey, &c.

For him taxation is no joke,
It falls upon his drink and smoke;
The Income Tax but just began,
In a measure, to exonerate the Working Man.
Sing hey, &c.

There's no prerogative in hand,
Of horny palm to rule the land;
No virtue drawn from putty, tan,
Bricks and mortar, glue, or sawdust by the Working Man.
Sing hey, &c.

Above his last, a Cobbler may
Have something in the State to say,
A Tinker, too, above his pan;
So a hand in making laws allow the Working Man.
Sing hey, &c.

But handicraftsmen's upper hand,
Will never do to rule this land.
Shall we still march in Freedom's van?
Then we never shall be governed by the Working Man.
Sing hey, &c.

Talking to the Eye.

A MR. BELL, of Edinburgh, has invented a phonetic alphabet, the signs of which can be made to constitute visible speech. This kind of speech will, for the purposes of argument and persuasion, have a peculiar advantage. Say what you will in visible speech, everybody will be sure to see it.

PUNCH AND POLYPHEMUS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



ATS off, Gentlemen—a Genius!" quoth a friend of ROBERT SCHUMANN, when introducing some new music by CHOPIN, the composer.

Well, if one is to take one's hat off in reverence to CHOPIN, one ought to go upon one's knees, at least, when hearing HANDEL. So, open Sesame, young Cerberus, and let me squeeze in somewhere to perform my genuflection, if you can't find me a seat.

Thus spoke the GREAT PUNCH at the Little HANDEL Festival, which was held the other day in the Crystal Palace Concert-room; and his magnificent humility so moved the stern policeman that an extra

chair was placed, on this occasion only, in the gorgeous private box.

My eye, what a crowd! was Mr. Punch's classic thought, as he placidly surveyed the worshippers of HANDEL, who had made a special pilgrimage, all the way to Sydenham, to listen to his songs. Three thousand chairs at least were all as full as coat-tails and crinolines could make them, and there were hundreds of legs standing at the sides and in the doorways, that the ears which they belonged to might hear *Acis* once again.

Once again! ah, yes, alas! *cum! cum fugaces!* I remember, I remember,

years ago at Drury Lane, Once I heard delightful *Acis*—now I hear it once again. PRISCILLA HORTON then was *Acis*, and how sprightly she was looking, and how splendidly she sang! And how all the town was talking of the CLARKSON STANFIELD scenery, and especially the moving waves that, with innumerable murmurs, broke upon the stage! By Jove, too, I remember that dear glorious old STANNY did it all for love, and wouldn't take a penny from MACREADY for his work. I should like to see such artists now-a-days, by Jove! To show my admiration, I'd let 'em draw for *Punch* upon precisely the same terms!

Thus prattling to himself, Mr. Punch, had no great trouble in employing the few minutes ere the overture commenced. Then for an hour and three-quarters, excepting to cry "Bravo!" once or twice to *Polyphemus*, he never spoke one word. *Intensus aures tenebat*, and he snaked in the sweet sounds as greedily as aldermen might swallow those of codfish. With a fair quartette of singers, and a not too noisy band, his rapturous enjoyment was undisturbed throughout, until the final chorus, when some fiends in human form came pushing at his knees in their snobbish scramble out. Mr. Punch intends to stamp out these offensive pests, and he was pleased to put his foot down on the dress of one vile snob, to whom he offers no apology for the sounding rent he made. One male snob feebly pleaded that he had to catch a train to take him home in time for dinner; as if a man had any right or reason to feel hungry after such a feast of the "rare roast beef of music" as old HANDEL had been giving him! Better starve, than scramble, snob. Hunger is surely no excuse for selfish rudeness.

At Sydenham every Saturday, by paying half-a-crown, you may enjoy a charming Concert, which, a score of years ago, you must have paid a guinea for. "Think of that, *Master Brook*," as you sit over your claret; and drink success to MR. MANNS, the Crystal caterer of music. Remembering how many pleasant afternoons we owe to him, Mr. Punch, who has not "showered off" yet, will join you in the toast. MR. MANNS, Sir, here is your good health and all your family's, and may your pleasant Winter Concerts live long-while and prosper!

FAST AND HUMILIATION;

OR, SICK BEASTS & SICK PAUPERS.

"Fast and humiliate yourselves, to avert the wrath of Heaven!" How? As we're used to fast in Lent, and pray one day in seven? The fast, that means our usual meal, *plus* salt-fish and egg-sauce? The prayer, that's three parts Sunday clothes, *far niente*, and, of course, The form prescribed by authority, and the lessons of the day? As the Pharisees must have fasted, and the Scribes been used to pray?

Is this "a fast unto the Lord?" Is this a bowing down To take the sharpness from his scourge, the blackness from his frown? Are these fine clothes the sackcloth that repentant Sin should wear? These scents and dyes the ashes that should stain the sinner's hair? Has Burlesque the Church invaded, having outgrown the play, Till parsons act, and *Punch* expounds the Lessons of the Day?

The Lessons of the Day? Yes, my brethren, let's give heed To their letter and their spirit, that's 'en those who run may read: Where are these Lessons written? In the stock-pen, or the byre? In steamers' holds, where cattle in foul air and filth expire? In the sheds where milk's made out of grains, and fever out of muck? In the heat and thirst and torture of the seething railway-truck?

There are lessons here, my brethren—lessons we sorely need— They are not pleasant reading, but should profit us to read. Cruelty falls in curses, as mountain-mist in rain; Our cruelty to cattle falls in curse of plague and blain: But the real "Lesson of the Day's" on "cruelty to man," And must be read in workhouse ward, not in hold, byre, or van.

Rare matter here for fasting—not in the salt fish style: Ground for humiliation—not in broad-cloth and three-pile; Here's misery of our making, or permitting man to make, That must awaken wrath in God, if God hath wrath to wake. Here's plague, with stench its sire, filth and foul air its mothers— Here's "cruelty to animals"—those animals our brothers!

There is no lack of these lessons, our newspapers they crowd; Reports, inquiries, inquests, leading articles are loud; JOHN BULL reads, blushes, shakes with rage or sickness, and so flings The horror off, and turns the page, and reads less shocking things. But there's a sheet where such things stand for judgment by-and-by, Not for slashing social leader, or short sensation cry.

To-day it is a pauper's persistence not to die: The hard short bed, where aching bones and sloughing sores must lie: The vermin, fat mid hunger, waxing ripe on human rot: The ailment nursed as carefully as he that ails is not: The pauper nurse, the slattern meal, chance-medley, draught or pill, Till acute disease grows chronic, and a scratch gains strength to kill.

To-morrow, some new misery of untended slow decay, Till of a living pauper grave-maggots make their prey: Visiting Guardians arrive—quick, ere they pass the doors, Have the filth swept below the beds, the sheets drawn o'er the sores! Let another death-struck pauper, braving wrath of master, nurse, and Board, Reveal the festering horrors of a St. Giles sick ward.

Or 'tis a dying wretch, turned out just on the edge of doom, To the winter cold and darkness of the old men's common-room. "He groaned and coughed—most of us groan and cough—the groans grew low,

We heard a rattling in his throat, but the door was locked, you know. One had a candle-end and match—against the rules, 'tis true— And by its light we found him dead—but what use to make ado?"

Now 'tis a babe, the child of shame, forsaken and foredone; The pauper wet-nurse has her own, and her milk is scant for one. "Tis dead!"—"No, 'tis so slow to die!"—"For the grave let's have it dressed!"

"What's the odds of a few minutes?—Who's HILLOCKS, to protest, And disturb the lady-matron while she has friends to tea, All because little GEMMY ain't dead when dead she ought to be!"

Fast and humiliation! Because our cattle die, Because beef's up at Leadenhall, we raise our helpless cry! And all this misery round us, whereof we know the seed, Not in God's mysterious judgments, but our own neglect and greed. Down on our knees, or, better far, up to our feet, like men, Blush that such things have been, and swear they *shall* not be again!

Opera Reform.

THE greater part of the Pit at the Opera was some years ago converted into stalls. There may be no necessity to lower the franchise for admission to the Opera House, but could there not be a Re-Distribution of Seats?

THE SCEPTICAL BEAUTY;

OR, A DRAMA OF DOUBT.



DISTINGUISHED MAN of science, to whom the world has much reason to be grateful, and by the side of whom the most eminent men may feel their inferiority, PROFESSOR HUXLEY, has recently been teaching that there is but one kind of knowledge, and but one way of acquiring it, that that way of acquiring knowledge makes Scepticism the highest of duties, all faith being described as 'blind' which accepts anything on any kind of authority but that of scientific experience. Imagine the child doubting whether it ought to trust, and the woman whether she ought to love till scientific habits of mind had verified the conclusions!—*North British Review.*

"And why shouldn't we imagine it?"—*Punch.*

BOOKED—An elegant drawing-room. Time, *Afternoon.*

discovered, reading. She occasionally glances at the clock on the mantel-piece. Her beautiful little dog, TATTERS, is on the rug.

Isabel. They are all gone out. I hear the wheels of the departing carriage. Stay. Mamma may have only said that she was going, and may be watching in the library, ready to pounce upon dear AUGUSTUS. (*Rises and goes to window.*) The carriage is certainly gone, if I may accept the evidence of my eyes, the double reflection upon the window, uniting into one image. But for the library. I must investigate. (*Goes. TATTERS waits her exit, then leaps a book to pieces, and returns to the rug, pretending to be asleep. She re-enters.*) No. But where is the second volume of *Falkner Isle*? Tatters, you bad dog, this is your doing. Don't be a naughty little hypocrite, but come to his Misais.

Enter AUGUSTUS, in elegant morning dress.

AUGUSTUS. Am I not punctual, dearest ISABEL?

Isabel (*looking at clock, and at her own watch*). Yes, dear AUGUSTUS, allowing for the variations of ordinary watches, you are. Why you should be punctual, why you should be here at all (*sadly*) are unsolved problems. Mamma has signified that she disapproves of your attentions, and I must in future refuse to see you.

AUGUSTUS (*dejectedly*). Yet you called me dear.

Isabel. It is a word of common use, and implies that in the absence of certainty, I think you preferable to the rest of my acquaintance.

AUGUSTUS. Let certainly be no longer absent. I love you. My father is rich, and lives but to oblige me. My sisters are the best girls out, and are dying to be your sisters. I would strew the path of your life with flowers, and make every new day happier than the last. The least of your wishes should be—(*kneels, and TATTERS bites his leg*). Confound you, you little beast, I should like to—(*rubs his leg*)—I beg your pardon, dearest, but his teeth are as sharp as the de—, as needles.

Isabel (*mournfully*). Is it worth while, AUGUSTUS, to test your other statements, when a trifle like this discloses your falseness?

AUGUSTUS. My own ISABEL, it was love that made me angry, for if that little angel should be mad, and I should sink into an early but suburban cemetery, what hope should I have of ever calling you mine? Answer, dear.

Isabel (*smiling*). Your logic pleases me, I own. But, AUGUSTUS, pardon me if I analyse your propositions. You state that you love me. Let us pass over that for the moment, and investigate your second allegation. You say that your father is rich. I own that he is a courtly and charming gentleman, and his beard is beautiful, though probably dyed.

AUGUSTUS. I assure you, no.

Isabel. I reverence your filial faith, though it is baseless. You have hardly examined his toilette table, and if you had, the absence of colouring fluid might only show that he is dyed at his hairdresser's. But this is a trifle. How do you know that he is rich?

AUGUSTUS. You have been a welcomed guest in Norfolk Square. You see how we live.

Isabel. His taste and hospitality prove his education and generosity, but may also prove that he is living over his income.

AUGUSTUS. I see his bankers' book. His income is £5000 a-year above his expenses.

Isabel. I rejoice, for your sake, but where does he put his money? Bankers fail. Shares are depreciated. Companies burst.

AUGUSTUS. How right you are, but he has faith in Consols only.

Isabel. Purchased by himself? Brokers too often take a client's money and spend it, paying him the income, and so preventing suspicion.

AUGUSTUS. I have been with him to the Bank, and seen him take the dividends on £90,000.

Isabel. Lately, darling?

AUGUSTUS. Paradise is in the last word, and the last date was in January. Isabel. He may still have sold out, but I do not like to believe it, and the next thing, my AUGUSTUS, is, am I to believe you?

AUGUSTUS. About my love, or about the Consols?

Isabel (*playfully*). Have I not said that we will assume the love, for the sake of argument only? Yet why should I? You are handsome—

AUGUSTUS. "I would, of course, seem so to you," as the *Angel in the House* says.

Isabel. May, you are. And your manners are pleasant. Perhaps you have vanity, and would please many. I did hear something about the *Guard's* Industrial Home performances and MISS LOUISA POLLENFORD.

AUGUSTUS. And you believe it?

Isabel. No, I believe nothing which is not proved, but given blue eyes, a fair complexion, and a lip, and your own declaration (a year ago, I allow) that you liked a kiss, and you will admit that I have evidence worthy of examination.

AUGUSTUS. Granted, sweet analyst, but I dispose of it by stating that the *POZZAMONOS* all left town four days before the *Guard's* night.

Assuming that I can prove this—

Isabel. Then another question arises—what is your interest in being so well informed of the movements of that family, AUGUSTUS?

AUGUSTUS. Simply that my brother RICHARD is smitten on LAURA, the second girl, and haunts me eternally with her sayings and doings. Is LAURA dissipated?

Isabel. I am too easily convinced, where my heart is interested.

[AUGUSTUS makes a rapid motion to kiss her hand, and TATTERS makes a rapid snap at his other leg.]

AUGUSTUS. No, you didn't. ISABEL, why does your dog hate me? Would I could accept the answer I might deduce from his jealousy.

Isabel (*caricaturing Tatters*). He was a little duck, he was.

AUGUSTUS (*spitefully*). That zoological confusion is unworthy your intellect, ISABEL. How can a dog be a duck?

Isabel (*archly*). My AUGUSTUS, you do not suppose that I really mean that he is one of the *Amphibia*, though he swims so well that we might call him one of the *Natafores*.

AUGUSTUS. Forgive me. I also can swim. Call me a duck.

Isabel. I know another bird to which I might compare a gentleman who is envious of a poor little doggie-woggie.

AUGUSTUS. The reproof is just. I am penitent. Now, dearest ISABEL, be true, and trust to my overcoming your Mamma's dislike?

Isabel. Your tone is grave and earnest, AUGUSTUS, and though this may be assumed (for I have seen how well you play in private theatricals) I will think you serious, and will answer seriously. How can I know that you love me?

AUGUSTUS. Have I not said and sworn it a hundred times?

Isabel. An unworthy reply, dear AUGUSTUS, to a pupil of PROFESSOR HUXLEY, but I am sure—at least I think—that you do not mean to insult me.

AUGUSTUS. You know that I would shed my heart's blood for you—in proof, has not TATTERS just bit a piece out of my leg? I would take him in my arms, but that he would also bite my nose.

Isabel. I think that you like me. Why should you not? I am called pretty, and I have some intellect. We have a baronet in the family, and we know very good people. Papa is not rich, but he is a Member of Parliament, and you are a barrister for whom he could get something from Ministers. And you say, Sir, that you *now* like dark eyes.

AUGUSTUS. Now and for ever, to say nothing of a Grecian nose, and a sweet voice, and the most graceful figure that ever—

Isabel (*smiling*). Ah! AUGUSTUS, when you flatter the jury your evidence is weak. How can I trust your assertions, which may be made in good faith, but which may be the reverse?

AUGUSTUS (*haughtily*). I will be trifled with no longer. One last appeal, ISABEL, and you are mine—or I leave the house for ever.

Isabel. Your manner frightens me, but yet I have strength to protest. Violence is not argument.

AUGUSTUS. I am not violent. But I will give you one proof that I am a man to be trusted, and, if this fails, farewell for ever, leveliest but most sceptical of angels.

Isabel (*agitated*). Speak, speak, AUGUSTUS!

AUGUSTUS (*solemnly*). I am a regular and diligent student of *Punch*.

Isabel. I am yours.

AUGUSTUS. Ecstasy!

Isabel. But, my own one, for my own character as a Huxleian, I must even have this proved. May I question you on the contents of his last six numbers?

AUGUSTUS. Willingly. But it must not be a Competitive Examination. Have I a rival?

Isabel. Dearer to me for that doubt, for once accept an unsupported allegation. You have no rival, except TATTERS. Now, Sir,

[The curtain falls as ISABEL, seated close beside AUGUSTUS, (TATTERS growing horribly,) points out the last Cartoon, and smilingly desires him to explain its merits.]



"CHILDREN AND FOOLS SPEAK TRUTH."

Mamma. "Now, is there ANYTHING ELSE I WANT?"

Alice (who has watched the toilet proceeding with interest and curiosity). "THE BODY, MAMMA."

MITTIMUS EXTRAORDINARY.

A POLICEMAN disguised in plain clothes lays violent hands on a gentleman whom he mistakes for a thief, and is himself mistaken for a thief by that gentleman, who stabs him, acting, as he supposes, in self-defence. The gentleman is taken to Greenwich Police-court, remanded for six weeks, and finally committed for trial, at the Old Bailey, by MR. TRAILL, who makes a speech, wherein he says that:—

"From the time of the first hearing his opinion was, that the case was of such general public importance that it ought properly to be sent to another Court, and this should be done in order that some expressions of the Judge before whom it would have to be tried might be elicited in reference to the employment of policemen in plain clothes; for until this were done there would be no alteration."

Of course, the expediency of eliciting some expressions of opinion from a Judge about a questionable practice, is a very good supplementary reason to the only sufficient one for sending a man to be tried on a criminal charge; that is to say, the condition that the charge itself is tenable. Who can doubt that MR. TRAILL was satisfied that the charge on which he committed MR. FERGUSON was one which ought, *per se*, to go to a jury? Nobody, perhaps, who has not read what MR. TRAILL is reported to have proceeded to say:—

"There had been in the present case what might be termed a double mistake—a mistake on the part of the constable in supposing the prisoner to have stolen property in his possession, and a mistake on the part of the prisoner in supposing the constable had stopped him on the highway for the purpose of robbing him. He had, over and over again, in that Court thought it his duty to caution constables in plain clothes as to the manner in which they performed their duties, telling them that something serious would happen, by which they would suffer, and which it would be difficult to punish. The result of the trial would probably be the acquittal of the prisoner, but for the reason he had stated he thought it right on public grounds, and with the desire of the Police Commissioners, to send the case to the Sessions."

In the opinion of MR. TRAILL, there had been, in the case before him, what might be termed a double mistake—had there? Other people will perhaps be rather inclined to consider that the mistake was triple; there having been not only the mistake of the constable, and that of the prisoner, but also the mistake of the Magistrate; a mistake, and a very

great mistake, made in committing a man to be tried for a crime on a ground that had nothing to do with the question of his guilt or innocence. Who is to reimburse MR. FERGUSON for the legal expenses which MR. TRAILL has obliged him to incur, to say nothing of the annoyance and anxiety which he has inflicted on him, merely to the end that expressions in reference to the employment of policemen in plain clothes may be elicited from a Judge? What opinion can be elicited from a Judge other than that, if policemen disguise themselves, and act in such a manner as to cause themselves to be mistaken for garotters, they must take the consequences? Could not MR. TRAILL have said as much as that himself?

For once a case has arisen which proves the possible use of a Metropolitan Grand Jury. The bill against a prisoner who, in the opinion of the Magistrate that committed him, deserves to be acquitted, will surely be thrown out, and perhaps also some expressions in reference to his commitment will be elicited from the gentlemen whose business it is to take care that nobody shall be wrongfully placed in the dock.

FIGURE AND FACE.

Of the following maxim (which we find in a review in the *Star*) we cordially approve:—

"A man who aspires to be an artist of the highest class ought to understand that true art has no business with the hideous."

But just you wait until the Academy opens, and the "Portraits of Gentlemen" and "Ladies" are revealed. No amount of hideousness will deter an artist from depicting a Guy, if the Guy, or his admiring friends, can pay a high figure for the high art. We shall illustrate this fact, when we shall have gone through the Exhibition. Smirking and scowling parties, look out, if you have been "making 'Art' hideous."

THE SCEPTIC'S PARADISE.—*Château D'If.*



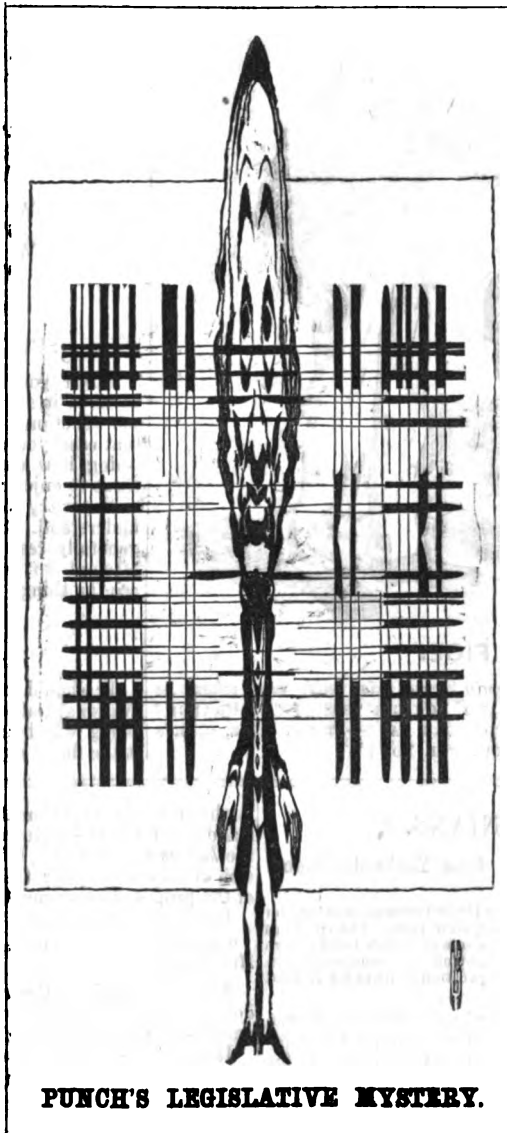
THE YANKEE FIREMAN.

CANADA. "THEY SAY THERE'S FIRE AT HEAD-CENTRE HOUSE. IF IT SPREADS TO MY PREMISES—"
FRANK JOHNSON. "GUESS IT'S ONLY SMOKE, MISS. WAIT TILL IT BUSTS OUT."

READING AND RUNNING.

OH, the comfort and luxury of travelling in these times of daily, hourly improvements! Specially night-travelling. What equals the repose of the steady, equal-going "Express" on any narrow gauge? How you can throw yourself back, and lounge as if you were in your old arm-chair at home, where your grandfathers sat, as the song says. How speedily the dull night is whirled away, while one can read awhile by the bright light, invariably provided by the company for every carriage, or write notes, or draw, or sleep, just as the fancy may take you. Permit me to give an idea of the almost inappreciable comfort of a journey to Liverpool (for instance), or Holyhead; that is, a five, six, or seven hours' journey. Night is coming on, and you have provided yourself with various papers, which you will now (you have said to yourself cunningly) have an excellent opportunity of reading. You want to make extracts, and have taken care to bring a note-book and pencil. You start before daylight has deserted London, and, after arranging yourself in your rug, and placing your feet gingerly upon the hot-water bottle, you will get out your papers, and, congratulating yourself upon your forethought, will commence your perusal.

As a beginning, of course, you get hold of the supplement of the *Times*, and are frightened lest the readable part should have been accidentally, or designedly, omitted. You find it, however, and probably look round on your companions as if expecting their congratulations. With a feeling of disappointment at being unable to attract any notice, you unfold the paper, and, first of all, light upon "Army Intelligence from the *Observer*," which you don't want to see. Your eye is next attracted by a paragraph about "Gigantic Hailstones in Normandy," half of which you read before it occurs to you that what you really *do* want to see is the Leading Article. This, in consequence of some previous vagary on the part of the paper-boy, entails much struggling in unfolding the news-sheets. It is difficult to execute this feat without grazing your opposite fellow-traveller, or digging your elbow into the ribs of the gentleman on your left or right hand, as the case may be. As you go through the process, you mentally determine that, for the future, you'll never travel without a paper-knife. Of course, you've often said you'd got it, but never have as yet. Having made enemies of every one in the carriage by this proceeding, you look round, perfectly ready to scowl and be defiant, but meeting with no open hostile demonstration, you will attack the Leading Article. In attempting this, you will be led astray for a second or two by the attraction of the Theatrical Advertisements. These you will renounce with the pomps and vanities of this world, and settle yourself upon the serious business of the Article. By this time, however, the train has got up its steam, and you are at full speed. What reading was when you started, is not what reading is now. The train is wobbling, as if every minute it would be off the line, and running over the embankment on its own account. You try to console yourself with the idea that this won't last long, and somebody gravely remarks that "there's some inequality in the line here," whereupon his fellow-travellers ascribe to him a wonderful knowledge of engineering, and decline any discussion with such a gifted being. They believe less in him as they find the inequality continues, and have set him down for an arrant pretender before the expiration of the next half-hour. The wobbling increases: if it wasn't for the arms to the seats you'd be banged up against one another. The first question is, therefore, how to sit still? If you settle yourself in the centre of the seat, with an elbow on each arm-cushion, and your two hands holding the paper before you, you will find that you have lost all control over your head, which waggles about as if you were teaching a piping bullfinch to sing.



PUNCH'S LEGISLATIVE MYSTERY.

You want to read this paragraph:—

"If Austria had justly appreciated the policy of Prussia, she might have satisfied herself that the latter would not be contented with a divided sovereignty in the territory which she had risked so much to acquire."

You go at it with a will. You cling to "If Austria," and are mastering "had justly appreci—" when a violent wobble shakes up the words and letters all together, and runs you into "a divided sover—". The paragraph will come out slowly in this form:—

Yourselves (reading to yourselves). "If Austria had just" (*bump into the third line*) "divided sover—" (*You try back, and, after some difficulty, find the first word, with which you grapple.*) "If Austria had justly appreciated the" (*bump, lurch into third line.*) "divided sovereignty—" (*Yourselves to yourselves.*) Confound that divid—" (*Bump. You begin at "justly."*) "Justly appreciated the pol—" (*bump into third line*) "divided so—" (*bump, and lurch into five lines ahead*) "Schleswig, Kiel" (*You look for the word "justly" again, by way of a landmark.*) "Justly" (*terrible lurch sends you into another column.*) "MR. O'MAHONY, on the other hand, and GENERAL—" Oh, that's about the Fens! (*Plan determines to read about Fens.*) "MR. O'MAHONY and—" (*bump back again into first column*) "Prussia—have satisfied—that—", and, finally, you give it up as a bad job.

Daylight fails, and is succeeded in the first-class carriage by the cheerful oil-lamp. You try your paper once again. The exertion of holding it close to your eyes, and as near the lamp as possible, is too much, not to mention that you have still to attempt some counteraction of the wobbling of the carriage. If you try to make notes while in the railway, the effort to decipher them afterwards will give you a wearying headache. Gentlemen Directors, if you can't stop the wobbling, at all events you *can* light up your carriages, in order that those, who have to run, may also be enabled to read.

"HERE YOU ARE, SIR!"

"A DISAPPOINTED Candidate" asks, apparently with some groundless suspicion that he has been hoaxed, if we can "quote any passage from a Latin poet showing the antiquity of the Shoe-brigade." Of course we can. Curiously enough, the line (no! doubt) referred to was upon our lips only the other day, when we heard an old gentleman, a stranger to London, railing: because he "couldn't walk a hundred yards without being pointed at—pointed at, Sir—by a parcel of dirty rascals, that bawl at you as if you did not know where you were." Here was an illustration of the truth that a liberal education softens the manners! If that old gentleman had read his *PARS*, it would have touched him to think how the race he was maligning, gazed—probably unabashed—upon a *NEBO*, as

he walked the streets of Rome; and how the cynical stoic frankly avowed his delight in their little ways and their peculiar cry, which have come down to us, unchanged, through eighteen centuries. But in vain we murmured in an unclassic ear—

"At pulchrum est DIGITO MONSTRARI, ET DICERE 'HIC ER'."

Those fingers—to which perhaps the feet of VIRGIL owed that exquisite polish which distinguishes them even now—were dirty fingers to him, and nothing more.

Happening to mention this incident, for the sake of its admirable moral, to our boy in the Sixth Form, we were assured by him that he had read the First Satire, and that the line ended, not with *et* but with *est*. Very possibly a *t* has crept into the Harrow edition. Boys are careless with their books; and who would reject a version of a remark made 1800 years ago—a version whose truth is strikingly corroborated by the admitted usage of our own day—because it does not coincide with another version "to a *t*?"



SELF-SACRIFICE.

Tom (To his little Cousin Reginald, who only came this half, and whom he diligently takes care of). "HULLO, REGGY! WHAT A' YOU GOT THERE! AN ORANGE! WHY THE MOST BEASTLY UNWHOLESOME THING YOU CAN EAT!—'T ANY RATE, GIVE'S HOLD AND LET'S SQUEEZE THE NASTY JUICE OUT FOR YOU!"

FROLICS OF THE FENIANS.

THE *Cuba*, the other day, brought news from Yankeedoodledom that:—

"A Fenian mass meeting, attended, it is estimated by 100,000 persons, was held on Sunday last, under MAHONY'S auspices, at Jones Wood, New York. The speakers urgently appealed for subscriptions to the Bonds, for the sale of which booths were erected on the ground. MAHONY announced that fighting had commenced in Ireland, and asked for sufficient funds to enable the expedition to leave for Ireland in six weeks."

An envoy from the coalhole, or other den, wherein STEPHENS was hiding, called CAPTAIN M'CAFFERTY, by way of confirming the foregoing statement, "declared that in Ireland the Fenians had ready for battle a disciplined army of 300,000 men: all they required were arms." The inference which the Captain's hearers might have drawn from this declaration, if they were capable of drawing inferences, would have been that fighting had commenced in Ireland without arms. And they would have been right. Fighting with fists, and with shillelaghs, which are not arms in CAPTAIN M'CAFFERTY'S sense, has never ceased, and therefore had begun for some time. But this was not what the President of the Irish Republic meant to say. The meeting over which, at least, MR. O'MAHONY presided, resolved that:—

"The suspension of the *habeas corpus* was an acknowledgment that Ireland was in a state of war, and therefore entitled by all the rules of civilised warfare to belligerent rights."

Thus, the British Government and Legislature, in suspending the *habeas corpus* in order to summarily apprehend, try, and if necessary hang Fenian traitors, in fact only constituted those gentlemen belligerents, and put themselves out of court so as to disentitle themselves to try them, and even so much as to send them to the treadmill:—

"The meeting, therefore, called upon their Government at Washington, without delay, to acknowledge Ireland as a belligerent."

In the meantime, for PRESIDENT JOHNSON will probably think a little before he acknowledges the Fenians as belligerents, MR. O'MAHONY

THE BOAT RACE.

CROWN them with bay—the victors—
For well they've earned their place:
Crown them with bay, Dame Fortune—
Thy favourites in the race.

But when the shout has died away
That hails the conquering crew—
Up, Cantabs! raise as loud a cheer,
To greet your drooping blue.

The Laurel-crown and bay-wreath
Are fair—but fairer still
Are patience, pluck, endurance,—
A firm unflinching will.

Some say that there are cravens,
Who'll fight when victory's sure;
But give me those who *love* success,
And can defeat endure.

Who still were staunch and steady,
Though not the conquering crew:
When other hearts were failing—
True Cantabs and true blue.

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

Don't you marry for money, Sir, without taking care to have it settled on the survivor, and also being sure that the affection on which you calculate is organic. Even in that case you may have a long time to wait. It is astonishing how many years some ladies, old ones too, will continue to enjoy ill health.

Never try to explain to a woman what she is unwilling to understand. She will only think you very cruel. Women generally resent, as they would a corporal thrashing, the attempt to beat anything into their heads. They won't see the thing; they only feel the beating.

An Additional Instruction.

It should be the aim of the architect who builds a new National Gallery in Trafalgar Square (patching up the existing warehouse is of course out of the question) to make it the finest sight in Europe.

might try the experiment of invading Ireland, hoisting there the standard of the Irish Republic, and seeing whether the suspension of the *habeas corpus* would, if he were caught, prove any bar to the suspension of his own *corpus*; than which none could be fitter for the purpose of the proposed experiment, or any other.

But next, and lastly:—

"The Meeting resolved that all funds should be immediately remitted to JOHN MITCHELL, Paris."

The right man in the right place! MR. MITCHELL, at Paris, will doubtless know how to employ any amount of funds with which any persons may be fools enough to trust him.

It is rather satisfactory to know that—

"Great enthusiasm prevailed, and \$25,000 of Bonds were sold."

Had the amount been larger, it would have been more gratifying. The Irish-American Fenians are beyond our reach. We cannot hang or imprison them: but Irish will be Irish; and they fine themselves.

"TAKE THAT AMONG YOU."

We find the following paragraph in several of our contemporaries:—

"On the night of March 19, the PRINCE OF ***** and PRINCE ***** dined at the ***** Club with a small party of its members as the guests of M. ***** their old tutor."

We have three things to say on these three lines, from which we have expunged the names, for a reason which will probably not occur to the writer of the paragraph. First, the gentleman lastly mentioned was not the tutor of the members, as above stated, but of the Royal personages. Secondly, he is not old, but in the prime of a valuable life. And thirdly, the party was entirely a private affair, and its being thus advertised is a new instance of the prevalence of the hideously vulgar American practice of holding nothing sacred, not even the Mahogany Tree.

A BIRMINGHAM BIRD.



THE House of Commons, as described by the Hon. Member for Birmingham, in a letter to his constituents, "is never hearty for Reform, or for any good measure." Moreover, "it is to a large extent the offspring of landlord power in the counties, and of tumult and corruption in the boroughs, and it would be strange if such a Parliament were in favour of freedom, and of an honest representation of the people." There exists in it, also, says Mr. BRIGHT, "a dirty conspiracy" against the Reform Bill and EARL RUSSELL; a "more dirty conspiracy" than any that has been seen there for many generations. He keeps harping on this phrase "dirty conspiracy." Perhaps friend BRIGHT does not commit a breach of privilege in abusing the House of Commons; but his reiterated application of the word "dirty" to the Assembly of which he is himself a member is remarkable. The remark which it suggests is a familiar adage relative to the bird that befouls its own nest.

"BYLES ON BILLS" OF MORTALITY.

MOST persons are aware that in classical times it was held ominous and ill-boding to allude to the end of life in a direct manner, and that softening terms were employed in reference to one's demise. We have, in youth, been taught the special meaning of the Latin *Adiis*, and the Greek *BeBleis*, likewise of *visit*, and *suu*. Moreover the custom has been transmitted to the present day. In French slang a person who has left this world is said to have torn the cloth of the billiard table, that being an offence for which one is utterly banished from its scene. This display of learning is intended as prelude to the introduction of a new and happy idea just invented by MR. JUSTICE BYLES, and presented by him to an admiring Court at the Somerset Lent Assizes, in the case of RABBY v. HARVEY:—

"MR. MURCH. I understand, my Lord, that the plaintiff has another son, but that he has been abroad for thirty or forty years, and has not during that time been heard of."

"HIS LORDSHIP. Probably, then, he is farther off than abroad by now."

"Farther off than abroad." Henceforth let that phrase be admitted into English conversation on the ruling of MR. JUSTICE BYLES. A remote and delicate idea.

BELLIGERENTS OF AN IRISH SORT.

WE recognised the Confederates as belligerents because the Federals constituted them such by blockading their ports. The United States Government cannot, with any justice whatever, attempt to retaliate on us by countenancing the Fenians. But, indeed, it would not if it could. The Americans are a magnanimous nation. Even if HEN MAJESTY'S Ministers had made no attempt whatever to prevent British ship-builders from selling the Confederates vessels of war (whilst other subjects of the QUEEN were selling the Federals guns and ammunition) the countrymen of WASHINGTON would be too generous to take vengeance on poor us. On the contrary, they would, no doubt, study to return us good for what they might consider evil. But we must take care that we do not compel them to allow the Fenians, as they compelled us to allow the Confederates, belligerent rights. Therefore, if GENERAL SWERNEY and his Irish Republican army invade Canada, and are captured, we shall be under the painful necessity, in pure self-defence, of hanging every man Pat of them as filibusters and pirates.

Said the Papers.

"THE Bank of Holland has reduced its rate to 4½." "Then," exclaimed our young friend IGNOTAMUS STUDE, "I am blessed if my landlady ought to charge me more than 4½ for washing my Shirts."

A MITRE EARNED BY A MAGISTRATE.

SCENE—*Ubiis*. SIMPKINSFORD and SNIGSBY.

Simp. If the present Ministers go out, who will be LORD CHANCELLOR?

Snigs. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, if I am Premier. I say reunite the Mitre and the Woolpack.

Simp. Well, that is something like making both ends meet. But why?

Snigs. An Archbishop would be such a capital equity judge.

Simp. What knowledge could he possibly have of equity?

Snigs. Everything; by intuition. See how much an ordinary clergyman generally shows when he is "under the QUEEN in some authority."

Simp. Like *Justice Shallow*?

Snigs. On the rural Bench. His decisions are almost always based on equity—as contra-distinguished from law.

Simp. And as understood by himself.

Snigs. Who ought to understand equity better than the preacher of righteousness? *Quique in ead arte.*

Simp. The REV. MR. GRAY, for instance, at Inkberrow, who, according to the *Birmingham Daily Post*, took it upon himself to order a policeman verbally, without giving him a warrant, to take EMILY BALLARD, aged 10, to the Redditch lock-up, had her confined between four and five days because he supposed that she had stolen a penny in church, and then, when she was brought before the Bench of which he was Chairman, in that capacity wanted to dismiss the case. There was equity for you.

Snigs. Equity supplying the deficiency of law in punishing a naughty little girl who could not have been formally convicted and sent to prison.

Simp. Clerical magistrate's equity.

Snigs. Yes; and how beautifully characteristic of the clerico-judicial mind was the little speech, as reported by the local paper, wherein the reverend gentleman so affectingly tried to gloss the paternal severity that he had exercised towards the infant sinner in an amiable point of view, and make the whole affair end pleasantly.

Simp. In vain.

Snigs. Unfortunately in vain. What did he say? "He never intended to go on with the case, and he merely sent her to the lock-up slightly to punish her. He himself considered that a child of her age was as able to know right from wrong as a child much older, and especially in the house of God, when the offence was doubly wrong. He intended to take no more notice of the case, and he hoped and trusted it would prove a lesson to the child. If a child eleven years old would steal a penny, she would steal a larger sum. The case would be dismissed, and the little prisoner discharged."

Simp. The "little prisoner!"

Snigs. Playful expression.

Simp. "Would be discharged."

Snigs. "And there," perhaps he said softly to himself, "would be an end of the matter." But no!

Simp. No, unfortunately. The child's friends insisted on having the case tried; and the reverend MR. GRAY's brother Magistrates regularly dismissed it. The reverend gentleman may remember this as often as he has occasion to read of certain other prisoners who refused to be discharged except with due formality.

Snigs. Poor parson.

Simp. His very brethren rebuked him.

Snigs. It was, indeed, painful. But let us trust that he is patient under his trial.

Simp. Yes; and that the result of the inquiry into this alleged case of clerical justices' justice, which SIR GEORGE GRAY said in the House had been ordered by Government, will, if the case, as published, is proved, be the removal of the REV. MR. GRAY from the provincial Bench.

Snigs. To the Episcopal, of course.

Simp. His mitre not being garnished with a pair of ears.

"SO THE PROUD TAILORS WENT MARCHING AWAY."

WE express no opinion on the controversy between MR. POOLE, the royal tailor, and his workmen. We trust that measures will be taken to stitch it up. But we must place on record the following statement made on behalf of the workmen:—

"MR. POOLE had in his employ a body of men that could not be equalled in the world."

None but themselves could be their parallels. And yet, and yet, the world knew nothing of its greatest men, though Picco-work has its victories as well as war. But now we are enlightened, we shall never omit to take off our hat, when we pass through Saville Row.

THE MISOGYNIST'S PARADISE.—The Isle of Man.



A VETERAN!

Old Service Captain. "WILL—HE—AH—STAND POW—DAR!"

Dealer. "'POWDER!' WHY HE WAS ALL THROUGH THE BATTLE O' WATERLOO THAT CHARGER WAS!"

TOUCHING SEATS, AND THEIR RE-DISTRIBUTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I ALWAYS appeal to you in my perplexities. I am in one now, and want your help. Papa and my eldest brother are constantly talking about what, if I understand them right, they call a "Re-Distribution of Seats." What do they mean? Has it anything to do with the pews in Church, or the chairs in the Park, or the pit-stalls at the Opera, or the ottoman on which CHARLES BRANDON places me, after a delicious whirl to the "*Juliet*" *False*? (*En passant*, he declares I'm the best "*Revolver*" he knows.) Or are those horrid Radicals going to seize and divide amongst themselves, (MR. BRIGHT to have his choice between Blenheim and Chatsworth) all the charming country-houses where we spend such delightful weeks after the Season is over, and have endless croquet, and archery, and hunting, and private theatricals?

Yours affectionately,

VILDA VAVASOUR.

P.S. I prefer to ask *you* this question, because I know, if I were to put it to Papa or FORSTER, they would give me some absurd answer, just suited, as they imagine, to a woman's understanding. But if you don't answer me, I shall attack C. B. He won't laugh at me.

[MISS VILDA VAVASOUR has unfortunately omitted to give her address, so with much reluctance Mr. Punch must leave the solution of her difficulty about seats to the gentleman who leads her to ottomans.]

Election Committees.

TORRES.—MR. PENDER, having been unseated for bribery, is to be known for the future as the Ex-Pender.

YARMOUTH.—The corruption proved to have existed in this borough is attributed by the Radical papers to the Bloated Aristocracy.

BRIDGENORTH.—SIR J. ACTON says that Bridgenorth reminds him forcibly of the Bridge of Sighs, and more particularly of the line, "Make no harsh scrutiny."

SLIP-SLOP OF THE SNIP-SHOP.

THERE happens to be just now a strike among the tailors; but this really is no novelty, for the tailors always seem to be doing something striking. For instance, only look at their extraordinary advertisements. Here is one, for sample:—

A PANORAMA of NEW TROUSERINGS, in all the most picturesque colourings, for spring and summer wear, is now ready for inspection at [never mind the name.]

A Panorama of new trouserings! What a subject for an artist! We wonder what great colourist has been entrusted with this startling and most picturesque design. But our wonder is still more excited by the following, wherein, for fear of envy, we likewise suppress the name:—

ONE DAY after Remitting 14s. 6d. in Stamps or otherwise, you will have a PAIR of SMOOK'S unapproachable TROUSERS sent you, carriage free.

Just for idle curiosity we might be "one day" tempted to remit the stamps requested, were it not for the strange epithet with which these trousers have been linked. What is the use of garments which you can't get into? for, of course, you can't get into trousers which are not to be approached. Well, here is a new word for farce-writers to use, and, doubtless, raise a roar by. Instead of calling trousers "unmentionables" and so forth, in future they may delicately be termed the "unapproachables."

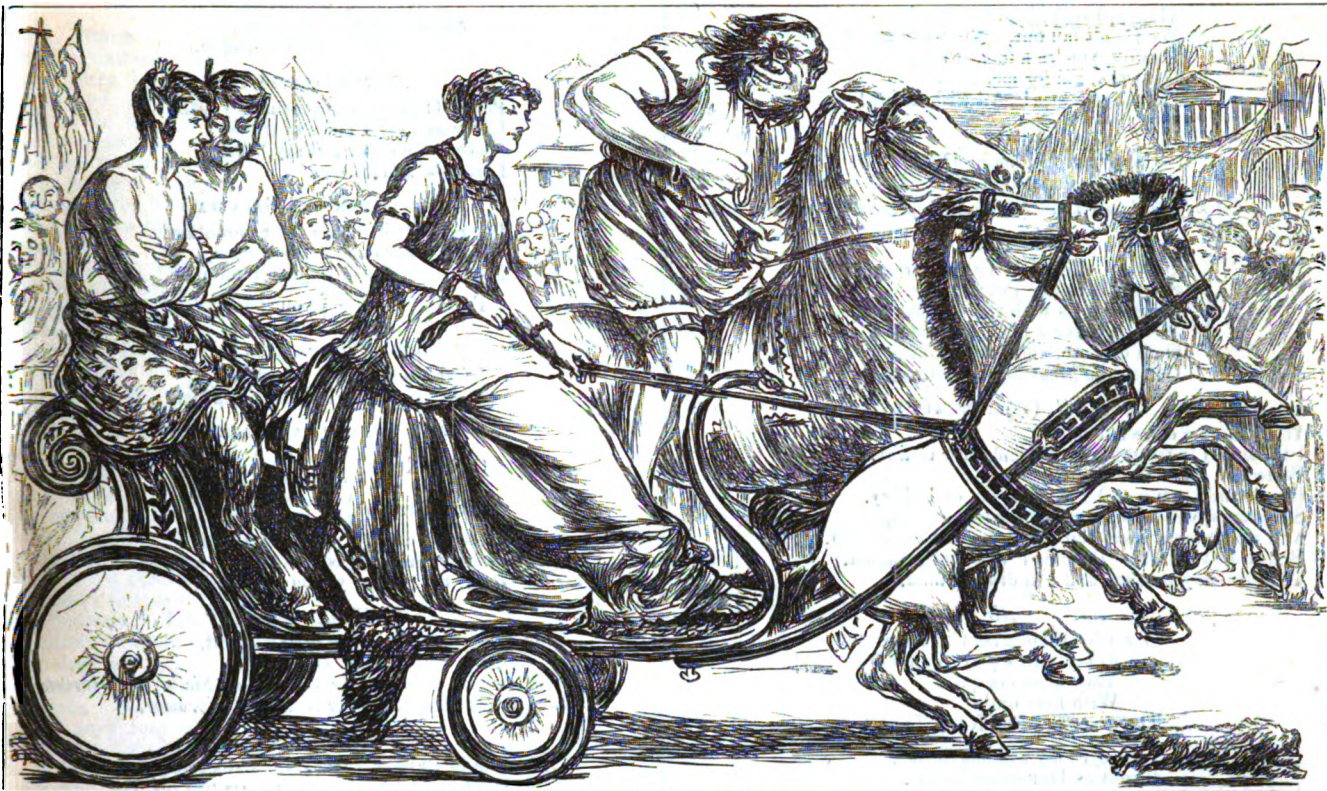
Why Printing was Invented.

THE following notification to the universe is the last thing out—

"March 26, at St. George's Church, Somerset, by the REV. HENRY MIREHOUSE, MISS SAVAGE to MR. RICE, both in the service of the above reverend and respected gentleman."

Who next, and what next?

MR. CARDWELL'S FAVOURITE AIR.—"*Charlie is my DARLING.*"



GALATEA MARRIED.

(Restored by Mr. Punch from one of the Elgin Bas-Reliefs representing the fragment of a Wheel.)

SECOND PART OF ACIS AND GALATEA.

(AND ALL THAT IS WANTED IS A SECOND HANDEL.)

CHARACTERS.

GALATEA (a Sea Nymph).

GHOST OF ACIS (a dead Sicilian Shepherd.)

DAMON (a live Sicilian Shepherd.)

POLYPHEMUS (a Giant.)

CHORUS.—Nymphs and Shepherds.

SCENE—Same rural prospect as in Part the First.

N.B. As the First Part, compiled and invented by the late MR. JOHN GAY, has not been written more than about one hundred and forty-five years, the public, always rather slow, may not have had time to become universally acquainted with the poem. Those who don't know it are hereby informed that the Poet PUNCH has followed, with exquisite accuracy, the verses of the Poet GAY.

Dedicated to MR. MANNS and the Crystal Palace generally.

OVERTURE.

Chorus of Shepherds, &c.

Now the fame of martyred ACIS
Rests upon a watery basis.
He's a River and can run,
While we dance and have our fan.

[Rustic dance.]

Recit. (GALATEA.)

Ye shepherds brown, ye maidens white,
To me your mirth's distasteful, quite.
How can you dance, how can you sing,
Who saw that rock the Giant fling?
A grief that finds such rapid healing
Displays an awful want of feeling.

Air.

Hush, ye noisy cackling crew,
Your clumsy larks
And coarse remarks,
They bore me much, they do.

Cease your songs and stop your jumps,
And leave me to my doleful dumps.

Recit. (DAMON.)

O GALATEA, if I might be heard—
To you I'd like to say a single word.

Air.

The word I'd say is single,
But married I would be:
I see your fingers tingle,
To box my ears, *ma mie*.
Yet is she wise who tarries?
Remember this through life;
The nymph who never marries,
Can never be a wife.

Recit. (GALATEA.)

Don't stand there making those absurd grimaces;
You're not a patch on my lamented ACIS.

Air.

He was a love,
Likewise a dove,
But truth's in what you say.
And taking you,
Without ado,
May be the wisest way.

Go on wooing,
Sighing, suing,
"Buy your wedding suit from GROVE,"
And, Yes, I'll have you for my love.

Duet. (DAMON and GALATHEA.)
 Happy, happy, happy "Oui,"
 We shan't fall out. No, we'll agree.
 DAMON, you're a foolish boy,
 GALATHEA, gal for me,
 Exchange a kiss! All wish us joy!

Chorus.

Happy, happy, happy *Oui*
 That thus transposes G. to D.

[A frightful roar is heard. Music expressive of a Giant's stamp.]

Chorus.

Horror! Terror! Let us scream!
 See the Monster POLYPHEMUS.
 Lo, he comes with roaring clamour,
 Stamping like a paviour's rammer.
 Oath on oath, and bang on bang,
 Comes the great Sicilian CHANG.

Recit. (POLYPHEMUS.)

Yes! Here we are again!
 I thought I'd taught you, Madam, how to flirt.
 Were you Miss PYER,
 (And would you were) I'd wed you, or I'd try.
 Shepherds, were one of you of decent growth,
 And worth my stroke, I'd smack him on the mouth.
 But truce to wrath. Behold, I've sweetly smiled.
 I'll paint my passion, and I'll draw it mild.

[They recoil.]

[Smiles.]

Air.

O wittier than Miss CHERRY!
 (In FARQUHAR's play so merry!)
 Your manners quite
 With hers unite
 The grace of Miss KATE TERRY.

Your eyes my feelings fluster,
 Bright as DEFRINS's lustre;
 Your hand's my aim,
 Your heart's my game;
 I never tell a Buster.

Recit.

Fairest nymph, I pop the question:
 Pray consider my suggestion.

Recit. (GALATHEA.)

I own there's force in what you say,
 But then you woo in such a way.

Recit. (POLYPHEMUS.)

Thee, POLYPHEMUS loves, by Jove,
 Throw over that presumptuous Cove.
 Take my worldly goods *en bloc*,
 Three per cent. Sicilian stock,
 Diamonds lately set anew,
 Proof engravings done by DOO.
 And carriage whose cream ponies stand—
 Come, take the ribbons in thy hand.

Recit. (GALATHEA.)

Of "infant limbs you don't make food,
 Nor swill full draughts of human blood?"
 What made me think of such a feast,
 I can't imagine in the least.

Air. (POLYPHEMUS.)

Sweeter banquets wait for you, Miss,
 Iced meringues and golden jelly;
 I've a cook, a *cordon bleu*, Miss,
 Fit to rank with FRANCAPELLI.

Recit. (DAMON.)

Would you gain that pensive creature,
 Telling with what food you'd treat her,
 Is your *billet-doux* a *carte*?
 Such a coarse appeal addressing,
 Really is a course distressing
 To a party full of heart.

Air.

I feel much alarm!
 A dodge he is trying,
 Which perhaps may out-charm
 My glancing and sighing.

Her weak point, the sinner
 Has found, not in vain,—
 She knows a good dinner,
 She likes good Champagne.

Recit. (GALATHEA.)

Peace, O peace, thou maudlin youth,
 Likewise hear a piece of truth:
 Make some other girl say "Yes,"
 I shall be a Giantess.

Duet. (DAMON and GALATHEA.)

The Scotch shall hate their mountains,
 Great PUNCH abhor the Strand,
 The French praise English fountains

Here I { renounce } your hand.

Solo. (POLYPHEMUS.)

I feel much uglier, I declare,
 Than DR. SOLATHE's new Sea-Boar.

Duet. (DAMON and GALATHEA.)

O pray don't { think me } teasing,
 { keep on } { it must } be:

Our marriage { cannot } be:

Damon. I cannot, passion freezing.
 Galates. Adopt a course more pleasing.
 Both. Say, "Lady, you are free!"

Solo. (POLYPHEMUS.)

I'll say the word that snob will not.

DAMON, to PYTHIAS, and to pot!

[The Giant seizes DAMON (the scene is in Sicily) and throws him away in the direction of the Straits of Gibraltar.]

Ghost of ACIS appears.

I'm one of PEPPER's Ghosts. I shall not sing.
 But make one joke. That chap has had his fling.
 Further remarking I've no business here,
 I'll take the liberty to disappear,
 But bid you (ere my phantom from your eye shoots),
 To Astley's, where you'll see me in *Dor Freischütz*.

[Ghost of ACIS vanishes.]

Recit. (GALATHEA.)

Serves DAMON right for kicking up a shine,
 He is a cure, love, so he'll like the brine.

Air.

Not exactly of a height,
 POLYPHEMUS, faith we plight:
 No more rage nor thirst for blood,
 That's, *mon ami*, understood.
 You must wash, and go to school,
 You must have your clothes from POORE,
 And be gentle, meek, and mild,
 Or—I talk to JUSTICE WILDER.

Chorus.

GALATHEA, have no fears,
 Yonder DAMON re-appears.
 By his nether garments hooked,
 As a sailor he is booked.
 Now he'll learn to fight and brag
 Underneath the British Flag!
 In the galley, wanting thee,
 He will have his Galley Tea.

Smile at that audacious pun,
 And our Serenata's done.

PATHOLOGICAL PARALLEL.

A FIERCE frenzy sometimes seizes a Malay, impelled by which he runs amuck and tilts at all he meets. A similar mad malady occasionally overtakes an honourable Member when shutting his eyes to probable results he snatches up a rhetorical dagger, and rushes wildly into an Reform debate, startling one Minister, pinking another, and flooring a third with rollicking ferocity. If the savage is pardoned on account of the climate, the senator may perhaps justly complain if we make no allowance for the fervid atmosphere of the Commons. In any case much mischief is done by male furies of either class, between whom there is a very simple distinction—one being complexionally dark and the other superficially BRIGHT.

PIPING TIMES.

MR. PUNCH, I do not think you are a Scotchman: I never heard of the MacPunches of MacPunch, nor do I wish to. Now, be it understood before I write another line, that I think very highly of the Scotch, and, as often happens to profound ruminants, the more I think of them, the less I've got to say about them. I only write about the Scotch, to protest. *Sir, do you like their pipes?* I don't mean by this, the pipes, which, "with solemn interposing puff make half a sentence at a time enough." Those, *Sir*, are the tobacco-pipes, but those to which I allude are the National Pipes, I wince as I write the horrid name, the Bag-pipes.

I have been told that they are inspiring in the field, cheering the Highlanders on to the fight. I have no doubt of their *utility* in battle; for such musical soldiers, as the French or Italian, would throw down their arms, in order to leave their hands free for stopping their ears, and run away from the horrid sounds as fast as their legs would carry them. Put SIGOR MARIO at the head of a brigade, and I'll be bound he'd rather face sixty bayonets than one bagpipe. We, nationally, have to pay the piper, or pipers; that is, we support so many of these long-legged, long-winded gentry, who are attached to various Scotch regiments, including the Fusiliers. Attached! did I say; the attachment must be all on one side.

I went to stay in the hospitable northern castle of an ancient Scottish chieftain. All the people in the place talked as if they were cracking nuts. Even the Laird himself had caught a twang from the pipes. I was welcomed at the Castle gate by a dounie wassal with a pipe. We were summoned to undress for dinner (I adopted the kilt out of compliment) by the sound of the pipe; the banquet was announced with a flourish of pipe; and when the whiskey toddy was steaming in our glasses, and I was at one with all the world, my host said he'd give me a rare treat. As he said "rare," I had no suspicion of his intention, and signified my readiness to acquiesce in any proposal emanating from the chair. He gave a signal, and there entered in full costume three pipers, with three sets of bagpipes. Resistance was useless, politeness was absolutely necessary. One of them began by making a low noise like the humming of gnats; another emitted a sound as if a large bee was stuck in the pipe—(by the way the bee must have remained in throughout the performance, as only the drone came out)—and the third's occupation appeared to me to be that of filling up the intervals when the others paused for breath, by sending a squeak, ventriloquially, somewhere up into the ceiling. My chieftain explained the different movements, historically; he told me about the BRUCE and the WALLACE, and "*Scots whar wee*," or whatever it is, and at last seeing how much I was delighted, he, not content with the number of musicians that had sufficed for the Royal Cole's orchestra, summoned a fourth piper, and commanded a reel. Oh! I felt so ill. They piped, and they footed, and snapped their fingers in derision of any music except their own: and herein I own I encouraged them as being the only means in my power for stopping their performance for some considerable time afterwards. *Sir*, they never stopped entirely; they sparred, as it were, for wind, or blew for breath. And what do you think they treated us to then? *Sir*, they played a wail. Had I not been so utterly wretched I might have made a conundrum out of this, about gigantic Scotch fisheries, playing a wail, &c. &c. At length they left us, and miserable humbug that I was, I thanked them, not for going, but in so many hypocritical words for their kindness in obliging, &c., &c., just as I should have smirked gratefully at Miss GUSHINGTON TORNOX on her retiring from the grand piano, after

that "charming thing" which it was so kind of her to give us, and so forth.

In the morning I was awoke by the bagpipe, and bagpipes met me at every turn. In the evening my host proposed that we should go and hear DR. NORMAN MACLEOD lecture at a *soirée*. I agreed, for, independently of my admiration for the Scotch Divine, I saw a chance of escape from a repetition of the former night's entertainment. DR. NORMAN MACLEOD was to say a few words about St. Columba (Gaelic) Church. No bagpipes here, and a goodly muster of people. A platform was before us, whence the lecturer would hold forth. A murmur of delight ran through the crowd. I craned, expecting DR. NORMAN MACLEOD. Up the steps, on to the platform, came—whom do you think, *Sir*?—a Piper with his confounded bagpipes. He was cheered, and he blew. I quote from the printed report, which appeared next day.

"He played several airs to the evident delight of his audience."

What an audience! I was among the "evidently delighted." Even bagpipes must come to an end, and at length DR. NORMAN MACLEOD ascended the platform. He commenced his harangue, and lectured—upon what?—the Church? no; St. Columba? no: he lectured us upon the bagpipes. He said,—

"There is no music in the world to be compared with the bagpipe." (*Renewed applause.*)

Emphatically I agree with him. He went on:

"You cannot improve the bagpipe."

I am sorry to hear it.

"There is music in nature that you cannot set down to the pianoforte. It is in the roaring of the winds, in the moaning of the waves, and in the cry of the wild bird; and all this you hear in the bagpipe."

There's a receipt for making the sound of the bagpipes! What a mixture!

"There is something in the bagpipes that will stir him when nothing else can."

I should think so. The next morning I pleaded business, and returned to my quiet rooms in Brompton. I sat down to my modest bachelor repast thankfully, and, when I had said grace, beneath my window came two dirty imitation Scotch boys with the Bagpipes! They pretended that they didn't understand English, and there was no policeman. So I went to my Club. Farewell!

HAPSBURG AND HUMILITY.

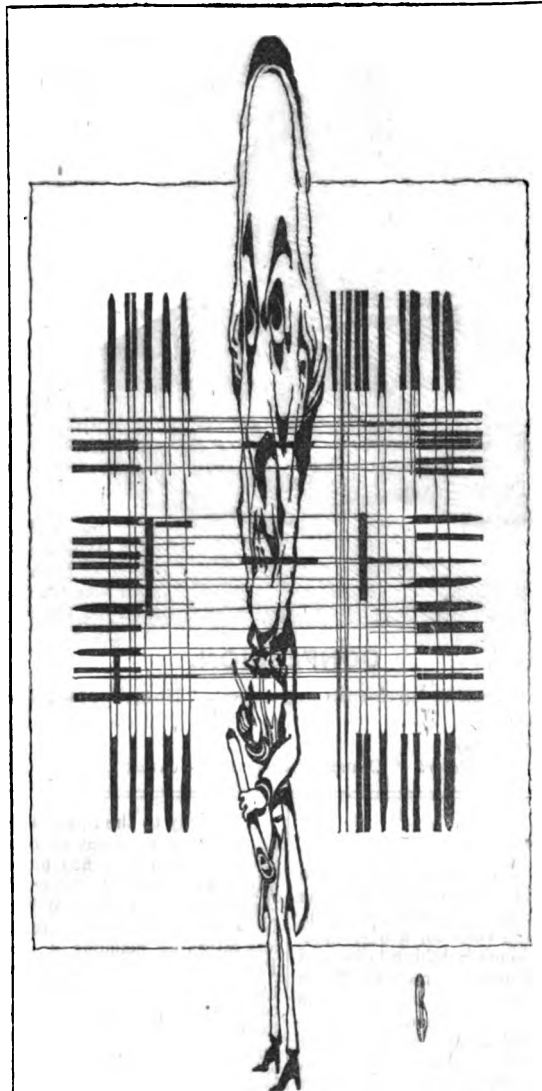
AMONGST the foreign news relative to Easter was a statement that:—

"On Holy Thursday, at the Burg, or Imperial Chateau of Vienna, in the salle of the Chevalliers, their Majesties, with the usual formality, went through the ceremony of the washing of feet of twelve poor men by the EMPEROR, and twelve aged women by the EMPRESS."

Did the feet of those two dozen poor people require washing? That is one question to be asked. In the next place did the EMPEROR and EMPRESS tuck up their sleeves and honestly wash them? To the first of these questions it is not sufficient to reply that the poor people were foreigners, and probably Germans. Their feet might have been prepared for presentation to Imperial Majesty. Unless, however, the feet really wanted washing, and were well washed, there was nothing but the pride that aces humility in the ostent of washing them. How, then, we may in the third place inquire without the least impertinence, were the EMPEROR and EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA off for soap?

CAN you recommend me any book containing a good account of the Royal Academy?—FRYER PAUL PINGO.

Yes. PAINTER'S *Palace of Pleasure*, a curious book which you may pick up for a few pence at any old book-stall.



ANOTHER LEGISLATIVE MYSTERY.



CONFESSION.

Old Lady (who can't stand her Page's destructive carelessness any longer). "NOW, ROBERT, I WANT YOU CLEARLY TO UNDERSTAND THE REASON I PART WITH YOU. CAN YOU TELL ME?"

Robert (affected to tears). "YES, 'M."

Old Lady. "WHAT, ROBERT?"

Robert. "'CAUSE I'M—(sniff)—'CAUSE I'M—'CAUSE I'M SO UGLY!"

LORD RECTOR.

WHILE able and unable talkers, and others of the spouting sort, are going round the shallow political puddles, and lashing them into one knows not what mud splash and dirty water storms there riseth, brethren, in the very midst, as a silver fountain, one calm voice of a wise man. The Ages shall call him a great man, when much botching-tailor and Snob nomenclature shall be revised and infinitely corrected. From Caledonian pulpit speaking unto rough raw lads, that philosopher is worthy of your ears, even if for some moments you sustain an appreciable loss of CHANCELLOR SILVERTONGUE's rhetoric, or more tolerable privation of QUAKER BOUNCE's blare. For, regard him how you may, this THOMAS of Chelsea hath the root of the matter in him, while others do but wave branches, not altogether, it would seem, of olive. He goes for the Truth, when for the most part men are content to mumble truism, and not a few run jocosely away with lies. Uncomely may be the garb or outside form of his teaching; to those who love the trim gardens, but the Truth is with him, the *magna veritas*. Small effort maketh he to paint you a rosy-coloured picture, nor is he at all mindful to light it up with pantomime-ending fires, bringing down the curtain with frantic plaudits of the unwise. The best he has for you is Work—and Hope. You who will not be content with this, friends, away with you, and at the first corner you shall hear what not of your greatness and goodness and grandeur, and seven-league-bootedness in the onward course of perfectibility and all that sort of thing.

But this, we may say, is in no respect Chelsea ware. Understand him, however, before you go off howling, and it may be that such cynic utterance may be saved. Can we not bear, in this age of eternal butter and testimonial-plasterings of mediocrity, to be told that for the most part men who talk might more wisely hold their tongues, and act? Or, if to act out of their proper will be not in them, to be led by the wise and the brave. Is such meat too strong for non-muscular babes, and must they have well-watered milk, daintily warmed? Be it so, brethren, and see what muscle shall come of such nutriment.

Assuredly to the lips of the raw young Caledonians our THOMAS held no fantastic pap-boat of compliment. Work, he said, and hope, and hate lies, and talk not more than there is need. Truly, the lesson might not have been altogether so needless, for that in the same week there was a conspiracy of Wind-bags to let loose their contents over us. Notably bellowed Birmingham Wind-bag, silencing for the hour the less fatiguing clamour of factory wheels, to proclaim that our English Parliament is a sham and a farce, and hates all good, evidence, in a hundred noble laws and material prosperity, notwithstanding. Needs, one may say, that such blatant balderdash of factory Wind-bag should have rebuke. Brave old OLIVER had rebuked it, after his soldierly fashion, had such sorry talk come to his knowledge, perhaps he had rebuked it right out of the way, not without flagellation. For he was English, our OLIVER, and knew that our Parliament is rooted in English hearts, nor shall its short-comings shake it out of our love and trust, factory Wind-bags bellow they never so loudly. And THOMAS of Chelsea, in his way, altogether odious to Humbug, hath scourged Sham patriotism, and hath not done the work negligently.

One would fancy some able draughtsman presenting Wind-bag in full blast, and our calm THOMAS demanding what kind of hideous object is he who speaketh fluently but untruly. There is room for such picture, and it shall be remembered when Wind-bag hath altogether burst. Yet for those rough Caledonian lads THOMAS had his words of manly cheer, showing that if Life be mostly a struggle, there come sun-bursts for those who have the gift to raise their eyes, not so common a gift as is supposed. To be earnest, to be wary, to be hopeful, such were his noways dim and inarticulate teachings. Brave old man, wise old man. Amid the cacklings cometh his human voice, and all unspoiled hearts ring answer and thanks. You, young Caledonians, be proud that it was to you he said the words that teach the nations. Honour to you from all of us, from all good men, THOMAS CARLYLE! *Diceant Immo quibus placet hæc sententia.*

THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION.—STEPHENS.



WISDOM AND WIND-BAG.

CARLYLE. "For if a good speaker—an eloquent speaker—is not speaking the truth, is there a more horrid kind of object in creation?" (*Loud cheers.*)

BRIGHT. "The House of Commons is little better than a Sham and a Farce. Parliament is never hearty in any good work. It hated the Reform Bill, it hated the Repeal of the Corn Laws, it hates this Franchise Bill."

GORGONISM IN PARIS.

SIR,

I MEAN to state a fact, and not to make a pun, when I say that the correspondent of the *Morning Post* at Paris appears to be extremely well posted up in the fashions that flourish amongst the ladies there.

That gentleman, in one of his recent communications to that Journal, gives a capital account of the barbarism into which Frenchwomen are relapsing in the matter of head-dress; and let me repeat that I am serious, and not attempting to joke, in applying the word barbarism to their monstrosity in that particular. Hairdresser is merely a colloquial synonym with barber; hairdresser and barber are not convertible terms. The only artist who shaves the ladies is the linendraper; and, after all, it is not the ladies, but only the parties responsible for them that are shaved. I merely say that a return towards the fantastic and ridiculous head-dress prevalent at a period in the last century is a relapse into a really barbarous usage. Not that I object to it, myself. On the contrary, it amuses me; and there is something more to be said for it than that, whereof anon. In the meantime the observer who writes from Paris to the *Post* tells us that in the French capital:—

"The female head has become a sort of museum for gold bands, cameos, butterflies, and pendulous wreaths that hang under the chin. On the forehead of the fair one may be seen a number of small curls with a combed twist, whilst the back of the head displays an enormous lump of hair, which, instead of being kept together by the cabbage-net of three or four months ago, is now allowed to assume a more wild and picturesque aspect."

Here, Sir, I would, if I had been at my author's elbow, have suggested an emendation of his text. Hair, of the present fashionable colour, has been of that colour for more than three or four months. For "cabbage-net" I would have proposed the substitution of a term in which the word "net" would have been qualified with the name of another vegetable. It is good with boiled asphodel of beef, and LINÆUS calls it the *Dasycarpa carota*.

But, to resume my quotation—

"On the crown of the head and between the two distinct compartments of the hairdresser's built-up creations, a small dab of a something which is still called a bonnet, makes the fantastic 'get-up' exquisitely eccentric. The importation of blonde hair from Germany, and black locks from the regions of the sunny South, is now one of the most active branches of the commerce of France, and the barber has become a personage who gives himself all the airs of a Minister of State."

But he gives his customers the hairs of Germany and the sunny South, and perhaps also of sunnier and more Southern Africa, to suit those who like to wear their hair frizzled over their foreheads. I trust all these varieties of hair are well cleansed and disinfected.)

Let me quote on:—

"He grants his audience and accords his counsels on the same principle that M. DUBOIS DE LAUREY resolves the diplomatic world. Before a Parisian barber of fame and name will receive a fashionable lady, she must solicit the honour by placing her name on his list for a certain hour and day. He will then not ask what particular head toilet she desires to adopt; but, with the decisive voice of a great general, he will tell her how her hair is to be dressed—an edict from which there is no appeal."

No, not although he constitute her an object fit to furnish the model of an ornament for the shield of Minerva,

"—nimbe effulgens et Gorgonea."

The consequence is that:—

"The domestic brush and comb, the cosmetics of ordinary times, lie neglected in the dark drawers of bed-room furniture."

Nice girls, Sir, these Parisian beauties, eh? Well, I suppose they will soon get back to hair-powder, of which you will then, perhaps, see a peculiar sort advertised in connection with the names of VICAT, DUMONT, or other manufacturers of a pulverulent substance, for the use of which unkempt locks may create a necessity. In the meantime:—

"We have got to such an elaborate mode of hair-dressing that no lady attempts to design and execute what may be called the landscape gardening of the capillary shrubbery of the head. Humble dressmaker girls, and those who used to be called grissettes in more primitive times, now spend their ten sous in having their hair dressed, and somebody else's hair stuck on the nape of the neck. For their locks must now be

"Rolled in many a curious fret."

So that, as already suggested, they get themselves made up for Medusa. Well, and so too, in a sense, and a measure, they turn beholders to stone. They ossify, towards themselves, the hearts at least, of youth. That is an advantage for the majority of parents, who cannot wish their sons to marry, even for money, under any but an enormous sum, in these times when female dress, ornament, and general wants have become so ruinous. The French style of head-dress will soon be imported; and will then, of course, spread like Rinderpest, to the great detriment of all men, except very old gentlemen, from matrimony. Here is one more extract, relative to a collateral subject:—

"Longchamps this year has told us that crinoline is dying out; but it dies hard, and has given birth to another nuisance, *la queue*—a painful long train, which only in our age was ever seen out of the salons of the Court."

Vive la queue! That tail entails all the more cost on those who render themselves liable thereto. Ah, Sir, if crinolines and *queues*, and head-dress à la Medusa, had been the rage in my foolish youth, I never should have worn tight boots, and eaten less than I liked, and tried to pinch my waist in, and to write verses in consequence of having fallen in love. You can't imagine how elegant a creature MRS. BROWN was when she accepted BROWN instead of me. Had she then made herself a grotesque object, I should no more have envied BROWN than I do now. If I had been as handsome a young fellow as BROWN was, I might at this present moment be settled with the encumbrance of that stout old party. My nephew will be preserved not only from the fate which his uncle might have incurred, but also from making of himself the ass that his uncle made. Young fellows can't fall in love any more now, thanks to the ludicrous and costly character of the existing fashions; which, therefore, whatever old CATO would have thought of them, do not wholly displease

THE ELDER PLINY.

EYE-ART.

MRS LAVINIA LOVING gave her second lecture on this interesting subject yesterday evening, in her boudoir, to a brilliant and select audience.

Mrs LOVING commenced by observing, that she should, on this occasion, confine her remarks to the Ogle, the Slow Wink and what is familiarly termed the Leer—of private life.

The Ogle is of great antiquity. CLEOPATRA employed it with historical success, and the good St. Anthony, who kept his eyes so firmly fixed upon his book, tremblingly confessed its necromantic power. DINO, waving her willow, when too late ascribed her sorrows to a timid recognition of this potent auxiliary. *Desdemona*, listening to her sable suitor's military reminiscences, no doubt availed herself largely of the "only witchcraft" open to her, and which he, *General O.* (the great Silly) with a proper eye to his own interest, should not have overlooked. All widows, accustomed to education in Eye-Art, were very happy in bringing forward their pupils.

Winks were of two kinds, the Quick Wink and the Slow Wink. The former had suffered much in polite estimation by mis-management. When unskillfully employed it was like gun-cotton, dangerous. To the Slow Wink no objection could be urged by the most fastidious observer. She, Miss LOVING, knew a very young lady who had corresponded with an undergraduate for an entire evening at the Gallery of Illustration by ocular telegraph—one slow wink signifying

"In solitude I dream of thee alone,"

and two slow winks in succession with averted vision being construed into

"Without love, life is but a weary waste."

The Leer of private life, Miss LOVING remarked, was too delicate an agent to be treated of in a popular discourse, a circumstance, however, which she did not deeply regret, as by persons like herself, not highly gifted with words, it was more easily imagined than described.

LETTER FROM A CABMAN.

SIR,

THINKING it right to state as I am not the Cabman as made the speech at Brighton, in support of Government, stating as follows:—

"He had had some experience in the small hours of the morning, and therefore he knew a little about the conduct of the class to which Mr. LOWN and Mr. LAING belonged during the hours from twelve to four in the morning, and he unhesitatingly avowed that were he to make public half he knew of what the so-called higher classes did when they came from their balls and parties he would be indicted for libel a hundred times."

I would remark that I never knew worse of that class except its having partook of too much Sham, and consequentially giving preposterous Directions to Cabmen, and swearing awful when the same is comply'd with and that class is landed at public of a low character but whose fault is that if a swell say Brandwater when Should say bayswater. Respectfully remark, Sir, that the letters in the *Times* which complain of Streets having all the same names were perfectly correct and Have myself had much Bad language from swells being late at Dinner parties Owen to that Foolish and insane practice which I think sh^d be Look'd into by Parliament, and I ask you as a Man who is to know wick of the eleven devonshire Teraces to drive to nor the Nine Glorster teraces neither, and swell Speaking as if had swallowed a Crow and salvage as bears if you Ask them twice. Apologise for length of This letter wick I hope you will Take up, I am,

Your Obedt Servt,

11, Bartolot Mews, Henry Street,
South Pimlico.

JAMES FODDER.



PROTECTOR AND PROTECTEE.

MISS GULPIN, BELATED AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE, IN BLOOMSBURY, TILL AFTER SUNSET, BORROWS HER FRIEND'S MAID TO PROTECT HER FROM INSULT ON HER WAY BACK TO BELGRAVIA. THIS IS ALL VERY WELL; BUT WHO'S TO PROTECT THE PROTECTOR BACK TO BLOOMSBURY AGAIN!

A FEMININE OLD JURY.

MY VERY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THOUGH a lady, I am not at all nervous about my age. I am eighty-two, and as a lady I ask your advice, knowing you to be a perfect gentleman and a man of sense, and I feel assured you will politely give it, for I believe there is scarcely a clever girl in the kingdom that is not proud to be your Correspondent. My grandson, who is an Equity-draftsman, tells me that it is in contemplation to make an alteration in our juridical system, under which juries will be composed exclusively of old women.

Now I do think this very hard, but my relative says, that if I can go to parties and stay till two, and stand up in a country dance, and read my *Punch* without spectacles, I am qualified for any thing. Still at my time of life to be set to study BLACKSTONE'S *Commentaries* on the Laws of England, and HALLAM'S *Constitutional History*, in order that JACK NOKES and TOM STYLES may be spared a little wholesome exercise of their brains is not complimentary to them, nor considerate to me. Of course I know the worth of woman's wit, and that age carries with it an air of authority, and I know further, that we of the "old guard" can stand our ground when simpering Misses (in military parlance—raw levies) would be put to flight. If therefore the Judges and the Legislature feel strongly that a great juridical reform is called for, I for one shall cheerfully go to Court in obedience to the mandate of my Sovereign. We live in trying times. I mean in times very trying to the temper, and I should like to know if you can devise any better means than those above suggested for raising our judicial institutions in public esteem. The majesty of the law must undoubtedly be upheld, and in order that it may be respected by the masses, it is necessary that its decisions should be consistent both with justice and with common sense.

Ever yours,

BARBARA OLDCASTLE.

P.S. Understand, I reserve to myself all my rights under Magna Charta, and write this letter purely without prejudice.

THE RULING PASSION.—A great financial reformer is so devoted to figures that when he has nothing else to do he casts up his eyes.

PUNCH'S PROGRAMME.

Now that our Great Men we invite,
To hoist their flag, and name their platform;
To put their creed in black and white,
And state their faith in this or that form—
Now BRIGHT and GLAISTON "on the stump,"
Try "high salutin'," à la Pogrom,
Why should not *Punch* with fashion jump,
And of Reform put forth his programme?

Pace JOHN BRIGHT—no recreant he,
Neither conspirator nor dirty;
He maintains sound Reform to be
In sixty-six what 'twas in thirty.
Thankful for rest, but not oppress
By nightmare fears of Revolution,
By needful change he's game to test
His faith in England's Constitution.

He holds—for aye, as for the hour—
All class dominion an evil:
Men-angels e'en, with unchecked power,
Would soon be apt to play the devil.
One class-rule may be somewhat worse,
Another class-rule a shade better;
But the best class-rule is a curse,
And of all curses the begetter.

The ruling class in times gone by—
Those "good old times" old Tories prate of—
Was that which snobs revere as "high,"
And still are proud to swell the state of.
Crème de la crème they were, no doubt,
With JOHN BULL's milch-cow's udder brimming;
Low people from the pale shut out,
And theirs the exclusive right of skimming.

All classes thus by one were bilked,
Till the flood rose and over-swept it,
The STATE COW tired of being milked,
Kicked down the pale and those who kept it.
And the Great Act of Thirty-two,
Ushered the mighty middle class in,
Where Rank and Title hitherto
Alone had been allowed to pass in.

Since then the middle class has ruled,
And well it has fulfilled the function;
We're better fed and taught, more schooled
To tolerance, charity, compunction.
But though of class-rules this be best—
So huge its range from high to humble—
Class-rule it still must be confest,
And, as such, smacks too much of Bumble:

Shows too much reverence for the shop,
Not enough reverence for the nation;
Is prone a weak good cause to drop,
Too quick to shout "Centralisation."
Apt of its own faults to lose sight,
In passing judgment on its neighbour's;
Prompt to own Capital's full right,
But not so quick in owning Labour's.

And therefore *Punch* would have let in
To help choose our collective sages
The best of those who toil to win
By honest day's work fair day's wages.
So leavening what now needs must sour,
And quickening what now is slowest,
And drawing 'neath the base of power
Our largest stratum, if our lowest.

That so class-rule may be no more,
All orders joining to choose members,
To heal the hates and feuds of yore,
And stamp out faction's long-lived embers.
Into the Nation's Treasury
Each class its mite of wisdom bringing,
Till all round truths we come to see,
Many small lamps one great light flinging.

But all the more class-rule he hates—
Middle-class rule the more he'd leaven—
Letting hand-workers through the gates
That close the entrance of St. Stephen,

Through which to place and power you pass,
The more *Punch* holds those legislators
Who'd let the millions in *en masse*
To swamp all voice but theirs, as traitors.

And therefore *Punch* must wait to see
How seats are marked for distribution,
Ere o'er the Franchise Bill he's free,
To cry "Reform!" or "Revolution!"
The Law that lets each class be heard,
Admits each class's truths to weighing,
That law has *Punch*'s best good-word,
'Gainst all abuse, and all gainsaying.

But down with any law—whose'er
His party god-father or mother—
Units by thousands that would scare,
And all voice but one class's smother.
And fair fall those who dare defy
Hard names from JOHN BRIGHT and his organs
Ere such a Bill they pass, at cry
Of Demagogue or Demogorgons.

THE HORSE AND THE FROG.

(A Fable or Fact?)



polypus. There is some little difficulty in supposing that reptiles are capable of existing as *Entozoa*. Everybody, to be sure, has heard of frogs and toads that have occupied the interiors of old women, or those of persons into whom old women have conjured them; but these alleged cases of toads and frogs in possession of the human stomach, formerly ascribed to witchcraft, have in later times been generally imputed to WALKER. Batrachians, during the Parliamentary recess, are often found, according to the statements of most of our contemporaries, in the hearts of solid oak-trees, and other equally odd situations; but the issue of a frog from a horse's stomach is a truly extraordinary thing to occur during the Session, and seems to show that little interest is created by the Reform Bill. We should be very much astonished at finding a frog about a horse anywhere but in his foot. The frog that crept from the horse at Newcastle is probably a creature analogous to one of those toads in the conglomerate, of which we are afraid that PROFESSOR OWEN is still waiting for a specimen from SIR GORDON CUMMINGS.

Gastronomical Discovery.

THERE is Ox-tail Soup and there is Calf's-tail Soup, commonly called CHESTERFIELD. Then—the rather since, besides, there is Hare Soup—there should also be Pigtail Soup. What was the reward offered for the man who should invent a new pleasure? Let it be left at *Punch*'s Office.

"My lodging is on the cold ground." Will this entitle me to the new franchise?—QUERY.

TESTIMONIALS.

WE hear something about a testimonial being got up to MR. SOTHERN, to mark the subscribers' detestation of the libel, and their delight at MR. SOTHERN's just victory. No one grudges the piece of plate, the silver fork and spoon, the gold mug, or whatever form the offering may take, but we cannot help asking, would it not be better to let this matter alone? The libeller has been trounced, has confessed, has apologised, has been very inadequately punished by a Judge "who rather believes in spiritualism," and there an end. The Testimonial-fever is reaching an absurd height, and, now-a-days, every one takes the smallest occasion for presenting every one else with something or other "as a mark of respect," &c., &c. If every victorious defendant was thus honoured immediately upon the termination of the law suit in which he had been engaged, Westminster Hall would be the scene of numerous "most interesting proceedings." The inscription on a silver flower vase, or wine cooler, presented to a sufferer from libel, would be gratifying to the feelings both of the presentee and of the friends, who, around his hospitable mahogany, would be constantly spelling it out, and asking its history for years afterwards; and the pleasant tradition would be handed down from generation to generation. The inscription might run thus—

PRESENTED

TO

JOHN JONESMITH BROWNINGSON,

AS A MARK OF RESPECT, CORDIAL ESTEEM, AND HEARTY CONGRATULATION,
ON THE OCCASION OF HIS BEING CALLED A LIAR,
A THIEF, A BLACKGUARD, AND VARIOUS OTHER NAMES,
BY A LOW SCOUNDREL,
WHO SUBSEQUENTLY APOLOGISED APRIL 1st, A.D. 1866.

BY HIS ADMIRING FRIENDS, ETC.

Then the conversation at dinner would awaken such pleasing memories, when this silver flower vase was placed in the centre of the table.

Guest (who has been waiting to say something ever since the soup, catches sight of the Vase). That's a handsome vase. [To his neighbour.

His Neighbour (short-sighted.) Yes, very.

[Puts on his glasses, and having nothing to say, commences a close examination of the ornament.

Another Guest (on the opposite side, who thinks that it would make a good subject for HIS conversation, leans towards the Vase, and says as if to himself.) Very handsome; there's something written on it.

Short-sighted Guest. Ah, yes, so there is, dear me! (Examines it through his glasses more closely, and fails in pretending to discover the inscription). I can't read it, my sight's so bad.

[Turns, and says this to his neighbour, who, not knowing exactly what to do, says "Oh!" and laughs vaguely.

Opposite Guest. This was presented to BROWNINGSON.

[This he says across the table to Short-sighted Guest. Short-sighted Gentleman. Hey! was it. BROWNINGSON (addresses the host), what's written on this, eh?

Browningson (wishing he hadn't displayed the Vase.) Oh, nothing particular; it was a testimonial given me by some friends. (Resumes his conversation with City friend.) So you see, I was obliged to sell out at—&c.

Short-sighted Person (not to be repressed.) Oh, that's very nice; when was it, eh?

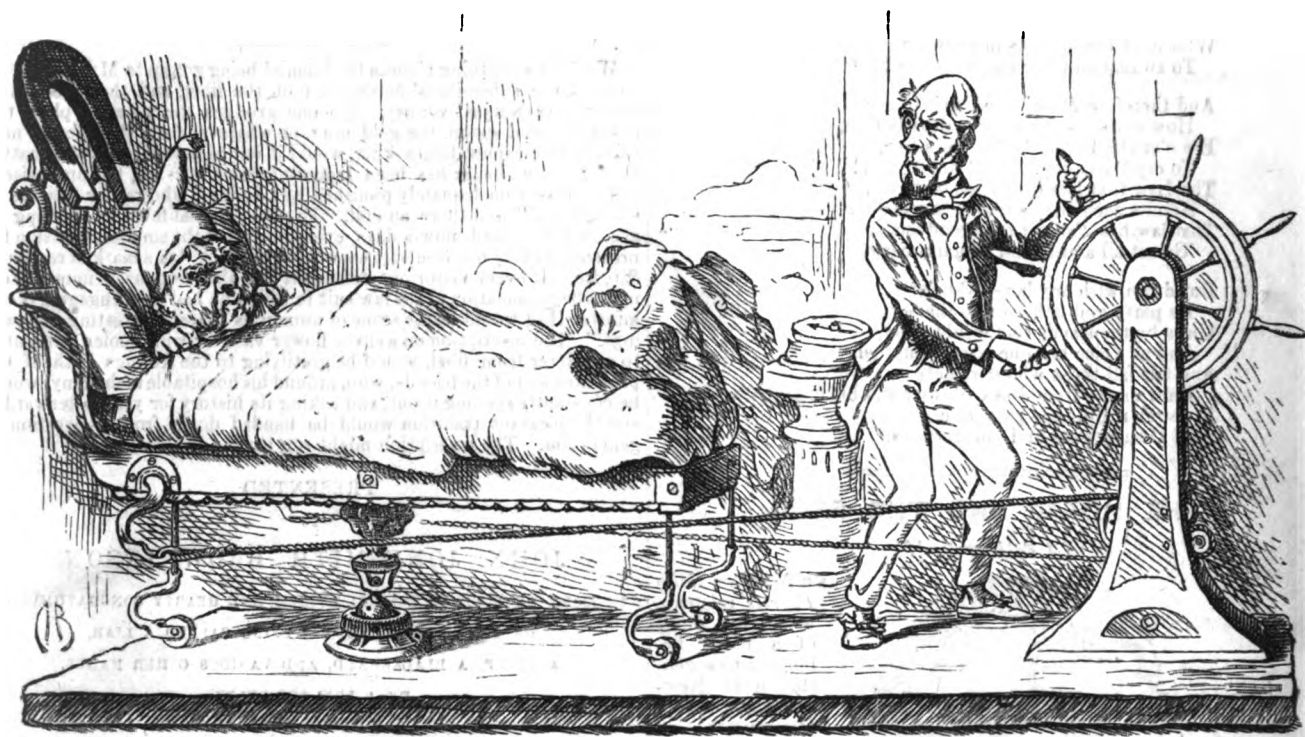
Browningson. Oh, you'll see the date. I forget exactly when (resumes conversation with City friend.)—buy for the fall was what I, &c.

Opposite Guest (jocosely.) I wish some one would give me a testimonial.

[Looks round and laughs; no one joins him, except the guest who has only spoken once since the soup, who smiles knowingly, as if there was some depth in the observation, into which it wouldn't do to enter before the present unappreciative company.

Short-sighted Person (who has been trying to read the inscription, says, with a view to drawing the attention of the company.) I can't make it out. (Laughs, and is joined by the guest who has only spoken once, and laughed once, since the soup.) I can just read your name (to the host) and "congratulation," then there's something that (peering into it) looks like (laughs) "Blackguard" (laughs and turns to his neighbour), but it can't be that, ha! ha!

BROWNINGSON is obliged to explain that it is "Blackguard," and has to tell the story. Ever afterwards the Vase is carefully locked away, until a new butler comes, and, being uninstructed in this matter, places the Testimonial in the centre of a large dinner-party. And the moral of it is this: let Testimonial-giving be rare, and justified by the occasion; but if there must be testimonials, look to your inscriptions.



THIS IS CAPTAIN LARBOARD AND HIS WONDERFUL BEDSTEAD,

BY MEANS OF WHICH HE HOPES TO PROTRACT HIS INVENTIVE AND USELESS EXISTENCE INTO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. OBSERVE—TO THE LEFT, A LARGE MAGNET; TO THE RIGHT, A SMALL WINDLASS—THE MAGNET INCREASING THE CAPTAIN'S VITAL ENERGY, WHILE THE WINDLASS REGULATES HIS BED BY THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS. HE IS SEEN IN THE ACT OF ROARING OUT TO HIS MAN—

"NOR-NOR-EAST, YOU OLD STUPID!—NOR-NOR-EAST! YOU MADE IT DUE NORTH LAST NIGHT, AND THAT, YOU KNOW, IS A GREAT DEAL TOO STRONG."

HOW WE KILL OUR PAUPERS.

ONCE upon a time said DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, "Don't talk to me of feelings, Sir! Punch has no feelings!"

Punch would be spared much sadness, if this were now the truth. If he really had no feelings, *Punch* could read without a pang the descriptions of the styes (or casual wards some call them) "where the poor are hoveled and hustled together like swine," and could hear unmoved the horrors which are told of the infirmaries that Bumbledom provides.

MR. ERNEST HART—a name that fairly fits the owner—has written an account of the way in which the sick are nursed in London work-houses, and all Londoners should know the facts he has found out. To this end *Punch*, who has some feelings, will condense the shameful tale.

At the Strand Union one surgeon attends six hundred paupers: two hundred of them suffering from acute diseases, and the others being imbecile and otherwise infirm. For his medicines and attendance he receives the splendid salary of one hundred guineas yearly; that is, three and sixpence yearly for every person sick.

At Shoreditch two hundred and twenty on the average are ill, and one hundred and forty epileptic or insane. One surgeon, a non-resident, is paid a skinflint salary to give them a short visit of two hours every morning, which allows him to devote to them just twenty seconds each.

Enough of evidence to show how short is the supply of doctors to sick paupers. As short is the supply to them by Bumbledom of air to breathe.

In all our army hospitals, Government gives 1200 cubic feet of air to every bed. In Clerkenwell and St. Martin's, Bumbledom allows about one third of that allowance, and in Greenwich is so liberal as to furnish not one half. Of course the use of air depends in a great measure on its purity, and this especially is needful to people who are ill. With the view, then, to provide the purest air for their infirmaries, the Guardians of St. George the Martyr have wisely placed their sick poor in the midst of catgut-makers, and the boilers of old bones! Pity the poor martyrs in the parish of St. George! Nor in this are they much kinder than the Guardians of the Strand, who contrive to earn a pound or two by letting some spare ground just underneath their sick-room windows as a place for beating carpets, and distracting their poor patients with headaches and foul dust.

Disclosures such as these—and there are many still more shameful—surely ought to teach us not to put our trust in Bumbledom to take care of our sick poor. List to ERNEST HART—a HART that can feel for another—and no longer let the pauper sing in his sick room,—

"I am out of Humanity's reach,
To the winds I may sigh and may groan:
My complaints to the doctor ne'er reach,
For my nurse has a heart hard as stone."

The benevolent may know that a Society has been formed for the purpose of supplanting Bumbledom in illness, and improving the infirmaries supplied to workhouse folks. The scheme will doubtless be opposed by all the empty-headed parrots who prate about the virtues of local self-government, and the vices to which any central system of assistance infallibly will lead. But if we say that we are Christians, we must not shrink from Christian work. We must let no parrot cry dissuade us from our duty, even if we have to kick the Bumbles into space, and get fit guardians paid by Government to look to our sick poor.

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

DEPEND upon it, Sir, your only basis of happiness in wedlock is disinterested affection. You must be capable of feeling happy simply in the constant endeavour to please your wife without even the reward of success.

Your wife does not appreciate your anxiety to preserve her health, and your efforts to restore it? Of course not, Sir. Do you expect her to like restriction and physic? Illness is caused by enjoyment, and requires indulgence. She wants to be petted, not to be cured. She does not like you to wish that she should be better in any way than she is; and the knowledge that you are trying to render her less burdensome to you, makes her think you selfish.

Do I suppose that your acquaintance abuse you behind your back? Not any more, Sir, than they abuse each other.

REAL ENTHUSIASM.—PUMPS is such a thorough testotaller that he declares he would rather prefer a watery grave than be preserved in spirits.

THE POLICE AND THE PETTICOATS.



ou will find it stated
in *Le Follet* that—

"The size of the crinoline is very sensibly diminished, but it cannot be altogether dispensed with whilst the dresses are so very long."

"Sensibly diminished!" Well, any diminution of crinoline is sensible. But we fondly hoped that crinoline had gone quite out of fashion, and that nobody now wore it but snobesses and servants. However, it appears that, if we wish to see the last of it, we must wait a little longer. We must wait, in point of fact, until long dresses are made

shorter. Meanwhile, the pavements will be blocked, and men will be tripped up, and will tumble on their noses, yet the ladies will not baste one inch of their circumference. Until the mandate of the milliners goes forth to shorten sail, the ladies, bless them! will not take in a single stitch of canvas. In order to reduce the length and breadth of their offending, we wish SIR RICHARD MAYNE would plant policemen armed with scissors at the corners of the streets, and give them strict instructions that they "sensibly diminish" all excrescences of costume, whereby any one may anywhere be anyhow annoyed.

THE A.B.C. GUIDE.

THE Member for Tynemouth, in his maiden speech, alluded to the "jargon" by means of which historical truths are impressed upon the undergraduate mind by coaches; and MR. CARLYLE more recently denounced the same system at Edinburgh. Its advantages are nevertheless considerable. A boy who has to grasp and retain the fact that the Deluge happened before the siege of Jerusalem, and the latter event before the Norman Conquest, has simply to remember the formula *Del-seger-kont*; and by storing in his memory a few thousand pages of this agreeable reading, may have before him all the events of history in their proper order. It would doubtless be a gain if the same information could be conveyed through the medium of sense and not of nonsense; and we subjoin a short tale which will indicate at least the principle on which this might be done:—

A baldheaded Captain deliberately every Friday got horribly inebriated; jabbered (knowing little, maybe nothing, of political questions) republican sentiments to unappreciative visitors, who, exasperated, yawned zealously.

Any baby or neglected adult who has yet to learn his alphabet will find his task materially lightened if he will begin by mastering (which he will of course do without difficulty) the above engaging narrative.

THE SOLD ARMY SURGEONS.

SOME fuss has been made in the medical profession about an alleged breach of faith towards the medical officers of the Guards. Their grievance is, that whereas they were induced to enter that corps at the time of the Crimean war by the representation that promotion in the Guards was regimental, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF has recently signified his intent to fill an appointment of battalion surgeon therein by brigade promotion. This they regard as the introduction of a system which will inflict serious injury upon themselves, who entered under that of regimental promotion; inasmuch as it is likely to prevent them from ever reaching the higher grades in the service to which they would otherwise rise in due course. From the reply of the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON to impertinent questions in the House of Commons, it appears that the Government has no intention to take any measures for compelling his Royal Highness the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to observe any absurd punctilio in dealing with the medical officers of the Guards as to the fulfilment of a promise dictated by past expediency.

This is the way to treat those snobs of Army Surgeons. What if,

"SIX TO ONE, AND HALF-A-DOZEN TO THE OTHER."

M.P.'s who in glass-houses
Do live in state and ease,
Don't take to throwing stones
At each other, if you please.
When you talk of changing parties,
And jumping of Jam Crow,
Just think how oft the word with you
Has been "About you go!"

If DIMY's "cut for partners";
All round about the ring,
Left JONT HUME's protection
For LORD GEORGE BENTINCK's wing,
GLADSTONE, are "heaving at him"
His eloquent "half-brick"
Should think how *As* changed colours,
Ere he found one to stick.

When JOHN BRIGHT platform mince
Would rake up for his foe,
And finds "Dirty conspirator"
The handiest mud to throw—
Let him think how in the Lobby
He stood with Tory swells,
Along of China questions
And of ORIENT shells.

Think how each fellow Member
Is both a man and brother;
If six to one, 'tis odds it is
Half-dozen to the other.
Seeing the fragile fabrics
That for M.P.'s use are blown,
Stones likely to break windows
Had best be let alone.

notwithstanding that there are plenty of medical men, there were during the last year only seventeen candidates for the Army Medical Service, of whom seven were rejected? What though the *Times* is quite correct in the following statement:—

"That the public medical service is distasteful to the profession is shown in the small number entering and the large number of resignations after, as since 1850 up to the present time no less than 137 medical officers have left the Royal Navy, and during the same period 117 have voluntarily left the Army even after seventeen years' service."

A scarcity of surgeons in the Army and Navy is of very small importance in these weak piping times of peace. When war breaks out, then it will be soon enough to offer inducements sufficient to tempt medical gentlemen to accept commissions in the military and naval service. No doubt they will be caught as easily as others were caught before them, and the engagements into which it may be necessary to enter with them for that purpose, can afterwards, when peace is restored, be once more quietly broken, as usual, at the convenience of Head Quarters.

EXAMINATION PAPERS.

To Mr. Punch.

REVERED SIR, my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend,
Not long ago you were pleased to notice the edifying array of ponderous, octosyllabic learning with which certain of our medical teachers here are wont to garnish the Examination papers set before their admiring pupils; and, knowing how greatly you will rejoice to hear that these laudable exertions are not likely to be fruitless among our ingenious youth, I hasten to present for the diploma of your approving nod (yes, Sir, a five-pound note, if you please) this piece of very interesting and hopeful news. It is that a learned paper has just been read to one of our famed Medical Societies by its young and rising Secretary, on a remarkable case, lately met with in his practice, to which he has given the most worthy name of ANENCE-PHALATROPHIA; that is in the vernacular, under correction of your learned Toby, the wasting of a non-existent Brain, or, as it may be scholastically rendered, the microscopico-mist-ological annihilation of nothing. As was to be expected, the learned gentleman's observations tended somewhat to discredit the old Hypocritic dictum, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, and leaned rather to the more congenial doctrine of *similis similibus gaudet*. Believe me, much respected Sir,

Your most dutiful grand-nephew,
SAMUEL AGONISTES SWIPES, M.D.
(The younger).

Edinburgh, April 4th, 1866.



TRUE COURAGE.

That Dreadful Boy. "OH, AIN'T MARGARET BRAVE, THAT'S ALL! LAST NIGHT, WHEN SHE WAS IN THE GARDEN, I SAW A MAN JUMP OVER THE HEDGE, AND KISS HER. SHE WAS NOT A BIT AFRAID, AND SAID NOTHING ABOUT IT WHEN SHE CAME IN!"

A NEW PAPER.

(From our Colwell Hatchney Correspondent.)

You will be glad to hear that there is to be a new Journal started in this neighbourhood. It is called the *Colwell Hatchney Intellectual Observer*, with which will be incorporated *PETER'S Ghost*, and the Cherubs floating, in the advertisement poster, after *SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS*. A reduction will be made on taking a quantity, and schools will be treated with liberality; that is, if the boys subscribe a halfpenny each per week, they shall receive one presentation copy between them. The Journal will be published in time for the earliest trains, even at midnight; as arrangements have been entered into, whereby a blank sheet can be issued at any hour, rather than disappoint the subscribers.

Every Subscriber will be entitled to a glass of beer, on payment of a fixed sum, at any time of the day. The Prospectus is as follows:—

First, Leading Articles and Sonnets, which will supply a want of the day.

Notices, Conundrums, Kettle-drums, and Secret Intelligence, from all quarters of the globe, including Leicester Square.

A Column will be devoted entirely to Stops, such as Full-stops, Semi-colons, Colons, &c., &c., which the reader can use, as he likes, throughout the paper.

Half a column will be given up to broken English. The English will be broken, in type, by the Compositor and talented assistants.

Every half-hour a Balloon will ascend from the Office bearing the Editor.

Two columns and a half will be retained on the Establishment for their long services.

The Second Part will be a Concert, with grand muffin and crumpet solo. There will be Addresses to the Readers every other day, delivered from the front window of the Office.

Births, Deaths, and Marriages will be celebrated inside from ten to four. The Editor's Brother will be at home all day, and ready to fight any one of his own weight, size, and general personal appearance.

We shall have Shipping Intelligence, Anecdotes, and we shall publish

any letters we can get hold of under the heading of, Yours truly, Correspondence.

There will be an Indian Contributor down-stairs. No deception: any one may see him through the area-grating.

There will be five columns devoted to everything that comes too late for insertion.

Whatever appeared in our last will be put in our next, and so on.

We have got *MR. REUTER* to lend us a telegram wire, and we intend to do something with it.

Sporting Intelligence will meet with the most careful attention. A boy will come up from *MR. DORLING* every day, to play with the Editor.

There will be a bonfire on Saturday afternoon after office hours, and a dance of policemen.

We shall charge Sixpence for the first twenty copies, Ten-pence for every succeeding copy, and a small sum, to be named by the Clerk as his perquisite, for the last.

If our kind friends in front will only reward our endeavours to please, we can anticipate nothing but—happiness for the future of a Paper which adapts itself so exactly to our wants, our wishes, and our West End.

And so we bid you heartily farewell.

A Dangerous Companion.

AMONG other scientific novelties of mechanism, we see advertised, just now, a "patent self-acting corkscrew." This must be, no doubt, a vastly useful article, but we fancy at the same time that it must be slightly dangerous. If a self-acting corkscrew were admitted to our wine-cellar, there is no knowing what a quantity of corks would be heard popping. Conceive the horror and dismay of a connoisseur in port at finding his self-acting corkscrew hard at work, and drawing all the corks of his famous "thirty-four," and still more precious "twenty!" How crusty he would look at seeing such a waste of all his fine old crusted!



HUNTING IDIOT,

RETURNING FROM THE CHACE, PROPOSES TO "CHAFF THAT ARTIST FELLER."

Huntsman. "WHAT 'LL YEB TAKE ME FOR, GOV'NOUR!"*Painter (without the slightest hesitation).* "A SNOB!"

AN OCCUPATION FOR GRAND JURORS.

MR. PUNCH has very great pleasure in making the subjoined extract from the law report of last week's proceedings in the Central Criminal Court:—

"THE CASE OF MR. FERGUSON.

The Grand Jury, in the course of the day, ignored the Bill that was preferred against Mr. FERGUSON for wounding the policeman at Sydenham, and they at the same time expressed their opinion that in all cases where policemen in plain clothes were employed, some unmistakable means should be adopted, either by a staff or a warrant card, to show who they were, with a view to prevent the recurrence of a similar proceeding to the present."

Averse as Mr. Punch is to hazarding any remark that may tend to perpetuate a grievous bore to which housekeepers in the neighbourhood of London are liable, and subjected, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a million gratuitously, he nevertheless is bound to say that the Grand Jury at the Central Criminal Court, that ignored the Bill against Mr. FERGUSON, as Punch told them to do, proved that once in a way a Metropolitan Grand Jury can do a signal service to a public consisting of individuals any one of whom may, under circumstances, happen to be wrongfully committed for trial by an unwise Magistrate.

Grievous is the loss imposed on artists, literary persons, professional men, and others whose incomes are solely derived from their personal work, by the summons which drags them away from their occupation for days together to perform a merely nominal duty at the Clerkenwell Sessions House, or the Old Bailey. Horrid is the nuisance to which they are thus subjected, and great is their affliction in having to brook the insolence of the officials with whom they are brought in contact. For the future, however, any decent men who have had the misfortune to be impressed for the odious service of Metropolitan Grand Jurors, may derive some solace under their calamity from making a point of doing what is simply their duty, in throwing out the Bill against every prisoner whom they find to have been unnecessarily committed. Every gentleman will do wisely to consider that the case of a prisoner wrong-

fully or falsely accused, and committed on insufficient evidence, may be his own to-morrow.

One Magistrate may send a man for trial, on a criminal indictment, for having wounded an assailant in lawful self-defence. Another scruples not to consign a respectable man, foully accused, to the dock on the uncorroborated evidence of a single witness. The Home Office never notices these injurious acts of its stipendiary subordinates. Gentlemen who can sympathise with the victim of perjury in the witness-box, and of cynical obtuseness, on the police-court bench, to the anxiety and expense entailed by a groundless commitment, will therefore, when serving under compulsion on Grand Juries, perhaps, in future, be pleased to look sharply out for opportunities of throwing out Bills which are unfounded in law or unsupported by testimony, though backed by a Magistrate's mittimus. And, for the sake of everybody, their own inclusive, let them never forget to accompany their presentment with a weighty censure of the Magistrate.

A TELEGRAM.

DEAR PUNCH,

Albion Cottage, Old England.

I AM desirous to be "up, down, fly, and awake," to everything, but the accompanying from the *Daily Telegraph*, just does knock me over:—

"In one thing alone do we differ from them—that we will not consent to have a truncated history of the British Empire, ending with the apothecia of the ten-pound householder."

I have submitted this to various friends, and they all cry a go, except one 'cute young lady, who thinks it refers to the Underground Railway. Can you give any information on the subject? and oblige,

Yours truly,

NIX.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PUNCH makes Dios in the genitive case, and a schoolmaster, not being able to discover why, hanged himself, so his pupils had a holiday. It ended, however, as did the Easter holiday of Parliament. The Commons met again on *Monday*, April 9th. The **SPEAKER** re-appeared among them, and gracefully thanked the House for its kindness during his illness. **MR. ROXBURGH**, on a Gas Bill debate, declared his conviction that there was not a single Gas Company in London that was not cheating. The House cheered him, and by a large majority sent the Bill of the new Company for consideration by a Committee.

Being the Opening Day, the House discussed Oysters. We are happy to say that the Ministers are awake to the importance of the subject, and will bring in an Oyster Reform Bill very soon. Due provision will be made for a large re-distribution of spat. By the way, would **PROFESSOR ARY** call little oysters oysteroids?

Many matters were talked over, such as the National Gallery, which all condemn, and which is, we hope, doomed; (ha! ha!) the decay in the stone of Parliament Palace, whereon **COWPER** spoke comfortingly; and seat accommodation for the Members, whom **MR. DARBY GRIFFITH** wants to arrange in a semi-circle, French fashion. **MR. GLADSTONE** made some really good fun at the expense of **MR. HOBSMAN**, who had complained that he had no regular seat. There was also Patent-Office talk. But **Mr. Punch**, who thirsts to chronicle the Great Fight, grudges every line to these small quarrels.

Tuesday. **SIR JOHN GRAY** moved a resolution condemnatory of the Irish Church. **MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE**, for Government, agreed that the Church was a nuisance, but as Government could not at present abate it, he opposed an abstract resolution. The **O'DONOGHUE** spoke brilliantly against the Church and the Minister. **MR. WHITESIDE** made one of his best speeches, a dashing defence of the Irish Church, on the ground that its rights were bound up with those of all property, and also that though certainly a mere numerical argument showed that it was not the real Church of Ireland, it was dear to all the respectable people in the island. The debate was adjourned for a fortnight. "*Inter arma silet Ecclesia.*"

Wednesday. A Vaccination Debate. Government is bent upon carrying a complete system of compulsory vaccination, and a Select Committee, to which the Bill is referred, is not to alter its principle. And, Lawyers, you may like to know that we voted a trifle, (£600,000) towards the price of the Temple of Justice. Then we parted, on the Eve of the Battle.

Calmness, immediately before a great undertaking, is the sign of a Great Creature. Though evidence of **Mr. Punch's** greatness is absurdly supererogatory, he smiles, and interpolates a remark by a brother senator, who observed that the Reform Bill was not healthy, for the Heir of Westminster disagreed with it.

Thursday. The great **Punch**, mindful of the ancient traditions, and resolute

stare super vias antiquas, only there are no old streets left to stare at, (thanks to Railway Vandalism), utters one majestic invocation, and then rushes at his work.

"Nunc age, qui reges, Erato.

Dicam horrida bella.

Dicam acies.

Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.

Majus opus moveo."

MR. GLADSTONE, Chancellor of the Exchequer, moved the Second Reading of the Representation of the People Bill, inaccurately described as the Reform Bill, whereof it is part only. But as, in the Jacobite days, folks who did not wish to quarrel called **CHARLES EDWARD** neither "Prince" nor "Pretender," but "Chevalier," let us call this measure the Franchise Bill, and for short, the F. B.

MR. GLADSTONE, instead of merely moving the Second Reading, delivered a long and able address. He went into reasons for introducing the Bill. **MR. JOHN MURRAY** had kindly allowed him to see the new number of the *Quarterly*, just before its publication, and there is in it a slashing article against the Bill. This article received the honour of quotation by **MR. GLADSTONE**, and some of its statements he described (with a Shakespearian quotation) as lies. Some persons think that the writer is in the House. He then proceeded to dilate upon the improved condition of the working class, owing to religion, education, and the penny press, which latter he praised sky-high. He urged that the working class had five-twelfths of the income of the country, and only one-seventh of its electoral power. That they would not, as apprehended, vote *en masse*. That they will not be able to rise, in any fair proportion, to the franchise, for that it at present excludes any man who cannot earn 35s. a week. That calculations as to the expected transfer of power showed that, should the Bill pass, the working classes would be in a minority in 538 seats, against 120 seats in which they might be in a majority. He then adverted to re-distribution, and again refused to proceed with any other part of the subject until after the Second Reading. Then Ministers would review their position. It would be impossible for the new electors to come into existence till the end of 1867, so that there was plenty of time to discuss the Re-Distribution Bill; and if Members liked to give up the partridges, and have a late Session, Ministers, though they might be pale and languid, would come up to the work. After a few adroit lunges at **MR. LOWE**, **MR. GLADSTONE** concluded thus:—

"Enough and more than enough there has been already of bare, idle, mocking words. Deeds are what is wanted. I beseech you to be wise, and, above all, to be wise in time."

Sapere aude is **Mr. Punch's** favourite motto, and he does not say scornfully, with *Rob Roy*, "much dare there is in it." On the contrary, a truly wise man is the bravest man going. It occurs to **Mr. Punch**, while freely extolling his friend **MR. GLADSTONE's** genius, which was much more fully vindicated in this speech than in any which he has yet made on the subject, that his wisdom would have shown itself more richer in laying his Re-Distribution Bill on the table, and telling the House what was in it. Mark what was said by subsequent speakers.

MR. LOWE interpolated a defence of himself from the charge of having slandered the working classes, and declared that he had alluded only to existing constituencies. Something too much of this. **MR. LOWE** is, as **MR. GLADSTONE** said, a man of extraordinary intellectual power, but he is not everybody.

EARL GROSVENOR then moved his amendment, which is to the effect that we will not discuss the F. B. until we have the whole scheme of Reform before us. [Note, such of you as have not **WALFORD** or **DOD** at hand. **HUGH LUTCE**, Earl Grosvenor, born 1825, married the **LADY CONSTANCE GERTRUDE**, youngest daughter of the late **DUKE OF SUTHERLAND**. This happy incident in his life we mention for a reason.] The Earl said that he should not have moved his Amendment without having taken the advice of men in high position. He had for years been proud to follow **EARL RUSSELL**. But the Government, failing to consult the feelings and wishes of the great majority of the Whig party, and going for counsel to the **BRIGHT** party, had left their old traditions, and, consequently, some members of that House would prefer the interests of their country to their allegiance to the Minister. No Reform Bill would pass that was not in harmony with the feelings of the Whigs and the Opposition. **LORD GROSVENOR** is not in the habit of speaking, and it would be impertinence to call him an orator, but he acquitted himself in a manly and English fashion of a difficult and unpleasant duty.

LORD STANLEY seconded the Amendment in one of his best speeches. He inherits the **DERBY** power of rapid retort.

MR. GLADSTONE, in quoting the *Quarterly*, which had alluded to "the gallant American Confederacy," intimated that the Conservatives had desired to go to war for that Confederacy. They never, said LORD STANLEY, made any suggestion of the kind, but the nearest approach to a recognition of the Confederates was made by MR. GLADSTONE himself, who declared that PRESIDENT DAVIS "had not only created an army, but made a nation." Very well hit, LORD STANLEY. He grappled fearfully with the Minister, and told him, point-blank, that he was afraid to trust the House of Commons. He knew perfectly well what his re-distribution scheme was, but was afraid to tell, lest it should be objectionable, and then the Franchise Bill would not pass a Second Reading. Very well, then let him look out in Committee. Moreover, there were schedules and boundaries to be discussed, and the fate of a constituency might depend on its Member's conduct to Government. It would be impossible to pass the Re-Distribution Bill this year, and who could answer for the events of twelve months? He scoffed at the BRIGHT invitation to a crowd, but warned the friends of the Bill that such a demonstration would array the upper and middle classes against Reform. LORD STANLEY added, that he would not oppose a Second Reading merely because he disapproved of portions of a Bill, but he wanted the whole scheme. He would not trust the most skilful architect who would not give in a general plan of a house, but wanted to build room by room, on the assurance that he knew his business. Mr. *Punch*, writing for the Ages, records that on a very important occasion, LORD STANLEY showed himself a gallant Parliamentary soldier.

MR. (ROCHESTER) MARTIN objected to the disfranchisement of the dockyard men. Had they not given up Easter Monday to help to launch the *Northumberland*? He supported the Bill. MR. HOBSFALL, Member for Liverpool, opposed it. MR. JONATHAN PIM, Dublin, a Liberal, also opposed it as fragmentary.

The Secretary for War, LORD HARTINGTON (Whig, *par sang*, son of a Devonshire) by the daughter of a Carlisle, answered his Whig friend LORD GLOUCESTER. He instinctively addressed himself to a sort of repudiation of the charge of seeking counsel from low Radicals, declaring that of four of MR. BRIGHT's demands, three had been rejected. He regretted that the Earl had separated himself from the party with which he and his Ancestors had acted. He believed that no one doubted EARL RUSSELL's sincerity. The young Minister's other arguments were neatly delivered, but he was not over-prudent, and did not seem to have been at drill under his chiefs.

Another JONATHAN arose, even the brother of the late SIR ROBERT PEEL. This sporting Tory general made a speech so amusing that nobody could be offended, though he gave his enemies some good hard pokes. He contended that Liberal Governments were always in mischief, the *Habeas Corpus* in Ireland was always suspended when EARL RUSSELL was in, and after dilating with great delight upon all sorts of disasters, which he attributed to a reformed Parliament, he turned upon MR. BRIGHT, and cheerfully assured him that the people would prefer that the Thames should flow with blood than that QUEEN VICTORIA should be turned away to make room for a Republic. Of course he opposed the Bill, and said that the re-distribution would make it worse. GENERAL PEEL ended by intimating that those who supported a Bill of which they really disapproved were, as ACHILLES said, faithful towards Hell. We suppose that he found out the name of ACHILLES when considering how to christen a racer, but who gave him the quotation?

MR. KINGLAKE having awarded himself praise for extorting the promise of a Re-Distribution Bill, and MR. BANKS STAMFORD having declared that though LORD PALMERSTON was buried, the country remembered his principles, and that the House would not be dictated to by MR. BRIGHT, we adjourned about one o'clock. Ladies will take notice that MR. AYTON wished us to go on till three or four, and protested against the "unorionousness" which made Senators so eager to go home. Really, MR. AYTON! Have you been reading Pops?

"Shall, then, Uxorino talk away till dawn,
Bear home at six, and make his lady yawn?"

Friday. MR. BAKER, of Montrose, spoke neatly for the Bill. SIR BULWER LYTTON, against it, gave a true artist's testimony to the character of the humbler worker, but urged that, while the correction of abuses was reform, the transfer of power was revolution. His felicitous phrases and apt anecdotes delighted the House, and the cheering was unusually protracted. Another intellectual treat, of a different kind, was then offered to the Commons by MR. MILL, who argued that this was a Conservative measure, as it provided for the representation of classes, not numbers; and he drew a hopeful picture of the many reforms which he believed would be effected by a House in which the influence of the working class should be felt.

Everybody then rushed away to dinner, leaving the SPEAKER to the tender mercies of MR. LIDDELL, who opposed, MR. HANBURY, who supported, MR. SELWIN (not SELWYN, if you please), who opposed, and SIR F. GOLDSMID, who supported.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU had been engaged, he said, for some time, in picking little pieces out of the speeches which MR. GLADSTONE has delivered during many years, and he favoured the House by reading

these scraps in proof of MR. GLADSTONE's self-contradictory habits. MR. GLADSTONE showed how profoundly he felt so terrible an attack, by smilingly correcting his Lordship for improperly introducing the word "and" into a quotation from SHAKESPEARE—perhaps a more fatal epigram was never acted in the House.

The HOME SECRETARY energetically argued that an increase of the constituency was a national gain, and also declared that a Re-Distribution of Seats was a vital part of Reform. SIR GLOUCESTER went at his work with all his usual rapidity, and with an animation which he does not always exhibit.

MR. LAING contended that the real difficulty arose, not from any demerits in the working classes, but from their great numbers, and he predicted many evils from democracy, especially the overthrow of the wise political economy which the educated classes had only lately comprehended.

Midnight came, and with it adjournment. The uxorious went home to supper, and the luxurious to gin-sling and cigars at the Clubs, where also was discussed the event of the day, the Great Metropolitan, well won by *Treasure Trove*. For roses must be heeded as well as Reforms.

"FOLLOW MY LEADER."

THERE'S a game that's played in a certain place,
Not a hundred miles from St. Stephen's,
Far better than Rounders, or Prisoners' Base,
Hop-Scotch, or Odds and Evens.
This pretty game for little M.P.'s,
—And won beside the scudder!—
Means "Go where I like, and vote as I please,"
And its name is "Follow my Leader."

The M.P. who joins in this nice little game,
Must never care what's before him;
Be it water to drown, or timber to lame,
All he has to do's—get o'er 'em.
Though a bog's in the way, or a nice stiff clay,—
Of his steps no picker or weeder—
He must flounder on as well as he may—
'Tis the rule in "Follow my Leader."

If he see a gap wide open stand,
When his leader a bullfinch rushes,
He must not swerve to either hand,
But face the blackthorn bushes.
Though never a rag be left on his back,
And every briar's a bleeder,
He must hark to the whip, and hunt with the pack,—
Or it isn't "Follow my Leader."

If there's a bridge across a ditch,
In the line his leader's making,
And the leader choose to go in full pitch,
His header he must be taking.
No matter how black, no matter how green,
Mud below, and a-top duckweed ar,
He must go the whole hog, and emerge unclean,
But faithful to "Follow my Leader."

No doubt this nice little Westminster game,
Can boast its *rationale*,
Though it might be hard to approve the same,
Out of STUART, or MILL, or PALLEY.—
That when Reason says "Right," and party "Left,"
No M.P. is bound to heed her;
Or he'll find himself put in the stick called "clef,"
By the players at "Follow my Leader."

You're in the train and must spin along,
Nor meddle with brakes and buffers;
If you are right when your party's wrong,
And you say so, your party suffers.
As balm for a bruise, or detergent for dirt,—
(Says your Parliament special-pleader)—
There's no pain in blows, and no stain in dirt,
When they're got at "Follow my Leader."

THE WORST FOR A HUNDRED!

WHAT kind of medicine ought to be given to a child ailing with cruel father? A mild aperient! (*A milder pa-ri-ent.*)

WHAT the builders of the Iron-clad *Northumberland* wish? That she would give them the Slip.

WHAT A PITY THE RACE OF CENTAURS HAS BECOME EXTINCT!



DEGRADING SPECTACLE! UOH!



EXCITING RACE.



"ANY SPARRERGRASS, MUM?"



BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S.



CENT'ORSEGUARDS.



THE "ROW."



BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

MR. PUNCH. "BUSINESS IS BUSINESS, JOHN. IF YOU HAD BROUGHT THAT BEFORE, THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO WORDS BETWEEN US."

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE been studying the Pictorial History of England on a new principle; in other words, I have been to the National Portrait Exhibition. I have seen a thousand pictures of my countrymen and countrywomen, of whom nearly everyone is a Worthy or an Unworthy, and all playing a part in the great British Drama. In the first Act I revived my acquaintance (my original introduction being through Mrs. MARKHAM) with ROSEBUD CLIFFORD and WILLIAM WALLACE; in the closing scene I bowed to ARABELLA CHURCHILL and the DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

I have gone through so many reigns, seen so many great men and beautiful women, had my thoughts drawn to such a number of reddened scaffolds and bloody battle-fields, noticed such extraordinary diversities of gowns and bodices, kirtles and fardingales, jewels and trinkets, modes of dressing the hair, and fashions of artificial stimulants applied to the female figure, ranging over the entire millinery and dress-making of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts—to say nothing of robes and surcoats, doublets and trunk-hose, jerkins and scaly armour, wigs, beards, and moustaches, sleeves slashed and heads sheared off, that I am a little confused in my recollections of the Exhibition, and unable to do more for the present than gossip about my general impressions. As proof, I find myself in the retrospect assassinating the wrong man, or executing a duke who died peacefully and ducally in his coroneted four-poster. I am continually making mistakes in the series of HENRY THE EIGHTH'S wives, and, in Plantagenet times, interpolating a HENRY where a RICHARD rightfully comes, or omitting an insignificant EDWARD altogether. By incessant practice I have mastered the names of the "Cabal," and no longer confuse PHILIP and ALGERNON SIDNEY. The various Dukes of Norfolk (every other beheaded, or imprisoned for the best half of his life in the Tower), of Hamilton, Richmond, and Northumberland, the conflicting Earls of Essex, the succession of Fairfaxes, mix themselves up in a historical kaleidoscope, wherein much of the material is crimson as blood and sable as night.

Two questions will be asked about the Portrait Exhibition, the answers to which had better at once be supplied in your pages. Where is it? What is it?

Where is it?—In the arcades and galleries overlooking the Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington, once thronged by the visitors to the International Exhibition seeking beer and buns, sandwiches and sherry, partaking of dinners approved by a committee of taste, and light refreshments not always satisfactorily represented by heavy pork-pies. These arcades, where you can no more madden waiters already in a distracted frame of mind from having to attend fourteen people at a time, all equally hungry and thirsty and clamorous, but in which you may, instead, feast your eyes on the likenesses of twenty generations of the good and the evil, the ugly and the handsome, the craven and the brave, resting undisturbed in their frames, and untouched by all perplexities of carving, except in connection with gilding, are divided into roomy bays, in any one of which you may come to an anchor with satisfaction, may hanker after a bold seaman or a subtle statesman, with the restraining reflection that the police have their eye upon you and the pictures day and night, or, anchorite though you are, may be witched by some saucy NELL or imperious LOUISE, who had kings for her lovers and queens for her baffled rivals.

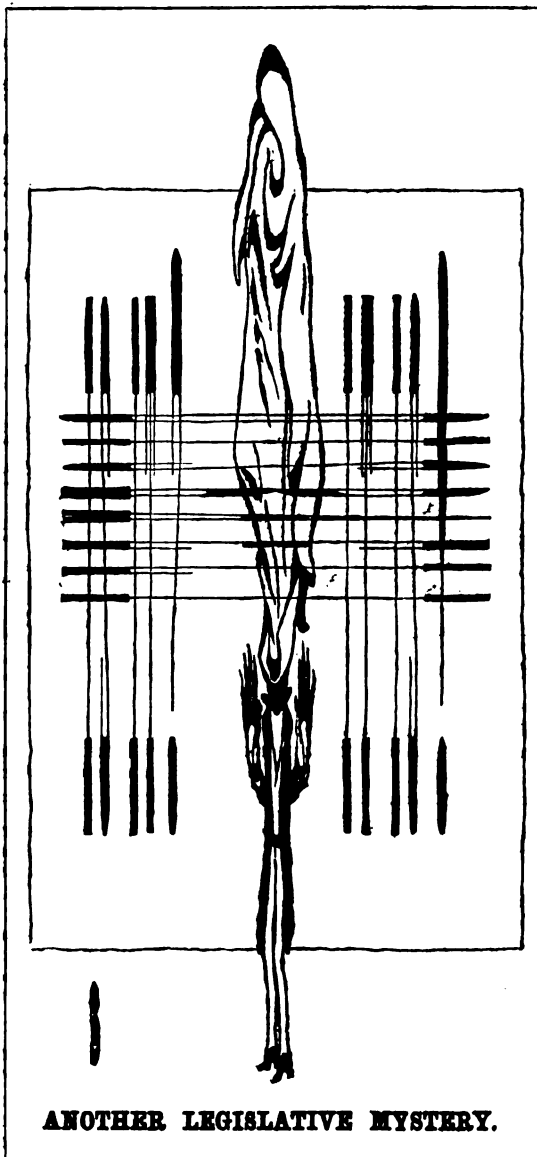
What is it?—A collection, hung by reigns, of more than a thousand portraits of men and women, and graceful and lovely children, reaching

from the time when WILLIAM OF WYKHAM kept the Privy Seal of England, and WYCLIFFE preached Protestantism in Lutterworth Church, to the days when JAMES THE SECOND flung the Great Seal of England into the Thames, and JEFFREYS had to hide himself at Wapping, to escape a thrashing or something worse; a long line, not of Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, or Masters of Hounds, or City aldermen, or provincial mayors, but of kings and king-makers, cardinals possessing all the cardinal virtues, bishops whom WORDSWORTH has celebrated in his poem of "*We are Seven*," bishops sometimes translating but oftener translated, great ministers like BURGHLEY, great ministers like BAXTER, jesters and judges, dwarfs and divines, wits and warriors, scholars and sailors, musicians and physicians, astronomers and astrologers, loyalists and royalists, round-heads and republicans, martyrs and confessors, reformers of a kind differing from GLADSTONE and BRIGHT, standard-bearers and carriers, poets and painters, courtiers and carpenters, sextons and surgeons, some famous, some forgotten, all claiming and filling their niche in the National Walhalla.

Husbands and wives long parted are once more side by side; friends see each other's faces after centuries of separation. FULKE GREVILLE gazes down on PHILIP SIDNEY, ERASMUS can again gossip with SIR THOMAS MORE, RIZZIO is playing the violin near MARY Queen of Scots, SHAKESPEARE and BEN JONSON are close enough for more "wit combats," and BRAUMONT and FLETCHER have only a wall between them. You may be fascinated by all styles of woman's beauty, from the eyes and shoulders of HORTENSE MANCINI, which say "Dangerous" as plainly as the boards of the Royal Humane Society on the Serpentine, to the grand, thoughtful, enduring face of ELIZABETH, Princess of England and Queen of Bohemia, suggesting good thoughts and great deeds, and assuring us of a noble woman's noble life. You may see countenances crafty and cruel, faithful and false, as wise as they are ugly, as pretty as they are insane; you may try to extract the secrets of men's lives from the expression of their features; you may read the whole history of a reign in the red line that is proxy for a mouth in MARY TUDOR's face; and you may form a rough estimate (particularly if a married man) of the amount of her sister ELIZABETH's milliners' bills, from the variety and magnificence of her dresses. But now for a first warning. Are you well up in the history of your country? If not, if a Civil Service Examination would have terrors that no prospect of an income of your own could allay, before you visit "Arcadia" and mingle with the heroes and heroines who people its realms, read HUME, peruse SMOLLETT, consult LINGARD, enjoy MACAULAY, loiter over FROUDE, beg GRAINGER, and borrow LODGE.

For a second warning. O young man, if thou art going with the beloved of thy soul, if thou art pledged to escort beauty that now enwraps itself in Lyons silk and Cluny lace, and will get many a hint from the mantle-making and hair-dressing approved by its ancestresses and foremothers, be ready with thy dates and facts, thy apt stories and fitting quotations; be prepared in the Wars of the Roses, the queens of the eighth HENRY, the favourites and great captains of ELIZABETH, the sorrows and sufferings of her cousin MARY; throw thyself into the battles and sieges of the Rebellion, pass a "self-denyng ordinance" against Operas and Theatres and Balls, and shut thyself up in thy closet with CLARENDON and RUSKIN, with FORSTER and CARLYLE, that there may be no confusion in thy statements between HENRY's three KATHARINES, between the CROMWELL of the Reformation and the CROMWELL of the Commonwealth, between PLYNNE and PYM, between CHIFFINCH and CHICHELEY, between ORLANDO and GRIMLING GIBBONS.

MARKHAM CLETON.



ANOTHER LEGISLATIVE MYSTERY.



AN AWFUL DESPOT.

Recruit (appealingly). "BUT, SAIBREANT——"

Drill Instructor (taking him up with terrible abruptness and contempt). "'BUT, SAIBREANT!' NOT A WAR-R-D! BAH! I TELL YE—YE CAN CONCEIVE NOTHIN'—AND YAIR MIND'S MADN O' DAIR-BT!"

AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA ;

OR, THE GAME OF BRAG.

PRUSSIA was a robber,
Austria was a thief;
Prussia and Austria
Stole a Danish fief.

Prussia said to Austria,
"Leave the swag alone."
Austria said to Prussia,
"When you drop your bone."

Prussia said to Austria,
"You don't mean to go?"
Austria said to Prussia,
"Out of Holstein? No."

Prussia said to Austria,
"Wherefore do you arm?"
Austria said to Prussia,
"Of *you* in alarm."

Prussia said to Austria,
"I don't mean to fight;
Austria said to Prussia,
"My intention, quite."

Prussia said to Austria,
"Drop your warlike game."
Austria said to Prussia,
"When you do the same."

Prussia said to Austria,
"What's the end to be?"
Austria said to Prussia,
"Hit me, and you'll see."

Prussia said to Austria,
"Come, this brag won't do."
Austria said to Prussia,
"Sir, the same to you."

Prussia said to Austria,
"I'll the Diet try."
Austria said to Prussia,
"Thank you, so will I."

DIET AND REGIMEN.—Those who live on *Sponge Cake* must often eat *Humble Pie*.

LAUNCHING BY "LEVITATION."

MR. PUNCH,

So the *Northumberland* remains stuck hard and fast, and the question, how to get her off, awaits solution. There are objections against attempting to buoy her with bales of cotton, or trying to lift her with balloons. These operations would require rather more than an easily procurable quantity of cotton, silk, and gas. The whole pavement of the town of Basingstoke was, some years ago, raised by a crop of toadstools springing up beneath it, and this fact has suggested the application of expansive-fungus-growth power to raising the *Northumberland*, which no doubt it would be equal to, if we could grow large enough mushrooms, but, in the present state of horticulture we cannot; although they do sometimes, particularly in the Autumn, when Parliament is not sitting, attain to vast dimensions.

Sir, though I am certainly not a universal sceptic, I am as certainly a sceptic on one particular point—the subject of Spiritualism. That is to say, I doubt whether the sort of faith or philosophy so-called, is founded on any basis of truth whatever. Your discernment will see that this incertitude about the possibility that Spiritualism is not all humbug, is, in the estimation of that common sense which repudiates the supernatural, equivalent to an implicit and unhesitating belief in it, and the whole of its alleged marvels.

As a notoriously confirmed believer in Spiritualism, then, permit me, through the medium of your ubiquitous periodical, to propose that, by way of an *experimentum crucis* for testing its truth or fallacy, a trial be made to move the *Northumberland* by the forces it is said to be capable of exerting. Being an iron vessel, the *Northumberland* might be expected to prove sensitive to any influence of a nature similar to that of magnetism.

Spiritualists and their opponents, I am sure, will alike agree that if it is true that spirits can lift MR. HOME from the floor of a drawing-room to the ceiling, and carry him about there, they may also be able, for aught we know, to lift a ship into the water. All that would be wanted

would be a sufficiency of spirit-power. That would be insured by the agency of a sufficient number of hands. All hands, then, Spiritualists, on board the *Northumberland*, with MR. HOME at the head of you, and after him MR. WILLIAM HOWITT, MR. SAMUEL CARTER HALL, and me, if you will have me.

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN would perhaps consent to attend and see fair play. FARADAY would not come, unfortunately, nor SIR DAVID BREWSTER, which is not so much to be regretted, for perhaps the *Northumberland* might seem to him to move, and yet he might not be sure if it moved or not, as in the case of the table.

I need not enlarge on one immense recommendation of the attempt to stir the *Northumberland* by the aid of Spiritualism. That is the absolute inexpensiveness of Spiritual force. It is well known that MR. HOME religiously abstains from taking sixpence for the manifestations which occur in his presence. MRS. MARSHALL, I believe, is a paid medium, and that is the reason why, not wishing to propose the expenditure of five shillings of the public money on a *séance*, I did not recommend the appointment of that party to lead the party of Spiritualists which I should like to see formed for the purpose of endeavouring to set the *Northumberland* afloat.

Believe me, Mr. Punch, in sober earnest, ever faithfully yours,

TOM CHAMBERS.

P.S. Admit no Reporters.

2. P.S. Nor BALLANTINE.

Social Note.

WHEN a man uses the phrase "Every one says," what number of persons does he mean? If he is asked he will probably find some difficulty in fixing the number at seven.

WHY is the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland beneficial to the Fenians? Because it quickens their apprehension.



AN ILL-TIMED JEST.

"WHY, UNCLE, YOU BRAGGED YOU COULD TAKE TWO BOTTLES LAST NIGHT, AND A LITTLE 'DROP' LIKE THIS FLOORS YOU IN THE MORNING!"

SOME THINGS MR. PUNCH THINKS ABOUT A CERTAIN BILL.

THAT a great deal of humbug is talked about Reform.

That this humbug isn't confined to either side of the question.

That they who say the country is enthusiastic about the Franchise Bill, talk palpable "bosh."

That those who say the Franchise Bill is revolutionary, talk "bosh" just as palpable.

That England never can be a democratic country.

That those who are afraid of leavening our aristocratic institutions with more equalising influences, are the legitimate successors of Mrs. PARTINGTON.

That the social effects of railways, telegraphs, penny papers, co-operative societies, working-men's clubs, and industrial exhibitions must have their reflection and complement in political changes also.

That the only political change really to be feared is one that should secure the predominance of any one class in the Legislature.

That in weighing the mischief of such predominance, it matters little what the dominant class may be.

That just now the only legislation about which the working classes much concern themselves, is legislation affecting the relations of capital and labour.

That on this subject the notions of the working men, so far as they have a class colouring at all, are nearer those of the old "Cannon Ball" Tories than any other party in Parliament.

That the material prosperity of England depends mainly on her manufactures, trade and commerce.

That the prosperity of manufactures, trade, and commerce depends mainly on sound political economy.

That the only well grounded fear of working-class influence in Parliament arises from their unsound political economy.

That the first party to go to the wall, under that influence, would be the great capitalist employers of labour.

That though *Punch* may believe the working-man's political economy to be unsound, he would like to see it fairly represented, discussed, and fought out in Parliament.

That for this purpose *Mr. Punch* would hail organs of the working men in Parliament.

That, for the same reason, *Mr. Punch* would not, by any means, hail a majority of such organs.

That, till *Mr. Punch* knows how seats are to be distributed, he can't imagine how many of such organs are likely to be returned to Parliament.

That, therefore, if, happily for his country, *Mr. Punch* were in Parliament, he would certainly vote against the Second Reading of any Franchise Bill, unless he first knew how Members were to be assigned among the constituencies it enlarged.

That *Mr. Punch* feels this point to be vital.

A MODEL MERCHANT.

QUOTH the American Minister, the other evening, at the Mansion House:—

"MR. GEORGE PEABODY is a singular man. He is a man of remarkable character, being, I might almost say, a species by himself."

Singular man! Yes, verily, there is but one GEORGE PEABODY, and thousands by him profit. We should like to see this singular man plural, we confess. The Peabody species is one well worthy of development; and come, there is no harm in hinting how we might extend it. Imitation is allowed to be the truest form of flattery. Perhaps a few of our rich merchants will imitate GEORGE PEABODY? Why should they not take a leaf out of his book, and one out of their own cheque-books? By his generous gift to London he rescues nigh a thousand Londoners from wretchedness and dirt. Why should not half a score or so of our great merchant princes resolve to do the like? Thanks to railways, and embankments, and valley elevations, a number of poor Londoners are turned daily out of doors, and know not where to find clean lodging. Don't be backward, kind rich gentlemen, in housing the poor houseless. Who will first step forward and "say ditto" to GEORGE PEABODY?

Who were the original bogtrotters? The Fenians.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

AFTER reading up the *Institutes of Justinian*, all the volumes of GIBBON'S *Rome*, refreshing ourselves with an abridgment by KNIGHTLEY, and a *Catechism of History for the Use of Schools*, we, DR. GOODCHILD and myself, went to see *Theodora* at the Surrey. DR. GOODCHILD took his eldest boy, aged ten, to see the performance, because he looked upon the entertainment as highly instructive. On our road he catechised the unfortunate child, who, having utterly failed to distinguish between the several Cæsars, was on the point of weeping bitterly when we arrived at the theatre. We were courteously received by the officials, one of whom, for a consideration, provided us with bills of the play, which bills, we, contrary to DR. GOODCHILD'S principles, accepted, and then took our seats in the stalls.

We were obliged to begin with the Second Act, because the first was just finishing as we entered. This was of minor importance, seeing that there was an interval of nineteen years, which the audience had to suppose was elapsing while the band played two polkas and a waltz.

Little MASTER GOODCHILD was very sorry to have missed the First Act, in which, he had understood from his Papa, there was a Circus. As his ideas of a Circus were derived entirely from a travelling one which he had seen in the country, he expressed himself much disappointed at not having seen the Clown and "Billy Button's Ride to Brentford," or something of that sort. This regret evoked from the Doctor a short lecture on the ancient Circus, and its degenerate imitation in these modern times. The Curtain rose on Act II. as DR. GOODCHILD was explaining the office of a Retiarina, and the use of the prongs to the poor boy, who, I dare swear, heartily wished that his parent had remained at home.

ACT II.

Encampment of the Roman Army beneath the Walls of Carthage.

Enter Roman Guards, Yellow-haired Mercenaries, and Gentlemen of the colour of the Country, i.e. Black Guards. Chorus of Soldiers drinking out of Cups of the period, closely resembling circular soap dishes.

Elderly Gentleman (to his Son). The Romans used to drink out of those sort of cups.

Inquiring Boy of Ten (to his Papa's Friend). What have they got in those cups?

Papa's Friend. Eh? oh, nothing.

Inquiring Boy (perseveringly). But what did the Romans drink?

Papa's Friend (wishing the boy hadn't been brought out). Wine.

Inquiring Boy. But what wine?

Papa's Friend (tries to recollect his Classics, and is about to suggest "nectar," but remembers something about "nectar fit for the Gods," and says cunningly). Ask your Papa.

Boy (to Papa). Papa! What wine?

Papa. Eh? (takes the opportunity for instruction). Well, (solemnly) the—is going to say "Romans," but feeling uncertain as to whether his remarks do not apply to the Greeks as well, substitutes "the Ancients;" the Ancients knew several sorts of wine, (loudly for the information of the front row of the pit just behind him,) the Falernian, the Chian, the Lesbian, the—

Front Row of Pit. Sessh! 'Old yer row, will yer?

Elderly Gentleman (looks round indignantly, and adds defiantly). And the Mamertine.

Front Row of Pit (joined for the sake of a row by the Gallery above). Turn 'im out!

Miriam (a Female Villain on the stage). You (to Philip, Son of Creon) will go to Constantinople.

Creon (with Hebraic pronunciation). Yeah, to Consantantinople.

Jovial Person in Gallery (who knows a popular comic song about the place, sings) "C. o. n., with a Con."

Gallery. Or—der! Turn 'im out! (Row.)

Creon (telling his private history). Yeah, she 'ad robbed me of all but you. Take thish; and show it 'er. (Gives a casket.) Life is but a Noahsis (he means "an oasis") in the desert.

[Troops arrive, his Son departs for Constantinople.]

ENTR'ACTE.

*Elderly Gentleman. Splendid scenery. (He has been recalling all he knows about wine, and now says to his Son.) There were several sorts of wine. Some was obtained before the grapes had been fully trodden; that was called the *mustum livium*. Then there was the *mustum tortivum*. You know what I told you about the Cæsars?*

Son. Yea. (Band plays and distracts his Papa's attention. To Papa's friend in a whisper.) Isay, shall we see the Clown and the red-hot poker?

Papa's Friend (explains). No, this isn't a Pantomime. It's a drama.

Inquiring Son. What's a drama?

Papa's Friend. Well—um—a—a—drama is a sort of a—or in fact a play—(is satisfied)—yes, a play—(is dissatisfied with his definition)—a

play in which there's an interest—a—(gets out of the difficulty)—But you're not old enough to understand that yet.

[*Son wishes he was "in stick-ups," and the Third Act commences.*]

ACT III.

Beautiful Scene, representing Byzantine Court of Elephants in Constantinople.

Elderly Gentleman (reading from bill). "JUSTINIAN delighted to enrich and ennoble the object of his affections."—GIBBON. (To his Son.) Who was GIBBON?

Son (readily). One of the Roman Emperors.

Elderly Gentleman (utterly taken aback). A Rom—no, he was (loudly) GIBBON was—

Front Row of Pit. Sessh! Or—der!

Enter LEO, "an effeminate Officer."

Leo. Here comes the Empress. [Dances, in order to express effeminacy.]

Enter MISS AVONIA JONES as THEODORA, accompanied by a shabby-looking person supposed to be JUSTINIAN.

Elderly Gentleman (to his Son). That is the Empress.

His Son (knowingly). And is that the Emperor?

[Pointing at Shabby Person. Elderly Gentleman (pleased). Yes; don't point. What did I tell you all the Roman Emperors were called? (Boy looks puzzled.) New think. His Son (decidedly). GIBBON.]

[Elderly Gentleman raises his voice to explain, and is suppressed by Pit. Miriam (the Female Villain says something to Philip which sounds like) Come and have some jam.

Philip (frowning). Whose?

Miriam (savagely). The EMPRESS THEODORA. (Exeunt both.)

Theodora. I cannot strike the gong. (If she does, Philip is to be beheaded in what appears to be the back drawing-room). I cannot, but—[Is about to deliver a splendid speech to finish the Act with, when the band strikes up accidentally, and the Prompter rings down the Curtain.]

Theodora (to band frantically, but vainly). Stop! stop!

[Curtain descends unexpectedly. End of Act.]

ACT IV.

Elderly Gentleman asleep. His Friend not returned from refreshing himself. Boy much interested.

ACT V.

An Eminence in the Neighbourhood of Constantinople.

Enter Happy Peasants to welcome the morning beams. They welcome the beams by looking at one another in a confused manner.

Miriam. Here is gold for you, if you will betray a fugitive.

[Happy Peasants look at a young Happy Peasant who ought to speak but doesn't.]

Young Peasant (after being nudged, says feebly). We despise your treasures, and refuse your gold.

[Exit with Peasants, probably to welcome more beams in another place.]

Miriam. They can not be tempted. (Turns and sees an old Peasant who has come out to welcome the beams with a false nose on.) Ha!

[Old Peasant makes faces and intimates that he will betray the fugitive for a consideration. She gives him a purse.]

Miriam. So, after all, mm (alluding to Peasant with false nose) is everywhere avaricious. Lead on.

[Peasant hides the purse in his flannel waistcoat, points cunningly to his false nose, and beckons MIRIAM to follow him; perhaps to see where the false noses are made, or to welcome beams. Exeunt both.]

LAST SCENE.—The Caverns.

Elderly Gentleman (waking up). We must go now.

His Son (reluctantly preparing). There's only this scene, Papa.

[THEODORA finds her son.]

Theodora. The proofs!

Miriam (the Female Villain). Here! I stole them!

Theodora. Ha! (Falls on Philip, who is lying on the ground). You cannot arrest him now. (To a Soldier who up to that moment had no idea of doing anything of the sort, he retires to talk to the Peasant with a false nose, who is at the back of the stage making faces). I have killed you (to Philip)—I (gasps) have (gasps) killed (writhes off), (struggles with her necklace) my (conquers the necklace and throws it off) Son!

[Falls down again on PHILIP, and crushes him utterly. Creon (seeing an opportunity for doing something with his part before the Curtain comes down, strikes an attitude and says, without any apparent reason). No.]

[Curtain descends. Much applause. Re-appearance of THEODORA and the rest of the Company before the Curtain, and DR. GOODCHILD took his boy home, with a view to a chapter of GIBBON early the next morning.]



LOST PROPERTY.

Anxious Mother (to Grandfather). "PAPA, WHERE'S THE BABY? NURSE SAYS SHE LEFT IT WITH YOU."

Grandpapa. "BLESS ME, SO SHE DID! LET ME SEE! I'VE ONLY BEEN TO THE CLUB—AND THE BANK—I SUPPOSE I MUST HAVE LEFT IT THERE!"

FUNNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

A CONGREGATION will be holden on Friday next, to consider the adoption of the Report of one of the Canons of Ch. Ch.

Undergraduates by a new statute may not row boats in Peckwater during the Lecture hours.

"Tom" of Ch. Ch. has gained the first prize in *Belles Lettres*. Sporting Undergraduates must understand that this is no encouragement to their letters to *Bell's Life*.

Friday next is fixed for the annual dinner to the Nobodies of Oxford, given by the Fellows of All Souls. These gentlemen are obliged to provide plenty of beans for their guests. It is a curious old custom that the College statute is still in force which says, in its quaint old dog-Latin,

"Bene natus, bene vestitus, moderate doctus,"

which means, according to modern progress, that a Fellow of All Souls must "Grow his own beans, eat his own beans, and know how to turn up a Moderator Lamp." The name All Souls is to be henceforth changed into All Swells' College.

The Teacher of the Italian Language will lecture in the same room, and simultaneously, with the Teacher of the French Language.

The Coryphæus will play on his violin, and lecture the Coryphæes behind the scenes of the Sheldonian Theatre.

The Sheldonian Theatre will be open during Term for light Greek farces, Roman burlesques and African dances. Wanted, a Juvenile for the leading business, a First Old Man, and a Singing Chambermaid. An opening for several Utility People. All communications, prepaid, to be made to the Rev. E. B. PUNNY. Silence a negative.

The Professor of Pastoral Theology will lecture on the life of JACK SHEPPARD.

The Regius Professor of Greek will give Lectures on Astronomy and Salmon ova.

At Cambridge, the Course of the Lectures will depend this year upon the weather.

ST. PATRICK THE PROTESTANT.

An excellent new Ballad, inscribed to the Irish Church.

"Learned persons have ably proved that St. Patrick did not receive consecration from Rome, and had no communion with her."—*Record.*

SAINT PATRICK was a Protestant,
An ancient Irish Curate,
Did he live now, he'd make a row
For tithes, and dues, and pew-rate.
He'd come to London every May,
Polemic and perspiring,
And in the famous Hall of "Bray"
His red-hot shot be firing.

No doubt he'd give the Pope his due,
Much as we give the Devil's,
Call each an Ass who goes to mass,
And sneer at "Convent revels."
About confessionals he'd hint
What decent folk don't mention,
And tell all tales he'd seen in print,
And some his own invention.

He'd give for doom to modern Rome
A hotter gulf than Tophet's,
Term every Priest the Evil Beast
Predicted by the prophets.
O how the Saint would make complaint
Against the legislation
That keeps Maynooth for Popish youth,
At charges of the nation!

He'd prove a People's Church was one
That shuts them out with fences,
That "nation" meant eleven per cent.
Of persons in the Census.
That while we care for Church repair
The State fulfils its mission,
And if there's ne'er a soul goes there,
Thank Popish superstition.

And when he'd proved that well beloved
Establishment a wonder,
With awful roar he'd hurl galore
Loud Calvinistic thunder.
Deny his Church had got one amirch,
While Rome's had not a bright side—
Then take his seat in Charges Street,
And dine with Mrs. WHITEHEAD.

The Professor of Optics will lecture on Running in "The High." He gives notice that any of his pupils found in the High shall be brought in to hear his Lecture.

The Three Graces who passed the Senate the other day, will be good enough to send in their cards and private addresses to the Vice-Chancellor. Secrecy.

The authorities have given out that in future they will permit leap-frog over the backs of the Colleges.

Meetings for Open-Air Whist Parties have been authoritatively forbidden in Trumpington Street.

There are to be the usual May Performances at the A. D. C. this Term. As no ladies (according to ancient custom) are permitted to take part in the theatricals, the Female Characters, whether good or bad, will be taken by the Senior Proctors for the year.

Trains will run from London during the Summer, in time to see the Fountain of Trinity play.

A Scullery is to be built on the banks of the Cam, as a depository for the smaller kind of oars.

Three new Funnies will be launched on the Cam on Whit-Monday.

A LIKELY JOKE.

THE following statement has found its way into a respectable journal:—

REMOURED VISIT OF HER MAJESTY TO BERLIN.—A report is current in Berlin that, should the prospects of war disappear, HER MAJESTY will visit the Prussian capital, to be present at the baptism of the newly-born daughter of the Crown-Princess.

BISMARCK would doubtless be glad to get plunder, bloodguiltiness, and flat self-contradiction honoured with a visit from the QUEEN OF ENGLAND. The grandmother of the newly-born daughter of the CROWN-PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA, at the baptismal font would have to meet that Royal infant's grandfather. It has, perhaps, appeared to BISMARCK, regarding Schleswig and Holstein, that the poor abuses of the time want countenance.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ANOLITE is a mineral, called also (says **URS**) axinite, because its crystals resemble an axe. Hatchet-throwing in Parliament recommenced on *Monday*, April 16. The Debate on the Franchise Bill was resumed, and **MR. MAESTRE** led off with a calm clever speech for the measure. **ULICK**, **LORD DUNKELIN**, who is the son of **LORD CLANRICARDE**, and who was taken prisoner in the Crimea, and graciously released by the **EMPEROR**, delivered himself fluently against the F. B., though he is a Liberal. He was not going to swallow the powder of franchise in the faith of the promise of the jam of distribution. **ULICK** is a bachelor, or would know that a sensible Mamma gives the jam before the powder, whereby the infantine tongue scarcely perceives the nasty taste.

MR. W. E. FORSTER, who is an advanced Liberal [as well as a Minister, advocated the F. B. as a Conservative measure. He said one thing which will be quoted. Ridiculing the Conservatives for their terror of **MR. BRIGHT**, **MR. FORSTER** compared him to the mechanic actor in the *Midasman Night's Dream*, and recommended him to relieve their minds by showing that he was "no lion, but *Sawg*, the Joiner."

MR. M'KENNA, of Youghal, opposed the F. B. as a leap into the dark. **SIR JOHN SIMON** supported it, describing the amendment as a vote of want of confidence; **MR. JAMES LOWTHER**, Member for York, thought the Bill dangerous and unsound—the latter a genuine Yorkshireman's worst word, and **SIR FRANCIS CROSSLEY**, an employer of much labour, said that the people, being well off, were reasonably content with the present state of things, but expected that the Government would stand by the Bill.

MR. ADDERLEY, opposing the Bill, said a good many severe things, which were rapturously applauded by the Conservatives. He said that **MR. BRIGHT**'s political life had been one of ceaseless, childlike maundering against the landlords. Now, whatever may be thought of **MR. BRIGHT**'s opinions, his method of expressing them is perhaps worse described by the word maundering than by any other word which is the property of **HIS MAJESTY**. We should as soon think of saying that a bull came maundering on against the tauridor.

MR. LAYARD, Minister, answered him. The Opposition behaved extremely vulgarly, laughing and jeering through **MR. LAYARD**'s speech, and he was obliged several times to rebuke their "violent noise." But he gave them some good floors, and particularly demanded with what grace could men who bribed at elections abuse the working classes for the venality their accusers had taught. He thought that if the F. B. were passed, the question would be settled for "several" years. **WEBSTER** says that "several" means more than two, but not very many.

SIR HUGH CAIRNS, the eminent Irish lawyer, then delivered a long and effective oration against the Bill, and said that a complete measure ought to be passed which should settle the question for Our life time. Whose life time, **SIR HUGH**? You, **HUGH**, were born in 1819, and have, we hope, at least forty years before you. But some of Us were born yesterday, as may be seen by the first column of the *Times*. Are they to look for eighty years' cessation of Reform movements? We should like to know what you were good enough to mean.

With **SIR HUGH**'s speech ended the third night—a dull one—of the great F. B. debate.

Here it may be convenient to mention that the Lords have been instructed by the **EARL OF DERBY**, K.G., or **KNOWING GENERAL**, not to offend the Catholics and the Irish by throwing out the Oaths Bill. His Lordship said that he was not desirous of provoking a collision by rejecting a measure which had been passed by an overwhelming majority of the Commons. Quite right. If a Bill should come up—say a Franchise Bill—passed by a very small majority, "will it live?"

Tuesday. The Brewer's Dray stopped the way. **SIR FITZROY KELLY**, who has addicted himself to getting up debates on the Malt-Tax—we have no idea why, nor, we dare say, has he—refused to give up his nonsense, even for the sake of the Great Reform debate. But we cannot be angry with him—in fact, we are much obliged to him, for

amid the agricultural whine for the repeal of the duty, came forth the voice of the philosopher, **JOHN STUART MILL**.

He, as usual, took a new and large view, and protested against removing a productive tax, instead of applying its produce in diminution of the Debt which we leave to our children. He reminded his hearers that our Coal store is wasting away, and that when it shall be exhausted we shall be unable to compete with other manufacturing countries. But this country "cannot present richer and more prosperous than any country which they know or read of, and it could without any material inconvenience or privation set aside several millions a year for the discharge of this important duty to their descendants." And he spoke out nobly in the interest of posterity, and because his eloquent words should be read by those who do not wade through dull debates, and because *Mr. Punch's* pages are the only record that will reach remote posterity, *Mr. Punch*, contrary to his custom, quotes.

"There might be some who would say, in the words of the old jest, 'Why should we trouble ourselves for posterity? Posterity has done nothing for us?' Was it true that posterity had done nothing for us? He maintained that whatever had been done for mankind by the idea of posterity, by a philanthropic regard for posterity, by a sense of duty to posterity, and even by the less noble but still pure feeling of ambition to be remembered and thought well of by posterity, by the founders of nations, and by those second founders of nations, the Reformers; by laws and institutions which caused free countries to be free, and well-governed countries to be well-governed; by all the heroic lives that had been lived and deaths that had been died in defence of freedom and in defence of tyranny, from Marathon and Salamis to Lepanto and Waterloo; by all these traditions of heroism and of virtue of which the treasures of nations were full; by all the schools and universities which had handed down to us the culture of past times and by that culture itself; all this is amassed for us only because our ancestors have cared and taken thought for posterity. We owe to our great masters of thought—our Bacon, and Newton, and Locke—our SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, and WOLFE—"

These, read that, Electors [of Westminster, and be puffed of your Man.

Such a speech made the work of the Minister easy, and **MR. GLADSTONE** demolished the motion and its friends with a light hand. In reference to the glorification of Beer, he said that it was a wholesome liquor, but he could not regard it, as its idolators do, as an Evangelising Power. The House rejected the motion for repeal by 295 to 150.

Wednesday. After much hope, **MR. HUDDLESTON**, an eloquent lawyer, and Member for Canterbury, presented a Bill for Preventing Frauds in the Hop-trade. There is a pleasing habit among hop-vendors, of putting not only inferior hops into the "pockets" supposed to contain the best, but of substituting dirt, clay, and even molal. To defeat this piece of mercantile ingenuity, **MR. HUDDLESTON** proposes to compel certain marks to be made on the pocket, and to impose certain penalties. For the honour of the British hop-grower, let it be said that the above stratagems are chiefly employed after the article has left his hands. Government did not oppose the Bill.

The Thames Navigation Bill, for the better government of the river, was read a Second Time, and **MR. DENHAM** made some strong remarks on the abominable behaviour of steamboat captains at the University boat-races. He also predicted a terrible accident, unless order were taken with these reckless persons. It does seem very hard that for one single hour on one single day, the stream cannot be kept for the Water-Derby, the pet contest of the year, while there is not a race-course in England where the ground is not kept religiously clear for the smallest races and the greatest cads.

Thursday. The Oaths Bill went through Committee in the Lords, and **LORD CHELMSFORD** observed that should the **QUEEN** make a Jew Peer, their Lordships would certainly not think of requiring that his Hebraic Lordship should take the Christian Oath. **LORD CAMOIS**, a Catholic, made both a clever and a graceful speech in acknowledgment of the removal of the last relic of intolerance.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE LEFROY, of Ireland, was born in 1776, and is therefore ninety. Some persons think that he ought to resign, and allege that he is too infirm for his duty. Others deny this, and state that his fine faculties are virtually unimpaired. **LORD CLANRICARDE** argued for the former, **LORD CHELMSFORD** for the latter, and the subject dropped. *Punch*, who hears everything, has heard that the **L. C. J.** does not resign because he does not think any other Irish Judge worthy to succeed him in his great office. There is also a party reason for his holding on until the next appointment shall be in Tory hands.

The debate on the Franchise Bill was resumed. **MR. GRAHAM**, Glasgow, supported, with skill. **LORD ELCHO** made a long and dashing speech against it, and, taking up the metaphor of the Cave of Adulpham, which had been described as the head-quarters of **MR. HORSMAN** and his friends, admitted that they distrusted **SAUL** on the Treasury bench, and his armour-bearer, **MR. BRIGHT**, and declared that the Adullamites would come forth and deliver Israel from oppression. Are these the days of **KING OLIVER CROMWELL** or of **QUEEN VICTORIA**? **SIR WILLIAM HUTT** defended himself and the Bill, and **MR. BEKESFORD HOPE** attacked the latter as being of a swamping character.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES made a very remarkable speech, in which he, who is exceedingly well acquainted with the working class, described their habits of thought, their views on political economy, their obedience to leadership, and their belief that the strong should remain with and help the weak. Apply this information in aid of whatever argument

you like, but master the speech, brethren, for it is fit that you should comprehend this thing.

MR. DOULTON opposed the Bill, which MR. MILNER GIBSON defended with his customary fluency and good-humour. But when the Minister cautioned the House that the working class would not know what an amendment meant, and, were it carried, would believe that the Parliament had declared against Reform, MR. HUGHES must have laughed. What member of a Union does not perfectly understand the rules of debate? MR. GIBSON said that LORD RUSSELL would keep his promises, and the Opposition laughed. MR. GATHORNE HARDY, who defeated MR. GLADSTONE and the intelligent part of Oxford University, finished the evening with a speech in condemnation of the Bill.

Friday. Frightful rumours flying about. Men offered their fellow-creatures ghastly bets touching the fate of the F. B. It was said that the estimated majority was dwindling, peaking, and pining. The evictions by Election Committees were counted. Liberals said reproachful things about the stubbornness and temper of SAUL, King of Israel. Tories performed private war-dances of jay. Altogether, we said we smelt a Crisis.

The fifth night's debate was felt to be dull. MR. LEVISON GOWER defended the Bill manly. MR. GREGORY did "remember his swashing blows." The Scotch Solicitor-General, MR. YOUNG, argued closely, for the measure. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was eminently respectable, against, and ended by opposing to MR. GLADSTONE's *Supper code*, the adage *sat cito si sat bene*. The best speech of the night, and almost the best that has been made for the Bill, was the eloquent and elegant speech of MR. COLEMAN, whom Mr. Punch is now justified in designating as a Parliamentary ornament. MR. HORSMAN came out of the Cave of Adullam, and spoke, but did not do much for Israel. MR. BRIGHT then moved the adjournment.

MR. GLADSTONE suggested that on the Monday or Tuesday following the debate might as well end.

MR. DISRAELI reminded the House that MR. GLADSTONE had not been content to debate the Bill there, but had made speeches for it at Liverpool. In all, he had spoken on it six times. He, MR. DISRAELI, should like to be heard. He hoped that the debate would be finished before the end of the coming week.

An Election Committee most properly ejected SIR ROBERT CLIFTON from Nottingham. Before the report could be made to the House it was said that LAW had claimed him for her own. LAW is in a hurry, said Privilege, with a stern glance at Sheriffdom.

THE FENIAN'S REFUGE IN FRANCE.

A TELEGRAM the other day arrived from Paris, stating that:—

"The *Gazette des Etrangers* of to-day announces that STEPHENS, the Fenian Head-Centre, will be entertained at dinner this evening at the residence of the MARQUIS DE BOISSY."

Of all remarkable Frenchmen the MARQUIS DE BOISSY is the one whose mental peculiarity constitutes him the fittest host to entertain STEPHENS, the Fenian Head-Centre. If he only entertained STEPHENS as well as he is accustomed to entertain both the British public and the French, STEPHENS must have been very highly entertained, indeed. After having afforded him entertainment, perhaps M. DE BOISSY offered him a bed. That may have been acceptable, although situated in an upper storey, where there is said to be a slate loose. Perhaps STEPHENS is still a guest in the residence of M. DE BOISSY. If that were what it ought to be, the Fenian Head-Centre could not have found a more suitable asylum.

OPERATIC.

MR. TOM HÖHLER, the young English tenor, late of Somerset House, has appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, and Mr. Punch is able to congratulate him most heartily upon his success. At the same time, he, Mr. Punch, hereby warns all young and old punsters in drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, and club smoking-rooms that MR. HÖHLER's name is *not* to be pronounced *Holler*, or *Holloa*, for the sake of a verbal pleasantry; nor can any allusion be fairly made to HULLAH's course, or a Hullahaleo, nor shall any words be used whose fun depends upon the brevity of the letter "u" in HULLAH. Moreover, his name is not to be given like a Cockney mispronunciation of "hollow," as *Holler*, for the sake of making an unkind remark about Holler success, or verbal un-pleasantry of that sort. The following may be said, that his was no *half* triumph, but a *whole* one, and that the person speaking, for instance Mr. Punch himself, never saw a *wholer* (HÖHLER).

Vegetable Riddle.

A WILDER gentleman asked us what Roman Emperor was the nearest approach to a Proper Leek?

We, having lately seen *Theodora* at the Surrey, replied, A *Just-inian*. And we were right.

BISMARCK-WOLF.

(A little Supplement to *Reincke-Fuchs*.)

THERE ONCE was a wolf, with a touch of the fox,
Not too proud a sheep-skin to put on,
Although his regard for the neighbouring flocks
Was misconstrued as relish for mutton.

When he begged they'd be friendly, and take him on trust,
And with him conclude an alliance,
The shepherds flung stones, and the sheep raised a dust,
And the dogs showed their teeth in defiance.

Some wolves, so distrusted, had sulked, or shown fight,
As one moment our wolf thought of doing,
When a very big dog with a bark that meant bite,
Trotted out for the tug that seemed brewing.

The wolf passed, as he measured the dog with his eye,
Then consulted the fox-cross within him—

"Why fight with a brute that objects to fight shy,
And 's but dog's-meat, at best, when you skin him?"

So, with innocent eyes and mellifluous voice,
"Why these growls?" quoth the wolf, "and these tusks?
Is't my claws and my teeth? I wear these not for choice,
But who knows what may lurk in the bushes?"

"Pray, lie quietly down, drop this show of sharp teeth,
Have no fears for yourself or your matrons:
They sleep safely who sleep my protection beneath—
Wolves are watchful, and men are such gluttons!"

But the sheep-dog still growled, so the wolf tried the sheep—

"Dear sheep, you will listen to reason:
All this coil about sheep-dogs and shepherds why keep?
Such distrust to my friendship is treason.

"'Tis right, without doubt, you should be on your guard
Against rascally rascals and rascals,
But to class me amongst them, I must say is hard,
Me, the sworn foe of thieves—and receivers!"

"Against sheep combining themselves to protect
I haven't the slightest objection:
'Tis but to the mode of the thing I object;
And I'll tell you my plan of protection.

"Get rid of your sheep-dogs, your shepherds and all:
Count their cost, and think how it increases:
And the will they enforce, after all, is their own,
And not yours, my dear friends, who wear fleeces.

"Sweep this dead-weight away; in a grand vote combine,
Call an ovine assembly together;
Speak the will of the sheep—what is sheep's will is mine:
We are brothers—the wolf and the wether!"

So suggested the wolf; the sheep pondered his word,
Hummed, hawed, bleated, ha-ed—undecided:
But it didn't seem likely—the last time we heard—
That the sheep by the wolf would be guided.

ANNOTATION.

(Found on the Fly-leaf of a New Novel.)

"MR. HEATHER-BIGG, the eminent mechanical Therapeutician, has published a commended book on his invaluable science, and he calls this book *Orthopraxy*. The person who first mentioned it to us called it *Author-praxy*, and we instantly procured it, thinking to extract medical hints for morbid novelists and spasmodic poets. It relates, however, to physical afflictions, whereof M. Bise is a renowned healer. The other work remains to be written, and is much wanted by writers who are deficient in upright morals, and who delight in exhibiting deformity. This is one of them. There ought to be a Cripples' Home for them, with a chaplain, who could put the poor creatures through a course of religious exercises."

Rather Superfluous.

We read among Friday's telegrams that—

"COUNT BISMARCK is expected to leave Berlin immediately for Ems, for the benefit of the baths of that town."

"One would have thought the Count had had quite enough of hot-water lately.



CLEVER DODGE OF GIACOMO BANDILEGGO IN THE PROVINCES.

PARLIAMENTARY MELODIES.

(Adapted to Popular Airs.)

SONG OF THE MUDDLED MEMBER.

AIR—"I wish I was a Bird."

I WISH I was a bird,
I'd fly anywhere but here;
The performance is absurd,
And you cannot call for beer.
The one side talks Reform,
And the other makes a row—
Fellows crowing like a cock,
Or lowing like a cow!
If I try to sleep, 'tis vain,
If to talk I shan't be heard;
Now birds don't spout and 'splain,
So I wish I was a bird!

Birds are early after worms,
And early seek their nests;
And (BRIGHT might take the hint)
Birds never foul their nests:
And birds with their own feathers
Are content; or, if they're daws
In peacock's plumes, they're stripped of them
With general applause:
And birds who cannot sing,
Don't insist on being heard.
Here, it's quite another thing,
Oh,—I wish I was a bird!

Journalism.

A New Roman Catholic Satirical Paper will, it is rumoured, shortly appear. It is to be called *Guy Fawkes*, and will blow up the Houses of Parliament once a week.

A FUNNY TALE OF A BEAK.

THIS is a very funny little Cab-Case. We write on the faith of a report in the *Standard*, which is habitually accurate.

MR. PALMER, of Highbury, takes a cab, and is driven to his residence, the distance being under a mile. He offers the driver, RICHARD GRIFFITH (No. 12,835), one shilling, which is double his fare. GRIFFITH refuses to take "a trumpery shilling after being five hours on the stand." MR. PALMER conceives that he has nothing to do with the stand, and, the fare being again refused, orders GRIFFITH to drive to the next police-station. This MR. GRIFFITH also refuses to do, declines to give a ticket, and tries to get away. But MR. PALMER seizes the rein. Then MR. GRIFFITH raises his arm to strike him, but MR. PALMER being firm, and a neighbour adding his remonstrances, MR. GRIFFITH gives a ticket, and then jumps on the box, lashes his horse, and tries to drive over MR. PALMER, who saves limb and perhaps life by rushing into the middle of the road.

The report does not state that any defence was offered, but that MR. WAKELING, who appeared for the cabman, stopped MR. PALMER, who was about to say a word in kindness for the fellow GRIFFITH.

That is a little funny. But we promised our readers something very funny. We keep our word.

MR. BARKER, the Magistrate, fined GRIFFITH twenty shillings, which sum, with the costs, was paid.

We thought that a Magistrate sat "for the punishment of evil-doers." But MR. BARKER, having a fellow before him who was guilty of attempted extortion, of insolence, of two refusals to obey the law, of menacing an assault, and of attempt to maim if not to kill a respectable citizen, is fined twenty shillings,—three shillings and fourpence a-piece or each of the six offences.

Is not this a funny story? We hope MR. PALMER sees the fun. BARKER is no biter.

"Most Musical Most Melancholy."

WHILE hearing a young tenor amateur the other evening, who was labouring to give out the high *ut de poitrine*, remarked old WASLEY to a friend, "Now that fellow reminds me of VICTOR HUGO's new book: he certainly is one of the *Toblers of the C.*"



INTERRUPTING THE PERFORMANCE
AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, ST. STEPHEN'S.

PITY A POOR PRINCE.



Y Goodness! What a paragon the little PRINCE IMPERIAL must be! See how he spends his time:—

"Under the direction of M. MONTE, his tutor, the young Prince shows great aptitude for classical studies, history, and geography. He speaks English fluently, having learnt it when still young from an English attendant who has always been with him. Although at present his Highness has not commenced the regular study of dancing and music, he shows a decided taste for both. The Prince having received a few indications from M. CARPENTIER, the sculptor, names himself with modelling simple subjects which show considerable taste. Amongst them are three especially which have surprised those who have seen them. The first is a statuette of a lancer on horseback, and the other two busts of the Emperor, and of M. MONTENAPOLÉ. The young Prince has rapidly made himself familiar with all kinds of gymnastic exercises under the instruction of M. FOURNIER; and his equestrian, M. BACON, has some difficulty in restraining his ardour for equitation. His Highness takes his lessons at the Alma studios, where his horses are kept. But he prefers above everything military manoeuvres and the management of arms."

Ancient and modern languages, history, geography, sculpture, drawing, music, gymnastics, equitation, military manoeuvres and the management of arms! All this work is pretty well for a child of ten years old, and we are tempted to inquire, pray does his young Imperial Highness ever have a game of play? All work and no play may have the same effect on LOUIS, as it has on JACK; and we will wager that the Prince would grow up all the wiser if he had a game of rounders or of foot-ball now and then, and if he were allowed sufficient leisure once a week or so to suck a lollipop in peace.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SIR,

I HAVE a complaint to make against the National Portrait Gallery. I heard from my Nephew THOMAS, that one of the best pictures was the likeness of "JAMES EARL OF DOUGLAS AND MA," both, like a couple of twin cucumbers, in one frame. There is a foreshadowing of the noble EARL all by himself; but no MA; this ought not to have been advised in the public Catalogue, which contains the names and titles of the portraits.

I was delighted with Old WHOLE BEANS's picture of SIR HENRY WYATT; it was he that wrote the hims, wasn't it? or was that the steam engine man WATTS? There are also some fine things by DIKE: I suppose he's from Brighton. I've often been on holidays to the Dike in a van, and I recollect well a man that used to sell stethoscopic views of the Sussex Range.

WHOLE BEANS painted too SIR JOHN CHEKE. I don't like his Cheke. There was BACON hanging somewhere my nephew said. I couldn't see it; if I had I should have felt it my duty to make a former complaint. "ANNE OF CLOVES," wife of that polyglot tyrant BUFF KING HALL is a very spicy, all frisky, style of picture. What I admire in the customs and costumes of those ages is the frills, which fashion is now only adopted in a small way, by legs of mutton. There's a salacious-looking person on a donkey who, THOMAS told me, was LORD BURGESS, and that he wrote the song of "If I had a donkey," and other paradise. If I have anything further to say I will keep it till another time, for what with your Reforms and speeches and other parlourmentary news you must be chock full, and unable to spare even the smallest space to

Yours very faithfully,

DOROTHEA J. RANBOTHAM.

P.S. You recognise my name, Sir, in concoction with the celebrated John Bull, an imperial which in past days was writ by my great friend MR. THEODORE HOOK.

P.S. 2. I am thinking of giving myself up entirely to politics, and propose pinning an article on the "Redistribution of Seats," in regard to Dress Circles at Theatres, stalls, and the custom of Crinolines.

P.S. I don't see your Portrait among the galaxy of rank and fashion at Kensington. You should be painted as RICHARD the DOUBLED GLOSTER I mean, not RICHARD CUDDLE LEON, as he was called, on account of his mussels.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

FIRST SIGN.—In Bond Street. Two Swells meet. They haven't seen one another for nearly a year.

1st Swell. Hallo, CHARLEY! How are you?

2nd Swell. Hallo! How are you?

[They pull their mustaches and examine one another's waistcoats.]

1st Swell (looking at carriages). Town very full.

2nd Swell (doubtfully). Yes. (He was going to have made this remark himself, and has therefore nothing more to say.) Yes, town's very full. (Slowly, as if by way of correction.) Town's very full, though.

[Looks about, and thinks he sees some one he knows.]

1st Swell (shaking his head slightly, as if he wanted to get his hat into a proper position). Yaa. (Thinks he's had enough conversation for once.)

Bye, bye; see you again soon.

2nd Swell (as if he couldn't help seeing him some time or other). Oh, ya-as.

[Exit First Swell up Bond Street. Second Swell passes Long's, and shakes his hat at Third Swell standing at the window, who smiles at him as if he'd done something awfully humorous.]

SECOND SIGN.—Breakfast Room. Interior.

Mistress of House. The children ought to go away soon, if the weather continues like this.

Master of House. Yes; we can let the house for the summer.

[Breaks an egg, looks at the Times sideways.]

Mistress. Oh, one can't go away for the season. (Master of House groans and eats egg.) I don't like to be cooped up in the country.

Master of House. Cooped up, my dear! It's the only chance of fresh air one has in the year; specially after working all day in the City.

Mistress. Then you ought to come home earlier, and take me for a walk in the Park. There's plenty of air there.

Master of House (contemptuously). AIR! in the Park! (Shakes dust fiercely; passes.) I'll tell you what we can do—(Mistress of House looks graciously, but suspiciously)—the children can go down into the country—and—(helps himself to marmalade)—then, you know—(takes his broad

intention)—you can join them—

Mistress (perfectly understanding him). And you?

Master of House. Well, I'll run down when I can.

[Debate adjourned.]

THIRD SIGN.—Crowded thoroughfare; Roads up; Hearings erected. Narrow passage kept by Policemen for one carriage at a time. Rows, alarms, advances, retreats, skirmishes.

FOURTH SIGN.—Ball Room. Interior.

Miss Flyte (at ball, in answer to Young Married Man's question). Oh, yes; we've got such beautiful flowers just sent up from our house in the country.

Young Married Man (who knows rather less about flowers than a porcupine, says rapturously). They are indeed beautiful.

Miss Flyte (breaks a white rose off). Let me put this in your coat.

Young Married Man. Oh, thank you: put it in for me. That is beautiful.

[MISS FLYTE is slipping it into his button-hole when Mrs. Young Married Woman passes. Tableau.]

Young Married Woman (of course very amiably). AUGUSTUS, dear.

[AUGUSTUS looks particularly foolish, and MISS FLYTE particularly wicked.]

FIFTH SIGN.—Luncheon.

Young Gentleman (while standing up to cut something, strikes an attitude). Hallo!

Nervous Mamma (reprovingly). My dear FRANK, I must beg—

Young Gentleman (apologetically). Well, but I say, look.

Elder Sister. Don't be stupid, FRANK; what is it?

2nd Young Gentleman (who sees it). Hsssh, or he'll move.

Nervous Mamma. Not a black . . . !

Two Nervous Daughters. Or a Cricket—or—

Elder Sister. Nonsense—what is it?

Young Gentleman. It's—it's—A Fly!!

[Everyone watches him with intense interest: Fly seeks the curtains. Excitement over.]

DRAMATIC.

MR. FRICHTER is going in as Edgar Ravenswood, and coming out as Hamlet. Arrangements should have been made with MR. HOME for a real ghost: however, we suppose the eminent actor will not lose the opportunity, afforded by The Corsican Brothers, of engaging the DAVENPORTS. MR. FRICHTER should pay a visit to the Strand, and see how admirably the twins, Castor and Pollux, are played at that pleasant little house. An Irish gentleman, well posted up in theatrical matters, confidentially informed us that Drury Lane Theatre was going to be taken for a series of open air preachings, to commence in May.



WEIGHT AND MEASURE.

Gentleman. "CAN WE ASCEND TO OUR BEDROOM?"

Porter. "YES, SIR, ON COURSE—BY THE STAIR, PLEASE—THE LIFT'S BUT THREE FEET BY FOUR, AND ONLY UP TO TWENTY STUN."

A FRIENDS' MEETING.

FRIEND PUNCH.

FRIEND MORNING STAR.

Punch. May I ask thee, Friend, a few questions?

Star. Yea, verily, if thee wilt.

Punch. What, then, is thy reason for making the man RUSSELL, vainly and carnally called Earl, say, when speaking on the Oaths, that KING CHARLES THE SECOND reigned in 1575?

Star. I see that I said so. Truly, it was a stumble.

Punch. Nay, friend, for at the distance of a column from thy first statement, thou repeatedst it. Behold and see:—

"EARL RUSSELL. That was in regard to the oath framed in 1575."

Non bis errare licet, thou knowest.

Star. What signifieth when a profligate sat on a throne?

Punch. 'Tis well answered, Friend. I will next ask thee thy reason for making the man LAYARD say that Friend BRIGHT was like unto "Snout the Joiner."

Star. Did he not say so, even that same? It is a quotation from some foolish stage play.

Punch. But in that stage play, by one SHAKESPEARE, (of whose entire works thou mayst obtain a convenient copy from one A. MACMILLAN, at the inordinately low price of three-and-six) the man's name is *Snug*, and not *Snout*.

Star. I marvel that thou canst think a playwright's trash worthy of a second thought.

Punch. Let it pass, for this time, then, and let me now read thee what thou recordest as the man CAIRNS's remarks touching Friend BRIGHT's invocation to the people to come and mob the Members:—

"That letter, which grossly calumniated the House of Commons—(loud cheers)—invited all the people of London to commit a breach of the law. (Cheers.) But that letter failed to produce excitement amongst the people. The people of England were now too educated to be influenced by such appeals. The writer of such a letter in days gone by would have run the risk of being committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. (Laughter and cheers.)"

Star. CAIRNS, who is altogether like thyself, one of the irreverent, did utter those impertinent words touching the greatest man in the world.

Punch. Yea, verily, Friend, but did he not also say this?

"But that letter had fallen perfectly inoffensive on the people to whom it was addressed, and it was treated by the rest of the world with the contempt it deserves."

Star. He added that further outrage.

Punch. And why didst not report it? Truly, Friend, the world looks for truthfulness in reports.

Star. I do not print for the world, but for the faithful.

Punch. Then I will ask thee but one thing more. What is thy reason for alleging that Nottinghamshire is by the sea?

Star. Has the great BRIGHT said so? Then I adhere to his statement.

Punch. I know not. I think not, for he is a lover of the waters, and knows better. But this is what thou wast good enough to state, on the 12th instant:—

"MR. COLLINSON, of the Robin Hoods, is raising a fund at Nottingham to provide a lifeboat for use at some place on the Nottinghamshire coast. A sum of £420 is required."

Star. To answer thee with a jest, after thine own heart, I have made a Re-Distribution of Counties.

Punch. Ha! ha! Thou art truly American, Friend *Star*, in thy profound learning, thy much reading, thy fair play, and thy general information; therefore, American like, let us liquor.

From Jassy.

THE Moldavian Metropolitan "was placed at the head of the insurgents, in which position he received a slight scratch." When an Archbishop leads rebels he must not be astonished if he receives an ambassador from the Court of the Arch Rebel himself, as in this case, it appears His Reverence received a *slight scratch*.

PAPER

TO BE READ AT THE FORTHCOMING MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT NOTTINGHAM.

On Ovis mercenarius, a New Species of British Sheep.

BY MR. O'DEAR.

THIS singular and highly uninteresting addition to the British Fauna has been brought to light during the inquiry now in progress into the proceedings which took place at the late Nottingham Election. The only specimens hitherto found are immature, but judging from their external appearance and mode of conducting themselves, they exhibit a remarkable precocity, and seem to have attained a degree of physical development in the inverse ratio to that of their mental faculties. They are utterly devoid of that amiable and kindly disposition which obtains in the young of the ordinary species, and which has from time immemorial stamped them as the emblems of innocence. Their powers of aggression are so terrific, and their evil passions are so easily aroused (reminiscent one of the graphic description of the Gorilla, as depicted by M^r. DU CHAILLU) that it is dangerous to approach them, more especially during the period of a contested election. Their appetite is enormous, and their thirst quite insatiable. Owing to the latter propensity the Shepherds, who are skilled in managing them, are unable, at times, to control them, and direct their movements in any direction by the lavish administration of stimulants. The brain, although small, is of a higher type of development than that of the common sheep, having an undoubted Hippocampus minor and overhanging posterior lobes. This fact is worthy of the attention of M^{rs}. DARWIN and HUXLEY, as it forms an important link in the chain of progressive development, and proves this species to be a transitional form between the Ruminantia and Bimana. The parietes of the cranium are of great thickness, and composed of the densest material, and are consequently capable of resisting blows and concussions which would prove fatal to a vital organ less effectually protected. The muscular power is enormous, the Deltoides and Triceps muscles being unusually prominent. The most singular and abnormal feature in the anatomical structure of this species is the adaptation of the anterior members, not for locomotion but as organs of offence, which they wield with extraordinary force and precision. They are also furnished with prehensile paws, with which they cunningly seize sticks or stones, or other auxiliary means of supplementing their natural powers. Some of them are furnished with pouches, in which they deposit stones and other articles until they are required for use; an organisation which shows a collateral affinity with the Marsupialia. Three or four specimens were exhibited before the Committee, and caused a considerable amount of amusement not unmingled with disgust that animals having so close a resemblance to the "human form divine" should be so utterly devoid of the principles of Honesty and Truth.

BURLESQUE DANCING IN PARLIAMENT.

THE *Daily Telegraph*, in its preface to the report of a recent debate, said,

"He (M^r. MILL) had to struggle with physical drawbacks." "If it had been any other person the case might have been supposed to be what is called a 'break-down,' but it was no such thing."

The "break-down" is, as every one knows by this time, the most popular form of nigger dancing. The introduction of a few steps of this sort would of course tend to enliven a debate, and we are sorry to hear that M^r. MILL is physically incapacitated from adopting this new parliamentary and lively measure. "Any other person," that is any other man *can* do it, and we suppose does.

England's Distress is Wales's Opportunity.

"In consequence of the sheep disease, the price of goats has gone up from ten shillings to four and five pounds." Now, Wales, make your fortune. As the great Welsh poet, GOATY, says in his *Frost*—

"The he-goat has horns
So drink and be merry."

Public-House Politicians.

1st Costermonger. Vell; I call this ere Reform Bill a half-and-half measure.

2nd Costermonger. Nitch half-and-half as I never heerd on.

1st Costermonger. Didn't yer?

2nd Costermonger. No. All the half-and-half as ever I dranked was mixed together. I never know'd nobody drink his half-and-half swallerin' one half first and the tother arterwards.

BLACKGUARD'S BUTTER.

OUR contemporary, the *Grocer*, publishes a recipe obtained for the small sum of five shillings from a gentleman who had offered, by advertisement, to show, for that trifling consideration, how the butter trade "may be made lucrative by a clever process." We take the liberty of transcribing the details of that process—which is not merely clever, but too clever by half—from the columns of our spicy contemporary. The orthography and syntax of the prescription communicated to the *Grocer* by W. A. FRITH, *alias* M. FRITH, *alias* A. FRITH, Esq., as he *alibi* describes himself, point to the conclusion that if he were the right man in the right place, he would, on the fitting occasion, be classed under the head of "R. & W. Imp." He thus commences:—

"Chemical Laboratory, London, Mar. 8.
"Sir, I am in receipt of your note of yesterday and have much pleasure in forwarding you my process for Adulterating Butter. I describe the process as conducted in the laboratory; of course the practical man will adapt his arrangements to suit the scale of his operations. To begin with the ingredients are Genuine Butter, potatoes, and fat; the following table estimates the articles at their highest prices; the present of Butter might be increased if a superior butter was required, or vice versa, but experience will be the best guide:—

	P. cent.	ozs.	cost.
Butter	50	8	7½
Fat	30	3½	1
Potatoes	30	4½	1
Salt	1	2	1
	100	16 ozs.	9d."

In M^r. FRITH's preface to his enumeration of the ingredients in his process for making the butter trade lucrative, he does not mince matters. He calls a spade a spade, and the process in question his process for Adulterating Butter. In another line of business, and in an equally confidential communication, no doubt he would talk just as unreservedly of his process for Breaking Open a Strong Box, or his process for Forging a Bank-note.

The following are M^r. FRITH's practical directions for proceeding in the Adulteration of Butter:—

"The Butter that is best is Irish or American inferior quality to that mentioned might be used. The fat I recommend is Beef or mutton (and to be melted most careful at a low temperature so as not to burn, and in an earthen or enamelled vessel as Iron would be partially decomposed by the heat and fat and produce a disagreeable taste and smell when melted stir into it about 25 per cent. of Water, which will carry of any impurities held in solution; then set it to cool. The potatoes to be the best to be got the floury sort are best, carefully peel and cook them then while still warm rub them through a fine sieve, so that their Cannet possibly be any lumps; the whole articles are now to be carefully conglomerated together the potatoes still warm but the butter and fat cold especial care must be taken here that each substance is lost in the other as upon this part of the operation depends the chance of detection the butter must not be any warmer than mixing it renders it if melted though it may mix or blend better it becomes grainy pack it while Still Soft in the Tubs or vessels used for Storing it and when cold it will cut out beautiful wishing you success,

"I am, Sir, Your Respect,
"W. A. FRITH."

M^r. FRITH omits to mention where the fat employed in his "process as conducted in the laboratory" is to be most cheaply obtained. The fraudulent dealer would perhaps like to know whether he had better get it at the rag-and-bone shop, or from the scullion who steals it at first hand.

The admixture of fat, potatoes, and salt with butter, in the proportion of 50 per cent., would produce just that whiteness for which butter is too commonly remarkable.

Any one who objects to the adulteration of butter would do well to practise it by M^r. FRITH's process, on a small scale, and then examine the adulterated comparatively with genuine butter, through a proper microscope. The microscope will ever enable him to distinguish between butter and butter *plus* potato-starch. Or, by adding a drop of tincture of iodine to a little cold water, which a small piece of butter has been rubbed up with, he will be enabled to detect any handiwork of M^r. FRITH that it may contain, which will turn blue.

We are sorry, for M^r. FRITH's sake, that a certain old English structure is abolished. We should like to see his face framed in the pillory, and glazed with quantities of his own butter, "out out beautiful."

Parliamentary Toasts and Sentiments.

AYTON and Centralisation.
BAM and Total Abstinence.
BESANT and the British Aristocracy.
DERRICK and Duty.
GLADSTONE and Few Words.
HORSMAN and Hope.
NEWBEGATE and Nunneries.
ROEBUCK and Reticence.
WHALLEY and Vespers.

LATEST FROM ABROAD.—What foreign town has the dirtiest street? Mess. in.

CORNET SAUNTER'S EXPERIENCES OF MUSKETRY DRILL.



CORNET SAUNTER DETERMINES TO GO THROUGH A COURSE OF MUSKETRY AT HYTHE.—(To Friend in Uniform.) "YAA, RATHER A JOLLY MOVE, I THINK. NOTHING TO DO, YOU KNOW, THERE. GET AWAY FROM THIS CONFOUNDED DUTY!"



HERE HE IS "MUDDING" UP THE RED BOOK ("BROWN'S MIXTURE"). (Reads.) "IN THE THEORY OF MUSKETRY WE EXPLAIN THE REASONS FOR THOSE RULES" &c. (Tries to recollect.) "IN THE THEORY OF MUSKETRY—THROW MUSKETRY—WE EXPLAIN—THE MUSKETRY—FOR THOSE WOOLIES—FOR THOSE REASONS—WE EXPLAIN THE WOOLIES!" (Gives it up.)



BUT HE REALISES FULLY THE HORROR OF HIS SITUATION AT "POSITION-DRILL, FIRST PRACTICE STANDING"—"ABOUT THE MOST IMP—WELL, UNPLEASANT DWILL IN NATURE."



EXCEPT THE SAME PRACTICE "KNEELING."



OH! AND THOSE MILES OF SHINGLE YOU HAVE TO CROSS IN THE BROILING SUN, COMING HOME FROM PRACTICE!



AND JUST AS YOU ENTER THE VILLAGE Tired, Hot, Dusty, and Booty, and your Hands so Red and Swollen you CAN'T GET YOUR GLOVES ON, TO MEET THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL'S DADGERS OR SOME OF THE GALS OF THE PLACE—FANCY!!



PLUNGES INTO THE RED BOOK ONCE MORE. GETS AS FAR AS PART 4, PARAGRAPH 42:—"SHOULD AN OFFICER, RECRUIT, OR DRILLED SOLDIER BECOME A CASUAL WHEN PROCEEDING WITH THE PRELIMINARY DRILLS, HE IS TO BE CONSIDERED AS NOT HAVING BEEN EXERCISED THEREIN."



AND HE'S SENT HOME; BUT WITH CAREFUL NURSING AND GENEROUS DIET,



HE IS AT LENGTH RESTORED TO HEALTH AND THE ACTIVE DUTIES OF HIS PROFESSION!



AN AUTHORITY.

"AND SO, MR. FRIZZELIND, YOU THINK I OUGHT TO HAVE MY HAIR WASHED YELLOW! AND PRAY, WHY?"

"WELL, MA'AM (IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME FOR SAYING SO), BLACK HAIR IS NEVER ADMITTED INTO REALLY GOOD SOCIETY NOW, YOU KNOW!"

POSTERITY AND COAL.

MR. PUNCH.

YOU know that PROFESSOR PORSON once, coming home drunk, and trying in vain to light his bed-candle at the foot of the stairs, was overheard to execrate the nature of things.

PROFESSOR PORSON was accustomed to use unparliamentary language. The result, however, of meditation on a passage in MR. MILL's great speech delivered in the course of the late Debate, had nearly the effect of landing me in a conclusion very much like that implied in the Professor's malediction on the nature of things.

According to MR. JEVONS, as quoted by MR. MILL, posterity, at no distant date, is likely to be hard up for Wall's End, and all other descriptions of that inestimable mineral, coal. The consequence will be the transference of steam, and with it of English manufacturing industry, and England's wealth and greatness, to lands still abounding in coal.

MR. MILL said what amounted to saying that we owe posterity a debt which we contracted with priority; that is to say, we are debtors to posterity for SHAKESPEARE, WORDSWORTH, and other great men; also, that we owe posterity the reduction of the National Debt, which priority ran up and bequeathed to ourselves. And he argued that we ought to set to work at reducing the National Debt for posterity the rather that posterity is grievously likely to have no coal wherewithal to bless itself by making money as we do.

If posterity want coal, shall posterity be ungrateful? A punster would perhaps at once answer yes. But we should insure the gratitude of posterity if we could provide it with coal, more effectually than we could by reducing the National Debt.

Why could we not lay in a stock of coal for posterity by importing no end of it from our American possessions, whilst they remain ours, and before they get independent or annexed to Yankee-doodle-dom?

Because the foundation of magazines of force for posterity, by importing coal, would necessitate the expenditure of a corresponding amount of force, which we are unable to create, and cannot afford to buy. The impossibility of the creation of force lies in the nature of

PARLIAMENTARY MELODIES.

SONG OF THE WHIP.

AIR—"Come where the Moonbeams linger."

COME where the moonbeams linger,
On the river-terrace fair;
On your doubts I'll put my finger,
And your reasons chase in air.
Your conscientious scruples,
To resist me I defy;
The first thing I teach my pupils,
Is that conscience is my eye.

For a man to keep a conscience,
Or a carriage now-a-days;
Is a profligate extravagance,
Unless he finds it pays.
Then come where the moonbeams linger,
On the river terrace lone;
On your doubts I'll put my finger,
And book you for my own.

You'd not ask me for a penny,
To interest you'd be blind;
But Constituents you've many,
To whom you'd fain be kind.
We've messengers, tide-waiters,
Snug places not a few.
There's a providence that caters
For the honest, pure, and true.

The true, and pure, and honest,
Are our side of the House;
We scorn to buy opinions,
Or consciences to chouse.
'Tis base a bribe to finger,
But wise to turn a coat—
Then come where the moonbeams linger,
And let me book your vote.

Only Too Solvent.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES says that one of the characteristics of the House of Commons is the "excessive solvency" of the Members. The Election Committees agree with him.

things; which, accordingly, I was tempted to object to, like PROFESSOR PORSON. Excuse the comparison.

But, on some reflection upon the nature of things, I began to think that it would, perhaps, whatever may be the state of posterity, prove equal to the occasion. It will possibly afford posterity some substitute for coal. It has given us electricity and some other things which priority never dreamt of. In spite, therefore, of the high authority of PORSON, the nature of things appears to be, on the whole, entitled to the confidence of

P.S. Especially with regard to posterity.

CARPE DIEM.

LITERARY REVIEWS.

WITH the present mild spring new novels are budding into life. Some are already full blown. Least authors should think themselves neglected by us, we will make it our immediate business and pleasure at once to cast our impartial eye over the realms of Romance which lie before us.

A Casual Acquaintance is of course the life and doings of MR. GREENWOOD, the amateur casual. This ought to have been published by WARD AND LOCK.

Sweet Counsel, the struggles of a briefless barrister who is much run after by young ladies. The scene where he dashes his wig is finely drawn. *Jenny Bell* may be called a Story of the Ring. It is nice Sunday reading, and cannot fail in edifying the more serious portion of the community.

The Lady's Smile will naturally be followed by *The Lady's Frown*. We shall defer our opinion.

Bradshaw's Guide for the current month. Fresh, racy, and full of varied incident, we predict for this little book a great success.

Our Banker's Book. We have not yet had the courage to examine this formidable looking volume, or to open the letter which accompanies it. We will say nothing more about books for the present.



QUITE REASSURING.

"THE ROOMS ARE CHARMING, AND WOULD SUIT US EXACTLY. BUT, HOW ABOUT THE NEIGHBOURHOOD! ARE YOU SURE THAT IT IS A HEALTHY ONE?"

"HEALTHY, MADAM! I SHOULD THINK IT WAS! WHY, LOOK AT US! WE'VE BEEN HERE MORE THAN A TWELVEMONTH, AND I SHOULD THINK WE OUGHT TO KNOW!"

"WHENCE COME THOSE MAGIC SOUNDS?"

SIR,

In a house situated in no unfashionable part of this Metropolis am I attempting to write a treatise on the various theories of sound. I am assisted in my philosophical speculations by practical professors who attend simultaneously between the hours of 10 and 1 A.M.

A Brass Band, overture to *Zampa*.

Neighbour's piano heard through thin wall on left-hand, "*Hallelujah Chorus*" being practised.

Neighbour's piano heard through thin wall on the right hand, "*Sally come up*" and "*Rory O' Moore*."

A young lady, staying with us, in my drawing-room "*Dreaming of Angels*" imperfectly rendered, accompaniment uncertain.

Children on the leads of small houses at the back, unattended by guardians of any sort, squealing, and fighting.

Cats *ad lib*.

Dogs, occasionally.

A parrot, which says "*Ow dy do?*" at intervals, as a stock phrase, when not imitating the cats, dogs and children.

An invisible gentleman, whose whereabouts I cannot discover, who practises some strange instrument which sometimes sounds like an accordion, sometimes like a trombone, occasionally like a violoncello, and invariably like some one groaning in excessive pain.

Organs and street-singers of course. I'm at the back of the house, and their tunes are borne to me on the balmy breezes. Under these circumstances you may imagine how quickly I am progressing with my volume of Sound.

Yours truly,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

P.S. MR. SPICER once wrote a book on *Sights and Sounds*. Let him call a new edition *Sites and Sounds*, and give a list of Quiet Neighbourhoods.

A SUSPICIOUS SCHEME AT BERLIN.

THE *Weekly Dispatch* announces that there is to be an International Exhibition of Works of Fine Art at Berlin; to remain open from the 2nd of September to the 4th of November next. There is, however, a condition necessary to the formation of an exhibition of paintings and statues, or any other articles of value, a condition which the Prussian Government had better not make too sure of. The readiness of everybody to lend works of art for the purpose of exhibition in England, is very remarkable; but because that is what we experience, the KING OF PRUSSIA and his Ministers have no reason whatever to expect the same. English honour, English honesty, are proverbial throughout the world. England does not invade neighbouring countries on the pretence of vindicating nationality, wrest territories from them on that pretence, and then try to annex them, pretending the right of conquest. England has not, of late years, solemnly thanked Heaven for having succeeded in a homicidal burglary on a large scale. No wonder that people are everywhere willing to trust England with pictures and sculptures and jewels. KING WILLIAM and HERR BISMARCK will perhaps find that they have hardly inspired Europe with the same confidence.

COMING OF AGE.

SIR,

Do you recollect that charming picture of *Coming of Age in the Olden Time*? A young man standing on his ancestral steps in the full bloom of twenty-one, being welcomed by old retainers, by villagers, by all sorts of people with joyful acclamations. Why isn't this custom kept up? I came of age the other day. I had no ancestral steps to stand upon, but on my staircase I was received by my tailor, bootmaker, shoemaker, and a deputation from all sorts of tradesmen whom I had patronised, congratulating themselves upon my accession to responsibility. And this, my dear Sir, is *Coming of Age in the Modern Time*.

I am yours, ever, MINUCIUS FELIX.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



THIS IS REFORM THAT LAY IN THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



THIS IS THE RAT THAT HATES REFORM, &c.



THIS IS OLD GLAD, THAT QUIETLY SAT, AND HEARD THE RAT, FITCH INTO REFORM, &c.



THIS IS LORD GROSVENOR WORRYING GLAD, AS HE QUIETLY SAT, BY THE SIDE OF THE RAT, &c.



THIS IS BRITANNIA A-DOING HER BEST, FOR THE POOR OLD COW WITH THE BINDERPEST, PUT OFF FOR THE DOGS, &c.



THIS IS THE MAN WITH HIS SEVEN POUND TEST, A-WISHING BRITANNIA TO DO HER BEST, FOR HIM, AND THE REST, PUT OFF, &c.



THIS IS JOHN BRIGHT, AND HERE IS THE JEST. HE WOULD MARRY THE MAN WITH HIS SEVEN POUND TEST, TO BRITANNIA WHO WISHED THEY WOULD LEAVE HER AT REST, &c.



THIS IS BOLD HOBBSMAN, A BIT OF A PEET, WHO CROWD OVER BRIGHT AND HIS WONDERFUL JEST, FOR MARRYING THE MAN WITH HIS SEVEN-POUND TEST, &c.



THIS IS JOHN BULL, AND IT MUST BE CONFESSED, HE LOOKS UPON HOBBSMAN AND ALL THE REST, INCLUDING J. B. AS A BIT OF A PEET; AND AS FOR THE LODGERS, AND SEVEN POUND TEST, HE THINKS THAT BRITANNIA IS DOING HER BEST, TO PUT DOWN THE DOGS, WHO ARE WORRYING GLAD, &c.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



UREN VICTORIA's name is potent with EMPEROR THEODORE, of Abyssinia, who, LORD CLARENDON stated (*Monday, April 23*) had released all the European prisoners, including the missionaries and the Frenchmen, and had treated MR. RASSAM with great honour. The Emperor had also written a most polite letter to HER MAJESTY. We shall publish this. The news is good, but we propose to refrain from exultation until we hear that MR. RASSAM and those whom he has saved are at Aden. LORD DERBY silly asked whether LORD CLARENDON had sent this information to the *Times*, so my Lords, mindful of a certain hoax (touching which the frank avowal of the *Times* was manly and gentlemanly), had a laugh, a

good thing in these days of afflicting east winds and infinite Wind-bag.

Mr. Punch offers a prize, probably the *Dictionary of Quotations* to any journalist who can prove that in writing about this discussion he has never once said that it "dragged its slow length along." Mr. P. fears that the book will not be claimed.

The Sixth night of the Franchise Bill debate. As MR. BRIGHT was to open fire to-day, the House was crowded, and it is said that persons were waiting at the lobby door on the Sunday night. Even if they got in, they were scarcely rewarded, for MR. BRIGHT was not in force. Firstly, he was suffering from hoarseness, which we regret, and secondly, he was argumentative, which we also regret, because we like to see any distinguished artist in his best form. We should have preferred to hear him go in for mischief, in which process he is *facile princeps*. He actually reasoned in favour of the Bill, described it as Conservative, and as one which should be accepted for the sake of the Constitution. He demolished the Government statistics, declaring that they utterly falsified facts, by representing the working classes as at least twice as strong in the constituencies as they really are. He dwelt upon the undesirability of keeping the Reform question open, and frankly said that such a settlement as was proposed ought to set the matter at rest for at least the same time as has elapsed since the Reform Act. In justice he it added that, having been attacked by a great many speakers, he took a dignified tone in his peroration, and claimed for himself, not unfairly, a share of the glory due to those who have carried measures for the benefit of the people. It seemed that he had taken MR. FORSTER's advice, and roared, as *Bottom* proposed to roar, "like a sucking dove." We hope to hear him "roar again" in his louder manner.

MR. WHITESIDE, unsoftened, dashed at him instantly, and gave him a large piece of the Irish mind. Then, to the discontent of small Members, this orator occupied the dinner hours (when the *dii minores* get their innings) and quoted at merciless length. MR. TORRENS delivered a condensed and effective argument for the measure, against which MR. WALPOLE reasoned in his usual clear and courteous fashion. MR. GOSCHEN, Minister, finished, with a sensible, but not very striking speech.

MR. GUILDFORD ONSLOW, of Guildford, said that if an angel should lay a Reform Bill on the table, the Conservatives and recreant Whigs would oppose it. MR. DISRAELI made no remark on this. SIR R. KNIGHTLEY complained that only such Members were invited to speak as were indicated to the Speaker by the two Whips, and MR. BUTLER JOHNSTONE said that at the rate at which they were proceeding he should be satisfied to speak on the Second Reading in ten years. MR. SHERIDAN had refused to give up the Tuesday, when he had a Fire Assurance motion to make. MR. GLADSTONE and MR. DISRAELI, however, had a little talk, and it was settled that the debate should end on the Friday.

Tuesday. Another bulrush—we mean bulwark—of the Church of England was thrown down. The Bill for relieving municipal and other civil and uncivil officers from the necessity of swearing not to pull down the Church, was read a Second Time, on the motion of LORD HOUGHTON. The EARL OF DERBY said that he had previously opposed such relief, not because he thought the oath of any value, but because the desire to remove it showed an animus hostile to the Church. As the Bill for altering the Parliamentary oath had passed, he should not uphold this one. Quite right, my Lord. The less swearing the better, except when Swearing death to traitor slave, Hand we clench, sword we draw, Heaven defend the true and brave, Vive le Raw, Vive le -- Raw, as the poet exquisitely remarks.

MR. SHERIDAN, after interrupting the Reform debate for the sake of his Fire Motion, announced that he should not bring on the latter. He had not heard the conversation, over-night, between MESSRS. GLADSTONE and DISRAELI. Why hadn't he—where was he? It was his business to be in the House until the debate was over, unless he very much wanted to go to the Opera, and hear LUCCA,

who is the charmingest of *Marguerites* that ever put on the jewels. The night was wasted, the House rose at half-past ten.

The only thing noticeable was an exposure of the petition system, and if the statements had not come from MR. FRANKLAND, the House might have listened more respectfully, but even when this gentleman has a real grievance he makes such a row that people are bored. He said that there had been a great deal of humbug in the way of sham signatures to petitions, that people signed a dozen times, that boys in the street signed, and that fictitious names were appended. Everybody knows all that—who heeds petitions? If the House were in earnest about them it would enact that no one should sign unless he were of age, and gave his address and occupation, and that the penalty of any sham should be imprisonment. Is it no offence to forge the evidence on which legislation for millions is justified?

Wednesday. The Bill for admitting Dissenters to University fellowships went through Committee by a small majority, 208 to 186. Its opponents contended that the Dissenters had already all that they could properly claim, and had no right to govern in Church institutions. Its friends argued that the Universities were National institutions. The Bill will not pass the Lords.

Thursday. Seventh night of the Franchise debate. Its great feature was a speech against the Bill by MR. LOWE. MR. GLADSTONE, our frequent contributor, shall contribute the Essence for us. "When I think of the force of the weapons used, the keenness of their edge, and the skill and rapidity with which those weapons were wielded, I am lost in admiration, though I myself was the object of a fair proportion of the cuts and thrusts." MR. LOWE moreover drew a dread picture of the Democracy to which he said we were hastening, and adjured the Commons not to sacrifice our institutions. The speech was so effective that for a time no Member liked to follow. The debate, however, was continued by about a score of gentlemen, whose sentiments alternated with a regularity that showed how strictly impartial is MR. DENISON, and MR. CHILDERS, Minister, replied, charging MR. LOWE with having changed his opinions, and denying that the Bill would give undue predominance to the working class. MR. LOWE was the one star—a red planet, Mars—which illuminated a dreary night.

Friday. The Eighth Night and the Last. LORD CRAMBOURNE began, with some acerbities, as is his wont. He said that the working classes were much like other people, but being poor, were more open to bribery. But his main point was an attack on the Government for endeavouring to take the control of the question out of the hands of the House.

MR. MILL's colleague, CAPTAIN GROSVENOR, supported the Bill, and poetically told its opponents that they were frightened at a supposed spectre, which was really the God-like Image of an Honest Man. MR. BUTLER JOHNSTONE begged the Government Whigs not to ruin themselves by alliance with Radicalism. THE O'DONOGHUE spoke ably for the Bill, and professed much faith in the greatness and goodness of MR. GLADSTONE. Of the other speeches before the grand champions came forth, Mr. Punch puts into amber only those of MR. BAINES and MR. NEWDEGATE, of whom the former dwelt on the improvement among the working class, and the latter, though he would reduce the franchise, insisted on a simultaneous re-distribution.

Then, at half-past ten (be particular, Muse of History) MR. DISRAELI rose, and the Conservative plaudits rang loudly and long. His points were these. The Bill arose from MR. GLADSTONE's sudden declaration, one fine morning, about man's inherent right to be on the register. The Bill would swamp and destroy the County representation. Much Rantipole Rhetoric had been talked. The North of England, taking the Trent as the division, was not better than the South, deducting the fact that London was in the latter. MR. ELICE had said that the boundary arrangements in LORD DERBY's Reform Bill were perfect. It was desired to bring the House towards a condition without spell of tradition or claim of prescription, and we should have a herd of obscure mediocrities incapable of anything but the mischief devised by the Demagogue of the hour. He cited an amendment proposed at the Oxford Union by MR. GLADSTONE, when a student, in which the young Tory had condemned the great Reform Bill in language which MR. DISRAELI would be happy to substitute for LORD

GROSVENOR's on this occasion. He contrasted Mr. MILL's written and spoken language, he warned us against Americanising our institutions, because we had not the boundless land-resources of America. He complimented Mr. BRIGHT, expressed pain at his conduct, and likened him to [DANTON.] He assailed Mr. GLADSTONE for not vindicating the House, as he was bound to do as its leader, against Mr. BRIGHT's accusations, and he scoffed at Mr. GLADSTONE's "pilgrimages of passion." He defended the Tories against all charges, asserting that every measure for promoting the personal happiness of the worker had been carried by them, against manufacturers and Radicals. He said that Mr. BRIGHT played fairly, but that Mr. GLADSTONE was a "confederate." Finally and energetically denouncing the introduction of American principles into English legislation, he ended with a quotation from SIR G. CORNWALL LEWIS, who emphatically condemned the counting instead of the weighing of votes. The Leader of Opposition spoke for two hours and a half, and a great storm of plaudits rewarded his exertions.

Then rose the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER for his final blow. His points were these. LORD PALMERSTON had not been opposed to Reform. (But perhaps he winked at it, your Highness?) The Government were not subservient to Mr. BRIGHT. Mr. GLADSTONE had only spoken of "flesh and blood," because he thought speakers were in danger of forgetting the fact. (This explanation was not Gladstonianly adroit.) Of Mr. LOWE he spoke as has been recorded, but at him and his friends he let drive most heartily, calling them, Aristophanetically, as politicians, "certain depraved and crooked little men," and these, and not the Commons, were those of whom he had said "we know with whom we have to deal." He spoke reverently of KARL RUSSELL, as a reformer all his life, whereas he himself had come among Reformers an outcast, and *in forma pauperis*, and he thanked them for their kindness to him. This was an Historical Debate. The Reform ship had been wrecked so often that he had thought to save the ship by removing some of the Cargo. (Shall we say the helm, your Highness?) The meaning of the opponents of Reform should be understood. Let us die in the daylight. Parliament was admirable, but might be made better—unreformed, it jobbed for individuals, reformed, up to the present point, it jobbed for classes. The meetings in the country were got up, were they? Let the Tories get some up. Mr. LOWE's predictions were beautifully phrased, and would hereafter be models, for schoolboys to turn into Greek. Take SIR ROBERT PEEL's advice, and Elevate your Vision. Dwelling on the improved character of the working class, he warned the Opposition against a New Crusade, in which, as in all previous crusades, they had failed, and he wound up with this happily conceived and gallantly delivered defiance:—

"You may bury the Bill that we have introduced, but for its epitaph we will write upon its gravestone this line, with certain confidence in its fulfilment—"

"Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor."

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move on in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—those great social forces are against you! they are marshalled on our side, and the banner which we now carry, though perhaps at some moment it may droop over our sinking heads, yet it soon again will float in the eye of heaven, and it will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain and to a not distant victory."

Then came, soon after the great Clock Tower had sounded Three, the fatal summons to the lobbies. When we returned, the account was thus given forth

For the Second Reading	318
Against it	313

Government Majority Five.

MR. GLADSTONE (to the House). On Monday look for news.
The HOUSE (sternly). On Monday be it then.

LEGAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE only time to read the Births, Deaths, and Marriages carefully, and the rest of the paper very hurriedly, but I want to call your attention to a line that caught my eye the other day in the legal part. In some Old Bailey trial I found that—

"Mr. POLAND abandoned the count for the attempt to kill and murder."

The Count is a nobleman, and Mr. POLAND, I suppose, a barrister, and it is, I think, very much to his honour, or at all events speaks highly for the absence of mobbishness among the lawyers, that he should have given up the acquaintance of a member of the aristocracy, with whom he found he could no longer associate on account of his depravity. In these days of testimonials, of course, one will be presented to Mr. POLAND.

Yours sincerely, MARIA MARRYBUN.

WHEN is a bad tooth like a Civil Servant's Income-Tax? When it's stopped.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

SECOND NOTICE.

MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE had some more readings in the new *Biographia Britannica*. I have been again to what Mr. Punch named "Arcadia." I have had my difficulties. Notwithstanding the attention I have lately been paying (no, Mr. Punch, not to the lady who thinks MARKHAM CLINTON a desirable name to invest in), but to the annals of my country, from MATTHEW of Paris, to THOMAS of Chelsea, I am still bewildered, especially when I get entangled in the line of Scottish Sovereigns. The fourth JAMES, the fifth JAMES, and that estimable Monarch who was at once the sixth and the first; the MARGARETS, the MARYS, the MADELINES; the succession of the unfortunate MARY's husbands.—I own to a secret infidelity as to her beauty;—the tormenting uncertainty I am in as to whether it was BOTHWELL who murdered RIZZIO, or DARNLEY who blew up BOTHWELL, running into a hazy notion that the Regent MURRAY assassinated ARCHBISHOP SHARP in the pass of Glencoe, at the instigation of MONTROSE, whom I am perpetually mixing up with *Bonnie Dundee* and *The Last Sleep of Argyll*—throw me into a fret only to be allayed by gazing on the calming, controlling faces of "The Queen of Hearts," or LORD ARUNDELL's *Falkland*, or sweet serene *Mary Sydney*.

I noticed two young friends of mine, MINNIE B. and JAMES AUBREY H. (they have dropped the JAMES since Uncle HUNXMAN's death) in the bay, graced by the SIDNEY group. I am afraid AUBREY is not the possessor of the books of the historians I referred to last week, for he was grievously misquoting BEN JONSON's epitaph, and making the wildest guesses at the musical instrument on which SIR PHILIP's mother is resting her hand, now suggesting it was a rebeck, anon declaring it a theorbo, and finally, being a youthful barrister, inclining to the belief that it might be a recorder. MINNIE, who I am sure has been well brought up, timidly asked if it was not a shawm, and the end of the discussion was, that they both agreed it must be a banjoline, by which I concluded they meant a mandoline. I had come into this bay from an earlier one, and to pass from the PHILIP and MARY of Smithfield and the Tower to the PHILIP and MARY of Penshurst and Arcadia was as the transition from some dismal country lit up with furnaces, and forges, and sulphureous flames, to a land of chiming fountains, and falling waters, and banks of violets and verdure.

I am not a painter—I purposely avoid the term artist, for that ill-used word now-a-days means anything from an architect to an acrobat, from a painter to a pantaloons—I scarcely know the difference between oil and water-colour, and am never sure for an hour together what is the exact size known as Kit-Cat. Perhaps it is as well, for I should not care to take part in discussions about pictures being painted in tempera, which might become intemperate, or have the pleasure I feel in looking at really fine portraits marred by a nostril out of drawing, or one eye a trifle bigger than the other. I never could trace even a straight line, and in my boyish days when slate and pencil were the chief drawing materials, I failed in rendering the customary features of the human countenance with any approach to anatomical accuracy. So you will not be disturbed by remarks on the legitimacy of the HOLBEINS in the Exhibition, or a dissertation on the question whether it was VAN EYCK or MEMLING (I hope I have hit on the right way of spelling this painter's name out of half-a-dozen) who produced the remarkable triptych picture belonging to the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, which is one of the dons of the collection. Such doubtful points must be left to the REDGRAVES and SCHARFS, the TAYLORS and WORKUMS—authorities to be listened to with attention and quoted with respect.

On the private view day I did not see much of the beauties on the walls; I was more occupied with the beauties that swept the floors—dresses *en quene* are, I think, a greater nuisance than poor dying crinoline. There was a good show of blue silk and black velvet, and some charming things in diminishing bonnets. Of course, I saw the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, and JACOB OMNIUM, and the other notables always to be found at these great gatherings; and so felt content to wait for quiet mornings to enjoy the company of the BLACK DOUGLAS and JERRY WHITE, LADY JANE GRAY (I prefer the pale face from the Bodleian to LORD SPENGLER's buxom damsel) and SIR THOMAS BROWN, ISAAC WALTON and BISHOP FISHER, JOHN BUNYAN and LORD CORNBURY, ABBOTT and MONK, WHITELOCKE and GREENHILL, GARDINER and TAYLOR, BUTLER and COKE, BRADSHAW and MURRAY, old ROBERT BURTON, with his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and DR. GLISSON, whose cadaverous face indicates the melancholy of anatomy, BARROW and CARTWRIGHT, MARVELL and STRANGER, BISHOP PRABSON, who sprang from Snoring, and VENETIA DIBBY, who never awoke from sleeping, OLD PARR and SACCHARISSA, who, although she hangs beneath that venerable eld, cannot be considered below par; ANTONIO MORE, and HENRY MORE, and THOMAS MORE, and a thousand more whose merits may, perhaps, be summed up in some future number, if you can spare the space in these Reforming times.

I shall postpone the Wars of the Roses until the usual floral contests take place in the Horticultural Gardens.

MARKHAM CLINTON.



A STUDY.

STODGE AND HIS FRIENDS, MADLAKE AND BLUMOLD, HAVE LEARNT THAT THEIR PICTURES ARE HUNG THIS YEAR. SO, HERE THEY ARE, LOOKING OUT FOR SOME NICE DRESSY TIES FOR THE OPENING OF THE ACADEMY. AH! IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO LAUGH, BUT PERSONAL APPEARANCE, AND "GET-UP" GENERALLY IS A VERY IMPORTANT THING NOW-A-DAYS, MIND YOU!

BRITANNIA TO LORD RUSSELL.

AIR—"John Anderson, my Jo."

JOHN RUSSELL, my old friend, JOHN,
When we were first acquaint,
I was sadly out of temper,
And had cause for discontent.
You brought in a Reform Bill,
My grievances to mend,
And I rested and was thankful
To JOHN RUSSELL, my old friend.

JOHN RUSSELL, my old friend, JOHN,
Ye mind that shout so shrill,
It rang—"The Bill, the whole Bill,
And nothing but the Bill!"
My dander then was rized, JOHN,
I saw and sought my end,
And put up with no half-measures,
JOHN RUSSELL, my old friend.

Yes—'twas nothing but the whole Bill
In thirty-two I trow;
'Tis anything but a whole Bill,
This Bill you give me now.
And though easy about measures,
With few grievances to mend,
I'm as chary of half-measures still,
As I was then, old friend.

Then take back your half-measure,
And fill it to the brim;
Give your plan of distribution,
Though Lambs and Lords look grim;

And when the Bill's completed,
Never mind whom I offend,
I'll lend a hand to carry it,
JOHN RUSSELL, my old friend.

A GRAND IDEA.

In this age of Anniversary Keeping, we earnestly hope that an opportunity, which is this year offered for a festival of the first magnitude, will not be lost by those who are addicted to such practices. We need hardly say that it is 1866, and consequently we are approaching the Two-hundredth Anniversary of

The Great Fire of London,

SEPTEMBER 2, 3 and 4, 1666.

Surely, here is a splendid opening for a celebration. We trust that a Committee will at once be got together, and sworn not to quarrel—much. Let a prize be offered for a Poem on the Fire (with no Phoenix), and announce that it will be recited on the top of the Monument, by CAPTAIN SHAW. Let processions be arranged, which, on the three days, shall perambulate the streets occupying the site of those which were destroyed. Flame-coloured banners, badges, and cockades. The Fire Brigade to attend at the intervals of service elsewhere, bringing new engines. The Floating Engines to play on the City at stated hours—inhabitants to be at liberty to stay in-doors or carry umbrellas at pleasure. MR. VINING might be induced to have his House-on-Fire scene enacted every hour during the Festival. Dinners and speeches as matter of course. Perhaps the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND would kindly act as President. Really, such an occasion for a National Observance should not be overlooked by those who like opportunities of being "in evidence," and their name is Legion.

A LEADING ARTICLE.—A Blind-man's Dog.



REST, AND BE *VERY* THANKFUL.

BRITANNIA. "YOU'VE BEEN SO GOOD A BOY, JOHNNY, THAT I HOPE YOU WON'T GET INTO SUCH ANOTHER MUDDLE!"

A FINE ANTI-CLIMAX.



AIRIST BLANCHE, or whatever your name, fair reader, may be, you have perhaps seen in a book, or heard a man mention, the word anti-climax. If so, you may have wondered what an anti-climax was, if you ever wonder at anything. Well, now here is an example of an anti-climax:—

"THE JUDGES AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. — Yesterday afternoon, the first Sunday in Easter term, HER MAJESTY'S Judges and Serjeants-at-law attended divine service in state at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Judges wearing scarlet gowns, bands, full-bottomed wigs, and ermine tippets, and the Serjeants scarlet gowns, bands, full-bottomed wigs and knee-breeches."

Lovely one, there is an anti-climax in the foregoing newspaper paragraph, that is to say, distinct portion of a column. Distinct portion means a bit separate from the rest. The anti-climax, my sweet, lies between divine service, and full-bottomed wigs and knee-breeches. It is, love, the drop, the tremendous drop, from divine service to full-bottomed wigs and those other things. Divine service, you know, of course you know, is very solemn and awful. Full-bottomed wigs and those other things are very grotesque, or funny. Do you see? Of course you do; for you not only have a profound feeling of reverence, but are also endowed with a sharp sense of the ludicrous.

THE POPE'S LOST LETTERS.

Our interest and attention were awakened the other day by the subjoined statement in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"There is now no doubt of the abstraction from the Pope's bureau, by an audacious and unknown hand, of a portfolio containing autograph letters from several sovereigns. It is forbidden to speak of it at the Vatican, consequently the particulars are enveloped in mystery."

It was in vain that the Papal Government turned Mr. HOME, the spiritualist, out of Rome, for the practice of sorcery. They should also, if they could, have exorcised the Vatican, and driven the spirits out of the Pope's premises. We are not at liberty to name the Medium that has placed in our possession the very letters which mysteriously disappeared from the Pope's desk, and will only say that, determined to cater to the public appetite for knowledge, regardless of expense, we paid a very high price for them without any misgiving that, in their acquisition, we were at all guilty of buying stolen goods. We subjoin, translated, some of them, which may not appear to be of quite so much importance as they may have been preconceived. The first is dated at St. Petersburg, and signed "A." It is as follows:—

My dear Pope, — It would vex me to fancy that you were personally annoyed by the measures I have been forced to take with the Catholics of Poland. You don't know what a turbulent set they are. As to you, they no more care for your Holiness than they would for my Majesty, if I confined myself to reproving them in mere ukases, and fulminations that were *bruta fulmina*. If you could only persuade them to be quiet, you would soon put an end to those persecutions in Poland of which I am afraid, as it is, that you will hear more.

Thanks for the coins; which I shall treasure. In return, wishing you an ample influx of Peter's Pence, I beg your Holiness to accept the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

The next is traced on pink paper, and strongly scented with musk or civet. It bears the postmark of Madrid; but is undated, as is very commonly the case with letters, written, like it, in a female hand:—

Most Holy Father, — It was really not my fault; it was not, indeed. I could not help myself; upon my faith I couldn't. Consider, most holy Father, that your daughter has the misfortune to be a constitutional Sovereign. My Government would insist on recognising the excommunicated King. Resistance would have cost me a Crown, and done your Holiness not one rial of good.

Vouchsafe, most venerable successor of St. Peter, to accept the pair of jewelled white kid gloves, the diamond necklace, the crinoline, and the chignon which I send to adorn the miraculous image. And

oh, do not forget to favour me with the piece of St. Laurence's toenail, and the paring of St. Ildefonso's corn! Your ever faithful child,

ISABELLA.

P.S. I will never do so any more. Enjoin me what penance your Holiness pleases: but I should like an indulgence so much better! — I.

The note with which we now present the reader appears to have been penned in the Eternal City itself, at the Palazzo occupied by its ex-Royal author, who, commencing with the customary salutation, proceeds to say:—

The papers have alarmed me by a statement that the Government of your Holiness has given orders to the troops enlisted under the flag of the Fisherman to turn their pious bayonets from the support of St. Peter's throne to the extermination of the loyal soldiers engaged for the sacred cause of legitimacy in glorious warfare under the name of brigandage. St. Januarius forbid! But how, your Holiness, by the bye, is it that the liquefaction continues to happen at Naples? What shall we do if the Saint has recognised the Italian Kingdom? Inform your sorrowing son,

FRANCIS.

Of the succeeding documents we can but venture to give fragments, with the signature:—

* * * True, as you say, I have never yet been crowned. My coronation yet remains an unnecessary step, which might be an error. That is why I have not supplicated your Holiness to come and do it. All in good time—though time does, as you observe, fly. I hope you drank my health last Friday.

The Prince thanks you for the bon-bons. E. also says that they are delicious—tried to make me bite a confit. I told the boy that much sweetstuff would spoil his teeth—the most foolish thing that we can do, in this world. He replied, "Oh Papa, not if it has received the Apostolic benediction!" That is what I hope you will never cease to bestow on

L. N.

P.S. The troops must leave. They can't stay any longer. They really can't—*non possumus*. DROVYN has told ANTONELLI why. But I'll take care no harm shall happen to you.

* * * I don't know any such Sovereign as the KING OF SARDINIA. There is a KING OF ITALY—with whom you had better come to terms. The logic of facts is inexorable, and so, for that matter, is your otherwise most obedient, dutiful, devoted and affectionate son,

L. N.

* * * I send you a box of cigars, which, if your Holiness smokes, pray keep. But if not, please bless them and send them back. I shall know how to distribute them. I flatter myself that is a new idea.

By the way, cigars blessed by the Pope would fetch fancy prices. Thank me for the suggestion of a new source of revenue.

Do not be uneasy. The temporal power will last your time. And then? The Roman population of the future will choose its own ruler—if it can.

N. III.

THE CRYSTAL FAIRIES AND THE COCKNEY FIENDS.

It is absolutely necessary to warn visitors to the Crystal Palace against birds'-nesting. There are some fools who cannot go into a beautiful garden without itching to destroy the flowers, or do some damage or other. It is for such as these that our Parks are disfigured by iron railings, and each public place is turned into a Spike Island. May donkeys dance on their great-grandmother's grave! But let you and I, and nobody by, wander along the high level, smile on the Crystal Police fairies (invisible-blue Guardians of the Crystal Fountains), and presenting our silver talisman, let us enter the portals, disport ourselves becomingly in the delightful grounds, and, when fatigued, lie down under the shadow of the calm and tranquil GROVE (Secretary), who may refresh us with a cold collation. Lovely weather! We have already had two rows with our washerwoman about certain white waistcoats that have vanished since last year, and about two others which *must* have shrunk in the washing, because we'll swear that our waist has been gradually tapering ever since October last. So brush up your hats, and hey for the grass of Sydenham!

Then fill up my cup,¹ and pour out my can,²
I really can't give you a shilling, my man;³
Don't walk on the border,⁴ but let's be gay, free,⁵
And we'll dine at the Palace,⁶ and come home to tea.⁷

¹ Just some light Reddinton, with a blout, before starting.

² My can of hot water. "Cleanliness is next to," &c.

³ Arrival at the Victoria Station. Usual altercation with cabman.

⁴ In the Gardens of Crystal Palace. I remonstrate with mob.

⁵ I pretend it was only a joke when mob wants to punch my head.

⁶ My idea of pleasure at somebody else's expense.

⁷ My idea of pleasure at my own.



ONE REASON, CERTAINLY!

First Artist. "WHO'LL BE THE NEXT ACADEMICIAN!"

Second Artist. "OH, FADDLER, MY DEAR FELLOW, UNQUESTIONABLY!"

First Artist (incredulous). "NONESENSE!"

Second Artist. "OH, THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! A VERY GOOD FELLOW, YOU KNOW, AND HE'S LIVED A LONG TIME AT ST. JOHN'S WOOD!"

A REFORM LETTER FROM A SINGLE LADY.

RESPECTED MR. PUNCH,

I READ, the other day, in that masterly and brilliant summary into which you condense, as by hydraulic power (and how you do it I can't think), all that is worth knowing about Parliament, some words in which you set forth that—

"Materfamilias is more interested in the Franchise question than she thinks, for it is Parliament which imposes the taxes."

This, like everything you say, is true. But Materfamilias cares but little for the taxes, because she does not pay them personally. It is Paterfamilias who pays, and Materfamilias never knows precisely how much money goes in taxes, and how much goes in Paterfamilias's cigars and boots.

But, Sir, I who am a spinster and pay my own taxes, I know how much of my income they devour. I have a house, and pay innumerable rates, and assessed taxes, and I have some money in the funds, which ought to bring me in £300 a year, but which doesn't, because a little bit is snapped off each hundred pounds for the Income-Tax, and I have shares in a railroad, and whenever my dividends are paid, so much is always deducted for the same odious tax. Therefore I am personally interested in taxes and the Franchise Bill, and I should be obliged to you, Sir, to tell me why I have not got a vote for the borough in which I live. I am, so to say, educated, that is, I know a smattering of various languages, and "ologies," and I can do a rule-of-three sum.

I am sufficiently intelligent to manage my own affairs, and to appreciate *Punch*, and I never get tipsy, yet I have no vote, while JENKINS, the greengrocer, who comes to wait when I give dinner-parties, and who has twice been bankrupt, and makes mistakes in his bills, has a vote; and so has JOBBINS, the carpenter, who comes to do repairs, and is often drunk and beats his wife, and so have my butcher and baker,

and linendraper and grocer, and I think it is very hard I have not one too. Why am I to be put on a footing of inferiority to these people? Am I less intelligent than JENKINS, less respectable than JOBBINS? Some people say it is because I don't wish for a vote, but they are mistaken, I *do* wish for one. I suppose I know best whether I wish for a thing or whether I don't.

Now, *Mr. Punch*, I ask you as a sensible right-minded man to tell me why I have not got a vote; and whatever reason you give, mind you don't say it is because I don't wish for one, because that, Sir, would be a tarradiddle, and quite unworthy of *Mr. Punch*.

Your devoted admirer,

A SPINSTER.

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

You allow your dependents every reasonable indulgence; but you won't let them abuse your good-nature? Then, Sir, they will detect you. You will have deceived their expectations.

Take Care of Number One, Sir, or else how will you be able to take care of Number Two? Sir, if you sacrifice yourself to that fellow, you will incapacitate yourself from doing any service to me.

Will you love one another then as now? To be sure, Sir; just like all other old couples. How many such do you know that love one another now any less than they did then?

A Conundrum.

(To be given at the close of a morning visit.)

WHY would a lady who stays at home all the year round be likely to prove herself a false relation to her nephew?
Because she is not a *tru-ant*. Good morning. [Exit Visitor.]

MAY DAY IN COUNTRY AND TOWN.

TUESDAY was the First of May;

Heard ye not the Cuckoo's song?

Tuesday was a festive day,

In the City, all day long.

Then on green banks, gay with flowers,

Infants in the sun reposed:

At the Bank, ye laughing Hours,

Transfer Offices were closed.

Midges whilst, in mazy range,

Swallows from the streamlet swept,

There was, at the Stock Exchange,

Holiday, as usual, kept.

Ordinary stocks and shares

None did buy, as none did sell,

Thither came not any Bears;

All the Bulls were off as well.

Nor in Railways, nor in Mines

Was there any business done:

None in Banks, and in designs

Miscellaneous, there was none.

Backwardation was no word

There; Contango ceased to ring.

But the Lark, that merry bird,

Warbled, elsewhere, on the wing.

Where were all the Brokers then?

And the Jobbers—where were they?

In the wild and lonely glen,

On the mountains far away?

In some sweet sequestered spot

For the most part, if not all?

No; and probably the lot

Dined at Greenwich or Blackwall.

"The House and the Home."

A NEW Historical Drama is to be produced in Paris. Between the first and second Acts "a lapse of two hundred years" occurs. The audience will of course rest themselves in the interval; but if the piece is adapted and brought out in London, will our decorous Mammals, during this aforesaid interval of two hundred years, allow their daughters to sit down in *the laps of two centuries*?

"A CENTURY OF INVENTIONS."—The nineteenth.



A BIBLIOMANIAC.

Charlie. "OH, GRANDPA, WE ARE ONLY TAKING THE VERY OLDEST WE CAN FIND!"

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

DEAR SMITH,

Delenda est Carthago. London is to be demolished. Go where you will in it, you are half blinded by the dust which is made by its destroyers. What with railways and embankments and valley elevations, houses by the hundred are being swept away, and there soon will be no vestige left of London as it used to be. The City, before long, will be nothing but a workshop, and ground will be so valuable that nobody but millionaires will occupy an inch of it.

Of course, the poor must live elsewhere. In the City there will soon be only room for Cæsars. A cellar will be let for five hundred a year, and half that rent, at least, will be demanded for an attic. So the poor may "go to Bath," get a living there, and find a lodging, if they can. Like Mr. FERGUSON, they "won't lodge here," for there will be no place for them. Still, we Cæsars may want a workman now and then, and it may be awkward if we have to send to Bath for one. Would it not be wise, then, to build some workmen's homes, within fair distance of our warerooms? Mr. PRABODY has shown what sort of houses are required, and, if we want another specimen, there is one in Pye Street, Westminster. They say, too, that such buildings really pay as an investment; and perhaps if you or I had put a finger in that Pye, we might have pulled a plum out. Besides, "charity begins at home," and in giving men such homes as these, there is abundant scope for it.

So as I know you have more money than you well know what to do with, I enclose you a prospectus of a company just formed for building homes for workmen, or "operatives" rather it is now correct to call them. You see your friend "TOM BROWN" is one of the trustees, and the prospectus further wins your favour by the statement that:—

"The undertaking offers to Working Men an investment for their savings, secured upon property in their own occupation, and in the management of which they themselves may take a part. . . . At the same time, the co-operation of gentlemen of influence and position offers a guarantee that, while the undertaking is mainly of a commercial nature, the buildings will be erected upon sound sanitary principles."

Go then, my dear fellow, and give a hand in finding houses for the poor chaps we rich merchants have kicked out of their homes, and you will be well rewarded by the approval of your conscience, and by a safe return of six or more per cent.

Yours very truly,

RHADAMANTHUS JONES.

THE LORD MAYOR AND HIS LABOURS.

SAM SLICK lays it down that "life is not all beer and skittles." Assuredly the life of the LORD MAYOR is not all punch and turtle, as they who only feast with him might possibly believe. Here is one of his small duties, and he has very many large ones:—

"Every morning after breakfast the LORD MAYOR signs upon an average two hundred and fifty receipts for City coal dues and the like. . . . In the course of his year of office, the LORD MAYOR signs his name to official documents fifty thousand times."

When young *Romeo* asked *Juliet*, "What's in a name?" he clearly had no notion of this task of the LORD MAYOR. Else he might have known that a name may, in some cases, cause its miserable owner the writing of some fifty thousand signatures a year. We wonder if the LORD MAYOR has to sign his surname merely, or if he is obliged to write his other names as well? Imagine what a nuisance it would be to a Lord Mayor, if he always had to write a string of lengthy names, such, for instance, as "AUGUSTUS JEREMIAH WILLIAM ALEXANDER WINTERBOTTOM" whenever any document was brought for him to sign. We should advise a man, who fancies that his son may be LORD MAYOR, to give the boy a short name, such as TOM, or HAL, or ROB. Indeed, to speak from sad experience, if parents never gave their children more than one short name in baptism, what a comfort it would be to them in all their after life!

THE PIECE OF THE GERMAN DIET BISMARCK DID NOT CALCULATE ON.—The *pièce de résistance*.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

"THE FAVOURITE OF FORTUNE" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1st Intelligent Person. 2nd Intelligent Person (his friend.)
Other People. Elderly Gentleman and Wife.

SCENE.—IN THE STALLS.

ACT I.

1st Intelligent Person. Pretty scene, eh?

His Friend. Yes.

Mr. Sothorn (as Frank Annerley, says sarcastically). Not when the wind blows. [Arranges music.

Mr. Rogers (as Major Price). But in the time of the Regent—
[Somebody takes him away. A lapse of twenty minutes is supposed to occur, during which the piece progresses, and MISS KATE SAVILLE sits on a music stool.

1st Intelligent Person (as Act I. ends). I hope he'll marry NELLY MOORE.

His Friend (ungallantly but honestly). I'm afraid it will be MISS KATE SAVILLE. (Suddenly). Do you think ROGERS is anyone in disguise?

Intelligent Person (scornfully). Pooh!

(End of Act I.)

ENTR'ACTE.

1st Intelligent Person (after examining his playbill). Hum! who's the Favourite of Fortune?

His Friend (looking at his bill). Well, I suppose—er—er—(doubtfully) SOTHERN? eh?

Intelligent Person (with uncertainty). Ah, ye-es (knowingly). But we haven't see FOX BROMLEY yet.

His Friend. Oh, no, of course not.

[Hopes for no particular reason that FOX BROMLEY will be the Favourite of Fortune.

1st Intelligent Person (wishing to make up his mind on the point). Full of epigram, though?

His Friend (doubtfully). Ye-es. (Apologetically.) But I always laugh at BUCKSTONE.

1st Intelligent Person (hardly satisfied with the answer, tries to recollect instances of epigrams in the first Act and fails). That was good about (considers)—about wine in a bottle—BUCKSTONE, you know, said it.

His Friend. Oh, yes! (Doesn't remember it.) Yes, that wasn't bad.

1st Intelligent Person (dissatisfied with his Friend, himself, and the epigram). What was it? "Port always leaks in a corked bottle." Yes, that was—

His Friend (who vaguely remembers something of the sort). Yes, that was funny. (Decisively.) Oh, it's very well written; (then as an after-thought,) ROGERS isn't bad, is he?

1st Intelligent Person. ROGERS? oh, (refers to bill,) oh, yes, Major Price. Yes, (uncertainly,) ye-es. (Decisively, to save trouble.) Oh, yes, very good.

His Friend (trying his first idea again nervously). I shouldn't wonder if he's somebody in disguise—

Intelligent Person (who sees the impossibility of disguising Rogers, says scornfully). Pooh!

ACT II.

1st Intelligent Person. Pretty scene?

His Friend. Yes.

[FOX BROMLEY appears and is mixed up with the action.

Mr. Sothorn (looking epigrams at Mrs. Lorrington). But he sometimes refuses to go. [Plucks a flower.

Mr. Buckstone (as Tom Sutherland). I'm shrewd.

[Winks at audience; roars of laughter.

Fox Bromley (pretending to pick up a caterpillar). We are as we are made—

Mr. Rogers (as Major Price). But in the time of the Regent—

[Is taken away by somebody.

Fox Bromley (the villain of the piece). I wouldn't hurt a worm.

Intelligent Person in Stalls (making a happy hit). He's like Count Fosco in the Woman in White.

His Friend (struck with the similarity). So he is. (After a little thought he hits upon another happy idea.) MISS WITHERBY's exactly like that foolish girl in Our Mutual Friend.

Intelligent Person (annoyed with his friend for copying his original idea.) No, I don't see that. (Determines to crush all future suggestions and discoveries.) But the plot is a mixture of "My Aunt's" history in David Copperfield, with a character from the Woman in White; perhaps (to humour his friend), a dash of DICKENS's Mrs. Boffin, and the silly girl what's-her-name, then there's a reminiscence of Cousin Fensis in *Dombey & Son*, a strong suspicion of BULWER's Money in the hero and

heroine, and a flavour of MISS BRADDON in Mrs. Lorrington's Secret Marriage. [Several people turn round and frown at Intelligent Person.

(End of Act II.)

ENTR'ACTE.

Friend of Intelligent Person (who now looks to him for information on all points.) But who is the Favourite of Fortune?

Intelligent Person. I don't know.

[Several other people in stalls look at their playbills and ask "Who is the Favourite of Fortune?"

ACT III.

Intelligent Person. Pretty scene, eh?

His Friend. Yes. (Referring to bill). All the scenes are in or about Mrs. Lorrington's villa.

Intelligent Person. I suppose we shall go all over the house if the piece lasts long enough.

[Elderly Gentleman in front hears and repeats this remark as his own to his wife who replies "Hush, don't!"

Mr. Buckstone. I'm shrewd.

[Audience roar.

Fox Bromley. We are as we are made—

Mr. Rogers. But in the time of the Regent—

[Somebody takes him away.

(End of Act III.)

ACT IV.

Intelligent Person. It's not bad, is it?

His Friend. No; not many epigrams in it after the first Act.

Intelligent Person (who has forgotten all about the epigrams.) No.

His Friend. Who's the Favourite of Fortune?

Intelligent Person. Oh, I suppose—er—BUCKSTONE—or—OF NELLY MOORE—or—

His Friend (undecidedly). It's not FOX BROMLEY, of course?

Intelligent Person. No; we shall see in this Act.

(End of Act IV.)

Intelligent Person. Not so good as Lord Dundreary.

His Friend. What had all those other people got to do with the piece?

Intelligent Person (annoyed). I don't know. (Dwelling on a recollection with pleasure.) But there were some epigrams in the first Act.

[They take up their hats and get their coats from the stall-keeper.

His Friend (guzzled). But who's the Favourite of Fortune?

[Several people, waiting in the hall, are interested and listen.

Intelligent Person (pocketing his bill). Oh, I know. (With an air of authority, and loudly for every one to hear.) It's evidently, ROGERS.

[People look at one another; ladies determine to refer to their programmes; gentlemen would like to dispute the point. Carriages and cabs arrive; red fire from fuzes. Exit Intelligent Person and Friend.

BILL OF FARE À LA BISMARCK;

OR, THE NEW GERMAN DIET.

BISMARCK the Diet would reform,
And fluttered Germany aware is
How'er at the mess she storm,
That this the BISMARCK Bill of Fare is.

The Free-Towns must eat dirt, or stick;
Grand Dukes must eat their pledges broken:
SACHSEN, HANAU, and BAYERN, quick,
Eat every word that they have spoken.

Poor Austria must eat humble pie,
Be snuffed out like a farthing-candle,
And clear the stage, that, by-and-by,
Prussia may eat up Vaterland all.

STRANGE CASE OF LETTER-STEALING.

THE latest foreign intelligence of the other day contains the following important announcement:—

"WHAT'S IN A NAME.—The Civil Tribunal of the Seine on Saturday gave judgment in the suit of M. SAX against MADLE SAKX, of the Opera. M. SAX complained that, as the lady's name was SAKX, she had no right to take his, even with the addition of an e. He demanded, therefore, the suppression of the x, and claimed damages for the prejudice caused him. The Court decided in his favour, and condemned the lady to suppress the x, but without damages, as there was no injury done."

Now that s is eliminated from the name of the lady who called herself SAKX, by what is M. SAX the better? It is difficult to see how she could have offended that gentleman by appropriating one of the letters that form his name, and, in comparison with the name of SAKX, that of SAKX at all events sounds rather the saucier.



REMARKABLE DREAM

COMMUNICATED BY OUR ARTIST.—HE THOUGHT THE ROYAL ACADEMY HAD DECREED THAT EXHIBITORS WERE TO HANG THEIR OWN PICTURES. THAT, THEREUPON, HE RUSHED, WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING, WITH HIS GREAT WORK DOWN TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE. WITH HERCULEAN STRENGTH AND GRACEFUL COURTESY HE TRAMPLED DOWN ALL BEFORE HIM, SCATTERED THE ASSOCIATES, PULVERISED THE R.A.'S, AND FIXED IMMOVABLY IN THE PLACE OF HONOUR THE ONLY WORK OF GENIUS OF THE YEAR.

AN AFFAIR OF FOLLY.

THERE was a time when every gentleman mixing in Society was constantly in danger of being obliged to run the risk of having his brains blown out for nothing. He was forced, on pain of infamy, to fight a duel with any man of his own order who might happen to strike him a blow or call him a liar. It was incumbent on him to demand satisfaction for the insult which he had received. The only satisfaction he could possibly obtain was that of killing the fellow whom he had been obliged to challenge. And then he had either to stand the anxiety and expense at least of a trial for murder, or to expatriate himself, if he could escape. Thus any ruffian of a certain standing, if reckless, enjoyed the privilege of being able to compel the best of his betters to allow him to attempt his life. A ruffian, who was also a fool and vain-glorious, would very often avail himself of this privilege, and force a good and wise man to stake brains against trash contained in a skull. Hence the "bully" and the "fire-eater" were common characters of the time: As the challenged party had the choice of weapons, you could, if you were a desperate villain, and an expert swordsman or a dead shot, by offering an insult that would insure you a challenge, practically murder with impunity anybody you chose who was not as cunning of fence or sure of aim as yourself. Every atheist was at liberty to tyrannise over every Christian man who believed that he had a soul to imperil. At last, a linen-draper was shot in a duel on Wimbledon Common, and duelling went out of fashion; the rather that one of the seconds narrowly escaped the gallows, and got two years' imprisonment.

Now the few fools and brutes who want to indulge in duelling must resort to some other land, amongst whose natives civilisation has not abolished that barbarous absurdity. This condition is pleasingly illustrated as follows:—

"ALLEGED DUEL AT CALAIS.—The article in *La France*, stating that a duel was about to take place between CAPTAIN NORTON and CAPTAIN PRICE, has but little

foundation in fact. To constitute a *parti carré* for a duel the presence of two principals and two seconds is required; but in this instance there was only one principal, without even a second, and consequently, the affair is a *coup manqué*, the chief actor being left alone in his glory."

Thus far the *Post*. When the practice of duelling was prevalent in these dominions, it appears to have been most rife in that part of them called Ireland. Here, in England, the character of duellist is represented as having been very commonly combined with that of Irishman. But the mirror that is held up to Nature now no longer reflects any *Sir Lucius O'Twigger*. Duels are even as uncommon on the other side of St. George's Channel as they are on this. Still, however, one may be permitted to remark that the affair of folly above described was a regular Irish duel. Why?—why of course, because it was a duel wherein only one party was engaged. It conversely resembled a solo of four, which could occur in only a Hibernian opera. Instead of being a *parti carré*, says the *Post*, the affair was a *coup manqué*. Of necessity, a *parti* to be *carré* must consist of at least four persons; but an exception may be taken to the remark that, because in this instance there was but one, "consequently the affair is a *coup manqué*." No *coup* was *manqué* where no *coup* was aimed; and one would prefer to style the alleged monoduel at Calais a bull-fight, although the bull therein implicated does not go on all-fours.

Moreover, this affair of folly need not have been a *coup manqué* by any means. The duellist who found himself with nobody to fight, might have blown his own brains out. He then would have given himself all the satisfaction that he could have received from an antagonist. Then, too, he would indeed have been left alone in his glory, such glory as a slain duellist has; and also, he would have rid the world of a great blockhead.

The *POPE*, by the way, has cashiered SIGNOR COSTA for fighting a duel with a Neapolitan refugee. Honour to the *POPE*. He can do what is right when he pleases. SIGNOR COSTA is an officer in the Pontifical Guards, and of course his dismissal from that corps will not affect the Opera at Covent Garden.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, April 30. *Mr. Punch* concluded his last Parliamentary record with the statement that *EARL GOSWENOR's* amendment to the motion for the Second Reading of the Franchise Bill had been defeated by a majority of 5.

Happily, a calm and well ordered mind can always go to work stereoscopically with any subject, and present at least two views of it. Here are two views of the great Division.

(1). The vote was regarded as one of Confidence or No-Confidence in Ministers.

A majority of English Members declared No-Confidence.

A majority of Irish Members declared No-Confidence.

A majority of Scotch Members declared Confidence.

Seven Ministers declared Confidence in themselves.

(2). The House of Commons is One and Indivisible, except on Division.

The Seven Ministerial Votes are balanced by Seven Votes of men who would be Ministers if the Conservatives came in, and who may therefore be regarded as voting for themselves.

The nation does not desire a change of Government, but a satisfactory Reform Bill.

MR. GLADSTONE decided to act on view No. 2, and on this Monday night he said that as the Bill had not fallen, he, *WILLIAM*, should not fall, that he should on the following Monday, introduce the Re-Distribution Bill, and the Scotch and Irish Reform Bills, and also move that on a day, to be fixed, the Committee on the Franchise Bill should be taken. He should bring in the Budget in the mean time.

The Tories did not say much, but their organ is very contemptuous, and talks of the spaniel that licks the hand that has beaten it, of *MR. GLADSTONE's* love of place, and of the intention to Jockey the country.

The Whigs said, *vid MR. BOUVARIE*, that it would be well to send all the Bills to a Select Committee.

The Radicals said, *vid* the loud-voiced *MR. WHITE*, that the Government, being in so miserable a majority, might have resigned.

No farther explanations could, after many tentatives, be got out of *MR. GLADSTONE*. So stood the Reform question at the end of last week.

As the Debate was historical, let it be said that Ninety-one speeches were made in it. That 318 Liberals and 2 Conservatives voted with Government, and 239 Conservatives and 33 *Adulamites* against them. Our friend *ROWBROCK* paired for, with *MR. TANNHARN*, against. Six Liberals were absent, one from affliction, one in Australia, one from a horse tumble, one with a swelled face, one because he did not know what to do, and one because he would not do anything. Three Conservatives were absent, one from illness, one (honourably) because a Committee had decided against him, though it had not reported, and one, *MR. RUSSELL GURNEY*, because he could not get back from Jamaica, as he has since done. Add the eleven vacant seats, and the *SPEAKERS*, and then you have the Six Hundred and Fifty-Eight. *Mr. Punch*, the Great Member, adds that he is pleased with the House. It spoke well, and it voted faithfully.

To-night we had Estimates. *MR. HOPE* ridiculed the proposed new Hall at Kensington, likening it to a great Yorkshire Pie. We are happy to say that *DEAN STANLEY* and *MR. G. G. SCOTT* have got £7000 wherewith to repair the glorious Chapter House at Westminster. The Royal Academy is to build itself a new home at Burlington House, where also the University of London is to have a Hall wherein to examine candidates for honours, this operation at present being performed in a rifle-shed and in a tavern.

MR. ARKON complained, unwisely, of the Ventilation of the House. The work is wonderfully done, considering that provision has to be made at one hour for the comfort of 40 men and the next for that of 500. No Member seconded him. He as unwisely complained of the lighting, which is admirable, and delightful to the eyes. He next complained

that the country paid for the administration of Charities, which were results of folly and vanity, and ought to bear their own charges. Most persons will agree in the latter part of his proposition.

The hideous ignorance of the Cab-drivers, as to London topography, was indignantly exposed by many Members, who gave their personal experience of the stupidity of the men. But much of it is assumed, in order to obtain larger fares. The best way, when a Cabman asks the way, to see whether you know it, is to say sternly, "That's your business." But there are wilds, in the new districts, which may justify you in steering for yourself. It would be well if the Cabman's Club, instead of making speeches and singing hymns, would buy maps, and instruct its members in their trade.

Government introduced a Bill for improving the relations between Irish Landlords and Tenants. Though the worst times of Distress *versus* Blunderbuss have passed, the agriculturists by no means understand one another, or they understand one another too well. The wholesome mutual trust which generally exists between English land-owners and occupants, is scarcely known in Ireland. The owner cannot improve the farms, and the tenant is afraid to do so. The Bill is not a large one, but its aim is a good one. Meantime, says *MR. MAGUIRE*, Governmental vigour in suppressing Fenianism is frightening away the Irishry to America by thousands. Certainly, the natural history of the Irish variety of Man remains to be written.

Tuesday. The CHANCELLOR promoted the Bill on the Death Penalty. The measure is based on the Report of the Commission. Wilful and pre-meditated murder to be punished with death, and murder of the second degree, to be less severely punished. Executions to be comparatively private. An interesting debate took place. *LORD MALMESBURY* thought that punishments, like rewards, were more impressive if public, and would execute a murderer at the scene of his crime. The BISHOP OF OXFORD was for the private execution, the black flag, and the tolling bell. *LORD RUSSELL* was averse to capital punishment, and would give life-long imprisonment, with flogging. *LORD REDFERN* disliked the dividing murders into classes, and pointed to infanticide as the result of that habit. *LORD DE ROS* argued from military executions that public punishment was most efficacious. The DUKES OF ARGYLL claimed for society the office of a minister of Divine Justice in awarding Retribution. *LORD ROUGHTON* dwelt upon the loathsome scenes at executions. *LORD CARDIGAN* was averse to torturing even the murderer in gaol. *LORD BELPER* supported the Bill. *LORD SHAPPEBURY* believed that it would preserve infant life. He approved privacy, though he was convinced that the present system impressed large numbers in a wholesome manner. But ample testimony must be provided, as to the fact of execution, and the great mass would desire admission for some of their own class. Even the criminal orders, his Lordship said, recognise the justice of the death penalty, and at a house where a benevolent person assembles large numbers of thieves and other bad persons, but one opinion had been expressed as to the case of the baby-murderess who is still unchanged; namely, that the sentence ought to be carried out. The Bill was read a Second Time.

The Commons went through a farce in several acts, called *How Wicked to Bribe! I Never, Did You?* The details are not scarcely worth record—we believe that some commissions of inquiry were issued.

Wednesday. The new Parliament has pronounced against Marriage with your Wife's Sister. The Bill was rejected by 174 to 155. We had the usual talk about Leviticus, Jupiter's having married his sister Juno, the status of the Aunt, polygamy, and all that sort of thing, and the only two points worth noting were *MR. HADFIELD's* declaration that all Dissenters want to marry their sisters-in-law, and *MR. PIR's* polite allegation that no one who had a sister-in-law would vote for the Bill.

Thursday. The Budget. Not an interesting one, for *MR. GLADSTONE* had little more than a million to give away. He remitted the rest of the Timber Duties, equalised the duties on wines in bottle and in wood, reduced the mileage duty on busses from a penny to a farthing, and also reduced the duty on carriages drawn by horses. Finally, after a piteous description of the condition of ill-treated Pepper, *MR. GLADSTONE* laid *PEPPER's* Ghost by abolishing the duty on that condiment. Next, he proposed that we should pay off the National Debt, and, by way of a beginning, made an arrangement, which, if it lasts, will take off 39 millions of 800 millions in nineteen years.

Friday. The proceedings were perfectly uninteresting, and Members who had tired themselves at the private view of the Academy, were glad to be Counted Out during an attempt by *MR. WATKIN* to discuss Reciprocity and Fisheries in America.

Before *Mr. Punch* counts himself out, he calls attention to a fact which has not been sufficiently noticed in Parliament. The Imperial Gas Company is going to spoil Victoria Park by erecting works close by, whose fumes and smoke, whenever the wind is in the east—as it always is in that part of London—will flood the handsome Park, poison the children, kill the trees, and blacken *MISS BURDETT COURT'S* beautiful fountain. If the East-Enders stand this, they deserve to be disfranchised, taxed, snubbed, and suffocated.

HOMER RE-TRANSLATED.



R. PUNCH.—I address myself to you as the greatest living patron of the arts, in the hopes that you may have the will as well as the power to direct the public attention to a great work, for which I am anxious to secure a hearing, feeling confident that a hearing will be enough.

What I propose is neither more nor less than a translation of HOMER on entirely new principles, embodying the original conceptions of the Blind Bard in a manner which is unique! The main principle being, that as the *Iliad* was undoubtedly written in the slang or vernacular of the day, in order to hit the taste of the masses, an English translation, to be faithful should be familiar (but not by no means vulgar). Remembering my predecessor CHAPMAN, I herewith subscribe myself,

A MAN AND A CHAP.

THE TRANSLATION.

(SPECIMEN.)

Sing, Muse, about Achilles' awful¹ bait,
Which brought the Greeks to such tremendous grief,
Sent lots of plucky fellows to the deuce,
And turned their bodies into toke for dogs:
Also for every sort of nasty bird.
And so by Jove was what he wanted got;
When old² Achilles and that topping swell,³
Atreides, first kicked up a jolly row.
Who was the God who set 'em on to fight?
Why, glorious⁴ Apollo, Leto's son,
Who flew into a passion with the King,
And gave the army an unpleasant illness,
Of which a precious lot of people died,
And all because Apollo snubbed his priest,
Chryses, who brought down to the Grecian clippers,
To buy his daughter off, some stunning presents;
And carried in his hand the Crown and Sceptre⁵;
Of great Apollo, who can shy so far.⁶
The beggar came and buttered⁷ all the Greeks,
But most of all their gu'nors, the Atreides.⁸

¹ *ὀλοφύρομενος*—*δύσκολος* *ἀνδρῶν*. The renderings of these epithets will at once explain M. & C.'s scheme. "Old," as a term of endearment as used in "old fellow," is the counterpart of the Homeric *ἄλκιμος*.

² "Glorious Apollo." The translator has not hesitated to interpolate such familiar epithets as HOMER would doubtless have employed had they been in existence, and if the metre had let him.

³ "Crown and Sceptre." A familiar collocation, adapted to bring out the latent force of the original. It is historical that the Greeks frequently refreshed at the *Xiphiæ* and *Zante*, and the Bard's sly allusion would not pass unobserved.

⁴ Observe this. (M. & C.)

⁵ *Ἀσπερ*. It will be seen that the force of this word is expressed partly in the substantive "beggar," partly in the verb "battered." The Greek language is emphatic ally a comprehensive one.

⁶ Or read "Their governors, th' Atreides," according to the taste and fancy of the speller.

A WORD WITH MR. TYRWHITT.

We hate tyranny and unkindness. We are speaking to you, Mr. TYRWHITT, Beak, to whom we have often had to speak approvingly, but whose conduct we now feel it our duty to condemn. Why, Sir, did you not act more tenderly towards a couple of poor policemen than you seem to have done in a case last week?

A gentleman was accused of obstructing the police. The details are unimportant. Two officers swore, and if their evidence did not exactly agree, surely it was for you to reconcile it. One swore that on his way to the station the gentleman kept in front of him, and tried to trip him up. The other swore that the gentleman got to the station before the police.

You, Sir, said, "If he got to the station before the police, that does away with what the other constable said about tripping up." And you dismissed the gentleman.

Well, Mr. TYRWHITT, I may admit, for the purposes of argument, that the poor officers did contradict one another. But why did you not make allowances? They might not have had time to talk the matter over sufficiently, and convince each other that there was but one story that should be told. Surely, when a person is charged by the police, the course is for a Magistrate to be clear that the accused is wrong. Mr. TYRWHITT, Sir, what will become of the more stupid part of the police—that is, the large majority—if Magistrates are to insist on coherent evidence? We have several times observed in you a disposition to insist on accuracy of statement, and strict confirmation of allegation, and we give you a kindly warning, from information we have received, that this kind of thing is not admired by the—police.

THE NEW SINGER.

PLEASE SAY, MR. PUNCH,

(Now don't frown, but look milder)

Is the new singer's name pronounced VYlda or Vilda?
The spelling, you see, only tends to bewilder;
Has WYLD been transformed into Vilda or VYlda?
I am glad Mr. GYN has to England beguiled her,
Because he has got a great artist in Vilda,
And though her reception at first might have chilled her,
The house found her out, and exclaimed, "Brava, VYlda!"
A successor to GRAY the critics have styled her,
But none of them say if she's a VY da or VYlda.
Analogy hints that at Whitby St. Hilda
Has penultimate short, so perhaps has Miss VYlda;
But conjecture and guess make me wilder and wilder,
Do tell me, dear PUNCH, what to call Madame VY da.
Is she Madame or Miss, too, this excellent VYlda?
Do write, and apprise

Your devoted

MATILDA.

[When sending those stalls, will our friend, MR. GYN,
Oblige with his view of the new lady's I?

P.]

THE MORNING CALL NUISANCE.

"SIR," said DR. JOHNSON (or might have done so if he didn't) "the man who makes a morning call pays homage to a custom which the imbecile may bow to, but the sensible condemn."

In the presence of his lady readers Mr. PUNCH has not the courage to confess that he applauds this distasteful of the Doctor. If it were not for the practice of making morning calls, ladies often would be puzzled to know what on earth to do; and Mr. PUNCH would not debar them from what is, after all, a harmless act of time-slaughter. But Mr. PUNCH protests with all his might and main against the notion which some ladies appear to entertain that their husbands should attend them when they pay these morning visits. It is bad enough for husbands to be dragged to evening parties, but worse still is their suffering when they are cruelly compelled to make some morning calls.

The prospect of such torture must deter young men from marriage; and on this account alone, if for no other reason, it is much to be desired that the custom be discountenanced. Husbands should be suffered to make their calls by deputy; or lay figures should be draped in the costume of dummy husbands, and should be discovered sitting in the carriage, when the ladies leave their cards. The husband thus would get the credit of having made the call, and his duty to Society would be thoroughly discharged. If the people upon whom the call is made are found at home, the lady on her entrance might explain that her dear CHARLES has a sudden twinge of tooth-ache, and dare not leave the carriage for fear of the cold air. Some such device as this must surely be adopted and be sanctioned by Society; or else husbands must insist that a proviso be inserted in their deed of marriage settlement, exempting them expressly, while they are under wedlock, from making morning calls.



THE LAST FAST THING.

LADY O'BRIAN, OF BOYCE-GILBERT, TO THE RESCUE!!!

THE BOYS OF PASSAMAQUODDY.

HERE we are—a host
Of the Fenian body,
Gathered on thy coast,
Bay of Passamaquoddy!
Boys that Glory calls,
Heroes of a million;
Looking out for squalls,
Under DORAN KILLIAN.

If New Brunswick cries
"No Confederation!"
With her sons we'll rise,
In a botheration.
Should the Fishery fix
Issue in hot water;
With the Yankees mix,
And the British slaughter.

Britain's foes we'll aid,
At the call of Glory:
But we won't invade
British territory.
Lest we, and the Chief
Of our numerous body;
Go from thee to grief,
Bay of Passamaquoddy!

A Free Translation.

VICTOR HUGO, in his new book, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, mentions a Scotch instrument of torture called "le buggipe." What a dreadful name to give it, to be sure! Imagine a Scotch gentleman sitting in his buggy, and playing on his bug-pipe! Perhaps some foreign writer next may make us think of fleas by a mention of "le hoppy clide."

YES, WHY NOT?

DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,

HERE is a proposal which I advise you to incorporate with your Budget, and then you can make a proportionate deduction from the Income-Tax.

Put a Stamp duty of One Penny on every Photograph Portrait that is sold.

The Portrait is a luxury, or is thought one.

The tax will not fall on the Poor.

It can be easily collected, by adopting the Bankers' Cheque principle, and stamping the card.

It will produce Millions of Pennies.

I assure you that I make the suggestion only for patriotic reasons, although I happen to be

A MINIATURE PAINTER.

Newman Street.

THE CROW AND THE BAR.

LAW is an odd boy. What is a Crow-bar? It was argued before the Court of Criminal Appeal last week, that a kind woman, who took a crow-bar into Horsemonger Lane Gaol, to help a friend to escape from trouble, had not violated the rule which prohibited the introduction of "any article or thing." It was contended that a crow-bar was not a thing. The learned Council did not urge that it was Capital, though this might have been held from the case of the two American financiers who said they were going south to "open a bank," and being asked what their capital was, replied, a crow-bar. Nor did he say that it was equivalent to a feather or a fan, as might be gathered from the Irishman's declaration that he had been so astounded at something that "you might have knocked him down with a crow-bar." It was simply contended that a crow-bar was not a thing. Our great Photographic Judge, whose philosophic pursuits have cleared his vision, rejected the Berkeleyan theory, and remitted the kind woman to gaol.

MOTTO FOR THE DUMB ASYLUM.—"Dumb vivimus vivamus!"



CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

ITALY. "MYSTERIOUS POWER, SHALL I DRAW?"

ORACLE. "HM—M—M—M!"

"LOVE'S MARTYR" AT THE OLYMPIC.

THERE are certain elements and condiments, such as salt, pepper and vinegar, onions, cream, eggs, a good stock, and a block of Parmesan cheese, by help of which any capable cook ought to be able to make elderly horse savoury, or old shoe palatable. So there are certain dramatic spices and condiments of stage-effect, by aid of which any decent dramatist ought to be able to make improbability acceptable, extravagance thrilling, and vulgarity amusing.

Love's Martyr is a dish in which these well-known, but never-failing elements have been used in the dressing of a dramatic *plat*, in which, though we seem familiar with every flavour, Mr. British Public still acknowledges the potency of the old spices, and swallows them, not only without wry faces but with apparent satisfaction.

Take a dying old lady, a will, a doze of laudanum, a gossiping nurse, and a wicked steward, mix with a profligate heir-at-law, and his rascally hanger-on, a jocosse family solicitor, a suspicious artist, a virtuous young baronet, his haughty mother-in-law and jealous young bride, flavour with a comic painter, an ex-model of a wife, and her mamma, the gossiping old nurse aforesaid, turned a gossiping old house-keeper. Stir well together these ingredients, and serve up round a charming and innocent young lady—devoted as a daughter, and cruelly suspected as a wife, who without having done anything whatever to deserve such treatment, has to stand everybody's bullying, take everybody's crimes on her shoulders, to be the scapegoat of everybody's suspicions, and the victim of everybody's wicked designs.

Let this young lady see her father steal a will, and learn that in so doing he has accidentally, at least incidentally, murdered her benefactress,—and say nothing. Let her be accused of the crime,—and say nothing. Let her escape and wander away bent on suicide, and come across an interesting young painter who has tumbled over a precipice, fall in love, and get married to him—and say nothing. Let her become an object of suspicion to this ungrateful man, be questioned, abused, and insulted, all but turned out of doors by her husband—and say nothing. Let her encounter the profligate heir-at-law, be bullied by him—and say nothing. Let her be snubbed and walked a-top of by the haughty mother-in-law and the jealous young wife—and say nothing. Finally, let her be introduced to a fence's "crib" down one pair of stairs in Clerkenwell, to see four gentlemen firing pistols at each other—and still say nothing. Let everybody forgive her, and let her forgive everybody, and, to conclude, let her be informed she is somebody else's daughter, with all the familiar proofs of the fact, except the strawberry on her right arm,—and have no time to say anything but the tag—and you will have a pretty good general idea of *Love's Martyr*.

Yet the British Public, and Mr. *Punch* as part of it, swallows this compound, as we have said, without wry faces, nay, even with a relish. Why? Partly, no doubt, because these familiar ingredients, poor as they are, are mixed with a workmanlike hand knowingly seasoned and served up handsomely; in other words because MR. LEICESTER BUCKINGHAM understands his business, and MR. WIGAN has a good company, and puts his pieces well on the stage, but mainly because the central figure is the old, old ideal of womanly devotion, and injured innocence, and above all, because that ideal is personified in the sweetest and most graceful young actress of the day, MISS KATE TERRY.

If anybody wants to see how in this part improbability can be made probable, and unrealities real, by the earnestness and self-abandonment of the actress; how bad law can be condoned, poor language made significant, and idiotic logic glossed over, by the potent "glamour" of her grace and feeling—with how much toleration people will allow MR. NEVILLE's insane suspicion to flare up, that they may have the pleasure of seeing it so touchingly encountered, and so tenderly disarmed by MISS KATE TERRY—they should see *Love's Martyr* at the Olympic. They will not find the three hours wearisomely employed, whatever they may expect from our analysis of the piece.

It is true they will see other things martyred besides Love—Law to wit, and logic, the rules of evidence, and the conditions of probability, and good taste, we are sorry to say, less or more, and rather more than less. But it is quite worth while to test how much we will bear that we don't like and can't care for, for the sake of seeing something we do like, and must care for whether we will or no, and that is a devoted daughter and an ill-used wife, acted with the grace, earnestness, and power that MISS KATE TERRY alone, among the young actresses of the day, can throw into such a personation.

Latest from the Tuilleries.

The PRINCE IMPERIAL is reading *Morals* with his Tutor, M. MONNIER.

Prince's Tutor (reads). "Weak wickedness is worse than wickedness only." Will your Highness give me a proof of this?

Prince. Austria was only the weak accomplice of Prussia in the Danish burglary, yet is probably going to lose Venetia.

Tutor. But will Prussia's wickedness go unscathed?

Prince. Ask my papa.

LONGS AND SHORTS.

THEY are wearing the dresses *en queue*,

Too true;

Queen Whim and her whimsical crew,

Too true;

At the public ball and private view,

In the family coach and family pew,

On the Windsor Slopes and sward at Kew,

Too true;

Of every web and of every hue,

Too true;

The lustrous green and the lacust blue,

And amber the shade that suits so few,

Too true.

Came it from Compiègne or St. Cloud?

This *mode des robes* that men will rue,

Too true;

For we all must now be rich as a Jew,

Too true;

To stand the expense it is bringing us to;

And each must cautiously tread and glue

His eyes to the ground, lest rents ensue,

Too true;

Or "out of the gashers" alas! cheu!

The trailing *falls* be torn by you,

Too true;

Or him who stepped on a skirt at the Zoo;

Too true;

And sighs for old Crinolines back in lieu

Of these flowing vestments worn *en queue*,

Too true;

To which he would gladly bid an adieu,

As a tag to these lines signed I. O. U.

GREAT ATTRACTION AT THORPE HENLEY.

WILDBOWL, in a sense, may be said to be never out of season, for *camerds*, in the shape of newspaper paragraphs, are always flying about. We hope this it not one of them:—

"ECONOMICAL PRODUCTION OF GASLIGHT.—The landlord of the Foresters' Inn, Thorpe Henley, is now lighting his house by gas produced in a simple apparatus attached to the tap-room fire. One cwt. of coal (at a cost of 4d.) makes sufficient gas to serve the house for seven days."

If the foregoing statement shall have been confirmed by any trustworthy inquirer, the landlord of the Foresters' Inn, Thorpe Henley, will make a good thing of it. No end of people will resort to his tap-room for the sake of inspecting the simple apparatus by which the gas that lights his house is produced economically. He has only to have good beer, and everything else that his visitors may please to call for, good, ready for them, and he will be sure of doing a grand stroke of business. Every tradesman, every housekeeper who consumes gas, is interested in knowing how to supply himself from his own kitchen-range with genuine and cheap gas, instead of burning bad and dear gas derived from the works of a Company, enjoying a monopoly the continuance of which is insured to it by the strength of the commercial rogue interest in Parliament.

A HAPPY ACCIDENT.

OUR friend the *Star* is too irritable. It is held in good society that a gentleman who will not take chaff from his associates is a prig, to say no more. But we shall chaff our friend into jollity before we have done with him. Here goes again. In a report of the meeting at which the Pancras Guardians vainly endeavoured to wriggle off the nail with which the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK has fastened them to their dirty work-house wall, the *Star* makes a MR. GEORGE move that on the death of any inmate—

"The resident medical officer be immediately informed by the curse in charge of the ward."

That is a very lucky misprint, and had we read it in proof we should have said, *Stet*. Perhaps Cuss would have been less pedantic, and more American. But the word is a good word, and we incline to think that a good many inmates of wards will think it preferable to the word which was intended. This remark gives us a peg on which to hang our expression of thanks to the Archbishop for his castigation of the Pancras Guardians, whose attempts to defend themselves would be ludicrous, but that the subject excites indignation rather than mirth.

A MODERN ILLUSTRATION OF THE PROVERB "EXTREMES MEET."—An Ultra-ritualist running up against a Quaker.



VERY LIKELY.

"YES, JINKINS, I HAD BETTER WEAR MY VAIL. CHURCH IS NOT THE PLACE TO DISTRACT THE ATTENTION OF YOUNG MEN!"

A TRIFLE FROM PARIS.

Arrah-na-pogue, so popular in England, is going to be produced in Paris. Several attempts have already been made by various French dramatists to render the Irish idioms intelligible to the Parisians. Whether the adaptation from which the following selections have been made will be the one ultimately produced, time alone can show. The adapter has anglicised the play as much as possible, as the French audience would be more likely to be acquainted with English manners and customs than with Irish.

Arrah-na-pogue means "Arrah-of-the-Kiss," and therefore our adapter has done well to change "Arrah" into *Sara*, and render the title, *Sara de Baiser*. *Shann-the-post* has become "John the Postman, ou le courrier qui porte les lettres," and, of course, he is *Sara's* lover. The rebel gentleman, *Beamish M'Cool*, is happily called "*M. Stephens, la tête de centre du corps Fenian*," and in the third act, where *Beamish* gives himself up to the Secretary of State, in Dublin, *M. Stephens* surrenders his sword to *Le Chancelier d'Eschiquier, Sir Gladstone*. *John the Postman* is tried at the Palace of Justice, Westminster, and imprisoned in the Old Bailey. Here he attempts to suffocate himself by lighting a charcoal fire. *Sara* sees the smoke ascending and discovers where her lover is confined. In some instances the Irish peculiarities have been scrupulously retained, and carefully rendered, as for example where *John* meets *Sara* in the second scene—

John. Ah! Je suis sûr! et est-il vous même que je vois? (Which is, of course, "Ah, sure, and is it yourself that I see?")

Sara. Soyez tranquille maintenant!

John. Sois-père! vous me semblez plus brillante qu'une étoile.

Sara. Polisson! Mais, la pointe du matin à vous.

In the wedding scene instead of the Jig, *John* et *Sara* dansent le cançon qui est interrompu par l'entrée des *Polismans*, and he is then carried off for trial.

The audience is kept in suspense as to the ultimate pardon of *John* until the very last minute, which is, perhaps, an artistic improvement upon the construction of the original. The last scene is thus managed:

THE BENEFIT OF THE BUDGET.

THE duty on timber abolished,
Will do the poor Builders great good;
Hurrah for the difference demolished
"Twixt wine in the bottle and wood!
Hurrah for the sheer abolition
On pepper, ye Grocers, of due!
How much we feel that imposition!
But won't its removal ease you?

Reduction of duty on 'busses,
And cabs and post-horses, O rare!
So certain to benefit us is
An equal reduction of fare!
The National Debt's diminution
By near half a million a-year;
Will quite preclude that destitution,
Which some for Posterity fear.

Hurrah for the taxes abated!
Hurrah for the taxes retained!
Because they are not the most hated—
A truth that need scarce be explained.
How eloquent, GLADSTONE, how clever
Thy speech on the Budget—how long!
The Tax upon Income for ever—
A fig for its hardship and wrong!

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

TAKE care, Sir, how you get a character for integrity. Don't appear too nice in pecuniary transactions. Occasionally go about asking people if they know anybody who could fly a kite for you, or do you a little bit of stiff. Then you will never have any of your friends wanting you to become an executor or trustee; and besides, nobody that you know will ever expect you to lend him money.

You wonder if your relations will rejoice at your death. Well, Sir; what if they do? But they won't if your income dies with you. And you had better enjoy the whole of your property yourself. Sink it in an annuity.

Certainly marry, Sir. No single man, except one who has been divorced, or a widower, is content with his lot. And marry early. You had better get your troubles over before you are old.

John has escaped, has thrown *Michel*, the villain, over the Castle wall, and now holds the fainting *Sara de Baiser* in his arms, when *Les Polismans entrent*; ils font arrêter sur la personne de *John le Posteman*.

John. Hélas! O, désolation!

[Pleurant.]

Le Premier Polisman. A l'Old Bailey!

John. *SARA!* chère *SARA!* Adieu, adieu! pour jamais!

[*Le Premier Polisman* sépare *JOHN* de *SARA*. On entend les sons du cor: à ce moment apparaît Le Lor Maire avec sa suite.]

Tous. Voilà Le Lor Maire!

[*Le Lor Maire* est armé; et porte une bannière sur laquelle on lit ces mots "Pardon pour JOHN."

Le Lor Maire. JOHN est pardonné.

John (s'inclinant au Lor Maire). Excellence! Sauvé, sauvé!

[Il embrasse *SARA*.]

Chœur des Polismans.

Gloire au Lor Maire!

Gloire! Gloire!

Hip, hip, hurrah!

Une acclamation plus!

Et une petite dans.

[Pendant la reprise du chœur, *JOHN* va embrasser *SARA* encore. Le Lor Maire étend sa baguette d'or sur les deux amants, en signe de protection. Tout le monde s'incline. Le rideau tombe sur ce tableau.]

If this piece is produced, we may fairly venture upon a prophecy as to its success.

¹ Be easy now!

² Bedad!

³ The top of the morning to you.

⁴ En Anglais, "One cheer more, and a little one in."

A Most Natural Error.

YOUNG WOULD-BE CORNET PLUNGERBY, while undergoing his Army Entrance Examination, was required to translate the French word "*Millionnaire*," he rendered it Mill-owner, and was "span," (we think unfairly).

PARLIAMENTARY MELODIES.

"A VOICE FROM ADULLAM."

ATH—"Paddle your own canoe."

WHEN the strong and the swift are all adrift,
And the current drives along;
To the maelstrom of Democracy,
Where the BRIGHT wave eddies strong.
"Twixt GLADSTONE & Co., and HORSMAN and LOWE,
What is a man to do?
Whom BRAND not binds, nor DIZZY blinds,
But "paddle his own canoe?"

Men have thought it a lark, in a frail, frail bark,
To follow from source to sea,
The Danube and Rhine, as they twist and twine,
By town, and tower, and tree.
But what's their deed, for pluck at need,
To his who dares go through
The miserie of the bold M.P.,
Who "paddles his own canoe?"

'Tis the life of the bat, neither bird nor rat,
From the sweets of Office far;
'Tis to face the shaft of the *Telegraph*,
And the blight of the *Morning Star*.
'Tis to pass for a fool, who leaves one steel,
To risk a fall 'twixt two;
All to say what you think, and to vote as you feel,
And to "paddle your own canoe!"

RATHER TOO BAD.

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,

THERE are some things a man of family and position must make up his mind to put up with in these levelling days. He can't keep *parvenus* out of society, and must submit to be elbowed even at the Drawing-Room by men who have risen in trade or by their wits, as merchants, lawyers, engineers, artists, authors, and in other queer and less respectable ways of money making. He must make up his mind to the arrogance of newspaper writers and the growing insubordination of the lower orders, to find servants more difficult to satisfy, governesses less tractable, and tutors with a becoming sense of their position more rare. He cannot hope to resist the influence of the railway, which seems destined by its iron lines to bring all proper class distinctions to a level as low as the dumpty one by help of which they were originally laid down. I do not often joke, Sir. It is a low habit at best; and when I do, I hope it is very rarely on subjects so serious as this; but I could not resist the allusion to the dumpty level of the railway engineer. Peer and peasant must now grapple with the same *Bradshaw*, take their tickets at the same pigeon-hole, start from the same platform, be exposed to the same jolting, the same irregularity in arrivals and departures, and, if the worst comes to the worst, be shattered in the same smash. At the Opera my tailor may occupy the stall next to mine: if I join the ranks of the Volunteers, he will, perhaps, be my right-hand man, may be told off in the same squad with me at Hythe, or "wipe my eye" at Wimbledon. It is all very well for Mr. Lowe to depreciate democracy, but I say democracy is upon us already, rampant and rough shod, rude and repulsive.

But one thing I had hoped was still sacred—our ancestors! Into that Gallery where hang the painted records of nineteen generations of the De FITZ-ADAMS—we came in before the Romans—I did not dream that even the audacious spirit of our levelling times would dare to set its irreverent foot. I was mistaken. My Gallery has been invaded; my ancestors insulted in their canvases; their beards laughed at; their antique costume torn to pieces, their venerable dust wiped off, not with the reverent hand of respect, but with the desecrating sweep of doubt and incredulity, and the impertinent flip of criticism. Yes, Sir, my hereditary portraits—those painted Penates of my house—are no longer beyond suspicion! An anonymous scribbler dares to speak of my ancestors as forgeries, and to hint that if I haven't gone to Wardour Street for them, they are not a bit more genuine than the modern antiques of that disgusting locality.

I send these venerable canvases at the respectful solicitation of a department of the Government,—backed I may say, privately, by the personal request of a nobleman whose requests are for me commands—and I am bound to say the department accepts in a very becoming spirit the portraits I consent to allow it to exhibit. It does not presume to ask questions, or to express opinions, still less to insinuate disagreeable doubts, or avow daring disbelief. In the words of the venerable nursery rhyme (which I respect, humble as it is, as a relic of

the wisdom of our ancestors), South Kensington opens its mouth, and shuts its eyes, and takes what I will send it. But then steps in the anonymous, irresponsible, insolent, and, I have no doubt, democratic and Jacobinically-minded critic—for what else can be expected from one who writes in newspapers of which the highest-priced costs three-pence, and the most widely circulated only a penny!—and dares to say that my HOLBEINS and ZUCCHEROS are the works of nameless daubers, that my De HERRERS and VAN SOMERSSES are vamps, my MYTENSSES and VANDYKES copies; that what I have of genuine is ruined by restoration; that where my pictures represent the right men, they bear the names of the wrong painters, and that where they are authentic works of the master, they don't represent the right men.

Sir, I must own I was not prepared for this sort of impertinence. When I sent my ancestors to South Kensington, I no more expected they would be questioned than I should expect to be interrogated myself if I sent in my name for a *leave* to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. I trust that persons with forefathers—persons of the class to which I have the honour to belong—will be warned by the experience of this year, and that to any future demand of the same kind they will reply, "NO CRITICISM or NO ANCESTORS!"

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient Servant,

ORRIG ERNULPHUS WALTHAM REGINALD FITZ-ADAM.

P.S. I enclose a lithograph of my pedigree, with the arms heraldically blazoned, and references to the visitations at which they were verified. We do not claim coat-armour before the Conquest, but we have flints in the family which we have no doubt were borne as arms anterior to the invasion of the Romans, and a sketch in wood, representing a Bret-walda of the first century, to whom we trace back.

"AMONG THE POTS."

MR. DOULTON, M.P., for Lambeth, voted for having the whole Government scheme of Reform before the House at once. American fashion, an "indignation meeting" was held by the lower order of electors, and others, for the purpose of abusing Mr. DOULTON, and he was called names for a long time, and is as well as could be expected. Hard words break no pots, as Mr. DOULTON, an eminent potter, knows. One snob insinuated that Mr. DOULTON voted for EARL GROSVENOR because the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER is a large purchaser of drain pipes. But the feature of the business was a speech by a MR. MURROUGH, an attorney, who was once in the House, and of whom we remember that one of his friends, intending to eulogise his patriotism, said that "MR. MURROUGH's independence might have been exposed to temptation when the Minister was looking out for Mediocrities." But he can be no Mediocrity. Hear what he said—

"It was well known that he had always acted as a friend of Mr. FREDERICK DOULTON, but like, he believed, in any more of that gentleman's friends, he would rather see him corrupted and spoiled than in the position in which his recent conduct had placed him. (hear, hear.)"

Coffined and sepulchred! Elegant man. A common person would have said dead and buried, and a gentleman would have abstained from any such vulgar exaggeration. However, Mr. DOULTON is not coffined and sepulchred, and is member for Lambeth, and has received the approbation of sensible constituents. We recommend him by no means to rush into the sepulchre, but to use his brains, as before, and if he thinks the whole Reform scheme a good one, to give it support. Though a potter, he is clearly not potter's clay, but a brick.

NON-INTERVENTION IN EMERGENCIES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* animadvertes upon the etiquette—law he hopes it is not—"which forbids any chemist to leave his shop, even to render assistance in the most urgent cases where a doctor's services cannot be obtained at a moment's notice." Referring to a sudden seizure of illness which terminated in the death of a lady, he says—

"In the case to which I have alluded, no professional aid could be procured until two late to be available, although four medical men were summoned as early as possible. Two chymists in Oxford Street refused to do more than send for a doctor, notwithstanding they were informed of the pressing need of instant succour. Those around the unfortunate lady did all in their power in the hope of restoring her to consciousness, but unprofessional efforts must be uncertain and often misguided."

It is the profession and business of a chemist and druggist to make and sell medicines, not to practise physic. He must needs know how to prepare sal volatile, and he may have lancets to vend, but he may not know the difference between coma and syncope, and whether a person in a fit requires bleeding or a stimulant. He would render assistance at the peril of the patient—and also at his own. He has before his eyes the possibility of making a fatal mistake, and the horrible fear of a trial in a felon's dock, resulting, at the least, in ruinous law expenses consequent on a verdict of manslaughter returned against him by a British Jury, under the direction of a British Coroner, "Enforce Responsibility"—that is a British maxim. Its necessary correlative, unfortunately, is "Run No Risk."



PARTICULAR TO A HAIR.

Irate Major (to hairy Sub.). "WHEN NEXT YOU COME ON PARADE, SIR, HAVE THE GOODNESS TO LEAVE THOSE CONFOUNDED WEATHER-DOCKS BEHIND YOU!"

A SABBATARIAN IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

OUR well-conducted contemporary, the *Hampshire Independent*—a clean country paper, PATERFAMILIAS, which has excluded quack advertisements from its columns, Sir—contains, under the head of "Original Correspondence," a communication from some one who may be supposed to be a Sabbatarian barber, on the subject of "Sunday Shaving and Sunday Trading." MR. STROP, or whoever the artist is that disguises under his epistolary signature, as below, the name whereby he notifies himself in letters over the entrance of the establishment behind his pole, addresses the Editor of the above-named Journal as follows:—

"Sir,—Having seen several letters lately in a contemporary relative to Sunday shaving, I, as one of the trade, could wish that it might be stopped. Surely if a shopkeeper is prohibited from selling provisions, &c., on Sundays, the same law might be applied to my trade; if not the Act of CHARLES THE FIRST is still in existence, and information might be laid, however unpleasant such a course might be, for some people whose whole souls are absorbed in their endeavours to make money at the sacrifice of comfort and health. If one half the attention was paid by the authorities to the shops in my business that is paid to the beer-shops, this evil would soon cease to exist. Trusting you will insert these few lines, I remain, sincerely yours,
"JUSTITIA."

What could possess the professor of shaving, who invokes restriction of the liberty of the razor, to sign himself "JUSTITIA?" Perhaps, unlike his brethren of a former age, having hardly acquired so much as a smattering of Latin, and meaning by Justitia a Justice, he wished to express himself as though in the assumed character of one of the Great Unpaid. Certainly an ignorant, bigoted, and fanatical Magistrate does occasionally do the sort of thing that "JUSTITIA" desires in straining an obsolete statute for the compulsory observance of a pseudo-sabbath. We can well imagine that "JUSTITIA" would like to be a Justice, and have the power to fine and imprison all his brother barbers who shave customers on a Sunday. He writes quite in the spirit of a clerical grandee of the provincial bench; and his neighbours, if they know him, and appreciate him, might subscribe and buy a second-hand shovel-hat for him to wear on Sundays, and on week days to hang out on the end of the tri-coloured symbol inclining, at an angle, from the front of his door-post.

If there is any sort of Sunday work which ought, in a land of any

social and religious liberty, to be exempt from Sunday-law, is it not that of the barber? His customers are, most of them, poor and helpless people, who have no razors to their own cheeks. He is not a TRUFFITT, nor as HONEY and SKELTON. He does not employ a lot of young men who, if he kept his shop open on Sunday, would be plying the scissors, and brushing hair by machinery, when they ought to be in Church, or else on some salutary excursion. The barber, contemplated by "JUSTITIA," does all his work off his own blade. His shaving is simply his own business, which he has a right to mind every day, and any day if he pleases; and there is no reason why he should be punished for minding it in his own way on Sunday. Barbers sacrificing their comfort and health in the endeavour to make money simply abuse a freedom which is the birthright of a Briton. "JUSTITIA," and other barbers, who, whether on sanitary or Sabbatarian grounds, object to Sunday shaving, can, on the other hand, if they choose, by ceasing to practise that operation on Sundays, sacrifice money to health and comfort. At the same time they can, with the self-denial of sincere piety, sacrifice money for conscience-sake. This point is affectionately commended to the consideration of Sabbatarian country barbers, and other small tradesmen, whether of the Low Church persuasion or the Dissenting interest, who want to shut other people's shops up on Sundays as well as their own.

"Another Way."

WHEN lovely woman, Lump of Folly,
Would show the world her vainest trait;
Would treat herself as child her dolly,
And warn each man of sense away.
The surest method she'll discover
To prompt a wink from every eye,
Degrade a spouse, disgust a lover,
And spoil a scalp-skin is—to dye.

A WORD IN SEASON(ING).

PEPPER'S Ghost rape to say that there is one item, at least, in MR. GLADSTONE'S Budget which is not to be sneezed at.

VAGUE PEOPLE.



R. PUNCH must have observed a certain class of persons which ought to come under the Vagrant Act, on account of their being wanderers. *Le Jais Bravat*, if he be living now, would be a fool to these wanderers. I am speaking of wanderers in conversation; idle, careless people, too idle to rummage up the right word for the right place, too careless to have any sort of regard for the confusion of their auditors, or the possible results of their own laziness. Their save - ourselves - trouble theory is that one word is as good as another, and their defence is a misapplication of SHAKESPEARE'S love-sick observation, viz., that a rose might be called a gasometer, and yet retain its delicious perfume. They have a Vague Dictionary, where, in the words Thingummy, Whatyoumaycallem, Thingummyjig, stand for any substantives, adjectives, or even proper names, and in their Vague Grammar the Personal Pronoun is Whatsitname, and This, the Personal Pronoun of Vagueness, is thus declined:—

	Mass.	Fem.	Neuter.
om. Acc.	Whatsitname	Whatsitname	Whatsitname
Gen.	Whatsitname's	Whatsitname's	Whatsitname's
Dat.	To Whatsitname	To Whatsitname	To Thingummy
Voc.	Here, Whatyoumaycallem!	Hi! Thingummy!	Hi! Thingummy!
Abi.	With Whatsitname	With Whatsitname	From Thingummy

Dual and Plural.

	Nom. Acc.	The Thingummies	The Whatsitnames
Gen.	The Thingummies'	The Whatsitnames'	
Dat.	To the Thingummies	To the Whatsitnames	

Examples.

Nominative and Accusative. Whatsitname wants Whatsitname. Whatshername likes Whatsitname when he hasn't got whatsitname.
Gen. Dat. Whatshername gave Whatsitname's whatsitname to Thingummy. He looked to Thingummy for Whatsitname.
Voc. Here! Whatyoumaycallem! is Whatshername going from Thingummy with Whatsitname in the Whatsitname?
Dual and Plural. Whatshername can't sing to those two thingummies with Whatsitname.

Q. Are the Whatsitnames coming to-night?
 A. No, only the Thingummies.

The use of Whatsitname as a substantive is a little puzzling at first, specially to foreigners. Thus—

Old whatshisname sat on a Thingummy the other day.
 Hi! Thingummy, don't you eat my whatsitnames!
 There's the Thingummies' whatsitname going along there.

Sometimes these pronouns are used in the Vague Grammar for proper names, to save the speaker trouble; thus, for example, as an historical fact:—

"Whatsitname first introduced thingummies into whattname."

which is merely a simple form of—

"Cannus first introduced letters into Greece."

In quotations the vague pronoun is used *emphasis gratia* of *caused* *troublam* *severendi*; thus, from *Macbeth*—

"Is this a thingummy I see before me,
 The handle towards my whatstname?"

and so on.

This new grammar of Vagueness may possibly come into use in the law courts. It will lessen the Judge's labour, and give rise to endless litigation, which is, to say the least of it, a good thing for the solicitors and barristers, and an encouragement to the framers of our statutes. In the following instance of a judgment delivered according to the new rule, we find one instance of Whatyoumaycallem used as a verb.

"It has been well observed by MR. JUSTICE COLLEGE that it was not upon any such refined thingummy as that of Whatshisname that the

Thingummies have become in 'our whatsitname the last whatyoumaycallem of resort. In the case of the *Queen v. Whatshername*, given at great length in *Whatshisname's Reports*, it was distinctly laid down that a Thingummyjig, unable to come to a unanimous whatyoumaycallem, might be lawfully discharged. But this Court, accepting the sound logical reasoning of Chief Justice Thingumbob, must hold that the whatyoumaycallem of a thingummyjig is no bar to a whatsitname. The thingummy of the Court below is consequently re-whatyoumaycallem'd."

Some of the disciples of the New Vague School have adopted certain set phrases for the better conveyance of various meanings, thus, for example, "All that sort of thing," "et cetera," "and so forth."

Instance.—One of the New Vagrants enters a restaurant's, where he is going to dine. "What'll you take, Sir?" asks the waiter. "Oh, um," says the Vagrant; "some soup, and—er—all that sort of thing." By which he means the ordinary three courses. For such vagrants as these the greatest luxury is a café, where they are charged so much for dinner, including wine, and have not to bother themselves with choosing.

The disciples of the new Vague Grammar are those *knowers* whom one meets in the afternoon in Hyde Park, Regent Street, Pall Mall, or Bond Street. Ask them what they are going to do, they don't know. Inquire whether their steps are bent? they cannot tell; saving always that they be not bound for any of the four places above-mentioned, or their Club, when they will be quick enough in giving you the required information.

There is yet much to be said about Vagrants. *Adieu, adieu.*

WAGS AT THE OPERA.

MY DEAR GYE,

I CONGRATULATE you heartily upon your new *Norma*. She has not learned to act yet, but what a voice she has, and how well she sings! I think, too, you are quite in luck to have laid hold of little *Lucca*. She is the very pearl of *Marguerite*, which is much the same as calling her the very pearl of pearls. She has learned to act; and I scarce know which to praise more—her singing or her acting. Moreover, I especially commend her for her bravery in tramping on the stupid stage tradition that no one can play *Marguerite* unless she wears a wig. It would be a sin to hide such glorious dark hair as pretty *Pauline* has to show, and I really think she shows her sense in showing it. The only fault that I can find with her is for a tendency to overdo the scene in the cathedral; but, with the devil at one's elbow, a little extra nervousness is certainly excusable.

I wish, though, you would tell people not to try and make bad jokes about her name. This they do in the assumption that *Lucca* rhymes with "hooker," and the "judicious HOOKER." The other evening I was sorely vexed by a small wag, who asked me how much lucre you make nightly by your *Lucca*.

People should be taught, too, that the "g" is soft in "*Organi*," to stop their cracking jokes about an organ and an "Organny." I suffer a good deal from these imbecile attempts; and a notice in your programmes might serve to put an end to them. A Great Briton, as a rule, knows nothing of Italian, and there are many little Britons who never lose a chance of making a bad pun, if they can somehow see their way to it.

Yours sincerely, my dear GYE,

A SITTER IN THE "STALLS."

P.S. I wonder when this season I shall sit through a whole opera, and not hear the joke about re-distributing the seats.

HOMAGE TO THE NEW PRESIDENT.

WE have great hopes of SIR FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A. It is clear that he reads his *Punch* carefully.

Last year Mr. *Punch* published a "Handbook to the Academy Dinner." In this beautiful article he gave a variety of openings for speeches by Academy guests, who, usually asked because they have nothing to do with art, are puzzled how to begin their addresses. This was one of Mr. *Punch's* suggestions:—

"A Master of Hounds. Tallyho! hawks! Harkaway! We are all on the same scent, Mr. President, here. The one thing which I think of, and the one thing which you think of, is the Brush. Tallyho! hawks! Harkaway!"

Hear SIR FRANCIS at the last Academy dinner. In proposing the health of the PRINCE OF WALES, the P.R.A., said—

"His Royal Highness, in his recent visit to Lancashire, in two very severe runs across the Vale of Belvoir, proved himself to be a first-rate artist in that particular department of art. Since his Royal Highness has proved himself in one sense an artist, may I, if his Royal Highness will forgive my boldness, claim his sympathy for his brother artists of the brush. The 'brush' is an important element in both departments of art, and on the occasion alluded to his Royal Highness most deservedly was presented with 'the brush.' (Cheers.)"

Cheers. We should think so. Bravo, SIR FRANCIS. Continue to study your *Punch*, and nobody can say where you will be one of these days.



IA SOFT ANSWER.

Irascible Old Gent. "WAITER! THIS PLATE IS QUITE COLD!"

Waiter. "YESSIR, BUT THE CHOP IS 'OT, SIR, WHICH I THINK YOU 'LL FIND IT 'LL WARM UP THE PLATE NICELY, SIR!"

A SONG FOR THE STOCK-EXCHANGE.

THE price of shares was falling fast,
As to the Court of Capel passed
A "Bull," who, straitened in supplies,
Hoped to make money by a rise.
Excelsior!

His hat was cocked: his nose beneath
There gleamed a weed between his teeth;
And gaily, as he walked along,
He hummed a fragment of the song
"Excelsior!"

He found the money market tight,
And "Bulls" were looking black as night;
Yet, heedless of the adverse tone,
He made some bubble shares his own.
Excelsior!

"Buy not a share!" the broker said,
"The market's heavy now as lead:
The road to ruin opens wide."
But he foolhardily replied
"Excelsior!"

"Stay!" said a friend; "the man who'd rest
In bubble schemes, should ne'er invest.
'Twere folly falling shares to buy."
Yet, undeterred, he made reply,
"Excelsior!"

"Beware, if funds still lower fall,
Beware the street of Basinghall!
Think how your prospects it would blight."
Still calmly he replied, "All right:
"Excelsior!"

But when next settling day came round,
The market at its worst he found:
Forc'd then to sell, he moans his fate.
Be warned, all ye who'd speculate!
Excelsior.

FOR THE HALF HOUR BEFORE DINNER.

If you wanted to draw an Homeric picture of an old bird, in what character would he be best represented?
As a birds' Nestor.

DOWN TO THE DERBY.

Down to the Derby, in my roundabout sort of a way.
Be in time! Be in time! You shall see what you shall see.
Strange things!
Never seen before, and which you never will—not if you live to be as old as the National Debt—ever see any more (till the next time).
Look to the right, my noble sportsmen! Look to the right!
See the Ladies—charming Ladies! "Bless 'em!" say I. They start late, but they go rapid. Yes, fast is the pace, and they like it.
See old BULLOCK, as fast as they—and faster: never disconsolate at high prices, and only afraid of making his fortune too soon! Down he drives his "Missus" in the lightest of carts.
See the Bull-dogs in the donkey-cart, chaffing the Butcher, and Butcher don't care! "Cattle Plague!" say they. "Fight shy of Bobbies!" says he, passing the horse which does not stop for "M'sieur," and only pulling up for a quarter of a second to look at the ingenious Cad who takes the little boys' advice to heart, and gets "inside."
See where the Swells have got so very much outside, that how they got up, and why they don't tumble down, is a caution to most!
More Ladies—bless 'em!
See the "Wan!" A Greengrocer and a nine-gallon cask of beer, a Clerk and a Milliner, a Counter-Jumper and a Jumpress, a Baker and SARAH JANE, an Old Lady, a Barber, a large stone bottle of Gin, a Volunteer, much food in various baskets, et cetera.
See the Pigeon-pie, for it is off on wheels, and the pigeons a-top young Ragamuffins a cartwheeling behind; in front, the great, the glorious, and the well-be-known hamper from FORTNUM & MASON's, with all the trussed dicky-birds displaying on the lid!
See the grand show of veils on the trap! The Coster's wife don't want the Swell's champagne: hasn't she a bottle of beer, and her old man to help her drink it?
See the Geese, the Geese, the merry little Geese, after the Donkeys in their trap, merry little trap!

More pedestrians besides Geese.
The Tinker, the Tailor, the Soldier, the Sailor, the Apothecary or Ginger-Beer Merchant, the Plough Boy, and the Thief.
See the thorough-bred Lobster pulling down the dry champagne in a basket-carriage! Well, to be sure!
See the Dolls, the little Dolls, wooden Lemons, pinless Cushions, milkless Cocoa-Nuts, and "all the fun of the fair!"
Whence and wherefrom?
From out of the hole in the Stick-man's sack.
Three sticks a penny, and old "Aunt Sal" once again. And the Gipsies and the Rabble, the Niggers with their gabble, the Shoeblacks and the Brushers, the Prigs wot fear the Crushers, Acrobats and Cockney Snob; all that make a Derby mob!
See the fancy Scales—the Scales that weigh the Derby Jocks! Beam, Balance, Standard and Chain, Whip, Jockey Caps, Winning-Post, and Brides, to be sure!
See all the Swells who are not crushed under the Winning-Post, a-swarming up it like mad after GRIMSHAW and his lad!
See the ton weight that can't weigh down the Riders! for the Swells have got 'em there—all sorts, sizes, and colours. In sacks full have they got 'em. LAGRANGE, on the balance, has pinned them through like butterflies. Will he lend one to my noble Lord? Not he!
We began at the end—and we end at the beginning.
See DORLING THE GREAT—in full fig too! Far and wide he scatters his "kreckt cards;" but why they change into winning horses, wherefore the Prophet catcheth one, and whence the Reporter sticketh his pen through the other, knoweth no man. Sufficient for the day—
St. Paul's has trotted down with the Monument.
Punch has patronised a Rantooone.
Punch has run a race.
Punch has won.
Punch has said—

YOUR LUNATIC.

WHEN the PRINCESS MARY is married, what Institution in London should be under her especial patronage? The Royal Polly-Teck-nia.



DOWN TO THE DERBY.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



BEWARE whether LORD RUSSELL wishes to enact *Macduff* (we have no idea that the PREMIER is addicted to amateur theatricals, but he is a dramatic author), we hint that he may address LORD DERBY thus:—

"Thou hast it now, Bills, Francis, Grouping, all That the waird GLADSTONE promised. And I fear Thou'lt play most foully with it."

On this Monday (May 7) the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER introduced the Redistribution Bill. Here be its features, and they be what *Touchstone* calls "simple features":—

1. We Disfranchise No Place.
2. We take away one Member from the little boroughs which at present have two Members.
3. We group together other little boroughs, in braces, or leashes.
4. Thus we obtain Forty-nine Seats.
5. Now, we have to give away these seats. For we are not going to alter the number of Members in the House of Commons, but preserve the mystic 658?
6. We give Twenty-six Members to the English Counties.
7. We give a third Member to Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and Birmingham, and a second to Salford.
8. We split the Tower Hamlets, which get, therefore, two new Members.
9. We make Chelsea *cum* Kensington into a borough, with two.
10. We give the University of London one.
11. We give six thus. One each to Burnley, Staleybridge, Hartlepool, Middlesborough, Dewsbury, and Shrimpton, equally well known as Gravesend.
12. We give the other Seven to Scotland, thus:—One each to the counties of Ayr, Aberdeen, and Lanark; one each to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee, and one to the Scotch Universities.
13. We do not give Ireland any new Members, but by some grouping we obtain three seats, which we give to the City of Dublin, the County of Cork, and the Queen's University.

That is the Government scheme. Scotch and Irish Reform Bills were brought in by the LORD ADVOCATE and MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE. In Scotland we reduce the borough franchise from £10 to £7, as we propose to do in England, and to reduce the occupation franchise in counties from £50 to £14. The first process will add 26,000 Scotchmen to the register, of whom a third are working men. The second will about double the county constituency. We reduce Scotland's property franchise from £10 to £5. In Ireland we shall not alter the County constituencies, but shall reduce the borough franchise from £3 to £6.

The brief debate was not interesting. There were certain prompt grumbings on details, and MR. DISABLY affected to be displeased that MR. GLADSTONE had not at once stated when and how he meant to go on with the Bills. He was soon answered if not satisfied, for MR. GLADSTONE said that he should propose to proceed on the next Monday, and added that he meant to go on until the Reform question should be settled one way or the other. If the House liked a short adjournment, to meet again in Game time, well and good, but the QUEEN would not be advised to Prorogue until the Bills should be passed, or the Cabinet floored.

Now the Conservatives have to make up their minds whether they will damage the Bill (as no doubt their large numbers enable them to do) or so delay it, or let it pass by so small a majority, that the Lords may be able to plead a justification for rejecting it; or whether they will accept a not very revolutionary measure as a settlement of a question which must always be awfully in their own way when they want to take office. They will be good enough to consider that the country wishes the matter settled, and is not as yet exactly rampant and raging for the return of LORD DERBY and his friends to power, an event, moreover, which will not necessarily follow the resignation of LORD RUSSELL and his friends. *Mr. Punch*, the Great Arbitrator, now assumes the seat of dignity, and bids the heralds give the signal.

As Europe appears to be going to war, it occurred to the EARL OF CADOGAN to ask whether our Government had done, or was doing anything, to prevent such a catastrophe. It is a curiously English fact that all the tremendous armaments and complications, which threaten to set a million and a half of Prussians, Austrians, and Italians at the work of slaughter, had scarcely received notice in Parliament. EARL CLARENDON said that the newspapers and telegrams kept everybody as well informed on such matters as the Government, that the Powers knew that England desired peace, but that she stood Alone, and it was useless to tender offices that were not wished for. England should, if possible, be kept out of war. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE thought that we might do much. LORD GREY discovered that England had caused the war by non-interference to assist Denmark. The EARL OF DERBY said that the Government had distinctly declared Germany to be a robber, and that it had sent braggadocio despatches to VON BISMARCK, who defied us, and then we had abandoned our ally. EARL RUSSELL defended himself, and said that Denmark had been originally in the wrong, and would not take our advice until too late. Decidedly, LORD

PUNCH thinks, the tone of this aristocratic discussion was unworthy the important theme.

Tuesday. Honourable mention was made in the Lords touching the SHAH OF PERSIA, who has not only forbidden persecution of the Nestorian Christians there, but has given them £100 to build a church, his Prime Minister adding £50. A polite recognition of his Majesty's liberality has been sent to him by Government. He is clearly the Oriental spoken of by COWPER—

"A Persian, humble servant of the Sun,
Who though devout, yet bigotry had none."

We may add that LORD CLARENDON's easy going theology scandalised the BISHOP OF OXFORD, who begged to repudiate the Foreign Minister's notion that the Nestorians hold the same faith as the Church of England. We thought that every Sunday School child of six years old knew that NESTORIUS, the Syrian heresiarch taught antihypostaticism, and would not call ST. MARY, THEOTOKOS, but only CHRISTOTOKOS, and that he was thought, by the friends of EUSEBIUS, of Dorycleum, to have been confuted by that person, besides being condemned by the General Council of Ephesus under the EMPEROR THEODOSIUS. LORD CLARENDON had better call on us.

"Victoria, Victoria, the Monster is slain!" *Mr. Punch* bursts into this chorus from the *Magic Flute*, in honour of the total defeat of the Imperial Gas Company, who wanted to poison Victoria Park. Led by the gallant MR. TITUS (henceforward to be called TITUS, the Delight of Mankind in the E district), the Commons trampled the Bill in the dust. MISS COURTE's splendid fountain broke forth with a fuller flow at the news, and the House patted its own head, at having for once, avoided the habit, sternly pointed out by MR. GLADSTONE, of jobbing for interests. But we learn from MR. JOHN PLUMMER, the Northamptonshire poet, now of London, of whom we make "honourable mention" for his energy against the gas, that we must not halloo before we are out of the Park. There is a Chartered Gas Company which threatens as much mischief as the other. He hopes that it will be vigorously opposed. What in the name of windhaggery are the Oriental Members about? We hope not to have to follow up this hint by a Shise.

MR. HANKY made an excellent speech about the Water Supply of London, but Government is disinclined to move, alleging that in another year our water-supply will be constant. Yes, but the quality? Well, we shall have it from Severn Head instead of New River Head, some day. Posterity, make a note in the margin of this page when the Plinlimmon tap shall be turned on solemnly, by some King of England.

MR. GLADSTONE brought in a Bill to settle the Church Rate question. He proposes that there shall be no legal compulsion to pay the Rate, but that those who decline to pay shall have no power in church matters, unless they recant, and, we presume, do penance in a damp sheet of the *Nonconformist*.

On the debate on the Bill for relieving two great Irish functionaries from the necessity of declaring their ideas about Transubstantiation—not exactly a necessary prelude to ordinary business—MR. NEWDEGATE made a sudden and astounding attack on MR. WHALLEY, whose Protestantism, and indeed whose having any religion at all, his castigator more than doubted. MR. O'BRIEN very aptly said, that he and other Catholics were much indebted to such a speaker as MR. WHALLEY, and certainly never thought of answering him. MR. WHALLEY, not being allowed either to speak or sing, proclaimed his extreme piety in the *Times* next day.

Wednesday. Sporting news. FERRAND (roarer) was scratched at 1.30. In other words

both he and his colleague were ejected from their seats for Devonport. A Bill for preventing uncertificated Beast-Doctors from calling themselves Veterinary Surgeons was read a Second Time. Then we got our heads into Irish Chancery, and fibbed away till a quarter to 6.

Thursday. The great firm of OVEREND AND GURNEY went down, an event too important not to be noted here; much more will be heard of it. By a curious coincidence, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL introduced a new Bankruptcy Bill. It is a large measure, and its deadliest foes declare that it evinces a desire to deal completely with the subject. It abolishes imprisonment for debt, except in special cases. We imagine that certain vested interests will give it fierce opposition. It was read a Second Time.

Friday. The Lords talked of Irish land tenure, and EARL DORSET said that the real difficulty of the case was the idea of tenants that they have an indefeasible right to the land. Some of them actually bequeath it by will. He was, however, for indemnifying a tenant for any unexhausted improvement.

This was the day of the great Panic in the City. The "Men of Business" frantic. At night MR. GLADSTONE was asked whether he had suspended the Bank Charter Act. He had not. Later, he announced that he had received such representations as had induced the Government at once to signify to the Bank that sanction should be obtained for any acts which might be necessary to meet the situation.

We had a disagreeable debate about the aged Irish Judge LEFROY, who clings, at ninety-two, to an office for which it really appears that he is only at intervals qualified. SIR ROBERT PEEL was particularly Bobbish in the discussion, and both SIR GEORGE GREY and the SPEAKER had to take him in hand, and suggest proprieties. MR. HUDDLESTONE had to fight his Hop-Cheating Bill to the last, but won. In Estimates we had some pleasant talk about rifle-shooting, Presbyterians, and biscuits; and MR. DARBY GRIFFITHS thought we were charged too much for "Collar Fees" for Princes who are made Knights of Orders. The prices for clean collars do seem high, and PRINCE CHRISTIAN may probably have thought them extravagant.

Punch's Derby Prophecy.

Eic venus rursus, et quomodo esis cras? Or, to use other words, *Ici nous sommes encore, et comment vous portez-vous demain?* Brethren, I meet you in the Temple of Prophecy under remarkable conditions. Conditions here do not mean stipulations, but circumstances. They are circumstances which resemble your admirable wives, for they are things over which you have no control. Here is Europe going to war on a tremendous scale. Here are four Reform Bills ready to play *le Diable à Quatre* with Parliament. Here has the great house of OVEREND gone overboard with such a crash as has never been known in London. Yet, as I have already remarked, here we are again, and all agog for the Derby. And quite right too. If staying away from Epsom would prevent war, carry Reform, and restate credit, or do any one of these things, the man who would refuse to countermand his carriage would be something whom it would be base flattery to call something else. But as it is, I would observe, with the Post-Laureate, "Let us have our Dream to-day," and to-morrow will do for the Night Mares. *Adieu spectacula mane.*

Night Mares naturally suggest Horses. From Ephialtes to Epsom. You wish, brethren, for that Derby Prophecy, the perusal of which has been, I believe, for years, the great charm of the Derby Day. You desire that remarkable *olla podrida* of wit, whim, wisdom, vigilance, and wisperation, which is a more savoury repast than the best pie from MORTIMER & FASON'S. My brethren—in which word I include sisters (whom, indeed, I much prefer)—there is a Shadow upon the Brow of the Seer, and he takes his second-sight at you with a pensive face. For the wind, even the east wind, hath blown upon the earth, and the rains have descended, and what are patent leather boots and a Siphonia? From the sparkling halls of mirth and from the bright presence of beauty, he descended one night into the cold and raging street, and there was not a blessed cab to be got for abuse or money. He "fled away into the storm," like the lovers on the Eve of St. Agnes. Between public events and private sneezing, he is saddened, not to say sulky, and you call upon him to assume the magic robe, and validate elegant. He would rather weep. One who hopelessly remembers, Cannot bear a festive sight, He would rather watch the embers Of the weed he now doth light. But his life has been one of self-sacrifice for the happiness of others. Have it your-own way.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (a novelist, young ladies, of the last generation) has said:—

"Look not thou on beauty's charming:
Sit thou still when kings are arming:
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens;
Speak not when the people listens:
Shut thine ear against the singer:
From the red gold keep thy finger:
Peaceful, heart, and hand, and eye,
Ask no Derby prophecy."

Now, it wants no prophet to predict, brethren, that you will, on the Derby Day, fly in the face of the entire advice of SIR WALTER SCOTT, Baronet. You will look on beauty's charming, will stare into the broughams on the hill, and will probably get occasionally and deservedly checked in return for that attention. Kings are arming, but instead of sitting still and studying maps and telegrams, you will be cutting

about from eight in the morning till anything at night, deducting only the brief session for luncheon. As for not tasting when the wine-cup glistens, you know all about that, and may your headaches on Thursday be blessed to you. You will speak whether people are listening or not, specially bellowing during the finish, though everybody can see as well as you can what is happening, and though your information is by no means wanted. So far from shutting your ears against the singer, you will call the mass of gipsy effertery to the side of the carriage, and reward her Theresa ditties with silver, while for the Red Gold you will have your finger on it all day, and precious stupid bets you will make with it, beside laying out much in other disadvantageous ways. You will be anything but peaceful, your heart will be excited to extra action by champagne and betting, your hand will shake next day, and your eye will be full of the dust of the roads, and will not have recovered its comfort before the end of the week. But all this you know as well as I do. Go to, therefore, and let us overhaul the horses.

But really, brethren, when I do come to overhaul those animals, they kindle in me little of that poetic enthusiasm with which I have been wont to gild the Cockney festival until it shone like the Eleusinian Mysteries—I mean the Olympic Games. Why should I enumerate those costly beasts, and offer sportive epigrams on their names, that I may conserve the memory of the creatures long after they shall have become canine and feline nutriment? It were easy (for is it not done by sporting writers of the most limited liability in regard to intellect?) to talk of Redan rhyming to Sedan, and resembling it in having four living legs. We might say that Stabber would be a sticker; that the Bribery Colt should not have our vote; that Blue Riband was a K.G., or can't go; that Caylon reminded us of double difficulty rather than of single-ess; that a man must be half-moonsey to back Knight of the Crescent; that Vespasian was more an efficient Roman than a Danebury; that *de Augustis non est disputandum*, and that we should not like to drive him in a tandem—come, my beloved brethren, is this sort of thing worthy of men who live in the days of MILL, and CARLYLE, and TUPPER? *Majors senensis.*

There are two recondite quotations (recondite, young officers and the like, means abstruse) which seem to bear upon two horses of eminence. One of these quotations is—

"Rusticus expectat dum defuist amnia."

Supposing that Rustic should pursue his namesake's course of conduct, and should wait while the flood of horses rushes by, I am inclined to think that he will not be in the enviable position of Winner of the Derby. For though we know that the world is to him who knows how to wait, especially if he understands the Carlylian duty of Eternal Silence, and is in fact a Dumb Walter, there is such a thing as waiting too long, as servants often do, apparently with malice, when you want them to get out of the room that you may converse freely. At the same time, if our friend Rusticus, at the mildly conveyed suggestion of our friend CANNON, should only wait just long enough to see what sort of a river he has beside him, and then, like the steed of *Mamrupa*,

"The wild horse swims the wilder stream,"

cleaving his way to a front place and keeping it, I am far from saying that he will be far from winning. All depends on judgment, a little on skill, everything on luck, and the rest on endurance.

But I must again revert to SIR WALTER SCOTT, who has declared in ringing verses—

"Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms;
SIR DAVID LINDSAY, of the Mount,
Lord Lyon King-at-Arms."

The Mount on the present occasion is, while I speak, in some doubt, but I do not think that SIR DAVID LINDSAY will mount first, because I do not see any such baronet in DON, or WALFORD, and secondly, because it is not usual for British barts to ride for the Derby. But Lord Lyon's name is in high account, and when high accounts come to be settled I think it probable that the above verse will have charms for any sporting gentleman who has the wit to understand it. Decidedly the other horses must not be accused of sloth, though they see a lion in the path. He may be Leo the First. A sodical sign is in his favour. But to win he must be more than a King at Arms, he must be a King at Legs.

Brethren, be wise. I have done my second-sight, and I have peeped through the blanket of the dark. I have projected my mind into futurity. Tear the Veil. It is Torn. The pale stars of the morn shine on a Prophecy fearless of scorn. I give victory to one of the

FAVOURITES.

but I take The Field for my Cockboat. And it is my belief and conviction that the winner will be found in one of the sections which, following the constitutional example of my LORD RUSSELL, I have thus grouped together. May you be fortunate in following the advice of the only true prophet

PUNCH.

Advice to Austria.

WOULD Austria but Venetia yield,
She'd gain a friend to back her;
Then Prussia, single in the field,
Would never dare attack her.
What can't be kept long, KAIHER, cede
To Italy the sunny.
Then take in Germany the lead;
What's called the "hegemony."

A PROPHECY FOR THE ADDELPHI.—The *Fast Family* will "run."



MRS. FRUMMAGE'S BIRTHDAY DINNER-PARTY.

Mrs. F. ("coming from behind the Screen, sneakin' just like her"). "THERE! OH YOU GOODFORNOTHING BOY, NOW I'VE FOUND YOU OUT. HOW DARE YOU TOUCH THE WINE, SIR!"

Robert. "PLEASE 'M, I WAS—I WAS ONLY JUST A GOIN' TO WISH YOURS AN' MASTER'S WERY GOOD 'EALTH 'M!"

AT THE COUNCIL FIRE.

LET us bury the hatchet that all have been throwing;
Let us bring forth the wampum, of yarns woven long;
The short-cut of facts, twist of figures so knowing,
In the pipe of peace put them, and pass it along.
With the calumet, thus, while the young braves are busy,
Their war-paint washed off, doff the war-path's attire,
Let GLADSTONE, great chief, and great medicine-man, DIZZY,
Take their seats, cheek by jowl, at the same council fire.

Give up picking holes, and combine for their suture
In the frame of the Bill, that lies stopping the way
From the House of the Past, to the House of the Future,—
'Tis a work must be done ere M.P.'s can go play;
Of defiance and difference sink the whole boiling,
And the wits spent on these in the crucible fling
Wherein Parliamentary alchemy's toiling
Reform to transmute from a Thought to a Thing.

Be it GLADSTONE's to give to it scope and dimension,
By his Faith and his Hope—and his Charity too:
While DIZZY combines, for its lat'ral extension,
The clay of a Squire with the brain of a Jew.
Let BRIGHT's power of passion be called into action,
Though it bring us Democracy's level and line;
And let GENERAL PERL, for true-blues' satisfaction,
With the new dough the old Tory leaven combine.

Let our MILL grind us out his philosophy's harvest,
And afterwards riddle the grain from the chaff;
While thou, BOB LOWE, nonsense with wit's keen edge carve,
And still choppest logic, though seeming to laugh.

Bring, STANLEY, thy coolness, bring, CRANBOURNE, thy acid—
Chili vinegar, surely, the mixture must be—
Show, MANNERS, how breeding, high-polished and placid,
With TOM HUGHES and the working-man creed can agree.

Bend all o'er the furnace, give all, of your metals,
Much pinchbeck, more tin, some gold, silver, and brass:
Stir the mass till well mixed, bate the fire as it settles—
'Tis betwixt hot and cold that blows-up come to pass.
Till out of the blending of various orders,
As erst from fused treasures of Corinth's burnt fanes,
Shall run, to the edge of still widening borders,
A mixed metal, finer than aught it contains.

Yes—'tis JOHN BULL's high task—stubborn brute though they
To show to the world how to weld old and new: [call him—
Let him feel but the need, the task will not appal him,
To find *what's* to be done, and the right men to do:
Sew new stuff on old clothes, put new wine in old bottles,
Graft new shoots on old stocks, and yet come to no ill,
Work a logic that leaves on one side ARISTOTLE's,
And what France does with barricades do with a Bill.]

"Things not Generally Known."

THAT the natural element of Anchovies is oil.
That a butcher's shop in Paris is sometimes called an Hôtel de Veal.
The amount of Champagne drunk by hiring waiters at an evening party.
Where one's pocket-handkerchiefs go to.
What becomes of the stamps received as change in lieu of coppers.
The ultimate destination of pins, needles, and elastic bands.
Of "Things not generally known," the best example would be
"The Lancets."

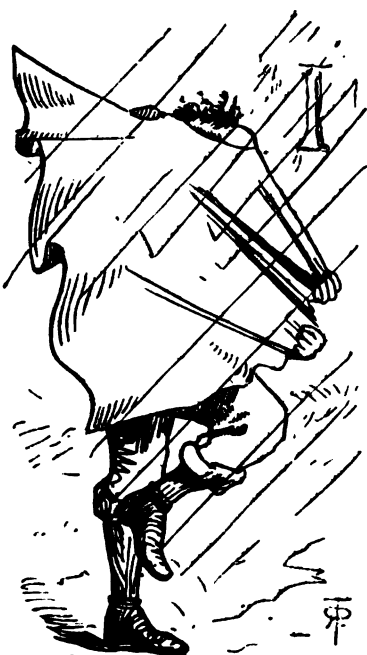


THE DARK HORSE.

MR. PUNCH. "WHAT WILL THE 'DARK HORSE,' NAPOLEON, DO?"

A PRIVATE VIEW OF THE ACADEMY.

(BY TOM ALL-ALONE.)



TAKE my own view of most things: my own private view. So I did of the Academy: a view all my own, all to myself. I procured a Catalogue, and from the names of the pictures I can tell pretty accurately what they are like. This is my idea of a Private View.

I will begin with No. 14, *The Poacher's Nurse*. I should say that this represented a little child holding a saucepan, with two eggs in it, while his nurse was directing the operation of poaching. Let the public compare my idea with the painter's work, and every unprejudiced person will own that my notion, if it does not happen to coincide with the artist's, is at all events the more original conception.

No. 52. *View on the Seaside*, evidently the next thing to a View on the Seaside. A sketch of inland country, taken with the painter's back to the ocean.

59. *Le Voilà! A garçon* pouring out coffee.
 70. *Going to the Spring*. A Portrait of LÉOTARD ready for the *trappe*.
 78. *The Pic du Midi d'Ossau in the Pyrenees*. Evidently a pic-nic in the mountains.
 83. *The Tardy Messenger*. A Telegraph wire.
 94. *A Droop of Kyles*. Pre-Adamite creatures, with long horns, going to drink.
 98. *A Berkshire Mill-race*. Two windmills running a short course.
 103. *A Little Man*. A sporting picture.

"There was a little man,
 And he had a little gun."

The charge, I have no doubt, is very carefully drawn.

109. *Lady Godiva's Prayer*. Asking for a crinoline.
 128. *A Breezy Day on the English Coast*. Scene in a cabin of a Dover and Calais steamboat.
 136. *Rest—Study for a larger picture*. Portrait of EARL RUSSELL.
 161. *The Honourable Admiral Rous*. In Venetian costume as the celebrated Bravo Rous.
 242. *Study of a Head*. Portrait of Her Gracious Majesty.
 312. *High Ham, near Sedgewick*. Scene at a breakfast table: picture of PROFESSOR SEDGWICK or MISS AMY SEDGWICK near a High Ham.
 325. *Fall on the River Clyde*. A gentleman, on his back, with one leg in the water, and his fishing-tackle entangled in a tree.
 367. *Under the Equator*. Somebody sitting under the Equator.
 382. *Orchids*. A Study of little Apples.
 419. *Moses*. A Portrait, in cheap trousers and summer overcoat.
 461. *Beatrice di Tenda*. A Stoker's wife.
 475. *Ign Owm Fwits*. Charming place (or person) near (or related to) Crwl Estfddgperf, in Wales.
 488. *Old Mill*. Familiar. Portrait of an M.P.
 503. *A Pleasant Corner*. Fancy picture of JOHN HORNER.

I shall now go to the Academy, and see if my Private View be not perfectly correct, and, if not, an infinitely superior treatment of subjects to anything in the Gallery.

Sweets to the Sweet.

AMONG unfashionable departures, we rejoice to see the following:—
 "The DAVENPORT Brothers left St. Catherine's Wharf on Saturday, by the steamship *Hamburg*, for *Hamburg*."

Slightly mispronouncing *Hamburg*, as though it were spelt *Humbug*, the destination and conveyance of these brethren seem appropriate.

TOT HOMINES QUOT SENTENTIA.

DIFFERENT people have different opinions;
 Some likes ringlets and some likes *chignons*.

THE COSTS OF A BAD ACTION.

ATTORNEYS whose practice lies in an inferior branch of the legal profession will have read with keen interest the report of *Rudman v. Armstrong and Another*, an action for malpractice against two surgeons, father and son, tried the other day in the Court of Exchequer. The defendants averred that they "treated the plaintiff," a girl of nineteen, named EMILY RUDMAN, the daughter of one THOMAS RUDMAN, described as a boot and shoemaker in a humble way—"to the best of their knowledge, skill, and judgment as medical men." Furthermore "they stated that they heard no complaints from the girl or her parents as to the mode in which they had been treating her until they received a lawyer's letter, and," adds the reporter, "there was a suggestion that the action was only a solicitor's one to recover costs." The complaint which she had been under their care for was a bad knee. That whereupon she sued them for damages will be understood, and its merits will be apprehended, from perusal of the following evidence for the defence, by a credible witness:—

"MR. SOLLY, of St. Thomas's Hospital, who had examined the plaintiff, deposed that he did not discover the slightest possible trace of salivation by mercury upon her. He also expressed a positive opinion that her knee was free from disease, and that she had the perfect use of it. He thought she could walk from the court into the hall, but with this qualification—that, owing to her weak state from long confinement, she might perhaps require a little assistance. With regard to the use of mercury in cases of disease of the joints, he said it was often employed with effect when iodine had failed. Sometimes the appearances of salivation presented themselves without the use of mercury, particularly when iodine had been taken. He was quite certain the plaintiff could walk into the hall, or else his experience of forty years went for nothing."

Here was an end of the case. Although the plaintiff's father was a small shoemaker, whilst the defendants were two medical gentlemen, the British jury that heard the foregoing testimony immediately declared their agreement that their verdict should be for the defendants. MR. PEARSON, counsel for plaintiff, very honourably declined to say anything more on her behalf; and MR. BARON CHANNELL "expressed his entire concurrence with the jury in their verdict." So she took nothing by her action. On the contrary she stood liable for costs; her own and the defendants' too.

Who will subscribe the wherewithal to enable poor EMILY RUDMAN, the daughter of "a boot and shoemaker in a humble way," to pay the heavy bill of costs wherein she is indebted to the MESSRS. ARMSTRONG, having obliged them to incur it in order to defend themselves from the action that she was injudiciously advised to bring against them? But that will not quite suffice to free this young woman from her liabilities. She has also to pay her own costs, for which, in all probability, the respectable solicitor who undertook to prepare her brief is whistling. This is the consideration which will render *Rudman v. Armstrong* so peculiarly interesting to his professional compeers. Too many of them will perhaps grin and chuckle over the misadventure of their brother, not reflecting that it may be their own case to-morrow.

If EMILY RUDMAN cannot defray the expenses to which she has put DR. ARMSTRONG and his son, those gentlemen themselves will have to bear them. She will have inflicted a heavy loss upon them, although for herself she has failed in the attempt to obtain any of their money. Do the interests of the legal profession require that no effectual provision should be made to protect honest people from having lawsuits instituted against them by other people who are insolvent? If not, what security can be taken for costs? The personal security of penniless plaintiffs would amount to little, even if the body of an unsuccessful suitor could be seized by the defendant whom that suitor had failed in trying to fleece. Small value in work could be got out of such a body during life, and, after that, it could be turned only to the small account of a few pounds by an arrangement that might be made with the conductors of a school of anatomy.

There is, however, a precaution which, if it did not altogether preclude the possibility of groundless and speculative actions, would yet render their occurrence tolerably rare. This result, at least, would be insured if the costs of every lawsuit, in which the plaintiff proved to have no case, were made chargeable on that plaintiff's attorney.

THE VERB "TO BISMARCK."

FOREIGN Intelligence has for some time lately been of a most unsatisfactory nature. To its general disagreeableness, however, the following statement in the *Times* presents a pleasing exception:—

"M. BISMARCK's name is likely to take its place in the slang French vocabulary. It appears that when a person is suspected of foul play at cards or billiards, he is said to 'bismarquer,' as equivalent to 'triche,' and the insinuation is resented as an insult. So much for fame."

Yes; so much. It is something. A particular method of causing death by suffocation, styled "barking," is so called, after its author, BURKE, the murderer. In like manner, "to palmer," meaning to poison secretly, is a phrase employed in commemoration of the enormous criminal, PALMER, who was hanged for secret poisoning. BISMARCK, prime mover in the murderous spoliation of Denmark, has found his own level nearly—but not quite.



RATHER 'CUTE.

Small but Sharp Passenger. "LOOK HERE! YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME THE RIGHT CHANGE JUST NOW!"

Clerk. "TOO LATE, SIR! YOU SHOULD HAVE SPOKEN WHEN YOU TOOK YOUR TICKET!"

Passenger. "SHOULD I? WELL, IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE TO ME; BUT YOU GAVE ME HALF-A-SOVEREIGN TOO MUCH! TA-TA!" [Exit.]

RACY INTELLIGENCE.

CUPID'S CUP.

A MORE spirited contest than that which yesterday resulted in *Barrister* winning the Fanny Foxlove Stakes, we have not witnessed at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, for many a fine day. Again have the Prophets to sigh over their losses, the winner being an outsider, and the favourite, *Lord Fiddle*—nowhere. At starting the odds were: 2 to 1 on *Lord Fiddle*, 3 to 1 against the *Cornet*, 5 to 1 against *Ironmaster*, 20 to 1 against *College Don*, 50 to 1 against *Barrister*, 100 to 1 against the *Littleborough Mayor*, and 1000 to 1 against *Count Glossylox*.

The Fanny Foxlove Stakes, value £20,000, with a pony phaeton added by her godpapa.

Along the course, which never did run smooth, *Lord Fiddle* took the lead, closely followed by *Ironmaster*, and flanked by *College Don*, *Count Glossylox* hanging behind, and *Barrister* cautiously waiting for an opening to show his head. It was soon seen, however, that *Lord Fiddle* had been overrated, and though he looked remarkably well in a cab, he had never distinguished himself out of the rank. *Ironmaster* had sterling metal in him, but his ugly temper made his staunchest supporters tremble. As for *College Don*, though his previous performances were respectable, having in 1844 carried off the £10,000 Widow Stakes, he was now too heavily saddled (with five small grandchildren) for this race, though he made way by degrees with professional book-makers. The *Cornet* looked a promising colt, but had not cut his wisdom teeth, and stood in need of a curb. The *Littleborough Mayor* was in fine condition, but had on more than one occasion over a long course shown himself a bolter. *Count Glossylox* was a favourite last summer at Hampton, (where he ran for the Ladies' Plate (with strawberries in it); but his pedigree being apocryphal, the odds were very

much against him. *Barrister*, with his splendid form and powerful action, carried his admirers completely off their legs, and though closely pressed by *Ironmaster*, succeeded in winning cleverly by a head.

Order of the race:—

<i>Barrister</i>	1
<i>Ironmaster</i>	2
<i>College Don</i>	3
<i>The Cornet</i>	4
<i>Count Glossylox</i>	5
<i>Lord Fiddle</i>	6

The *Littleborough Mayor* bolted soon after starting, and never halted till he reached his crib at the Mansion House.

Remarks:—This race is suggestive of some serious reflections, not to betting men alone, but to better men than any included in that category. *College Don* showed many good points and only one conspicuous drawback; viz., too great an extension of the jaw. *Ironmaster* had a few days before lost his balance in trying to clear a Bank, and was thereby severely weakened. *Barrister's* success must be ascribed entirely to his having the *longest head*—it was that alone which enabled him to carry off the cup—and we might add the saucer of Beauty and Bliss. *Ver. sep.*

German Dietary Intelligence.

AN important telegram from Stuttgart announces that:—

"HERR VON WIEDERHOLD, the Minister of War, has resigned. He is succeeded by GENERAL HARDEGG."

Let us hope that the noble army of Würtemberg will find itself able to support HARDEGG's yoke.

FRESH AIR!

OR, VICTORIA PARK PRESERVED.

Good people all, both great and small,
A bumper, everywhere,
To Parliament fill that threw out the Bill
For robbing poor men of fresh air.
For I own I like fresh air,
I loves a breath of fresh air;
And dim their eyes whenever they tries
To rob a poor man of fresh air.

Some people thinks gasometer stinks,
Is respiration fair;
But I'll always contend, to my life's end,
That there's nothing to breathe like fresh air.
For I own, &c.

The health of men cyanogen
And hydrogen impair.
Whenever my chest with sitch is opprest,
I wish it was all fresh air.
For I own, &c.

Sulphureous fumes the lungs consumes,
And burns the trees all bare;
But I always find both body and mind
The better for good fresh air;
For I own, &c.

O! 'Tis my delight on a holiday bright
In Victoria Park to fare;
Where MOLL and I, with little 'uns by,
Resorts for a breath of fresh air.
For I own, &c.

MOLL read the news we was to lose!
The good of our walking there;
I could smoke my pipe but not eat my tripe
If the gas-works had pisoned the air.
For I own, &c.

Of all things thirst isn't quite the worst;
There's one that's as hard to bear;
Which is want of breath, being stifled to death,
Like them as is robbed of fresh air.
For I own, &c.

Let companies shape their projects to scrape
Up wealth, and dividends share.
But dim their eyes whenever they tries
To rob a poor man of fresh air.
For I own, &c.



A PREDICAMENT.

JONES HIS AGONY, WHEN HIS NOBLE STEED INSISTED ON JOINING A PARTY OF OTHER NOBLE STEEDS, ALL STRANGERS; VERY MUCH TO THE CONSTERNATION OF THEIR FAIR RIDERS.

HINTS FOR DERBY TALKERS.

MR. PUNCH,

I AM not going to prophesy or give you the tip. I am neither "AUGUR," or "ARGUS," "VATES," or "HARKAWAY." I do not execute commissions or make selections. I request no stamps, stamped envelopes, post office orders, or crossed cheques. I cannot put you up to a good thing or throw light on a "dark" horse.

Despite, however, these drawbacks, I dare to send you a few humble reflections on the names of the principal competitors for the Derby, the greatest of all the May meetings, hoping they may serve to fill up pauses in conversation, should any occur, between HUBERT and HILDA, between ALGERNON and ALICE, or any other well dressed and good looking couple who may meet and pair, and have extensive transactions in six-and-a-quarters on Wednesday, the 16th inst.

So attend, HUBERT and ALGERNON, CLAUD and MONTAGUE, for a few swift moments.

Lord Lyon.—First carefully eradicate from the feminine mind any preconceived notion that the favourite is called *Lord Lyons* after a gallant Admiral or a distinguished Ambassador. Do this diplomatically, and then give a glowing account, which you can say you derive from the *Herald*, of Caledonia's King-at-Arms, concluding with an expression of regret that as there is already one LORD LYONS, it will be impossible for SIR EDWIN LANDSEER to be raised to the peerage under that title when he has completed his leonine models for Trafalgar Square.

Should the favourite win the day, and, what MR. SUTTON will much prefer, the stakes, be ready instantly with your little jokes about his horse being the *Lyon* of the day, and himself taking the *Lyon's* share, and when the panting courser returns to his stable after the race, remark that he was regularly *Lyonised*, &c., &c.

Rustic.—You will not fail to announce that this horse is largely backed by MR. DISABILI and the country party; and when deep in the hamper, and fairly acquainted with the Cup that cheers, ask the following exquisite riddle,—Why is the seat of *Rustic's* ducal owner like an encaustic tile with a flaw in it?—Because it is Bad-Minton. (N.B. MR. MINTON makes encaustic tiles.)

Blue Riband.—You are warned, under the heaviest penalties, not to make the most distant allusion to the Derby being "the Blue Ribbon, &c." As compensation, you may, if you like, say you have been given to understand, but are free to confess your disbelief in the report, that LORD ST. LEONARDS is joint owner with the MARQUIS OF HASTINGS of this horse.

Vespasian.—Sit up the night before reading PINNOCK, for you are sure to be questioned about this name. Answer that *Vespasian* was an elderly Roman Emperor who crossed the Rubicon, shouting at the head of the tenth legion *Veni, vidi, vici* (translate pithily), found Rome of brick, and left it of marble, and laid, with masonic honours, the foundation stone of the Colosseum in the Regent's Park. With reference to the conversion of Rome, and the change in its building materials, quote HANNAH MORE's lines, commencing,

"Rome! Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been."

Bribery Colt.—About this horse all I can suggest to you to hint is, your hope that his jockey will not lose his seat.

Knight of the Crescent.—At the end, not the beginning, of the hamper before referred to, you might, in reply to queries, answer that you knew nothing about *Knight of the Crescent*, but were intimately acquainted with DAY in the Square.

Monarch of the Glen.—Look at somebody's beautiful colour, and say you know a greater dear.

Maori Chief.—If this horse should get a place, tell everybody that LORD MACAULAY's New Zealander from London Bridge was present, positively for the last time, to witness the triumph of his country over fallen Britain.

KNOTT A. LYTE WAYTE.

Bless Her!

AN American young lady was reading *Don Quixote*, and came to the place where the fellow, whom the *Don* prevented from beating the lad, promised to pay the latter's wages in "perfumed money." "You see he only owed the boy some cents," said the lovely Columbian.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

EVERYBODY ought to have a partial, if unable to obtain a thorough, knowledge of the manufacture of the ordinary articles of nourishment in daily use among us. For instance, a young lady should be ready, at a pinch, to make a tart, a pie, bread, butter, and other luxuries. A bachelor should be handy with his needle and thread, and a married man should be able to do a carpenter's work, dexterously.

In order to excite generous emulation among all classes of our readers, we will now proceed to show the result of a few examinations instituted extemporaneously during meal-times. Paterfamilias, if he is well posted up in these matters himself,—and he can “oram” while shaving,—will find these instructive breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners the nearest thing to the classic symposia, or the schools of the ancient philosophers. The attempt to introduce a dish of instruction, under a cover of any sort, at breakfast, is not entirely free from some domestic difficulties, as will be seen in our first Breakfast Lecture on Butter.

No. 1.

Paterfamilias. MARY, dear, give me some butter.

[While his daughter is engaged, with the butter-knife, PATERFAMILIAS commences.]

Paterfamilias. You know how butter is made?

Mary (readily, not wishing to be bothered). Oh yes, 'Pa.

Brother Tom (from School). I'll bet she don't.

Paterfamilias (reprovingly). TOM! You will not “bet;” and you will say “does not” instead of “don't.”

Brother (unabashed). Well, she doesn't, though.

Paterfamilias (to Tom). Then how is butter made?

Tom (triumphantly). Why from the cow, of course.

Mary (depreciating her Brother). That's very clever.

Paterfamilias (running into rhyme, unconsciously). Made from the cow: yes. But how?

Tom (making a desperate shot). Well, the milkman goes and stirs it up in a bowl—(Sees MARY laughing. To her)—Yes, it is. (Contemptuously) Well you don't know.

Paterfamilias (reprovingly to Tom). “Don't” again!

[It suddenly strikes him that he has made a grammatical error this time himself.]

Tom (correcting himself). Well, “doesn't.” (To his Sister.) You doesn't know.

Paterfamilias (mildly, feeling that he has been wrong). When I said you mustn't use “don't,” I meant in certain instances, as for instance—(corrects tautology and substitutes “example”)—as for example, you should say “you do not,” not “you doesn't;” and “he does not,” not “he don't.” (Is satisfied with his own explanation, especially as he sees MRS. MATERFAMILIAS drinking in the words of wisdom silently.) Now, how is butter made, MARY?

Mary (pettishly). Oh, from the cow, and churned.

Paterfamilias (to Ellen, aged sixteen, nearly two years older than Mary). What do you say, ELLEN?

Ellen. Oh, Papa, I don't know. (Laughs pleasantly.) I recollect learning something about it once. (Carelessly.) Let me see, it's churned, and skimmed, and put in a dairy—

Tom (coming in with a new idea). And baked.

Mary (suddenly thinking she has recollected all about it). And you let it stand till it's cold.

[All three are perfectly satisfied, and resume their breakfast.]

Paterfamilias (beginning to feel a little uncertain as to his own facts). Upon my word, MARGARET (to his wife), they ought to know these things.

Materfamilias (in self-defence). Then, my dear, why don't you tell them?

Tom (sharply). I say, Papa, Ma said “don't.”

Paterfamilias (remonstrating, with touching dignity). There, my dear, you really should be more careful. You heard me just now telling—

Materfamilias (petulantly). Oh, I can't be bothered with such trash.

Paterfamilias (foreseeing that the value of his authoritative instruction will be seriously injured). Trash! My dear MARGARET, it is necessary that my children should talk good grammar, and if they hear, as TOM did—

Materfamilias (angrily). If MASTER TOM speaks to his Mamma in that way again, he shall be packed off to school before the holidays are over. [At this cheerful prospect MASTER TOM becomes suddenly depressed.]

Paterfamilias (still remonstrating, but wishing to return to the subject of butter). My dear, the boy heard—

Materfamilias (rising from table). Then the boy had better not hear. (To the unhappy boy.) Go, and get your hands and face washed at once, and don't—(regards PATERFAMILIAS triumphantly) and don't come down looking such a little pig as you generally do.

[Exit MASTER TOM under a cloud.]

Paterfamilias (bottles up his feelings and proceeds with the subject). Butter, MARY (MARY hands him the butter)—no, my dear, I was going to say, butter is made in the following manner. Of course, as you know, you first obtain the milk from the cow—

Materfamilias (who has been looking out of window). While your Papa's lecturing we're losing all the fine weather.

[The girls rise from table.]

Ellen. Yes, Mamma, and you said we were to go to MRS. SKREWITT'S, and CHIGNON'S this morning.

Materfamilias (apparently ignorant of her husband's existence). Yes; you'd better get your things on while it's fine.

[Exeunt girls; they are heard giggling as they run up-stairs, and the words “Papa” and “butter” are more or less distinct.]

Paterfamilias (severely to his Wife). My dear, it is impossible to attempt any instruction with the children on these useful points of every-day life, if you—

Materfamilias (quickly). Then you shouldn't correct me in their presence.

Paterfamilias (feeling that a complete answer to this is not to be made in a second, goes back to butter). But if you only gave them an hour a-day on such subjects as butter, tea, sugar, and so forth, it would be very useful.

Materfamilias (determined not to give in). Ah, well, they're quite enough to do. I hate cramming children; they're only idle when they grow up.

Paterfamilias (has something sharp to say about idiots, but thinks of the value of peace and quiet, and bottles himself up for the second time. He then says with dangerous playfulness) Now, I dare say you don't know how butter is—

Materfamilias. Oh, rubbish!

[Exit suddenly.]

Paterfamilias (grows to himself). Upon my word! Just like women. (Takes up the “Times.”) Really, there's no getting them to—(Grows, and tries to read the paper, but finds himself in the middle of last night's debate upside down.) I wish to goodness—(Unfolds the paper, rises.) I should have liked half a cup more tea; but of course—(Fails to find any, rings bell, and then walks to window carrying the “Times.” Enter Servant.) Clear away. [Exit PATERFAMILIAS, moodily.]

THE SHINDY IN ST. STEPHEN'S.

FAST and furious, close and warm,
Grows the Battle of Reform;
GLADSTONE, foremost in the fray,
Like a good 'un pegs away.
Various, many-toned, and loud,
Rise the voices of the crowd.
Now then, HORSMAN, at him go,
Go it, ROBERT, go it LOWE.
Down upon him, BILL, well done!
Now young CALME, return him one.
WILLIAM, hit him on the nob.
Let him have another, BOB.
Good, EXCHEQUER; well put in—
ROBERT, give it him agin.
GROSVENOR, STANLEY, now, you two
Let out; MARTIN, cut in you.
HORSFALL, have at 'em, and, PIM,
Pitch into 'em after him.
Hullo, MARQUIS, mind your eye!
PEEL, old General, you let fly.
BRIGHT, my Brummagem, arise,
Hit him hard between the eyes.
At 'em ROBBUCK, at the lot,
Let 'em have it hot and hot.
MILL, prove worthy of your name.
TOM HUGHES, don't you miss your aim.
WALPOLE, WHITESIDE, fight like men,
Now or never floor 'em, BEN.
Oh, the roar, the row, the rattle,
Of Reform's tremendous Battle!
—May it end in more than prattle.

Political Probabilities.

SHOULD the Ministers encounter a defeat in Committee on the Franchise Bill, EARL RUSSELL will resign. HER MAJESTY will then send for SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE. The office of CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will be offered to MR. WHALLEY. MR. BRIGHT will be made a Peer. The Hon. Member for Birmingham will be raised to the House of Lords with the title of BARON ROCHDALE.

SCOTTISH ECONOMY.

ENGLAND and Ireland put Government in a minority on the Reform Bill. But Scotland turned the scale, and saved the Cabinet. The Scotch were always a saving people.

PUNCH ON THE PEOPLE'S PARKS.



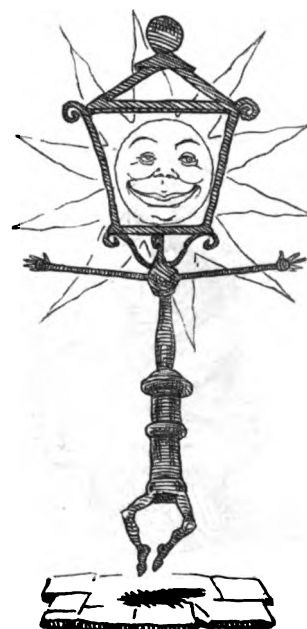
OUR ANCESTORS WERE CONTENT WITH A
TALLOW CANDLE,



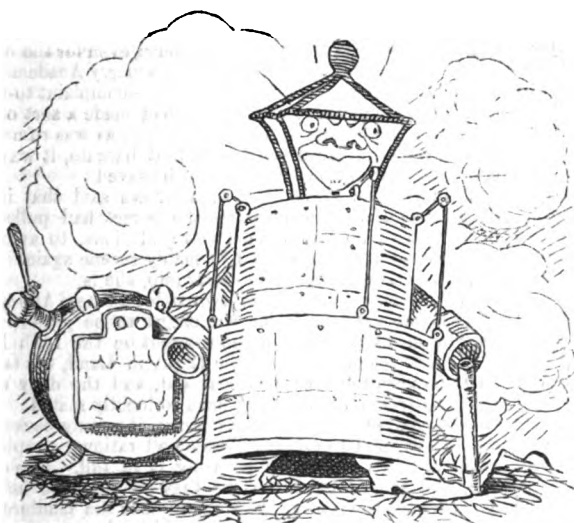
YES, MR. COWPER,



BUT THEN THEY HAD NO TREES OF
THIS DESCRIPTION.



WE, WHO HAVE A BEAUTIFUL AND
BRILLIANT GAS,



WILL NOT ALLOW THESE MALIGNANT METERS



TO DISTRESS THIS BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN—NO, NOT EVEN
IN VICTORIA PARK.

READING MADE EASY.

CAN YOU READ AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM? Many to whom this question is addressed will reply, I have leisure, will, and a ticket, but I cannot find the books I want. Eager to promote the education of the Public, which is by no means so well-informed as could be desired, *Mr. Punch* begs or rather takes leave to introduce to the aforesaid Public his friend, and their friend, MR. THOMAS NICHOLS. The Public—MR. NICHOLS: MR. NICHOLS—the Public. Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, the more you cultivate the acquaintance of your new friend, the easier will be the cultivation of your own minds. "How so?" you ask, with a smile, being certain to receive a satisfactory reply. Your curiosity is natural and laudable, and shall be indulged. If you make yourselves agreeable to MR. NICHOLS, or rather to his and our excellent friends, MESSRS. LONGMANS (a process which you may accomplish by an outlay so moderate that it is hardly worth mentioning) you will be presented with his *Handbook for Readers at the Museum*. With this capital little book in your hand, take your seat on one of those comfortable chairs, which roll about silently like the tables constructed by Vulcan for the Immortal Gods, and select the subject on which you

wish to be informed. MR. NICHOLS will instantly and frankly tell you where to obtain the precise volume, or MS., or map, or catalogue, or picture, or coin, or medal, or newspaper you would like to see, and will also assist your judgment in choosing such instruction as will be most available, whether you want to know about Pickles, or the metallic history of Nickels, or poems of Tickell's, or Mickle's, or the cure of Prickles, or ancient chariots armed with Sickles, or those pretty tales of Fanny Fickle's, or why Knareborough's dripping well Trickles, just look at this admirable little book of NICHOLS. This is a puff, and we mean it for one, and a good one too, for it is in favour of the goodest Handbook that has lately come to our august hands.

An Old Cuss.

POST-OFFICE Returns show a vast accession of Letter-Tax income. It may not be amiss, therefore, to remind MR. GLADSTONE, who respects ecclesiastical facts, that in 1299, from St. Paul's Cross, BALDOCK "solemnly cursed all who sought a hoard of gold in St. Martin's-le-Grand." No Budget-making out of letters.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 14. We are "in a Scrape," said MR. DISRAELI to-night, on the Second Reading of the Re-distribution Bill. He justified the word on the authority of DEAN SWIFT. In a long and able speech, the Leader of the Tory Party, as he has emphatically called himself, pleaded for the small boroughs, urging that whereas land, manufactures, and commerce could easily obtain representation, professional men and "men of letters who pursued the liberal arts even as a profession," would not, unless these boroughs should be preserved for them. He opposed the system of plurality of votes for large places, contending that

these were always sure of advocates and friends. He said that the proposed grouping plan would only increase, terribly, the expenses of elections, but he was for grouping districts now un-represented. He approved the giving representatives to populations which had grown into being since legislation was effected. He asserted that the working classes had a preponderance in the counties. Finally, repudiating the statistics which MR. GLADSTONE himself had declared worthless, he attributed our Scrape to the hasty manner in which the Reform Scheme had been got up, and he said that both Parliament and the nation were in ignorance on the whole subject. "Ignorance never settled a question." He therefore urged the Government to let the Bill go by the board, to obtain, at leisure, trustworthy information, and then to come to Parliament with a complete and well digested scheme of Reform.

MR. CARDWELL was very much obliged for the advice, but Government were satisfied with their measure, and hoped to carry it.

The only other speech worth mentioning was one which was not made by an Irish member, MR. KER, who began about the Irish Reform Bill, but who, on being told that this was not before the House, apologised like a gentleman and an Oxonian.

MR. GLADSTONE, however, announced that in compliance with what seemed the general wish, he should fuse the Franchise and Re-distribution Bills into one Reform Bill. This mixture, the *Tinct: Reform: Comp.*, he proposes to ask MR. DISRAELI to swallow, as a constitutional remedy, on the 28th of May.

In the Lords he it noticed that DR. THIRLWALL, Bishop of St. Davids, stood up for the Conscience Clause—the Educational provision which relieves a child in the national schools from the necessity of receiving any religious instruction of which its parents disapprove. We are not aware of the course, when the father and mother hold different creeds, or whether there is a Jack Sprat clause for a couple who respectively believe in adipose and muscular theology.

LORD REDDERSDALE made a good speech on the evils of railway finance, as at present practised, and proposed various remedies, which Government resisted, and the matter—like much of the speculators' money—dropped.

Interrogated as to the rising of the House for the Derby, MR. GLADSTONE did not say, pleasantly, like LORD PALMERSTON, that he would not willingly deprive gentlemen of the happiness of exposing themselves to the east wind on the Downs, but sternly rejoined that on Tuesday night the House would be adjourned until Thursday. Perhaps, at his club sweep, he had drawn *Lothario*, or some other beast that was not to start, and the right honourable gentleman was not pleased.

Tuesday. LORD CHELMSFORD has a crotchot for putting down a great deal of Sunday trading, now permitted. He cannot understand why, if the tradesmen who supply 7 Eaton Square and the Carlton Club can shut up on the day of rest, those who supply the multitudes who possess no larders, cellars, refrigerators, wardrobes, or week-day leisure, should not shut up also. LORD TESSHAM gave him some illuminating details, and LORD SHAFTESBURY wisely said that it was better to leave things as they are, and trust to the operation of higher influences than the police. Government took the same view. Later in the week the Bill was more earnestly opposed, and an Amendment was carried, merely ordaining that all trade should cease from 10 to 1 on Sunday. Thereupon, the legal Sabbatarian threw up his Bill, and Houndsditch, we suppose, illuminated.

The Cattle Plague has appeared in Ireland, but the most prompt and resolute measures are being taken to stamp it out, MR. FORTESCUE says. Let us hope that Irish officials are not proclaiming Munster when Ulster is menaced, and that an infected, bovine head centre will not find friends in his gaolers.

We had then an interesting debate (the subject having been more briefly discussed in the Lords) upon the conduct of ADMIRAL DENMAN during the dastardly and cruel bombardment of Valparaiso by the Spaniards. The merchants who have

suffered are naturally very indignant, but neither in Jamaica nor at Valparaiso ought a British officer to be condemned without inquiry, and from what was said by the DUKES OF SOMERSET and MR. LAYARD, it seems clear that the Admiral had strict orders to be neutral. That the nation would have been pleased had ADMIRAL DENMAN disregarded those orders, coalesced with the American commander and his iron-clad, and beaten the Spaniards off, as they would probably have done, despite inferiority of force on the part of the civilised sailors, is not to the purpose. We are not at war with Spain, and it is not for our captains to embroil us with other nations. But Spain has done a brutal and detestable thing, which will be remembered against the cavalry bullies whom she calls her statesmen.

Do any of our readers wish to have the particulars of a debate on Irish Education? Persons of such tastes can gratify them by obtaining the daily journals of the fifteenth instant. We may note that MR. WHALLEY tried to speak, but MR. NEWDEGATE had torn the Protestant Mask from the countenance of that Awful Jesuit, and the House shouted down what might have been an insidious attack upon the religion and constitution of these realms. He also postponed a motion on Fenianism, which he proposes to connect with Catholicism, but such desperate efforts to show that he is not an Awful Jesuit are truly suicidal. Nothing will do, unless he convinces the House that the east wind on the Derby day was occasioned by Popish machinations.

Wednesday. The Houses and the Million met at Epsom, when, as MR. PUNCH prophesied in the most distinct language would be the case, the Derby for 1866 was won by Lord Lyon. It is almost painful to feel that, like TRUE THOMAS, in the fairy ballad, one can never make a misstatement.

Thursday. MR. BERRSFORD HOPE thinks, as does MR. PUNCH, that Burlington House is a fine memorial of a remarkable age in London history, and both gentlemen regret that it is proposed to destroy the house, even for the benefit of the gay SIR FRANCIS GRANT and his merry Academicians. LORD OVERSTON gave utterance to this complaint to-night, and LORD GRANVILLE said that he had made a sort of bargain with the Painters, but that if they, as was rumoured, were not altogether pleased with that bargain, it was possible that Burlington House might be saved.

Touching the Panic, MR. GLADSTONE said that in five days the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street had pulled out of her purse no less than Twelve Millions, to avert the dreaded ruin. Things are reasonably serene again. Well done, old Lady!—she is an old tramp, she is.

Westminster is proud of two objects—her Abbey and MR. MILL. Of the latter she ought to be prouder than ever, after his masterly speech to-night on the Irish Lands Bill. The true doctrine of the Right in Land, the facts as to the exceptional case of England, and the duty of the latter to Ireland, have never been so lucidly stated. If we do not analyse this admirable address, it is only because we would not spoil the pleasure which all rational people (our readers) will derive from perusing it in full. Enough to say, that MR. MILL showed us that we ought to help the Irish tenant to improve the soil, whether the landlord likes it or not, but that no injustice should be done to the latter. Those who cannot see that the Land, of Heaven's making and not man's, is, in the noblest sense, a Trust, of which the owner should be proud, are themselves of the clod—cloddy.

MR. WHITEHALE opposed the Bill; and we should think the Irish landlords would be much obliged to their advocate, for he urged that, as soon as it passed, the landlord would try to defeat it by lying to the tenant, who would be fool enough to believe him. We think better of both classes. The debate was adjourned.

Friday. In answer to LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, on the state of Europe, LORD CLARENDON said that confidential communications, which might lead to negotiations, which might lead to expectations, which might promise pacifications, were going on, but that it was inexpedient to say more. The parties, as we gather from what MR. LAYARD said, are England, France, and Russia.

The Commons had a debate on the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty with America; and MR. WATKIN, the promoter, was rebuked by MR. LAYARD for imprudence, and assured that our Government was minding its business, while that of America was very friendly. But we Counted Out early on this Oaks day.

THE GREAT PANIC IN THE CITY.

FRIDAY, MAY 25.

SCENE—The Private Room of a Great Banker's Establishment in Lombard Street.

Enter Cautious Customer, who is also a private friend of the Firm's; he is somewhat disturbed by the prevalent excitement. He is shown into the sanctum, where sits the Senior Partner of the old established Firm. The Senior Partner appears anxious and disturbed.

Cautious Customer. Good morning. (Senior Partner nods, and waits anxiously towards the glass-door, as if expecting some one.) Very bad news, this morning.

Senior Partner (looking at his watch nervously). Yes, very.

Cautious Customer (begins to think he'd better "draw out" as quickly as possible). Of course (hesitating), these failures won't affect your House, eh?

Senior Partner (still anxiously looking through glass-door). Eh?

Cautious Customer (who doesn't like the Senior Partner's manner of evading his question). I say that this (tries to repeat his observation as pleasantly as possible)—failure won't affect your House?

Senior Partner (with some uneasiness of manner, and looking at his watch quickly). Our House? Eh? Oh, no; why?

Cautious Customer (anything but reassured by Senior Partner's evasive answer). Ah! that's well. I thought I'd just look in to—

[Thinks how he can come to the point at once.

Senior Partner (to him, anxiously). Did you see M'SIMMUM (he is a junior partner) as you came by Cornhill?

[Looks out of glass-door again, and becomes more fidgety than ever.

Cautious Customer. No, I didn't. (Thinks, "Hallo! the Junior Partner's gone to the Bank with securities, that looks bad"—and decides that he'd better risk a breach of friendship, and come to his unpleasant business). The fact is that, this morning, I—it's most unfortunate—

Senior Partner (seeing M'SIMMUM entering the front door). Ah, here he is! (To Cautious Customer.) Beg pardon—one minute. (Looks out of glass-door.) M'SIMMUM, is it all right?

M'Simmm (shakes his head, and appears much disturbed.) They can't do it. Haven't got any.

[Cautious Customer wishes he'd "drawn out" before.

Senior Partner (evidently very much unsettled by the information). Is it any use my going?

M'Simmm (doubtfully). Well, they might do it for you. The demand from several quarters has been unexampled. (Cautious Customer feels unwell.) They may give you some sort of an answer by three o'clock.

[Cautious Customer refers to his watch; it is now two, evidently no time to be lost.

Senior Partner (greatly agitated). Three! Can't we send anywhere else?

M'Simmm (dependently). I've tried every place.

[Cautious Customer sees that it's all U.P. with MINNYMUM, M'SIMMUM, NYHILL, & Co.

Senior Partner (in consternation). If we don't get 'em by four, we're done. I'll go across myself. (Takes up his hat. To Cautious Customer.) I'll be back directly.

Cautious Customer (mistrustfully). I hope there's no difficulty; because, as I was saying just now, it's very un—

Senior Partner. Difficulty! (Pausing with his hand on the handle of the glass-door) isn't there! I'm only just going across in the direction of the Bank.

Cautious Customer (unable to restrain himself). The Bank! Why, good heavens, you don't mean that—but—if you'll just let me have my book—I—um—

[M'SIMMUM orders Clerk to bring Cautious Customer's book.

Senior Partner (hurriedly). M'SIMMUM will attend to anything you want. I really must go. Back directly. [Senior Partner rushes out.

M'Simmm. MINNYMUM's (alluding to Senior Partner) wild this morning. (Seriously.) Of course, he's told you about it.

Cautious Customer (looking up from his book nervously). No, he hasn't. M'Simmm (astonished). Hasn't he? Why, he's been over three times to Cornhill, and I've been to every other possible place this morning; we've offered the highest prices—

Cautious Customer (anxiously). For—a—loan—a lo— [Goes.

M'Simmm (opening his eyes). A loan! Why, my dear Sir, what did you think we should go for?

Cautious Customer (who has heard of several large firms "going for" vast amounts, turns pale, and seizes a cheque-book). Go for!! I—haven't— [Purses horror-struck, with a pen in his hand.

M'Simmm. Well, this morning there was a difficulty.—Ah! here's MINNYMUM! (Re-enters Senior Partner quickly.) Got 'em?

Senior Partner. I told 'em that we should want thousands as so many people were coming. (Cautious Customer shudders, and writes down the sum he intends to draw out at once.) But they've promised at one place five hundred at four o'clock, and at another they said—

Cautious Customer (puzzled). Five hundred—only five hundred—why—

Senior Partner. Only! Well, that's a pretty large order for Plovers' Eggs, eh?

Cautious Customer (covering his writing with his hand). Plovers' Eggs! Senior Partner. Yes, it's our Goldsmith's Ball to-night, we're stewards, and I was commissioned to order the Plovers' Eggs for supper. I'd been over to BIRCH's three times this morning. M'SIMMUM has been everywhere, too. Our credit as goldsmiths as to Plovers' Eggs was at stake, but we've got 'em at last.

[Cautious Customer quietly pockets the cheque he had drawn, returns his bank-book, has a pleasant chat with the partners, and goes happily to luncheon at BIRCH's, where he hears further particulars of the Goldsmith's Ball, the failure of the supply to meet the demand for Plovers' Eggs, and the consequent Panic in the House of MESSRS. MINNYMUM, M'SIMMUM, NYHILL, & Co.

THE CAVE OF TROPHONIUS.

BOEOTIA had an oracle

Hid deep within a cave
Where no light ever brightened
The gloom as of the grave.
A grave it was, where buried
The future's secrets lay,
And they that sought to know them
Went down at close of day.

That dark cave of Trophonius,
The weird Boeotian king,
Was girt with stunted marble,
Wherein no bird might sing.
But a hungry harpy-eagle
From the gloomy rocks gazed down,
That, black as Tophet's portals,
Above the cave did frown.

'Twas at dead of night you questioned
The veiled power of the place;
You saw nor priest, nor priestess,
Nor the guardian Godhead's face;
Only a depth of shadow,
And, rising from its womb,
A thick and shifting vapour,
Grey-glimmering through the gloom.

'Twas by this eddying vapour
That the future's shape was shown
To those who dared to question
The king of that dark throne:
And 'twas not alone foreknowledge
There the future's riddle spelt,
But a power to shape the future
Within that darkness dwelt.

This oracle still plyeth,
Though the oracles around—
Delphi's, Cambr's, Libyan Ammon's—
Are new unhallow'd ground.
The fate that drove the Pythonesse
From tripod and from shrine,
Still sends us to Trophonius,
The future to divine.

But no longer in Boeotia
The cave-mouth must be sought;
To the Seine's bright-flowing waters
Trophonius has been brought:
His cave is in the Tuileries,
Beset by questioners pale,
With the Future's cloud about it,
And the Voice behind the Veil.

Non Splendidiores Vitro.

In a recent Charge a west country Archdeacon says,

"A man often spends £100 on a beautiful memorial window."

"But," suggests the excellent and arch deacon,

"How much more good those £100 would do if dedicated to the ill-paid curate of the parish!"

We don't know. All windows let in light upon us, but all curates don't. On the whole, Mr. Archdeacon, we think it is safer to stick to the glazier.

A TISSUE OF LIES.—A Forged Bank-Note.



AT THE TURKISH BATH.

Smith (abstractedly). "I SAY, BROWN, COME AND DINE WITH US TO-DAY, TO MEET ROBINSON AND HIS SISTERS. NO FUSS OR CEREMONY, YOU KNOW! COME JUST AS YOU ARE!!!"

BAIT FOR THE IRON HORSE.

THE Iron Horse, that gallant steed,
To go must have the means;
His food—although he wants no feed
Of corn, or any beans.
He grazes not, that Iron Grey,
Whom never mare did foal;
Nor do you for him store your hay:
His provender is coal.

The surface of this English ground,
Coal measures underlie;
Well-named, for there doth coal abound
In measured quantity.
Which, at our present pace, if we
Continue to consume,
The Horse of Iron starved will be
Long ere the crack of doom.

Of England's wealth, of England's might,
Coal is the needful source;
From coal our towns derive their light—
To coal we owe our force.
Yet do we half the world as well
With light and force supply.
For alien cash the coal we sell—
Which that cash ne'er should buy.

The Prodigal his candle burnt,
At once at either end;
From his example we have learnt,
How fuel to expend.
Prosperity's tremendous blaze
Is fed by coal, no doubt;
And would forthwith, if we could raise
No more of it, go out.

How long ere all our looms are still,
Our forges cold, each one?
How much yet longer hath, O MILL,
Our Iron Horse to run?
What tons on tons are yearly drawn,
By millions, from our store
Of fast decreasing coal, which gone,
That Horse will go no more!

The cost of meat is something dire,
As costly, soon or late,
It may be soon, will grow the fire
In the domestic grate.
JOHN BULL may have to blow his nail
Ere many winters roll.
Lest food the Iron Horse should fail,
Economise your coal!

NELSON'S SLY'UNS.

(*Trafalgar Square.*)

THE largest Lion now in the Zoological Gardens has refused to sit as a model for the fourth Lion in Trafalgar Square. This, we believe, is the fact; and not, as at first stated, that SIR EDWIN LANDSEER positively refused to sit for the largest Lion in the Zoological Gardens. The Noble Beast (meaning the Lion) objected to his head being "taken off." The very same objection was taken by SIR EDWIN. We sincerely trust that some timely mediation may remove the existing difficulty.

Musical Intelligence.

A WELL-KNOWN provider of dance-music, after his return from the Derby, dashed off, on the spur of the moment, a spirited composition, which he entitled "The Preliminary Galop."



TINCT: REFORM: COMP:

MR. GLADSTONE. "THERE, MR. D.! YOU'D BETTER TAKE IT AT ONCE; THE MORE YOU LOOK AT IT, THE WORSE YOU'LL LIKE IT."

CRICKET.

FIRST MATCH (ANNUAL) OF THE SEASON, BETWEEN THE ELEVEN OF COLWELL-HATCHNEY AND THE TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE SEVEN AND SIXPENCE HALFPENNY OF HANLEY.

(From our Colwell-Hatchney Correspondent.)

THE odds were against us, perhaps, but we were on the ground before our opponents, and had sat down on our wickets, while the enemy were not yet out of bed, as we thought. We had just begun to play our own game, and had pocketed the red, carrying all before us, when cricket balls, stumps, and bats were hurled at us from the neighbouring thickets, and the fun began in earnest. We found ourselves in an ambush. I took this opportunity of scoring one very long run, and I shouldn't have come back again if I hadn't been induced to return by two Colwell-Hatchneyites hitting me over the shins with stumps. I waved my hand, and they were changed into cabbages, labelled "this side uppermost." I'll tell you how it's done. A capital trick. Take three parts of tar-pentine; mix and stir quickly; throw in brass-headed nails, and kick the dealer. STODARD would give anything for this.

The Colwell-Hatchneyites were only provided with single bats and two sets of wickets; but we, having taken the precaution to provide ourselves with two bats, each one being a brick-bat, were able to make our own terms. This I at once proceeded to do, sitting down in the middle of the field, while all my barons stood round me, looking at my signing Magna Charta. The first rule proposed by the enemy's Captain was, that there should be no hitting below the knee. This was carried with "and above the eye," as an amendment. Time being called, we walked slowly to our places, the organ playing the Dead March which was in *Sauz*, but which we took out of it for this occasion, by permission, of course, of the Commissioners; and then we sat down to wash in real earnest. I threw up sponges every ten minutes; and my lieutenant, with a Catherine-wheel tied to his tail, who also ranks as a longstop, and his widow every week receives an annuity as a child of the ocean, rode furiously to the corner and wept. Hearing this, the Marker, who up to that moment had been polishing his boots, which had only just recovered from an attack of vaccination, flew to his post, took the letters prepaid, and hit the Assistant on the head with a bootjack. This led to words. After some discussion, it was settled that the Assistant had no right to be on the ground at all. This being decided, the Assistant tried to get off the ground, but we scuttled him fore and aft, and tied him to a spent ball that was passing at the moment, having been discharged some time previously for bad conduct in a catapult. The first Act was laid in Venice. But no matter. The score then stood:—

Colwell-Hatchneyites . . . 800 marked by the ordinary umpire
Hanleyites . . . 500,000,000 marked by ourselves

On this announcement being made there were enthusiastic cheers, and calls upon several shareholders. The scene was indescribable, and in another ten minutes every man was hard at work. Stumps, bats, balls, brick-bats, fire-irons, flat-irons, harpsichords, gingerbread, double dummies—all were flying about as the game progressed merrily, and very few escaped a watery grave. I lay down in the middle of the field, and said, "Do they run, HARDY?" It was a most exciting contest, and we shall be ready for the Marrowbone Club, the M.C.C., any day of the week. We'll give it 'em. Fight 'em on their ground, and provide our own stumps, at catch weight.

FINAL SCORE.

Some one who was called Butterfingers for trying to catch a ball on his nose CHARLES, afterwards Don Caesar . . .	Had he was "out," but he wasn't, as I saw him behind the window blind Lags before wickets, and fingers before spoons and forks
No. 293, Portrait of a Gentleman . . .	SOL HART, R.A.
The Hardy Norseman . . .	No. 99 in the books
A Nobleman, myself . . .	£20,000; out twice, but refused to go
The Cobra di Capella, in his Sunday coat A Stranger, supposed to belong to another tribe A Visitor (two brandies-and-water, and one to follow) COUNT LAGRANGE's Gladiateur . . .	Left playing Severely wounded in three places 6 to 1 taken and off.

Total . . . 50000,0; 000: 000: 0000? 0. (aside) 000000

At the present rate of interest, this isn't bad. The first match of the season ended happily, and all returned to each other's homes highly delighted with their well spent and agreeable day. The police were only called in twice, and left early.

Yours,

POOR TOM BOWLER.

POLITICAL AND VINOUS.

A Congress *ad hoc* has been proposed. Wine merchants are requested to send in samples of their light wines.

LETTER FROM AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN the name of Peace and Quietness, of which I well know the value—no one better!—I call your attention to this announcement, in the public Press, of the Middlesex Distillery Volunteers:—

"Battery (Skeleton) Drill from 7 to 8."

Skeleton Drill! Good gracious! this sort of thing would have been all very well when, early in the present century, we were going to fight BONNY-PART, but, thank you all the same, we don't want no skeletons now, and I make no bones of saying so. Again, the Engineer Volunteers write as follows:—

"Parade at 6 30. Full Dress. Officers Undress."

Now, Sir, what do you think of that by way of an *order du jour*, as the Foreign Millitarys say? I approve of Volunteers: it does a great deal of good to the young men of the present generation, and I like to hear of them firing off their rivals, when they're out of earshot; but still for all that, they oughtn't to be allowed to violate the sanctuary of Dick Coram by such *orders de jovers* as I have utterly quoted above.

I remain, Sir, your old friend,

Creak Cottage, Hockham.

LAVINIA D. RAMSOTHAM.

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

WELL, Madam, I don't call that young lady plain. I never use middle terms to express extremes. Would you term a bull-dog plain, for example?

The Gorilla is not plain, but very far from plain. So, on the other hand, is your daughter. On the other hand, I say, Ma'am. No compliment; only an illustration.

Ladned, the fact is that a plain girl is generally more eligible than a pretty one. Beauty is nothing when you're used to it; which is very soon. It is gone in a year or two, and leaves behind it—what? Generally what men go to Clubs to escape from, Ma'am.

A plain wife has no beauty to lose—and with it all her husband's liking. Plainness washes and wears—and doesn't paint, Ma'am. Plain good looks, resulting from mental qualities, will last a lifetime. A middle-aged lady, once a plain girl, is commonly no less handsome than most other middle-aged ladies, and often handsomer. She may still look as well as ever she did, when the belle of former ball-rooms may have shrunk into a Sycorax, or swollen into a grampus.

A plain woman and a plain joint; both well dressed in their way. None of your French kickshaws and toys. That is what I say to my nephew, Ma'am.

I also say that when a man marries a plain woman with his eyes open, he cannot be deluded by appearances into marrying a fool.

ABERGELDIE.

AND—"Boy's Wife"

WRANG horse that Abergeldie!

Wrang horse that Abergeldie!

Wot ye hoo he lat in me?

Scarce ans of a' the lot excelled he.

Wrang horse, &c.

He looked a braw an' bonnie steed,

I liked his name the best of ony;

But, ah! Lord Lyon took the lead—

He won the race—I lost my money.

Wrang horse, &c.

My beast was naewhere in the course,

Sae mony heels in front beheld he.

Wad I had backed the winning horse,

Or ta'en the odds 'gainst Abergeldie!

Wrang horse, &c.

A Wrinkle.

We see advertised—

HARRISON'S PATENT ECCENTRIC SWELL ADAPTED TO ALL LOOMS.

Surely it would save the Patentees some expense in advertising if they were to call their invention simply "THE DUNDEBARY."

A BAR SINISTER.—A Turnpike.



CLEVER!

Master Jack (after disputing obstinately the right of the Company to charge for the animal at all). "WELL, I SHALL ONLY PAY HALF-FARE FOR HIM, 'CAUSE HE'S EVER SO MUCH UNDER TWELVE, YOU KNOW, OLD FELLOW!"

SOMETHING LIKE AN ENCYCLICAL ON VALPARAISO.

VENERABLE BRETHREN,

AN unheard-of atrocity, inflicted by Christians upon Christians, has deluged our soul with a flood of bitterness, and with unspeakable anguish has lacerated our paternal heart. The town of Valparaiso has been bombarded by the Spanish fleet.

What can be more bitter, what can be more painful to the heart of a father than an outrage suffered by his children at their brethren's hands?

The bombardment of a defenceless town is an act of mere revenge, which is forbidden to all Catholics. It were, indeed, not at all to be wondered at if such a crime had been committed by Protestants, heretics, and enemies of the true faith. Such a deed, perpetrated by such impious and abandoned wretches, We might have been content to censure as nefarious, execrable, odious, abominable, and damnable. But so great a wickedness having been the act of Catholics, is an enormity which to condemn sufficiently strong language fails even the successor of St. Peter.

We cannot but declare, as in a voice of thunder, Our indignation at this most horrible scandal. For We have never ceased to proclaim, blowing as loud as possible that Our own trumpet, which gives no uncertain sound, Ourselves to be the sole fountain of justice on this earth and the supreme Judge, under the celestial wiadom, of right and wrong. If, therefore, We were now to refrain our lips from speaking, not only would the very pavement exclaim against Us, but all the pernicious perfidious, pestiferous, malicious, venomous, and villanous heretics in the world would taunt Us with Our silence. Particularly the English, with their accustomed audacity, would ask how it was that, whereas We never fail to cry out whenever injury is done to the Holy See, and always loudly denounce the authors of any the least offence against Ourselves, We forbore to rebuke the guilty Government of Spain for the savage and vindictive cruelty which it has practised at the expense of those others. And then, peradventure, they would even attain to such a

THREE VISIONS OF ONE HEAD.

SHE wore a wreath of roses
The night that first we met;
Her lovely face was smiling,
Beneath her curls of Jet,
Her curls of jetty brightness,
Were charmingly in tone,
With the colour on her features,
For the hue was nature's own.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now;
With the hair that Nature gave her,
Above her snowy brow.

A head of Paris fashion
When next we met, she wore;
The expression of her features,
Was sharper than before.
And standing by her side was one,
Who seemed to give her pain,
As he rubbed the reddening fluid on
What should have held a brain.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the barber's nasty liquid,
Smeared on her snowy brow.

And once again I met her,
No radiant locks were there;
An unmistakable wig she wore
Instead of lovely hair.
She weeps in silent solitude,
Because she looks so queer!
The barber's poison has destroyed
Her hair from ear to ear.
I saw her but a moment,
Nor want to see her now,
With those ugly proofs of folly
Above her snowy brow.

To Printers and Others.

WHAT is the great difference between the set of metal letters used in a Printing-Office and any one of the squirts which grace Trafalgar Square?—One is a fount of type, and the other is not the type of a fount.

height of irreverence as to say of Us, in their familiarly scurrilous form of vernacular discourse, what a precious old humbug We must be.

Unless, therefore, they by whose iniquitous order the town of Valparaiso was inhumanly destroyed repent and make plenary satisfaction for the damage done to its grievously wronged inhabitants, We intend to excommunicate the whole lot of them; but in the meantime, Venerable Brethren, on you, who are doubtless ashamed of being in communion with such barbarians, We bestow Our Apostolical Benediction.

PIUS P. P. IX.

FASHIONABLE ON DIT.

IN consequence of the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND's having set the fashion of gentlemen starting as Volunteer Fire-Brigademen, it is rumoured that a certain noble Marquis has already instituted a Volunteer Ramoneur Corps, to assist the professionals. They commenced proceedings, we believe, on the Great Ramoneur Festival of the First of May. On the Derby Day several people who had lost a Sweep, applied for information to his Lordship in Command of the Black Broomsweepers. The Reward of Merit will be the Order of the Jack-in-the-Green, and efficiency in the art will be recompensed by the Volunteer being raised to the peerage by the title of "My Lord." For the band fund (the band consists of a fine drum and unrivalled pandean pipes) an amateur performance will soon be given, on which occasion a Chimney-piece will be played.

Music and Sport.

A HUNTING friend, who is also a first-rate musician, says that when dressed for the sport he occupies the quarter of an hour before breakfast in singing "tanti-vy" to his own chords.

VISIBLE SPEECH.—"Taking a Sight."

HOW TO SERVE OUR STREET-BOYS.



DEAR JONES,—The other day I heard you complaining of the nuisance that small ragged street-boys are to you whenever you go out. With touching pathos you described how they bespatter you with mud by turning "head-over-heels" in the gutter by your side: how they hit you in the eye with their shuttlecocks and tipcats; how they shake your nerves by shrilly whistling in your ear when you stop at a shop window; how they crowd around you, chaffing, when you stoop to tie your shoe; and how they terrify your horse and you by getting underneath his legs almost at well-nigh every corner, or shouting out "Hi! Guv'nor! why

don't yer get inside!" You wished that some one would do something to clear away these little Arabs, as you are pleased to call them, so that a fine old English gentleman—as you are pleased to think yourself—might take his exercise in peace.

But this is a free country, and even little street-boys have a right to try and live in it. You can hardly find a Heron to get up for you in Parliament, and propose that small boys' heads shall be chopped off by the police. Still, persuasion may do something, if we may not use the "Force." See, here is a good training place where youngsters may be taught to use their legs and arms in industry less troublesome than turning head-over-heels:—

"At No. 8, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, there is a Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Boys. It has existed there since 1867, when it was removed from Bloomsbury, and from its first establishment till the end of the past year it has been the means of rescuing 1,016 boys from idleness and crime, and of placing 748 of that number in positions where they have the means of living honestly and well. So limited were the means at hand when the Refuge was first established, that only 6 boys could be admitted; now the average weekly number is about 160. But the number of homeless and destitute boys who apply for admission within the walls is so great that many are constantly being refused through want of sufficient funds. The children are fed, clothed, educated, lodged, and trained for some trade or service either at home, at sea, or in the colonies; and with very few exceptions they have turned out useful members of society."

On the uses of this refuge the *Court Circular* remarks with much good sense and truth—

"Few at least will be found to do more. Four points, therefore, are gained—the relief of poverty, the lessening of crime, the lessening of the working population, and the salvation of life—by an encouragement of this Refuge. It commends itself alike to the charitable amongst us, and to social reformers; to those who love to help the poor, and to those who on steady scientific principles would empty our gaols."

It is far better to use our ragged urchins than abuse them. Despite our quickly growing census, skilled labour is expensive, for skilled workmen are in London comparatively scarce. By taking small boys from the gutter, and putting tools instead of tipcats in their hands, charity may add some hundreds yearly to our workshops, and in doing so may help to clear the street-boys from the streets. Moreover, as good sailors are as useful as good workmen, and they who plough the land have as much need of good training as they who plough the sea, I am vastly glad to hear that—

"To extend the field of operations, Government have granted the use of a 'training ship' moored in the Thames, where accommodation will be provided for 200 boys to be educated to a seafaring life. It is also proposed that a 'country home' shall be established, where others may be brought up in a knowledge of agricultural pursuits. But for these purposes a sum of £3,000 is required immediately, besides a further annual sum of £4,000; and for relaying these the Committee make their appeal to the public."

Thus, you see, small street-boys may sprout into great sea-swells, if they but have sufficient luck. At any rate young sea-urchins will not plague us like young Londoners, and many a poor lad may be saved from picking pockets by being sent to sea.

So, ye Gentlemen of England, who would walk abroad with ease, Send a liberal subscription to Great Queen Street, if you please; And help to clothe half-naked brats, in winter-time who freeze. And teach them how to go to work to earn their bread and cheese; And to be of good behaviour, and to mind their q's and p's. And let some of them be taught to plough, and grow wheat, beans, and peas, While others off are shipped, brave boys, to sail upon the seas. Thus all may earn their living, and busy be as bees, Which is better far than hunting them to gaol with our police.

Thus hoping to excite the bump of your benevolence, and urging you to help to check the street-boy nuisance by drawing a big cheque for the refuge in Great Queen Street, I will subscribe myself,

Yours truly,

EPAMINONDAS BROWN.

Punch's Derby Prophecy.

Not to glorify himself, not because he is fond of shouting (for he is with Mr. CARLTON, and would rather meditate in Eternal Silence over the Immanities) does Mr. Punch once more proclaim that he has led you, brethren, to victory, and that his Prophecy was literally accomplished. He only calls your attention to the fact that his vaticination was pure and simple, one and single. While other journalists meanly resorted to the trick of laying on half-a-dozen Prophecies, each foretelling a different winner, the great Punch, scornful of such dodges, boldly told you that a Favourite would win if one of the Field did not. And was not Lord Lygon a favourite. How superior is Mr. Punch's conduct, how inferior is that of his contemporaries. But he forgives them, you, every one, and gives his blessing *en bloc*. *Adieu* to the popular.

THE AGE OF LIGNUM VITÆ.

BROWNE, gold and iron have severally had a long and shining reign. The present era being distinguished by a certain stringency of fibre is less suggestive of metallic than of ligneous worth. Our longevity is perfectly notorious, and though a respectable virtue in private life, it has given rise for a considerable time past to much national alarm. We have Ministers of Justice on one side of the Channel in such a fine state of preservation, that old PARR's shade begins to tremble for his laurels, and JENKINS is prone to hide his visionary head. Talk, as Majors and Minors do, of emerging from infancy at twenty-one! At three score we really begin to feel our feet, and scarcely marvel when octogenarians prattle about seriously settling down to work. At a recent meeting in the Four Courts at Dublin it was unanimously resolved to fix the grand climacteric at 101—a judicial resolution. In ermine robes are hidden the aroma of rejuvenescence, and from our legal luminaries a new light is flashed upon the mystery of perennial youth.

As unremitting labour is however apt to engender dulness, we would gently urge our faithful servants to allow their energies occasional

repose. For this purpose every public officer, on attaining his tenth decade, should be released from toil for a few years, so that he may come back to business with increased alacrity and zest. How gratifying during this short vacation to see Solon and Nestor in the exuberance of their animal spirits flinging away their pulvaceous wigs, and bounding once more into the juvenile Gymnasium, displaying at "prisoner's base" those tactics, which for half a century had rendered them the terror of criminals vile, and proving in their renewed childhood that dances at Latin may be dabs at law.

With respect to our pets, Operatic and Terpsichorean, we remark with gallant gratitude that they exhibit an endless spring. We have seen *La Sylphide* surrounded by an infantile troupe to whom she stood (on a sunflower) in the endearing relation of grandmamma. With smiling surprise we have also listened to a vocal imperatrice, "bringing down the House" as if in haughty scorn of all liability for dilapidations imposed by the lease, under which she had held it spell-bound for a term of ninety-nine years. Is there not ample warrant then for characterising this as the "Age of Lignum Vitæ."

KING HONESTMAN'S BEST POLICY.

If purblind statecraft Italy deceives,
She'll join the baser of contending thieves,
And, to redeem Venetia, share the theft
Of States on false pretence from Denmark reft.

KING HONESTMAN, be warned! Risk not thy throne!

Bide thou thy time—reserve thy blow till then.

Now rogues are falling out; soon honest men
May, honesty preserving, win their own.

"THE RAKE'S PROGRESS."—Over the Flower-beds.



OUR ARTIST

IS NOT IN THE BEST OF TEMPER. HE HAS BEEN DISTURBED OFTEN BY BARGES, AND BOTHERED BY THE BLUEBOTTLES, AND THEN HE'S ACCOSTED BY WHAT APPEARS TO HIM IN THIS IRRITABLE MOOD TO BE AN

Art-Critic (log.). "THE PICTURE LOOKS BETTER A GOODISH BIT OFF, GOV'NOUR!"

Artist (maddened). "COW—FOUND—SO DO YOU, SIR!"

[Party makes off hastily, "not liking the looks of him."]

FROLICS AND FASHIONS.

MR. PUNCH,

NOVULS now-a-days is all the goo wi young whimmen. I heerd one o' my gals t'other day rade a rum passidge out o' one of them there sart o' books by the neam o' *Chandos*. Rum, I calls ut, though the tippie you'll find menshund in't ain't that sperrut. 'Twas about a young 'ooman, one *Flory Delorme*, discribun her gwaiuns on wi' *Chandos* "in the midst of an intoxicatun atmosphere of pasteels and parfums, and wines, and crished vlowers, and bruised froots, and glancun tresses, and languid eyes, and lips fit for the hymns of a CATULLUS"—not much, I take it, like DR. WATTS's. In this here lucksurius biggledy-piggledy, whilst *Chandos* was a lollupun about somewhere at Richmond, she "leant over un and twisted CATULLUS like in the bright masses of his long golden hair a wreath of crimson roses washed in purple burgundy." A purty notion, bain't ut now?

I never tasted no burgundy, never but once, and that was at a Mare's feast, where I took a glass on't jest to try ut. 'Twur sitch sour stuff I couldn't abear ut as 'twus: so I stirred up a spoonful o' slugger wi't, and then 'twas zammut like.

Sokun roses in purple burgundy, and stickun on 'em in a chap's hair! I hope he liked ut. In his golden hair, the book says. I wonder if his hair was dyed gold, like the fine ladies dyes theirn. And, Loramassy, to think we be come to that! Who ever thought o' livun to see ladies stainun their hair carrots? This here fashion is *alla Francey*, I spose, and the burgundy roses likewise, burgundy beun a French liquor. Burgundy roses in golden hair makes no doubt a charmun mixtur o' purple and gold. But what if you han't got no purple burgundy? Would purple elder wine do instead?

Howsomever, if the burgundy isn't to improve the colour o' the roses, it can't matter what beverage they be soaked in. For the mere fun and fancy o' the thing any other 'ood do as well; and, for my part, if are a young 'ooman was to take it into her head to show her likun towards me by stickun roses steeped in some intoxicatun liquor about

mine, and I plazed to let her, and had the liquor to choose, I should say Beer. But I'd a preshus sight rather drink all the beer up, and I should ha' to drink strong beer; till I couldn't stand or goo afore I should be willun to submit to sitch a tittivation.

At harvest whoam zum on us be zumtimes apt to take a drap too much. The young whimmen, all on 'em now more or less, yeaps their betters, and perhaps some of ourn, if so be they've read *Chandos*, will then be tryun to immitate the frake o' that gal as dressed up *Chandos*'s golden hair wi' roses drippun wi' burgundy. They'd be 'bliged to use beer 'cause they oodent ha' nothin else. But then for to match wi' the malt liquor, the best plan ood be, instead o' roses, to dickarate their sweethearts' bristles wi' ears o' barley.

Well, *Mr. Punch*, these is strange times we be a livun in. What with sitch pranks as is related in *Chandos*, and our ladies a stairun their hair yaller, and paintun their veaces, and one thing and another, I wonders where they be all a gwaiun to. Their last figary, I hear, is them sweepun trains as wipes the pavements. We sims to be a drivun of our pigs to a preshus market. There now, just you tell 'um that, *Mr. Punch*, wi' the complimence of your humble sarvant,

Barley Mow, Whitnitside, 1866.

JACOB HOMERSEN.

"Go Ye, and "Don't" Do Likewise."

(A Hint to DIXIE & Co. for the next General Election.)

A BAD precedent for sinning
At Elections Epsom makes,
When the *Bribery Colf's* near winning
The thumping Derby stakes!

THOUGHT BY A BOOKMAKER AT A BOOK-STALL.—That "The Race for Wealth" is not the Derby.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



On DIZZY's brow and on his rival's face
Were signs that both were sworn to pound away.

The following Monday for the fight was fixed,
In other words 'twas then to come to pass
Whether the *Tinct. Reform*: by GLADSTONE mixed,
The Tories would drink down, or smash the glass.

ARK! *Thursday* last the Faithful Commons met,
And sat debating till the clock struck one.
They talked of GLADSTONE's plan to pay the Debt,
Topic of many figures, but no fun.

Asked touching Congress, he had nought to say,
Save that he hoped the thing would come about;
And when they met upon the following day,
So few appeared that those were counted Out.

We rained no talk upon the Great Reform,
But waited till we should behold the Bill.
The single Bill designed to meet the storm,
Directed onward by Cautious skill.

No destined heads, like those of GOOS and MACS,
Met in mock pretence of avoided fray:

"CLEAN YOUR BOOTS, SIR?"

THERE is a party that Mr. Punch will touch his hat to when he sees them enjoying themselves on the top of their drag at Ascot. This lot consists of the President, Vice-Presidents, Treasurer, Honorary Secretary, Honorary Medical Attendant, Committee, and Master of the Shoe-Black Brigade, Home and Ragged School, 241, Marylebone Road, Edgeware Road. At the Races, people accustomed, like Mr. Punch, to descend from their conveyance for a while and mingle with the crowd, are always more or less in danger of having their pockets picked. Thanks to ROBERT CHILLING HANBURY, Esq., M.P., and the gentlemen over whom he presides, we shall now be less in danger thereof than we should be but for the Shoe-Black Brigade Home and Ragged School.

These gentlemen may be principally actuated by a sentimental motive. Never mind, strong-minded Swells! Very likely they contemplate what they call doing good to their fellow-creatures merely, in saving street-boys from going to the bad. But they also do good to you and me. Do they not, when, by their means, the urchin who blacks one's boots might have stolen one's watch?

The support of the Shoe-Black Brigade, Home and Ragged School, will not only amuse those sentimentalists who delight in the amusement of doing good to their fellow-creatures, but is also worth the money of men of the world who want to prevent their fellow-creatures, as much as they can, from doing harm to them.

The Bankers to the Committee of the Institution above named are MESSRS. BARRETT, HOARE, HANBURY, & LLOYD, 60, Lombard Street.

FROM A LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAREST JULIA,

THANK you O so much for your interesting letter. I declare I hardly slept a wink last night from thinking of it. So you really are engaged, dear! O you lucky thing! I should so like to kiss you! I always said that you were just the girl to be a *parsoness*. Perhaps ere many years are over you may rise to be a *Bishopess*! Only fancy! How imposing it will sound when bawled out by big footmen at the bottom of a staircase!

Well, now about your dresses, love. I quite agree with you that you should come to town *immediately*. It is so important now you are affianced that you should dress becomingly. A *Bishopess* that is to be ought never to look *dowdy*. Besides, dear, as you know, a girl with your complexion never ought to trust to the taste of country milliners. So very much depends upon a proper choice of colours, when one has lost the blush of youth, or at least is *over twenty*.

Have you seen this month's *Le Follet*? Among the dresses it describes is one that would just suit a country *parsoness*, I think, and so I'll cut it out for you:—

"A morning toilette of knickerbocker, pale violet; dress, short paletôt, and under-skirt, all of the same material. At the bottom of the lower skirt a plaiting of violet taffetas. Upon the dress, at each seam, a pette rather wide at the waist, and ending in three points with tassels, which fall over the bottom skirt. Paletôt trimmed with revers taffetas. Fanchon bonnet of violet tulle. Three bouillons, separated by cordons of violets."

A knickerbocker suit will be a *famous* thing to trudge in, when you go about the miry lanes to visit your parishioners. And violet of *all* colours is best suited for a clergywoman. I rather doubt, though, if the Fanchon shape will suit your style of cheekbone. Perhaps upon the whole, dear, a Pamela would be better. I see one in *Le Follet* described as being "entirely composed of shaded violets." This really must be charming, so sweetly pure and *spring-like*! I wonder, by the way, if the violets be real ones. If they are, to keep them fresh, I presume that you must daily put your Pamela in *water*.

Of course, dear, you will have to give up *dances* now, and settle down into a *dinner belle*, as Cousin CHARLEY says. See then what a lovely dress *Le Follet* here describes for you:—

"Dinner-dress of silver-grey satin—Princess make—trimmed all up the front with a double row of white satin puffs let in the material, and edged round with black lace. Similar trimmings, on a smaller scale, up the seams of the sleeves, and fancy buttons of silver."

That rude boy CHARLEY says that "trimmings" would go well with a leg of mutton sleeve, but as for "satin puffs," although they may be

sweet things in a linen-draper's eyes, they can't be half so sweet for dinner as good jam ones. Men always think it funny to crack jokes about one's toilette; and with all their college learning and *superior intelligence*, they never comprehend the simplest language of the milliners. For instance, CHARLEY has been puzzling his poor brains about the following, and cannot for the life of him make out what it means:—

"Evening dress of white poulx de soie. Skirt on the bias, with trimmings up the seams of rose-colour and white ruffles, pinked. Bottom of the skirt trimmed round with double ruffles of tulle to match. Similar ruffles round the top of the low body. Guimpe of Brussels application."

Of course you know, dear, well enough what a "skirt on the bias" is. That stupid monster CHARLEY will have it that the *bias* is only found in *bows*, and he can't conceive what *ruffles* are, or how the white ones can be *pinked*. "Double ruffles of tulle" is Double Dutch, he says, to him; and what is meant by "guimpe of Brussels application" he knows no more than why the name of Brussels has been attached to *sprouts*. What stupid things men must be not to know such simple matters! Why, the language that we ladies use in speaking of our dresses is ever so much plainer than the horrid slang men talk about their "laying on the field bar one," and their "drawing bills at sight," and their "selling out New Threes at eighty-four five-eighths!"

I can write no further now, dear, for I promised C. to let him ride out with me this morning, and he reminds me that the horses have been waiting very nearly three-quarters of an hour for me. So good bye for the present, love, and mind you come up soon, and I'll get CHARLEY to go *shopping* with us. Won't it be a *treat* for him?

Ever, ever yours, dear, with sincere congratulation, and a thousand thousand kisses,

GEORGINA GUSHINGTON.

P.S. I heard that darling *Faust* the evening before last, and LUCY sang so charmingly! Pa has a box this season, and you must mind and go with us as often as you can. You know it won't be *proper*, dearest, when you are a *parsoness*!

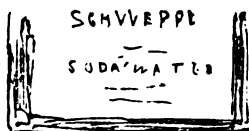
The Goose's Peculiar Complaint.

WE are told by a contemporary that "a new species of disease has broken out among geese," particularly at Mitcham, Walton, and other places in Surrey. We are further informed that "the disease affects the young geese with stupor," and that some "ascribe it, in an indirect way, to the easterly winds." No; surely it must be a disease of repletion. Geese are apt to stuff themselves. A goose must have got overfull to be more stupid than it was before.

"WANTED, A TUTOR FOR A LAD OF 14," &c.



1. THE NEW TUTOR, FANCY-PICTURED BY THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE FAMILY (SISTERS OF THE LAD OF 14).



2. THE NEW TUTOR ANSWERING THE ADVERTISEMENT. (PICTURED FROM LIFE BY OUR ARTIST.)

SONG BY A SCOT IN THE CITY.

Air—"Ye banks and braes."

Ye banks and mines a' gangin' doon,
How ama' the sum ye fetch per share!
How fiat ye've got, ye railway lines,
And a' the Change sae fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou civic crash,
That made my paper fit to burn,
Thou mind'at me o' departed cash,
Departed never to return!

Oft hae I purchased shares gane doon,
When panic bade a' stocks decline,
And waited for them to improve,
When muckle profit aye was mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I stored the gain
Fu' safe in the Per-Centies Three;
Aweel, when Trust resumes his reign,
The rise may mak' amends to me!

Mild Answers to Mendicants.

Male Tramp. Gentleman, ar yer got arra copper to relieve a poor man?

You. Copper! Haven't such a thing in the house. We put out our washing.

Female Vagrant. Please, Sir, good gentleman, would yer be so kind as to give a poor distressed creecher a copper?

You. You would do no good with a copper. Didn't you sell your mangle?

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At the next Meeting of the Royal Society a Paper will be read "On the Heat of the Moment."

A NOBLE PLAN OF PEACE.

To the Emperors and Kings.

MY ROYAL BROTHERS,

I FIND from my friend, EARL RUSSELL, that the obstacle to the preservation of peace is the difficulty of finding territory to be used for the purpose of re-adjustment. In other words,

Italy wants Venetia.
France wants the Rhine-frontier.
Prussia wants Saxony.
Austria wants Silesia.

Italy ought to have Venetia, and there is reason in the Austrian wish for Silesia. The other claims are indefensible. But, for argument's sake, let us concede all the demands. Then you want some compensations in territory.

There is a country in a capital situation, and richly favoured by nature. As regards man, he has neglected her. Her resources are not worked out in a tenth degree. Her people are lazy, cruel, and superstitious, her statesmen are adventurers, and her military and naval men are brigands and pirates. They have just committed a hideous crime at Valparaiso, and her Government announces perseverance in such brutalities.

Let us all unite, take Spain, and cut her across and across like a Good Friday bun. Make four pieces of her.

Give one to Austria, in lieu of Venetia. This quarter will be just the kingdom for the EX-EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN, a short time hence.

Give one to France, who is not to have the Rhine provinces. I should assign her the north-eastern bit, for two reasons. It is convenient to Biarritz, and it is within English reach, should improper use be made of it.

Give one to Prussia, who will instantly release all claim to the Danish duchies.

Give one to the KING OF DENMARK, as a slight compensation, respectfully offered on the part of Europe, for all that he has undergone.

Due provision will, of course, be made for toleration, on the part of the two Protestant states, of the so-called religion of the Spaniards, until they become enlightened; but, Baths and Washhouses shall be imposed by all the four Powers upon every portion of the Peninsula.

I need hardly say that there will be no bloodshed. A nation that bombards defenceless cities will cross no bayonets with real soldiers. I will undertake the partition, with the aid of our Yacht Clubs and a

regiment of Zouaves, which my friend the EMPEROR will kindly lend me.

Thus the peace of Europe will be preserved, a kind of Alsatia broken up, and a valuable country added to the continent.

If you will consider this in Congress and apprise me of your decision, I will act according to circumstances.

Your faithful Brother,

PUNCH.

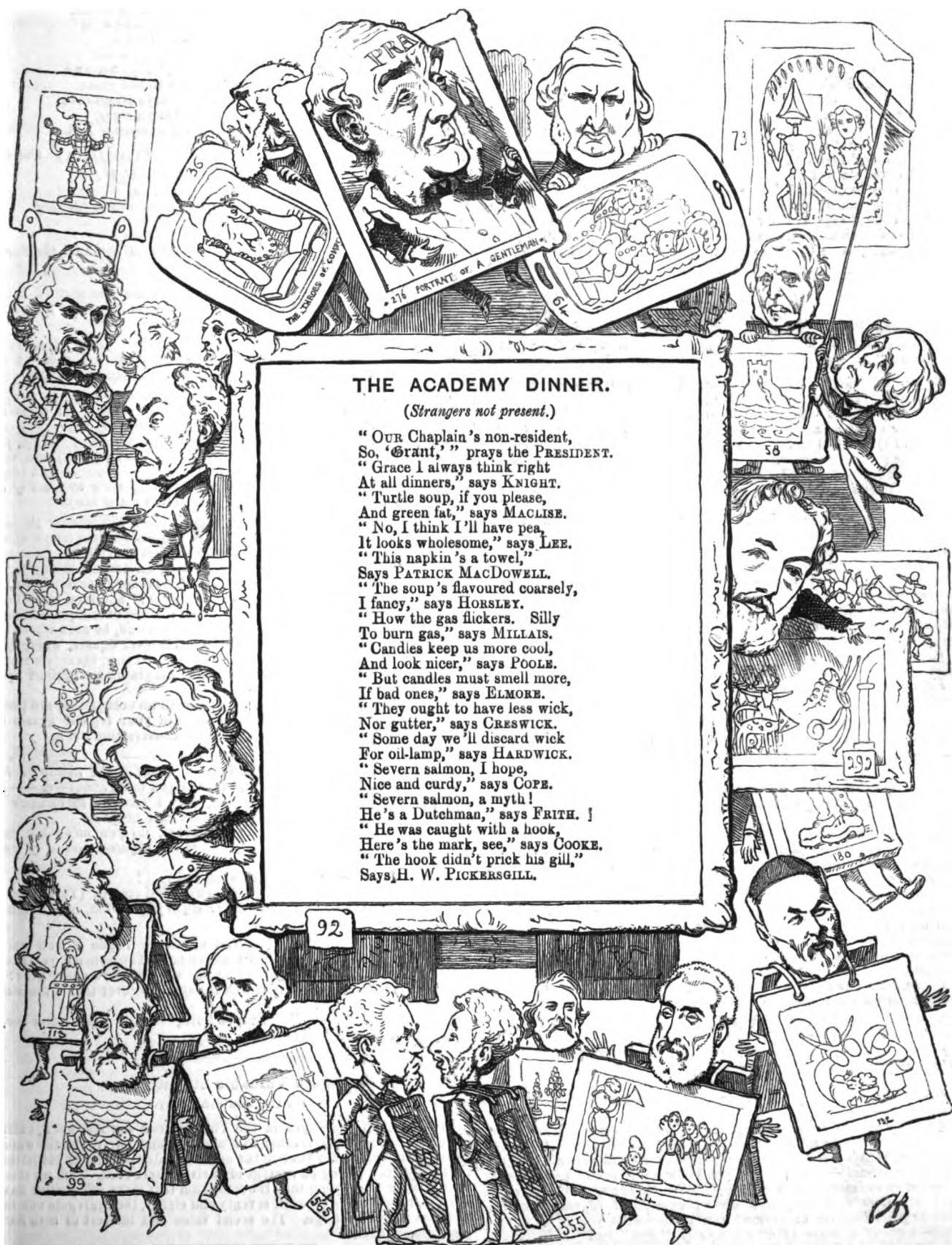
P.S. We are none of us quite discontented. I shall only ask (as a reward for my suggestion) that I may remove the Alhambra to Victoria Park.

WHAT TO SEE.

By all means see MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED and MR. JOHN PARRY, who, having safely launched *their Northumberland*, will now be carried by favourable gales, and on the tide of popularity, well into the present season, which promises to be a most auspicious one for their *Yachting Cruise*. The rehearsal of *Hamlet*, with MRS. REED as *Ophelia*, MR. REED as *the Moody Dane*, and MR. JOHN PARRY as *the Ghost*, "with a song," is worth all the money, not to mention MR. PARRY sitting down to play at eight MR. REED's composition, and making the most woeful discords in the bass. As to *Mrs. Rosset's Wedding Breakfast*, it is simply inimitable: words cannot do it justice. MRS. BROWN reigns again at the Egyptian Hall, which is another way of saying that the attraction of MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY's entertainment has in no way diminished. His panorama, too, is capitally painted, and the whole thing is really "drawing;" in fact, it may be called a Drawing-Room Entertainment. Talking of painting, by the way, MR. GRIEVE's yachting arrangements, with the back-ground of sea, with view of the harbour, is perhaps one of the brightest, lightest, and freshest scenes he has ever done for the Gallery of Illustration.

Luxury, Indeed!

IN one of the Wine Circulars quoted in City articles a dealer bemoans over the fact that Wine is still regarded as a luxury, but he believes that ere long it will cease to be considered one. Some recent experiences of ours, at very genteel dinner-tables, and our subsequent headaches, induce us to concur in this belief.



THE ACADEMY DINNER.

(Strangers not present.)

"OUR Chaplain's non-resident,
So, 'Grant,' prays the PRESIDENT.
"Grace I always think right
At all dinners," says KNIGHT.
"Turtle soup, if you please,
And green fat," says MACLISE.
"No, I think I'll have pea,
It looks wholesome," says LEE.
"This napkin's a towel,"
Says PATRICK MACDOWELL.
"The soup's flavoured coarsely,
I fancy," says HORSLEY.
"How the gas flickers. Silly
To burn gas," says MILLAIS.
"Candles keep us more cool,
And look nicer," says POOLE.
"But candles must smell more,
If bad ones," says ELMORE.
"They ought to have less wick,
Nor gutter," says CRESWICK.
"Some day we'll discard wick
For oil-lamp," says HARDWICK.
"Severn salmon, I hope,
Nice and curdy," says COPE.
"Severn salmon, a myth!
He's a Dutchman," says FRITH. !
"He was caught with a hook,
Here's the mark, see," says COOKE.
"The hook didn't prick his gill,"
Says, H. W. PICKERSGILL.

"A small piece of turbet,
I pray for," says HERBERT.
"Some fins and some bones—
They're the sweetest," says JONES.
"These Kremesky's I laud,
They are models," says WARD.
"The suprême's nice and hot,"
Says the Architect SCOTT.
"Then Restore it—I'm partial
To that, Sir," says MARSHALL.
"I always eat slowly
At dinner," says FOLBY.
"I never ate leaks,
Are they toothsome?" says WEEKER.
"On that waiter a stupor
Has come," says A. COOPER.
"I saw lamb in his hands here,
I thought," says CHARLES LANDSEER.

"Champagne? No, some red wine.
More safe," says SIR EDWIN.
"Well, a very good hock's all
I care for," says BOXALL.
"This cup's not ill made,
And well iced," says T. FARR.
"If it's mingled with skill lip
Meets worse things," says PHILLIP.
"Overdone, tell the cook,
Are these ducklings," says HOOK.
"Try the Charlotte, you should all,
It's scrumptious," says GOODALL.
"I knew goat, in Bant, healed
By iced food," says STANFIELD.
"If that salad is lobster,
I'll have some," says WEBSTER.
"But crab you had best make hot,"
Says sensible WESTMACOTT.

"Neither jelly nor tart
For yours truly," says HART.
"Parmesan, not too new, is
Digestive," says LEWIS.
"Some tea—I've to work
Before bedtime," says SMIRKE.
"Tea sends me to bed grave
And wakeful," says REDGRAVE.
"Now, we'll have a cigar,"
Says young PICKEREGILL, F.R.

CHORUS OF FRIENDS. (ASSOCIATES.) Outside.
*You in there! Thirty Eight!
Sitting stuck up in state,
And looking so proud and so haughty,
Elect, and be blowed,
For Reform's on the road,
And next time we shall vote with the Forty.*

VAGUE PEOPLE.

WITH the Professors and Disciples of the Vague School certain phrases are used as equivalents for long stories and explanations. As in the phrase "All that sort of thing." Thus:—

Vague Questioner (much interested). You saw Whatabername¹ the other day. What did you say to her?

Vague Respondent (who wishes to give his friend a general notion of the importance of the communication without going into lengthy and troublesome details). Oh! I told her it was almost impossible for Thingummy to manage it; and if she—er—(thinks how he can abbreviate the narrative)—er—thought that—er—I could after all do the—

Vague Questioner (perfectly understanding him so far). Yes, I see. Well?

Vague Respondent (satisfied that his friend won't understand it a bit better if he talks for half an hour, hesitates as to finishing at once or not). Yes—and so we—er—talked it over several times ("several times" is artistically thrown in to give the idea that the conversations weren't of much importance as regards the result, and therefore are not worth recounting). And she said that—er—it wasn't at all the sort of way to—(finds that he's getting into a dialogue form, and simplifies the matter by skilfully bringing in the "vague phrase") and, in fact, all that sort of thing.

Vague Questioner (perfectly satisfied). Oh! and so there was nothing more done?

Vague Respondent (much relieved by his Vague's friend quick apprehension). No, nothing.

Two other vague phrases, which obtain among the Vague people; "You know the sort of thing I mean." The first is "you know" used flatteringly; the other "you know the sort of thing I mean," used caused trouble and savendi. e. g.:

Vague Questioner (ready to ask anything about everything for the sake of conversation). What is a Rantoon? (His friend has been talking of Rantoons.)

Vague Respondent (probably lounging and smoking). A Rantoon? Oh, don't you know? (superfluous question: an inartistic method to be avoided.) It's—er—(inspects the ash of his cigar, as if he saw a plan of a Rantoon in it) it's a—er—one of those sort of things like a thingummy with large wheels (his friend smokes vaguely)—goes along the road—(says by way of flattering him and avoiding further question.) You know. (Friend nods as if he was in possession of several secrets of this sort.) Well—it's only larger—(knocks the ash of his cigar) and goes quicker—er—and (gets bored with the explanation) you know the sort of thing I mean.

Vague Friend (who being totally uninterested in Rantoons is perfectly satisfied for the second time). Oh yes, I know.

Now if at some future time Vague Questioner is asked what a Rantoon is, he will reply somewhat in this form:—

Vague Questioner. A Rantoon? Oh yes, I know very well. (As if he'd been living among them all his life.) Whatabername was only talking about it the other day.

His Friend, not a Vague Disciple, but one really seeking information. Well, what is it?

Vague Questioner (half laughing, as if there was something so utterly ludicrous associated with a Rantoon as to beggar description). Oh (little vague laugh) it's a thing that runs along—(Friend thinks he's going to hear of an animal)—you go along, you know, on a sort of a—um—dear me—(in an annoyed tone as if he'd forgotten the name, which indeed he has) er—(sees that his friend doesn't understand vagueness, and is anxiously waiting for an answer) you know—what you go on along a road—without a horse (Friend thinks of "legs" and "a Railway") no—no—Perambulator—(recollects that that isn't the word, but deter-

mines that it must do for the present) and you know the sort of thing. Good bye, old fellow, see you again soon. (Leaves his friend wondering what the deuce a Rantoon is.)

Vague People never know the names of streets. Let a stranger to London meet a Professor of Vagueness by St. James's Palace, at the bottom of St. James's Street, and ask his way to Hanover Square.

Vague Prof. (who has allowed his thoughts to wander as he strolled along, is now utterly unable to collect them in order to meet the demand). Eh? Hanover Square? (Thinks if he'd been asked for Belgrave Square he could have told him.) Hanover Square. (Considering.) Well, you must go up here—(forgets the name of St. James's Street) and then you know—into whatablename street—to the right—rather—and (hopelessly) there you are—(corrects himself and suggests a way out of all difficulties) at least any one will tell you. (Gets rid of him.)

When the stranger has gone, the Vague Person will wonder to himself where the dickens Hanover Square is, and whether the fellow didn't mean Grosvenor Square; he then recalls the fact that he has been to a ball in Willis's Rooms, in Hanover Square; on second thoughts, he says to himself, "Willis's Rooms are in Grosvenor Square, or no, in Thingummy street where St. James's Theatre is;" and then he makes a happy hit by arriving at the conclusion that the Hanover Square Rooms are in Grosvenor Square. Finally, meeting a friend, he asks where the Hanover Square Rooms are, and is told in Hanover Square, whereupon he identifies the spot by remarking, "Oh yes, I know, there's a statue of Old Thingummy in it," and straightway congratulates himself upon his accurate knowledge of London.

Vague people, being generally persons with no occupation, are prone to scandal. They perhaps do less harm than your regular gossip by their ingenious use of blanks and dashes in conversation: e. g.

Vague Person. You've heard of course of—er—?

Vague Friend (who would like to know all about it, but thinks that a show of ignorance will defeat his object). Oh, you mean about—er—?

Vague Person (quite up to him). No, no. I mean Whatablename in the — There are two of 'em—you must have heard it.

Vague Friend (unwilling to give in). What, do you mean the case that was in the paper (he hasn't of course the slightest notion of what he's talking about).

Vague Person (interested). No, what was that?

Vague Friend (baffled). Oh! I thought you'd seen it. (They consider whether they shall exchange confidences: slight pause). Oh, it's nothing. I thought it was the same affair.

So the conversation continues, and ultimately Vague Friend learns that there is "some sort of a row between old Whatablename, you know the fellow, and that chap who—let me see what did he do last year?—however, you know both parties well enough—however that's the state of the case."

On the use of "So on," "And so forth," "You understand me," &c., we will speak another time.

More Valuable Statistics.

(BY OUR OWN OLD SCHOOL.)

In the list of Marriages in the Times of one day last week, extraordinary not to say remarkable to relate, we find twelve brides whose united Christian names contain the unprecedented number of 144 letters of the alphabet, giving an average of twelve letters each. This we think is even more astounding than the revelation that if ten old parties have lived to various ages between seventy and eighty, the aggregate number of years is rather large. The social value and interest of both facts seem about equal.

MOITO FOR A SERVANTS' HALL.—"They also serve who only stand and wait."—Milton.

¹ On the Vague use of Whatablename, see our former paper on Vague People.

QUERIES WITH ANSWERS.



formance on the slack rope: PROTECTOR SOMERSET could tumble head over heels ten times running; JOHN LAW blew bubbles; HOBBS (of Malmesbury) was such an enthusiastic mechanician that when not engaged in reading CHUBB'S Works he was always contriving locks; DEAN ALDRICH revelled in cricket, particularly in a good catch; LORD ELGIN (British Museum LORD ELGIN) liked marbles; LORD BUTE danced beautifully; WILLIAM OF ORANGE had much difficulty in tearing himself away from LOO; WILLIAM THE "SILENT" invented whist, and the Great CONDÉ condescended to skittles and beer.]

"What is the origin of the following phrases:—

- a. He thinks no small beer of himself.
- b. He is up a tree.
- c. A rogue in grain?"—AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

- [a. There is much uncertainty about this expression. Some historians say it was first applied to SIR MATTHEW HALE, others to ENDYMION PORTER. But a letter written by SIR WILLIAM BUTTS, physician to HENRY THE EIGHTH, and preserved in the Vatican (Cod. Vat. xxx.) attributes the saying to the Presbyterians' aversion to OLIVER CROMWELL, the brewer's son of Huntingdon. The genuineness, however, of this document is greatly questioned by BREWER.
- b. First came into use when CHARLES THE SECOND hid himself in the Boscobel Oak. Knights of the Royal Oak were to have been created after the Restoration, but this proved a royal hoax.
- c. Said of TITUS OATES, who along with WHEATLEY, a limner, and BARLEY, one of the many husbands of BESS OF HARDWICK, got up the Kye House Plot, a conspiracy to compel every householder to consume only brown bread at a time when wheat was 200s. the quarter. Special constables were sworn in and knocked the plot on the head with their truncheons. Hence the expression the staff of life. See *Baker's Chronicle* lately published by direction of the Master of the Rolls.]

"I am a great purist in the language I employ, and wish to know the exact difference between the following words:—

1. Artist and artiste.
2. Person and personage.
3. Lunch and luncheon."—LIMEO.

- [1. Consult the authors of the programmes issued by MR. GYE and MR. MAPLESOM, or any Music Hall proprietor.
2. Write to the *Court Newsmen* or the *Morning Post*.
3. Bread and cheese under a hedge in a country lane is lunch; a hot meal at 9 P.M. in Grosvenor Square is luncheon.]

"Who wrote the *Splendid Shilling*?"—A. PENNY WISE.

[JOHN PHILIPS. He had a place in the Mint, and afterwards went out as Minister to the Argentine Republic.]

"'THIRDS, idle THIRDS.' I have heard some beautiful lines set to music beginning with these words, and am told they are THURYSOON'S, but I have searched through his poems and cannot find them. Can you help me?"—BOOKWORM.

[Is there not some confusion in your mind between the secretion of the lachrymal gland and a celebrated French ex-Minister, whom no one ever accused of indolence?]

"Who wrote a book on *Tar Water*?"—BERKELEY BISHOPP.

[The work on *Tar Water* (only another name for sailors' grog) is generally attributed to SIR CLOUDBREY SHOVEL.]

N.B. *Mr. Punch* wishes it to be known that he cannot undertake to answer queries relating to the management of infants, the best method of curing hams, the legality of marriage with a deceased wife's sister (at all events during the lifetime of Mrs. P.), the destruction of black beetles, the Nibelungenlied, the respective merits of the logical systems of HAMILTON and MILL, the Sleawick-Holstein question, a good receipt for clear soup, and the new Reform statistics.

NEMESIS.

THERE'S a funeral shadow lying
Athwart Europe far and wide;
Drifts and scuds of terror flying,
Fierce and fast, on every side.
Over Germany they darken,
Over Italy they gloom;
Sea-girt England's hushed to hearken
For the trumpet of the doom.

What is it, this black terror?
Is't but the cloud of war,
By some pernicious error
Drawn near, from seeming far?
No, 'tis a deeper dark'ning
Than e'en war's cloud can spread;
And the Voice for which we're heart'ning,
Thrills with more than battle's dread.

There's a lustre as of lightning
Hid in the war-cloud's breast:
There strikes an upward bright'ning
From an armed nation's breast.
There is music in war's voices—
Stern music though it be—
When down-trod Right rejoices
Might has ris'n to set her free.

But in this cloud no lifting
Of the heavy pall we trace:
Light breaketh through no rift
Of this veil on Europe's face.
No exultation blendeth
With this low mourning moan
Of Freedom as she bendeth
Her face aside to groan.

'Tis Nemesis—dark angel
That follows on ill-deeds,
And writes her stern evangel
In the fate of crowns and creeds—
'Tis Nemesis, that mouldeth
This shadow dense and deep,
From the wings that she unfoldeth
With long and lingering sweep.

'Tis Nemesis that speaketh
In the thunder of these clouds,—
The Nemesis that wreaketh
Kings' wrongs on guiltless crowds.
'Tis Nemesis preparing
Bloody crop from evil seed,—
The Nemesis, ne'er sparing
Ill-doer, or ill-deed.

So England, naught rejoices,
In the view of god-less fight;
Has no well-wishing voices,
Where none are in the right.
Sees not Freedom's angel springing
From the blood that shall be shed;
Only Nemesis, slow winging
O'er her due track, strewn with dead!

Half and Half.

It is an old saying that one half the world does not know how the other half lives. The *Monde*, however, by its fashions and phraseology appears to be quite sufficiently well informed about the life of the *demi-monde*.



PLEASANT FOR SIMPKINS!

Photographer (to Mr. Simpkins). "KEEP YOUR HEAD STEADY, PLEASE, SIR, AND LOOK IN THE DIRECTION OF THOSE YOUNG LADIES. STEADY NOW, SIR! DON'T WINK, SIR!"

Mrs. S. (by a look that Mr. S. quite understood). "JUST LET ME SEE HIM WINK!!"

THE KING'S REVENGE.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

The King (throwing down a paper). BISMARCK!

Bismarck. I venture to recognise in your Majesty's tone the presence of surprise in your Majesty's mind.

The King. I should be surprised if you did not. Read that paper.

Bism. It was my duty to make myself acquainted with its contents prior to its coming before my Sovereign.

The King. And you handed it to me as coolly as if it had been a petition for justice, or any other trumpery trash.

Bism. Certain that your Majesty's mind would instantly assign it a fitting place, I abstained from remark upon it.

The King. My mind, BISMARCK. That's all very well. I suppose that my mind is as clear as anybody else's—

Bism. As any other King's, even, Sir.

The King. But this is not a case of mind, but of majesty. Are my people going mad?

Bism. As your faithful Minister, Sir, it is simply my business to turn the swine into army pork. I do not inquire whether they are possessed.

The King. But—but—you have read this. It is rebellion.

Bism. Squeaking changed into grunting Sir, nothing more. A variety in music is not unwelcome.

The King. I am astonished, BISMARCK, at your talking so calmly of what is a frightful manifestation of treason, and a personal insult to myself. Do you comprehend this document, Count?

Bism. The Prussian people, Sir, object, as I understand, to send the flower of their educated youth to be slaughtered by Croatian savages, in a cause which many of your subjects deem bad, and to which the rest are indifferent.

The King. That is the blasphemous remonstrance which they have dared to address to the Anointed. And you talk of it as coolly as if it were a humble prayer for leave to erect a statue in my honour. Is the world coming to an end?

Bism. We Calvinists have unfortunately no state religion, Sir, or I should venture to refer you to the Minister of that department for a reply. I can, however, write to the President of the Ober Kirchenrath, and ask his opinion. EARL RUSSELL has an advantage over me in this respect, as he can confer with the BISHOP OF SHAFTESBURY or the Scotch Bishop CUMMING.

The King. BISMARCK, I have the temper of an angel—

Bism. (aside). Or rather of the animal who spoke in his presence.

The King. But I am also a soldier, and apt to be choleric.

Bism. How have I offended you, Sir? I have evinced no indignation at that protest, but if your Majesty likes I will place myself in any attitude of anger and rage which may seem expressive. I have been fortunate enough to be complimented on my success in private theatricals. There, Sir, do I look angry enough?

The King. You presume on my good-nature, BISMARCK. That outrageous document is not to be treated thus. I am considering what form my vengeance ought to take. The people dare to have an opinion as to what I shall do with my armies! I have a great mind to make a hideous example.

Bism. Sir, an English poet, who is better understood here than in his own stupid island, has said,—

"O Majesty, how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is set on fire."

I pray your Majesty to accept my congratulations on the splendid spectacle of indignation which you have honoured me by letting me behold. As I am only a man of business, I await your Majesty's orders.

The King. What ought I to do to this profane *canaille*?

Bism. As a Calvinistic Christian, Sir, of course you have but one duty—forgive them.

The King. If I do, may I—

Bism. Sir, although I have lived too much with Kings to attach weight to their oaths, I am opposed to rash and unnecessary swearing. The rest of my sentence may save your Majesty the trouble of a curse.



CHECK TO THE KING!

BISMARCK (*reads from 3000 Citizens of Cologne*)—"In view of the miserable condition of the country—in view of a civil war, with its attendant sufferings and fearful calamities . . . we couch a solemn protest against engaging in such a war—"

KING OF PRUSSIA. "WHAT IS THAT? DARE MY SUBJECTS OBJECT TO BE SLAUGHTERED! WHAT NEXT, I WONDER!"



OUR ARTIST

IS NOT IN THE BEST OF TEMPER. HE HAS BEEN DISTURBED OFTEN BY BARGES, AND BOTHERED BY THE BLUEBOTTLES, AND THEN HE'S ACCOSTED BY WHAT APPEARS TO HIM IN THIS IRRITABLE MOOD TO BE AN

Art-Critic (log.). "THE PICTURE LOOKS BETTER A GOODER BIT OFF, GOV'NOUR!"

Artist (maddened). "CON—FOUND—SO DO YOU, SIR!"

[Party makes off hastily, "not liking the looks of him."]

FROLICS AND FASHIONS.

MR. PUNCH,

NOVULS now-a-days is all the goo wi young whimmen. I heard one o' my gals t'other day rade a rum passidge out o' one of them there sart o' books by the neam o' Chandos. Rum, I calls ut, though the tippie you'll find menshund in't ain't that sperrut. 'Twas about a young 'ooman, one *Flory Delorme*, discribun her gwains on wi' Chandos "in the midst of an intoxicatun atmosphere of pasteels and parfums, and wines, and crished vlowers, and bruised froots, and glancun treasures, and langwid eyes, and lips fit for the hymns of a CATULLUS"—not much, I take it, like DR. WATTS's. In this here lucksurius higgledy-piggledy, whilst Chandos was a lollupun about somewhere at Richmond, she "leant over un and twisted CATULLUS like in the bright masses of his long golden hair a wreath of crimson roses washed in purple burgundy." A purty notion, baint ut now?

I never tasted no burgundy, never but once, and that was at a Mare's feast, where I took a glass on't jest to try ut. 'Twur sitch sour stuff I couldn't abear ut as 'twus: so I stirred up a spoonful o' shugger wi't, and then 'twas zummut like.

Sokun roses in purple burgundy, and stickun on 'em in a chap's hair! I hope he liked ut. In his golden hair, the book says. I wonder if his hair was dyed gold, like the fine ladies dyes theirn. And, Loramassy, to think we be come to that! Who ever thought o' livun to see ladies stainun their hair carrots? This here fashion is *alla Francoys*, I spose, and the burgundy roses likewise, burgundy beun a French liquor. Burgundy roses in golden hair makes no doubt a charmun mixtur o' purple and gold. But what if you han't got no purple burgundy? Would purple elder wine do instead?

Howsomever, if the burgundy isn't to improve the colour o' the roses, it can't matter what beverage they be soaked in. For the mere fun and fancy o' the thing any other 'ood do as well; and, for my part, if are a young 'ooman was to take it into her head to show her likun towards me by stickun roses steeped in some intoxicatun liquor about

mine, and I plazed to let her, and had the liquor to choose, I should say Beer. But I'd a preahus night rather drink all the beer up, and I should ha' to drink strong beer; till I couldn't stand or goo afore I should be willun to sitch a tittivation.

At harvest whoam zum on us be zumtimes apt to take a drap too much. The young whimmen, all on 'em now more or less, yeaps their betters, and perhaps some of ourn, if so be they've read Chandos, will then be tryun to immitate the frake o' that gal as dressed up Chandos's golden hair wi' roses drippun wi' burgundy. They'd be 'bliged to use beer 'cause they oodent ha' nothun else. But then for to match wi' the malt liquor, the best plan ood be, instead o' roses, to dickarate their sweethearts' bristles wi' ears o' barley.

Well, Mr. Punch, these is strange times we be a livun in. What with sitch pranks as is related in Chandos, and our ladies a stainun their hair yaller, and paintun their veaces, and one thing and another, I wonders where they be all a gwaion to. Their last figary, I hear, is them sweepun trains as wipes the pavements. We aims to be a drivun of our pigs to a preahus market. There now, just you tell 'um that, Mr. Punch, wi' the complimence of your humble sarvant,

Barley Mow, Whitstutide, 1866.

JACOB HOMERGREEN.

"Go Ye, and "Don't" Do Likewise."

(A Hint to DIXEY & Co. for the next General Election.)

A BAD precedent for sinning
At Elections Epsom makes,
When the *Bridery Col's* near winning
The thumping Derby stakes!

THOUGHT BY A BOOKMAKER AT A BOOK-STALL—That "The Race for Wealth" is *not* the Derby.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



On Dizzy's brow and on his rival's face
Were signs that both were sworn to pound away.

The following Monday for the fight was fixed,
In other words 'twas then to come to pass
Whether the *Tinct: Reform*: by GLADSTONE mixed,
The Tories would drink down, or smash the glass.

ARK! *Thursday* last the Faithful Commons met,
And sat debating till the clock struck one.
They talked of GLADSTONE's plan to pay the Debt,
Topic of many figures, but no fun.

Asked touching Congress, he had nought to say,
Save that he hoped the thing would come about;
And when they met upon the following day,
So few appeared that those were Counted Out.

We raised no talk upon the Great Reform,
But waited till we should behold the Bill.
The single Bill designed to meet the storm,
Directed onward by Caucasian skill.

No dearest hands, like those of GOSS and MAOR,
Met in mock prelude of avoided fray:

"CLEAN YOUR BOOTS, SIR?"

THERE is a party that Mr. *Punch* will touch his hat to when he sees them enjoying themselves on the top of their drag at Ascot. This lot consists of the President, Vice-Presidents, Treasurer, Honorary Secretary, Honorary Medical Attendant, Committee, and Master of the Shoe-Black Brigade, Home and Ragged School, 241, Marylebone Road, Edgeware Road. At the Races, people accustomed, like Mr. *Punch*, to descend from their conveyances for awhile and mingle with the crowd, are always more or less in danger of having their pockets picked. Thanks to ROBERT CULLINE HAMBURY, Esq., M.P., and the gentlemen over whom he presides, we shall now be less in danger thereof than we should be but for the Shoe-Black Brigade Home and Ragged School.

These gentlemen may be principally actuated by a sentimental motive. Never mind, strong-minded Swells! Very likely they contemplate what they call doing good to their fellow-creatures merely, in saving street-boys from going to the bad. But they also do good to you and me. Do they not, when, by their means, the urchin who blacks one's boots might have stolen one's watch?

The support of the Shoe-Black Brigade, Home and Ragged School, will not only amuse those sentimentalists who delight in the amusement of doing good to their fellow-creatures, but is also worth the money of men of the world who want to prevent their fellow-creatures, as much as they can, from doing harm to them.

The Bankers to the Committee of the Institution above named are MESSRS. BARRETT, HOARE, HAMBURY, & LLOYD, 60, Lombard Street.

FROM A LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAREST JULIA,

THANK YOU O so much for your *interesting* letter. I declare I hardly slept a wink last night from thinking of it. So you really are engaged, dear! O you lucky thing! I should so like to *kiss* you! I always said that you were just the girl to be a *parsoness*. Perhaps ere many years are over you may rise to be a *Bishopess*! Only fancy! How imposing it will sound when bawled out by big footmen at the bottom of a staircase!

Well, now about your dresses, love. I quite agree with you that you should come to town *immediately*. It is so important now you are affianced that you should dress becomingly. A *Bishopess* that is to be ought never to look *dowdy*. Besides, dear, as you know, a girl with your complexion never ought to trust to the taste of country milliners. So very much depends upon a proper choice of colours, when one has lost the blush of youth, or at least is *over twenty*.

Have you seen this month's *Le Follet*? Among the dresses it describes is one that would just suit a country *parsoness*, I think, and so I'll cut it out for you:—

"A morning toilette of knickerbocker, pale violet; dress, short paletôt, and under-skirt, all of the same material. At the bottom of the lower skirt a plaiting of violet taffetas. Upon the dress, at each seam, a pette rather wide at the waist, and ending in three points with tassels, which fall over the bottom skirt. Paletôt trimmed with revers taffetas. Fanchon bonnet of violet tulle. Three bouillons, separated by cordons of violets."

A knickerbocker suit will be a *famous* thing to trudge in, when you go about the miry lanes to visit your parishioners. And violet of all colours is best suited for a clergywoman. I rather doubt, though, if the Fanchon shape will suit your style of cheekbone. Perhaps upon the whole, dear, a Pamela would be better. I see one in *Le Follet* described as being "entirely composed of shaded violets." This really must be charming, so sweetly pure and *spring-like*! I wonder, by the way, if the violets be real ones. If they are, to keep them fresh, I presume that you must daily put your Pamela in *water*.

Of course, dear, you will have to give up *dances* now, and settle down into a *dinner belle*, as Cousin CHARLEY says. See then what a lovely dress *Le Follet* here describes for you:—

"Dinner-dress of silver-grey satin—'Princess' make—trimmed all up the front with a double row of white satin puffs let in the material, and edged round with black lace. Similar trimmings, on a smaller scale, up the seams of the sleeves, and fancy buttons of silver."

That rude boy CHARLEY says that "trimmings" would go well with a leg of mutton aleeve, but as for "satin puffs," although they may be

sweet things in a linen-draper's eyes, they can't be half so sweet for dinner as good jam ones. Men always think it funny to crack jokes about one's toilette; and with all their college learning and *superior intelligence*, they never comprehend the simplest language of the milliners. For instance, CHARLEY has been puzzling his poor brains about the following, and cannot for the life of him make out what it means:—

"Evening dress of white poulx de sole. Skirt on the bias, with trimmings up the seams of rose-colour and white ruches, pinked. Bottom of the skirt trimmed round with double ruches of tulle to match." Similar ruches round the top of the low body. Guimpe of Brussels application."

Of course you know, dear, well enough what a "skirt on the bias" is. That stupid monster CHARLEY will have it that the *bias* is only found in *bowls*, and he can't conceive what *ruches* are, or how the white ones can be *pinked*. "Double ruches of tulle" is Double Dutch, he says, to him; and what is meant by "guimpe of Brussels application" he knows no more than why the name of Brussels has been attached to *sprouts*. What stupid things men must be not to know such simple matters! Why, the language that we ladies use in speaking of our dresses is ever so much plainer than the horrid slang men talk about their "laying on the field bar one," and their "drawing bills at sight," and their "selling out New Threes at eighty-four five-eighths!"

I can write no further now, dear, for I promised C. to let him ride out with me this morning, and he reminds me that the horses have been waiting very nearly three-quarters of an hour for me. So good bye for the present, love, and mind you come up soon, and I'll get CHARLEY to go *shopping* with us. Won't it be a *treat* for him?

Ever, ever yours, dear, with sincere congratulation, and a thousand, thousand kisses,

GEORGE ADA GUSHINGTON.

P.S. I heard that darling *Faust* the evening before last, and LUCCA sang so charmingly! Pa has a box this season, and you must mind and go with us as often as you can. You know it won't be *proper*, dearest, when you are a *parsoness*!

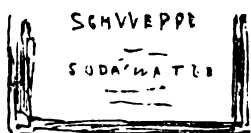
The Goose's Peculiar Complaint.

We are told by a contemporary that "a new species of disease has broken out among geese," particularly at Mitcham, Walton, and other places in Surrey. We are further informed that "the disease affects the young geese with stupor," and that some "ascribe it, in an indirect way, to the easterly winds." No; surely it must be a disease of repletion. Geese are apt to stuff themselves. A goose must have got overfull to be more stupid than it was before.

"WANTED, A TUTOR FOR A LAD OF 14," &c.



1. THE NEW TUTOR, FANCY-PICTURED BY THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE FAMILY (SISTERS OF THE LAD OF 14).



2. THE NEW TUTOR ANSWERING THE ADVERTISEMENT. (PICTURED FROM LIFE BY OUR ARTIST.)

SONG BY A SCOT IN THE CITY.

Air—"Ye banks and braes."

Ye banks and mines a' ganging doon,
How ama' the sum ye fetch per share!
How flat ye've got, ye railway lines,
And a' the Change sae fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou civic crash,
That made my paper fit to burn,
Thou mind'st me o' departed cash,
Departed never to return!

Oft hae I purchased shares gane doon,
When panic bade a' stocks decline,
And waited for them to improve,
When muckle profit aye was mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I stored the gain
Fu' safe in the Per-Centies Three;
Aweel, when Trust resumes his reign,
The rise may mak' amends to me!

Mild Answers to Mendicants.

Male Tramp. Gentleman, ar yer got arra copper to relieve a poor man?

You. Copper! Haven't such a thing in the house. We put out our washing.

Female Vagrant. Please, Sir, good gentleman, would yer be so kind as to give a poor distressed creecher a copper?

You. You would do no good with a copper. Didn't you sell your mangle?

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At the next Meeting of the Royal Society a Paper will be read "On the Heat of the Moment."

A NOBLE PLAN OF PEACE.

To the Emperors and Kings.

MY ROYAL BROTHERS,

I FIND from my friend, EARL RUSSELL, that the obstacle to the preservation of peace is the difficulty of finding territory to be used for the purpose of re-adjustment. In other words,

Italy wants Venetia.

France wants the Rhine-frontier.

Prussia wants Saxony.

Austria wants Silesia.

Italy ought to have Venetia, and there is reason in the Austrian wish for Silesia. The other claims are indefensible. But, for argument's sake, let us concede all the demands. Then you want some compensations in territory.

There is a country in a capital situation, and richly favoured by nature. As regards man, he has neglected her. Her resources are not worked out in a tenth degree. Her people are lazy, cruel, and superstitious, her statesmen are adventurers, and her military and naval men are brigands and pirates. They have just committed a hideous crime at Valparaiso, and her Government announces perseverance in such brutalities.

Let us all unite, take Spain, and cut her across and across like a Good Friday bun. Make four pieces of her.

Give one to Austria, in lieu of Venetia. This quarter will be just the kingdom for the EX-EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN, a short time hence.

Give one to France, who is not to have the Rhine provinces. I should assign her the north-eastern bit, for two reasons. It is convenient to Biarritz, and it is within English reach, should improper use be made of it.

Give one to Prussia, who will instantly release all claim to the Danish duchies.

Give one to the KING OF DENMARK, as a slight compensation, respectfully offered on the part of Europe, for all that he has undergone.

Due provision will, of course, be made for toleration, on the part of the two Protestant states, of the so-called religion of the Spaniards, until they become enlightened; but, Baths and Washhouses shall be imposed by all the four Powers upon every portion of the Peninsula.

I need hardly say that there will be no bloodshed. A nation that bombards defenceless cities will cross no bayonets with real soldiers. I will undertake the partition, with the aid of our Yacht Clubs and a

regiment of Zouaves, which my friend the EMPEROR will kindly lend me.

Thus the peace of Europe will be preserved, a kind of Alsatia broken up, and a valuable country added to the continent.

If you will consider this in Congress and apprise me of your decision, I will act according to circumstances.

Your faithful Brother,

PUNCH.

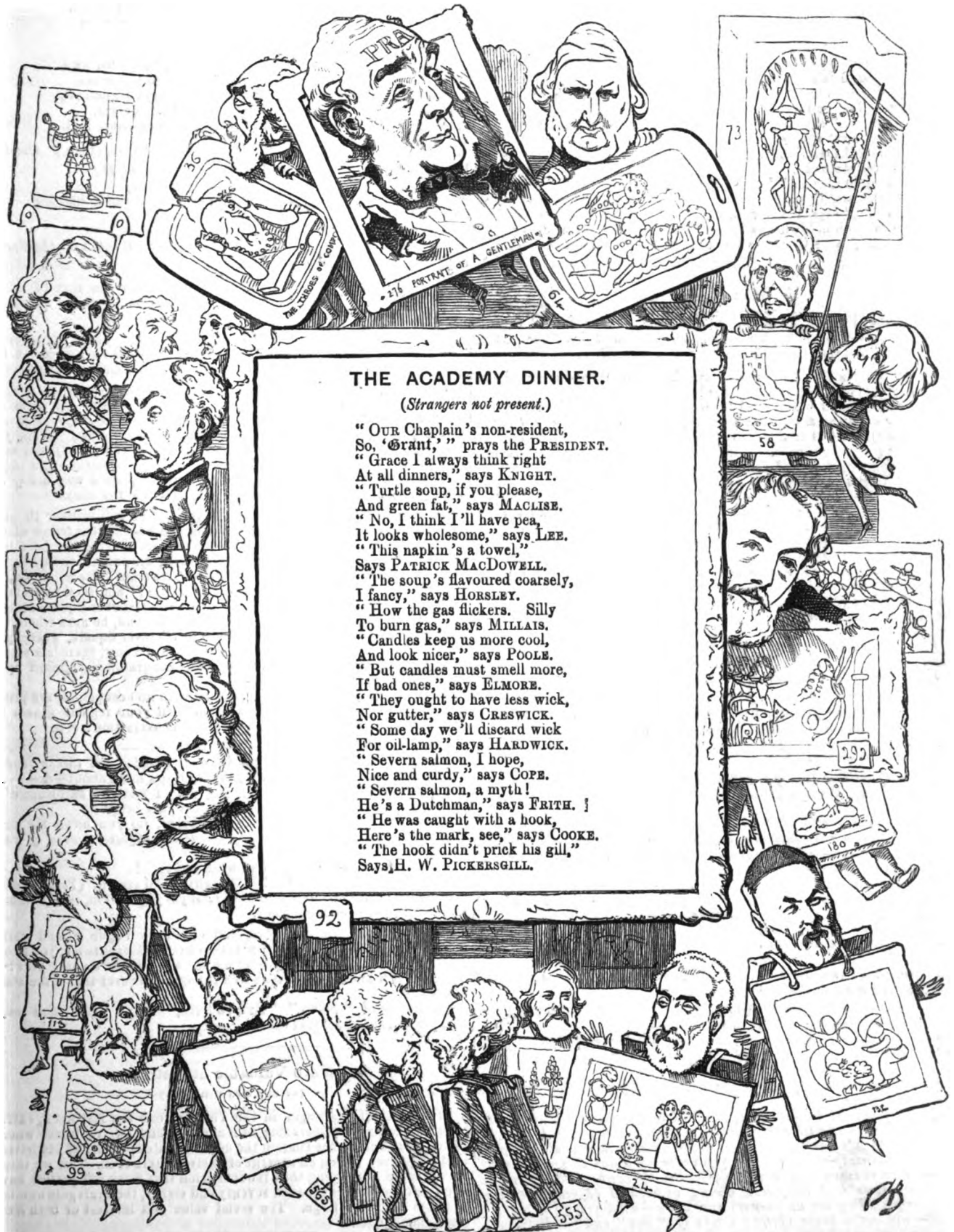
P.S. We are none of us quite discontented. I shall only ask (as a reward for my suggestion) that I may remove the Alhambra to Victoria Park.

WHAT TO SEE.

BY all means see MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED and MR. JOHN PARRY, who, having safely launched their *Northumberland*, will now be carried by favourable gales, and on the tide of popularity, well into the present season, which promises to be a most auspicious one for their *Yachting Cruise*. The rehearsal of *Hamlet*, with MRS. REED as *Ophelia*, MR. REED as the *Moody Dane*, and MR. JOHN PARRY as the *Ghost*, "with a song," is worth all the money, not to mention MR. PARRY sitting down to play at sight MR. REED's composition, and making the most woeful discords in the bass. As to *Mrs. Roseleaf's Wedding Breakfast*, it is simply inimitable: words cannot do it justice. MRS. BROWN reigns again at the Egyptian Hall, which is another way of saying that the attraction of MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY's entertainment has in no way diminished. His panorama, too, is capitally painted, and the whole thing is really "drawing;" in fact, it may be called a Drawing-Room Entertainment. Talking of painting, by the way, MR. GRIEVE's yachting arrangements, with the back-ground of sea, with view of the harbour, is perhaps one of the brightest, lightest, and freshest scenes he has ever done for the Gallery of Illustration.

Luxury, Indeed!

IN one of the Wine Circulars quoted in City articles a dealer bemoans over the fact that Wine is still regarded as a luxury, but he believes that ere long it will cease to be considered one. Some recent experiences of ours, at very genteel dinner-tables, and our subsequent headaches, induce us to concur in this belief.



"A small piece of turbot,
I pray for," says HERBERT.
"Some fins and some bones—
They're the sweetest," says JONES.
"These Kremesks I laud,
They are models," says WARD.
"The supreme's nice and hot,"
Says the Architect SCOTT.
"Then Restore it—I'm partial
To that, Sir," says MARSHALL.
"I always eat slowly
At dinner," says FOLLY.
"I never ate leeks,
Are they toothsome?" says WEEKER.
"On that waiter a stupor
Has come," says A. COOPER.
"I saw lamb in his hands here,
I thought," says CHARLES LANDSEER.

"Champagne? No, some red wine.
More safe," says SIR EDWIN.
"Well, a very good hock's all
I care for," says BOXALL.
"This cup's not ill made,
And well iced," says T. FARD.
"If it's mingled with skill lip
Meets worse things," says PHILLIP.
"Overdone, tell the cook,
Are these ducklings," says HOOK.
"Try the Charlotte, you should all,
It's scrumptious," says GOODALL.
"I knew goat, in Bawf, healed
By iced food," says STANFIELD.
"If that salad is lobster,
I'll have some," says WEBSTER.
"But crab you had best make hot,"
Says sensible WESTMACOTT.

"Neither jelly nor tart
For yours truly," says HART.
"Parmesan, not too new, is
Digestive," says LEWIS.
"Some tea—I've to work
Before bedtime," says SMIRKER.
"Tea sends me to bed grave
And wakeful," says REDGRAVE.
"Now, we'll have a cigar."
Says young PICKERSCILL, F.R.

CHORUS OF FRIENDS. (ASSOCIATES.) Outside.
You in there! Thirty Night!
Sitting stuck up in state,
And looking so proud and so haughty,
Elect, and be blowed,
For Reform's on the road,
And next time we shall vote with the Forty.

VAQUE PEOPLE.

WITH the Professors and Disciples of the Vague School certain phrases are used as equivalents for long stories and explanations. As in the phrase "All that sort of thing." Thus:—

Vague Questioner (much interested). You saw Whatebarname the other day. What did you say to her?

Vague Respondent (who wishes to give his friend a general notion of the importance of the communication without going into lengthy and troublesome details). Oh! I told her it was almost impossible for Thingummy to manage it; and if she—er—(thinks how he can abbreviate the narrative)—er—thought that—er—I could after all do the—

Vague Questioner (perfectly understanding him so far). Yes, I see. Well?

Vague Respondent (satisfied that his friend won't understand it a bit better if he talks for half an hour, hesitates as to finishing at once or not). Yes—and so we—er—talked it over several times ("several times" is artistically thrown in to give the idea that the conversations weren't of much importance as regards the result, and therefore are not worth recounting). And she said that—er—it wasn't at all the sort of way to—(finds that he's getting into a dialogue form, and simplifies the matter by skillfully bringing in the "vague phrase") and, in fact, all that sort of thing.

Vague Questioner (perfectly satisfied). Oh! and so there was nothing more done?

Vague Respondent (much relieved by his Vague's friend quick apprehension). No, nothing.

Two other vague phrases, which obtain among the Vague people; "You know the sort of thing I mean." The first is "you know" used flatteringly; the other "you know the sort of thing I mean," used *causd troublam savendi*. e. g.:

Vague Questioner (ready to ask anything about everything for the sake of conversation). What is a Rantoon? (His friend has been talking of Rantoons.)

Vague Respondent (probably lounging and smoking). A Rantoon? Oh, don't you know? (superfluous question: an inartistic method to be avoided.) It's—er—(inspects the ash of his cigar, as if he saw a plan of a Rantoon in it) it's a—er—one of those sort of things like a thingummy with large wheels (his friend smokes vaguely)—goes along the road—(says by way of flattering him and avoiding further question.) You know. (Friend nods as if he was in possession of several secrets of this sort.)—Well—it's only larger—(knocks the ash of his cigar) and goes quicker—er—and (gets bored with the explanation) you know the sort of thing I mean.

Vague Friend (who being totally uninterested in Rantoons is perfectly satisfied for the second time). Oh yes, I know.

Now if at some future time Vague Questioner is asked what a Rantoon is, he will reply somewhat in this form:—

Vague Questioner. A Rantoon? Oh yes, I know very well. (As if he'd been living among them all his life.) Whatebarname was only talking about it the other day.

His Friend, not a Vague Disciple, but one really seeking information. Well, what is it?

Vague Questioner (half laughing, as if there was something so utterly ludicrous associated with a Rantoon as to beggar description). Oh (little vague laugh) it's a thing that runs along—(Friend thinks he's going to hear of an animal)—you go along, you know, on a sort of a—um—dear me—(in an annoyed tone as if he'd forgotten the name, which indeed he has)—er—(sees that his friend doesn't understand vagueness, and is anxiously waiting for an answer) you know—what you go on along a road—without a horse (Friend thinks of "legs" and "a Railway")—no—no—Perambulator—(recollects that that isn't the word, but deter-

mines that it must do for the present) and you know the sort of thing. Good bye, old fellow, see you again soon. (Leaves his friend wondering what the deuce a Rantoon is.)

Vague People never know the names of streets. Let a stranger to London meet a Professor of Vagueness by St. James's Palace, at the bottom of St. James's Street, and ask his way to Hanover Square.

Vague Prof. (who has allowed his thoughts to wander as he strolled along, is now utterly unable to collect them in order to meet the demand). Eh? Hanover Square? (Thinks if he'd been asked for Belgrave Square he could have told him.) Hanover Square. (Considering.) Well, you must go up here—(forgets the name of St. James's Street) and then you know—into whatebarname street—to the right—rather—and (hopelessly) there you are—(corrects himself and suggests a way out of all difficulties) at least any one will tell you. (Gets rid of him).

When the stranger has gone, the Vague Person will wonder to himself where the dickens Hanover Square is, and whether the fellow didn't mean Grosvenor Square: he then recalls the fact that he has been to a ball in Willis's Rooms, in Hanover Square; on second thoughts, he says to himself, "Willis's Rooms are in Grosvenor Square, or no, in Thingummy street where St. James's Theatre is;" and then he makes a happy hit by arriving at the conclusion that the Hanover Square Rooms are in Grosvenor Square. Finally, meeting a friend, he asks where the Hanover Square Rooms are, and is told in Hanover Square, whereupon he identifies the spot by remarking, "Oh yes, I know, there's a statue of Old Thingummy in it," and straightway congratulates himself upon his accurate knowledge of London.

Vague people, being generally persons with no occupation, are prone to scandal. They perhaps do less harm than your regular gossip by their ingenious use of blanks and dashes in conversation: e. g.

Vague Person. You've heard of course of—er—?

Vague Friend (who would like to know all about it, but thinks that a show of ignorance will defeat his object). Oh, you mean about—er—?

Vague Person (quite up to him). No, no. I mean Whatebarname in the— There are two of 'em—you must have heard it.

Vague Friend (unwilling to give in). What, do you mean the case that was in the paper (he hasn't of course the slightest notion of what he's talking about).

Vague Person (interested). No, what was that?

Vague Friend (baffled). Oh! I thought you'd seen it. (They consider whether they shall exchange confidences: slight pause). Oh, it's nothing. I thought it was the same affair.

So the conversation continues, and ultimately Vague Friend learns that there is "some sort of a row between old Whatebarname, you know the fellow, and that chap who—let me see what did he do last year?—however, you know both parties well enough—however that's the state of the case."

On the use of "So on," "And so forth," "You understand me," &c., we will speak another time.

More Valuable Statistics.

(BY OUR OWN OLD POOL.)

In the list of Marriages in the *Times* of one day last week, extraordinary not to say remarkable to relate, we find twelve brides whose united Christian names contain the unprecedented number of 144 letters of the alphabet, giving an average of twelve letters each. This we think is even more astounding than the revelation that if ten old parties have lived to various ages between seventy and eighty, the aggregate number of years is rather large. The social value and interest of both facts seem about equal.

MOTTO FOR A SERVANTS' HALL.—"They also serve who only stand and wait."—Milton.

¹ On the Vague use of Whatebarname, see our former paper on Vague People.

QUERIES WITH ANSWERS.



formance on the slack rope: PROTECTOR SOMERSET could tumble head over heels ten times running; JOHN LAW blew bubbles; HOMER (of Malmesbury) was such an enthusiastic mechanician that when not engaged in reading CHUBB'S Works he was always contriving locks; DEAN ALDRICH revelled in cricket, particularly in a good catch; LORD ELGIN (British Museum LORD ELGIN) liked marbles; LORD BUTE danced beautifully; WILLIAM OF ORANGE had much difficulty in tearing himself away from LOO; WILLIAM THE "SILENT" invented whist, and the Great CONDÉ condescended to skittles and beer.]

"What is the origin of the following phrases:—

a. He thinks no small beer of himself.

b. He is up a tree.

c. A rogue in grain?"—AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

[a. There is much uncertainty about this expression. Some historians say it was first applied to SIR MATTHEW HALL, others to ENDYMION PORTER. But a letter written by SIR WILLIAM BUTTS, physician to HENRY THE EIGHTH, and preserved in the Vatican (Cod. Vat. xxx.) attributes the saying to the Presbyterians' aversion to OLIVER CROMWELL, the brewer's son of Huntingdon. The genuineness, however, of this document is greatly questioned by BREWER.

b. First came into use when CHARLES THE SECOND hid himself in the Boscobel Oak. Knights of the Royal Oak were to have been created after the Restoration, but this proved a royal hoax.

c. Said of TITUS OATES, who along with WHEATLEY, a limner, and BARLEY, one of the many husbands of BESS OF HARDWICK, got up the Rye House Plot, a conspiracy to compel every householder to consume only brown bread at a time when wheat was 200s. the quarter. Special constables were sworn in and knocked the plot on the head with their truncheons. Hence the expression the staff of life. See *Baker's Chronicle* lately published by direction of the Master of the Rolls.]

"I am a great purist in the language I employ, and wish to know the exact difference between the following words:—

1. Artist and artiste.

2. Person and personage.

3. Lunch and luncheon."—LINGO.

[1. Consult the authors of the programmes issued by MR. GYN and MR. MAPLESON, or any Music Hall proprietor.

2. Write to the *Court Newsman* or the *Morning Post*.

3. Bread and cheese under a hedge in a country lane is lunch; a hot meal at 3 P.M. in Grosvenor Square is luncheon.]

"Who wrote the *Splendid Shilling*?"—A. PENNY WINE.

[JOHN PHILIPS. He had a place in the Mint, and afterwards went out as Minister to the Argentine Republic.]

"'THIERRE, idle THIERRE.' I have heard some beautiful lines set to music beginning with these words, and am told they are THOMSON'S, but I have searched through his poems and cannot find them. Can you help me?"—BOOKWORM.

[Is there not some confusion in your mind between the secretion of the lachrymal gland and a celebrated French ex-Minister, whom no one ever accused of indolence?]

"Who wrote a book on *Tar Water*?"—BERKELEY BISHOP.

[The work on *Tar Water* (only another name for sailors' grog) is generally attributed to SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL.]

N.B. Mr. Punch wishes it to be known that he cannot undertake to answer queries relating to the management of infants, the best method of curing hams, the legality of marriage with a deceased wife's sister (at all events during the lifetime of Mrs. P.), the destruction of black beetles, the Nibelungenlied, the respective merits of the logical systems of HAMILTON and MILL, the Sleswick-Holstein question, a good receipt for clear soup, and the new Reform statistics.

NEMESIS.

THERE'S a funeral shadow lying
Athwart Europe far and wide;
Drifts and scuds of terror flying,
Fierce and fast, on every side.
Over Germany they darken,
Over Italy they gloom;
Sea-girt England's hushed to hearken
For the trumpet of the doom.

What is it, this black terror?
Is't but the cloud of war,
By some pernicious error
Drawn near, from seeming far?
No, 'tis a deeper dark'ning
Than e'en war's-cloud can spread;
And the Voice for which we're heark'ning,
Thrills with more than battle's dread.

There's a lustre as of lightning
Hid in the war-cloud's breast:
There strikes an upward bright'ning
From an armed nation's breast.
There is music in war's voices—
Stern music though it be—
When down-trod Right rejoices
Might has ris'n to set her free.

But in this cloud no lifting
Of the heavy pall we trace:
Light breaketh through no rifting
Of this veil on Europe's face.
No exultation blendeth
With this low mourning moan
Of Freedom as she bendeth
Her face aside to groan.

'Tis Nemesis—dark angel
That follows on ill-deeds,
And writes her stern evangel
In the fate of crowns and creeds—
'Tis Nemesis, that mouldeth
This shadow dense and deep,
From the wings that she unfoldeth
With long and lingering sweep.

'Tis Nemesis that speaketh
In the thunder of these clouds,—
The Nemesis that wreaketh
Kings' wrongs on guiltless crowds.
'Tis Nemesis preparing
Bloody crop from evil seed,—
The Nemesis, ne'er sparing
Ill-deed, or ill-deed.

So England, naught rejoices,
In the view of god-less fight;
Has no well-wishing voices,
Where none are in the right.
Sees not Freedom's angel springing
From the blood that shall be shed;
Only Nemesis, slow winging
O'er her due track, strewn with dead!

Half and Half.

It is an old saying that one half the world does not know how the other half lives. The *Monde*, however, by its fashions and phraseology appears to be quite sufficiently well informed about the life of the *demi-monde*.



PLEASANT FOR SIMPKINS!

Photographer (to Mr. Simpkins). "KEEP YOUR HEAD STEADY, PLEASE, SIR, AND LOOK IN THE DIRECTION OF THOSE YOUNG LADIES STEADY NOW, SIR! DON'T WINK, SIR!"

Mrs. S. (by a look that Mr. S. quite understood). "JUST LET ME SEE HIM WINK!!"

THE KING'S REVENGE.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

The King (throwing down a paper). BISMARCK!

Bismarck. I venture to recognise in your Majesty's tone the presence of surprise in your Majesty's mind.

The King. I should be surprised if you did not. Read that paper.

Bism. It was my duty to make myself acquainted with its contents prior to its coming before my Sovereign.

The King. And you handed it to me as coolly as if it had been a petition for justice, or any other trumpery trash.

Bism. Certain that your Majesty's mind would instantly assign it a fitting place, I abstained from remark upon it.

The King. My mind, BISMARCK. That's all very well. I suppose that my mind is as clear as anybody else's—

Bism. As any other King's, even, Sire.

The King. But this is not a case of mind, but of majesty. Are my people going mad?

Bism. As your faithful Minister, Sire, it is simply my business to turn the swine into army pork. I do not inquire whether they are possessed.

The King. But—but—you have read this. It is rebellion.

Bism. Squeaking changed into grunting Sire, nothing more. A variety in music is not unwelcome.

The King. I am astonished, BISMARCK, at your talking so calmly of what is a frightful manifestation of treason, and a personal insult to myself. Do you comprehend this document, Count?

Bism. The Prussian people, Sire, object, as I understand, to send the flower of their educated youth to be slaughtered by Croatian savages, in a cause which many of your subjects deem bad, and to which the rest are indifferent.

The King. That is the blasphemous remonstrance which they have dared to address to the Anointed. And you talk of it as coolly as if it were a humble prayer for leave to erect a statue in my honour. Is the world coming to an end?

Bism. We Calvinists have unfortunately no state religion, Sire, or I should venture to refer you to the Minister of that department for a reply. I can, however, write to the President of the Ober Kirchenthath, and ask his opinion. EARL RUSSELL has an advantage over me in this respect, as he can confer with the BISHOP OF SHAPTESBURY or the Scotch Bishop CUMMING.

The King. BISMARCK, I have the temper of an angel—

Bism. (aside). Or rather of the animal who spoke in his presence.

The King. But I am also a soldier, and apt to be choleric.

Bism. How have I offended you, Sire? I have evinced no indignation at that protest, but if your Majesty likes I will place myself in any attitude of anger and rage which may seem expressive. I have been fortunate enough to be complimented on my success in private theatricals. There, Sire, do I look angry enough?

The King. You presume on my good-nature, BISMARCK. That outrageous document is not to be treated thus. I am considering what form my vengeance ought to take. The people dare to have an opinion as to what I shall do with my armies! I have a great mind to make a hideous example.

Bism. Sire, an English poet, who is better understood here than in his own stupid island, has said,—

"O Majesty, how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is set on fire."

I pray your Majesty to accept my congratulations on the splendid spectacle of indignation which you have honoured me by letting me behold. As I am only a man of business, I await your Majesty's orders.

The King. What ought I to do to this profane *carnaille*?

Bism. As a Calvinistic Christian, Sire, of course you have but one duty—forgive them.

The King. If I do, may I—

Bism. Sire, although I have lived too much with Kings to attach weight to their oaths, I am opposed to rash and unnecessary swearing. The rest of my sentence may save your Majesty the trouble of a curse.



CHECK TO THE KING!

BISMARCK (*reads from 3000 Citizens of Cologne*)—"In view of the miserable condition of the country—in view of a civil war, with its attendant sufferings and fearful calamities . . . we couch a solemn protest against engaging in such a war—"

KING OF PRUSSIA. "WHAT IS THAT? DARE MY SUBJECTS OBJECT TO BE SLAUGHTERED! WHAT NEXT, I WONDER!"

I should have added that as a King, Sire, entrusted with the task of instilling right principles into your subjects, you are bound to punish them severely. But punishment should never be administered in anger.

The King. I was never so angry in my life. Infernal traitors and rebels! They ought to feel honoured in my condescending to give them orders to go and be killed anywhere. Blasphemers! Object to fight Croats, as if a Croat's being my enemy did not make the fighting him a service which my subjects should deem a glory. Miscreants!

Bism. Sire, your logic is irrefragable. Let your deductions take the form of action. I should inflict the most terrible vengeance on these men.

The King. Now you speak like a nobleman. What would you do to them?

Bism. Would your Majesty be satisfied if we killed twenty or thirty thousand of them?

The King. I have ordered you not to joke, Count.

Bism. I am as serious as a German comedy, Sire. I promise you this vengeance, at the very least.

The King. Explain, Count; explain.

Bism. Carry on the war, Sire.

The King. And take no farther notice of this atrocity?

Bism. Your Majesty, if we drive the pigs to the pork-butcher, I think that we may permit them to make any noises on the way. I humbly submit that any other notice of that document would be unworthy of a King.

The King. Perhaps you are right, BISMARCK, perhaps you are right. And if they should get well peppered, it will be a just vengeance upon them for their parricidal conduct.

Bism. Providence watches over the interests of Kings, Sire—that is, when they are legitimate Kings. We will teach these pigs to protest against the will of their owner.

"The Wild Night Huntsman hath gone by."

The King (joyfully). Are they singing that? Then war is certain.

Bism. (devoutly). With the blessing of Providence, Sire.

HYDROPHOBIA AND HALF-A-CROWN.

THE numerous paragraphs which have lately appeared in the papers, headed "Death from Hydrophobia," give interest to the case of JOHN MEADS, Hyde Park Constable, No. 8, pulled up the other day at Marlborough Street Police Court, by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for torturing a dog. The constable was trying to kill the dog, and failing in the attempt to knock it at once on the head, of course shocked impulsive bystanders. His account of the transaction was as follows:—

"Seeing the dog in question in the park, and being told it had bitten some one, he laid hold of it by one hand, and it bit him on the wrist. He then seized it with the other hand, and asked a constable to take a piece of string from his pocket and give it to him. When he got the string he tied it round the dog's neck, and then people came up and said he was ill-using the dog. He certainly did put his foot on the dog after he had been bitten, and would have killed it at the time."

Two witnesses deposed that this dog had been known about the park for some years as a vicious dog. Moreover—

"COLONEL MARSHALL, of the Guards, said the stray dogs in the park were a dreadful nuisance. A recent case of hydrophobia had occurred in consequence of the sufferer having been bitten by one of them. He had written to MR. COWPER on the subject of the danger to park frequenters and riders from stray dogs running about. While walking through Rotten Row that day he had noticed seven dogs in the road. MR. DAVIS said there were about 100 stray dogs."

So far the case is clear enough, and has doubtless been reported with the usual accuracy of the *Times*. In what follows there must surely be a mistake. The Magistrate said:—

"He had himself seen riders in the park, ladies especially, put in danger from dogs running after their horses and snapping at their hoofs. He had not seen any one actually thrown, but he had certainly seen riders very much shaken in consequence. The park-keeper did his duty in laying hold of the dog, and in destroying it. The question was, did he exceed his duty in what he was seen to do? Could he, after placing the string round the dog's neck have dragged it to the wood-house? Though instructions were very properly given to destroy vicious dogs, it was monstrous they should be destroyed in the face of the public. The defendant was no doubt doing his duty, but as he did it in some respects improperly, he would mark his sense of the excess of duty by fining him half-a-crown."

We can have no doubt that the conclusion of the judgment, above quoted, ran, as really delivered, thus:—"The defendant was certainly doing his duty, but as he did it in a rather bungling manner, the reward which would be given to him, for the courage he had exerted in destroying a dangerous animal, would not exceed half-a-crown." How could a most sagacious Magistrate fine a man half-a-crown in any case for putting a dog to death? Half-a-crown is far too small a penalty for killing a dog wantonly and cruelly. Considered as imposed for excess of duty in destroying a dog, it is simply a caution to park keepers and others to mind how they destroy dangerous dogs.

THE HAIRESS AND THE HAIRLESS.

SHE wore no wreath of roses,
The day when first we met;
A porkpie hat was pertly cocked
Upon her curls of jet.
Her eyes with lustrous brightness,
'Neath their long lashes shone,
And temptingly the roses grew
Her dimpled cheek upon.
But chiefly I admired the hue
('Tis not in fashion now)
Of those dark tresses shadowing
Her fair and snowy brow.

That girl, when next I see her,
I scarce can recognise;
Her altered presence fills me
With wonder and surprise.
Gone are those glossy ringlets,
In colour like the crow;
Her hair is palest yellow now,
And frizzed to look like tow!
I saw her sadly altered
For the worse, you will allow;
But she told me 'twas the fashion,
To which all girls must bow.

And once again I see her,
O what a wreck is there!
The dyes she used have sadly thinned
Her once luxuriant hair.
She tries a hundred remedies,
Alas! 'tis all in vain;
For hair, when once by art destroyed,
By art ne'er sprouts again.
Ere long, to hide the baldness
That threatens her, I vow;
A wig she will be wearing
Upon her youthful brow.

MOST MUSICAL, MOST MELANCHOLY.

IN the advertisements addressed to a nation you study its social nature. Here is an invitation to some gardens (very good gardens) near London:—

"Come to our Gardens and hearken to the wind whispering among the solemn pines, and the birds warbling among the ilex and lime-trees, and hear the jocund guffaws of the revellers at the Rudotto. Dancing every evening. Dinners and Teas always, especially Sundays. The fireworks, by JONES, will this night eclipse those of the Crystal Palace."

What light does this scrap throw upon the character of JOHN BULL! How his curious nature is appealed to! A touch of melancholy, not to say maudlin, and then—jocund guffaws. The wind whispers, the birds warble, and like MISS JEMIMA IVINS and her friends, he remarks, *softly* voce, "Ow! cavenly!" Perhaps weeps. Then, dashing away thought and tear, he exclaims, "Ha! ha! ha!"—and revels. Here is his picture in little. While admiring it, we would add that the pleasant little oath, "by Jones," in affirmation of the goodness of the fireworks, is the newest thing out. Much better than "by Jove," who was only a heathen deity, and by no means a respectable one. "JONES the Avenger" is a preferable person to Jupiter Uitor. Henceforth, whenever we emit a jolly guffaw, we intend to swear by Jones.

SERVE YOU RIGHT.

DEAR PUNCH,

Paul's Chain.

Don't you hate a fellow, especially a tradesman, who can't take a joke? I received from a person who occupies the proud position of being one of my creditors, a letter (I am bound to say the sixth or seventh of a series, to the same effect) in which he pressed upon me the necessity of settling his bill. I was just reading a Sunday newspaper, and it occurred to me, as a bit of clever fun, to cut off a notice which the editor had appended to a correspondent's epistle, and annex it to my persecutor's communication. Which, therefore, went back to him thus annotated.

[Here this Correspondence must cease. Enough has been said on a subject better let alone.]

Sir, the fellow has no sense of fun. He took me at my word, and the next document I received began with the name of our gracious Sovereign LADY QUEEN VICTORIA. As I said, don't you hate a man who does not understand a joke?

Yours faithfully,

PROCTOR LITTLEWIT.

SKETCHES OF M.P.'S WHOSE SEATS HAVE BEEN RE-DISTRIBUTED.



VIOLENT M.P.



FRANTIC M.P.



ILL-USED M.P.



HEREDITARY M.P.



STUPIFIED M.P.



M.P. WHOSE HOPES ARE SHATTERED



COLLAPSED M.P.



M.P. WHO FLATTERS HIMSELF HE DID NOT SHOW HIS FEELINGS WHEN HE LEFT THE HOUSE.

A CONUNDRUM FOR CHEMISTS.

THERE are some things which even *Mr. Punch* does not quite understand. The subjoined advertisement is one of them:—

WANTED, in a Private Laboratory, a young Chemist as ASSISTANT. He will be expected to carry out research, to perform commercial analyses, and occasionally to wait at table. A graduate preferred. Address, Philo-Chemicus, "Chemical News" Office, stating lowest terms.

What are we to make out of such a want as that above advertised? What capacity is that which a young chemist is wanted to fill in a private laboratory where, in addition to carrying out research and performing chemical analyses, he will be expected occasionally to wait at table? And what sort of a graduate is it that will be preferred for the performance of these offices—especially the latter? A graduate, as such qualified for waiting at table, is one who can be conceived to have graduated only in having been accustomed to run up and down stairs. This is the graduation of waiters, and certainly no one can be better adapted than a waiter to wait at table. But then, how is the character of the graduate of the staircase to be combined with that of the chemist? And what is the research which the young chemist, wanted in a private laboratory as assistant, will be expected to carry out? Is it bottles? and will he carry out research when he conveys a pie or a shoulder of mutton and potatoes on a tray to the baker's? Then, too, what are the commercial analyses which he will be required to perform? Cleaning boots and shoes, knives and forks perhaps, or discharging some other menial functions, denoted by an euphemism.

Or is the foregoing notification a symbolical one, concealing a mystic sense? It appeared in the *Chemical News*. Is it a specimen of the nomenclature of modern alchemy? Can "PHILO-CHEMICUS" be a warlock of the Rosy Cross? Does "graduate" mean "adept?" and the table at which he will be expected occasionally to wait, the plane or superficies of "projection?"

There are not a few, perhaps, who will conjecture that this is a cant advertisement of a certain sort, whose covert meaning was of course

unsuspected by the management of a respectable scientific journal. To their apprehension a "private laboratory" may be a phrase for some illicit concern; the "graduate" may stand for a party who has taken his degrees in penal discipline; and the "research" that he is to "carry out," and the "commercial analyses" which he is to "perform," may be operations which will not bear to be specified in plain English. Is this a too monstrous supposition? It is surely not so monstrous as the hypothesis that there exists a Snob so ridiculously insolent as to propose engaging a young chemist to carry out research, perform analyses, and occasionally do the service of a "Buttons!" Yet here is the reply of "PHILO-CHEMICUS" to a letter sent him by a graduate of an University, inquiring, if he accepted the engagement advertised by that person, how often, approximately, he would have to wait at table, and in what dress:—

"Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst., and to state that I have selected your reply as being probably most eligible for the vacancy. You wd. not be required to wait at table more than once a month and probably not so often as that for some time: out of deference to the feelings of a gentleman the ordinary dress alone wd. be expected to be worn.

"Will you oblige by stating your degree and the precise nature of your academic standing.

"These must be a necessary preliminary to further negotiation you will readily understand my reason for not divulging my name at this stage.

"May 15, 1866.

"PHILO-CHEMICUS."

The italics in the foregoing specimen of Philo-Chemical composition are PHILO-CHEMICUS's own. They seem to indicate that he really is such an amazing Snob as to expect a gentleman and a scholar occasionally to act as his footman out of livery. The peculiarity of his diction bespeaks a Snob, at any rate. It justifies the conclusion that he is a most illiterate as well as a most preposterous Snob; but his concluding reticence leaves room to doubt whether that is all and the worst we should think of him.

METEOROLOGICAL INTELLIGENCE.—This May the weather has been peculiarly unseasonable. At Whitsuntide the wind was Easterly.



BOAT-RACE OF THE FUTURE.—DRIFTING DOWN TO THE STARTING-POINT.

THE VOICE OF PRUSSIA'S PEOPLE.

SIR, who, thy nation's discontent,
 Didst wage a murderous war to lull
 By national additament,
 Accounting us so basely dull
 That we, of liberty bereft,
 Should be content to sit us down
 With other slaves, made thine by theft
 Of provinces from Denmark's Crown :

Alas, O King, by thy pretence
 Of race oppressed and German right,
 Deluded was our loyal sense ;
 And we were duped the Danes to fight !
 The Highest Name, o'er carnage wrought
 For spoil, with thanks didst thou invoke
 How solemnly ! We little thought
 How solemnly our King could joke.

But there—the Danes were only Danes,
 Mere fellow-Christians, nothing more,
 Whose throats we cut, blew out their brains,
 Their members crushed, their vitals tore,
 By the strong arm to work thy will,
 And wrest thy neighbour's land away.
 Must Germans also Germans kill
 That thou may'st keep thy stolen prey ?

Thy Brother of Dahomey may,
 His rule a race so loyal owns,
 Have subjects glad to let him play
 At bowls and skittles with their bones ;
 And we are loyal too, though not
 Enough, for thy ambition's whim,
 The willing food of steel and shot,
 To perish, as they die for him.

So precious are our human lives
 That, ev'n to aggrandise thy throne,

Our mothers grudge their sons, our wives,
 Their husbands. Draw the sword alone !
 What, are thy subjects dogs, that they
 Should be set on to do this thing ?
 Away with BISMARCK—or away
 With BISMARCK's weak or wicked King.

DOMESTIC MEDICINE.

It has been said that the man who makes a blade of grass grow where none had grown before deserves a civic crown. What shall he receive who discovers a specific for a troublesome irritating disease ? Why immortality in the pages of *Punch* ! And surely the following treatment for the cure of Chicken Pox merits such a distinction :—

My dear Mama

22nd May
 some dates

I have got the chicken pox so please send me a hamper with a cake an four pots of jam and a ham and a tongue can you send me some plants for my garden and some buter scotch and some oranges and some seeds send me a cricket bat six stumps 2 ^{bales} wickets and a ball send me my *Comic History of ENGLAND* and my steamer

I am your loving son

A B C

The experiment remains to be tried, but we have no doubt of the result.

An Unaccountable Omission.

AMONGST the exhibitors at the International Horticultural Show we do not find a name that should have been prominent in the list—COUNT BISMARCK. Why did he not send the fruits of his industry in the shape of the Apple of Discord.

A PARLIAMENTARY WISH.—That BISMARCK, baffled, may be "a Count out."

BELLES AND BLOSSOMS;

OR, THE MORAL OF THE FLOWERS.

At the show by South Kensington fathered
Of each floral and fash'nable grace;
The belles and the blossoms are gathered,
Each to look on the other's fair face.
Never Delhi's world-famous Dilkoocha,
With its gardens hung high in the air,
For azalea, and orchid, and fuchsia,
Could with *our* new DILK-oocha compare.

And as we floor India for blossoms—
(So far *our* *COLA* their sun excels)—
Take their harems, and in to boot toss 'em
Their hours, we'd beat her for belles.
Such cheeks of true lilies and roses,
Such chignons, as true—more or less;
Such fine figures, such dear little noses,
Such "sweet things" in bonnet and dress!

Under EDEINGTON's acres of awning,
Along OMAON's miles of hot pipe,
From the first peep of day's West End dawning
Till the time for EVA's toilette is ripe,
Flows the tide of our fair flowers of fashion,
Showing colour and shedding perfume,
Till they put the prize flowers in a passion,
Their rivals in beauty and bloom.

Where the rich rhododendrons are clustered,
While rose on cheek mocks rose on tree,
With an o'er-dose of loveliness flustered,
Mr. Punch in a dream seems to be.
Betwixt blossoms and belles, he supposes,—
So fierce runs the fire in his veins—
He is dying of too many roses
In the most aromatic of pains!

But while thus enraptured he gazes
From delicate fair ones to flowers,
Till he loses himself in the mazes
Labyrinthine of beauties and bowers,
Hark! with ring like the silv'riest of metals,
A voice the piled blossoms upheaves:
'Tis a speech from the sylph of the petals,
And this lesson he reads from the leaves:—

"Peace from flower to fair one! We greet her
In her spring growth of muslin and lace:
Such sweet faces cannot look sweeter
For tulip's cloud or ærophant's grace.
Let not jealousy rouse us to passion,
Common cause 'tis our duty to make,
As we're bo' h of us victims to fashion,
Against her our stand let us take.

"We flowers are as ill used as you are,
Dear fair, by *La Mode's* servile bands:
Your soft hair they twist, screw, and skewer,
And our leaves must obey their commands:
When in graceful *abandon* we'd straggle,
They peg us down fast, trim and round,
When in gentle despondence we'd draggle,
They tie us up tight off the ground.

"A girl must be patient as Grizzle,
And so must a plant in its pot:
Ladies' heads, if once fashion says "Frizzle,"
Must be frizzled, look ugly or not!
A la chinoise, dragged back from each forehead,
All the hair in the country must be,
Or *à la Grecque*, all in curls o'er head,
Be screwed at stern Fashion's decree.

"So for us, it don't matter a farden
How kind Nature meant us to grow,
If the fashion that rules in the garden
To the old-fashioned practice says 'No.'
She doubles what Nature made single,
Stains petals in Nature's despite,
Till in sulky companionship mingle
Hues as hostile as black is to white.

"See these pyramid piles of scales,
All bloom, not a leaflet all o'er;

Had Nature done that, 't were a failure,
When Art does it, all cry 'Encore!'
Roses trimmed into conical models,
And ladies in hoops, ought to feel
They may well lay together their noddles
To get Fashion under their heel.

"Our foliage and your *chevelure*—
Though Nature will 'never say die'—
Fashion boldly says 'Dye, and ensure
The tone I command you to try!'
Be it staining geranium leaves scarlet,
Or converting all locks into gold,
Still Fashion, that insolent varlet,
To his own taste compels Nature's mould.

"Then, sweet sisters, let's spurn the oppression
That equally weighs us both down,
Belles and blossoms once linked for aggression,
Can dictate the taste of the town.
To Scotch gardeners we 'll bid defiance,
'Gainst the milliners *you* should rebel:
Flowers and fair ones make holy alliance,
And let Beauty, in both, Fashion quell!"

MUSKETRY DRILL.

DEAR PUNCH,

CORNET SAUFER must have been an awful duffer. I find musketry easy enough, and am confident of getting an "extra first;" but then I always take notes of all the instruction that is imparted to me in the lectures. I send you my notes of to-day's. There is nothing new in them, being *verbatim* from the red book, but they are in a condensed form, and may be of use to others, who, like myself, are cramming for certificates.

Yours faithfully,
L. U. NATH.

THEORETICAL INSTRUCTION.

The atmosphere is an elastic fluid composed of Monthly Progress Returns, the size of a shilling on a white ground, who are to make themselves acquainted with this important part of their duty by attaching the swivel to the claws of the trajectory, which scarcely deviates from a bull's-eye three feet by two, the fixed points being thrown out over the top of the foresight in the direction of the Officer Instructor, who is useless and an incumbrance to the Battalion. The ranges are to be surveyed by a committee composed of a Stadiometer and two District Inspectors, who are to be carefully wiped with an oiled rag until the tendency to wink is overcome, when the danger flag will be raised at the marker's butt, the sights being kept upright, and the practice will be continued till he becomes a casual, when his mean deviation is to be removed from the lock-plate by means of a diagram, kneeling, the left eye being placed round the trigger-guard.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE STABLE MIND.

"ARGUS," the vigilant and well-informed sporting correspondent of the *Post*, speaking of certain jewellery commemorative of Lord Lyon's victory at Epsom, says that—

"Messrs. LONDON & RYDER appeal to the ladies with gold horse-shoe brooches, the centre of which is composed of a jockey's cap enamelled in the red and black of MR. SUTTON's colours, and the *tout ensemble* is very neat and appropriate."

It may be not wholly unnecessary to remind some constant readers of horsey intelligence, unacquainted with any but the vulgar tongue, that *tout ensemble* in the language of the turf, must not be taken to mean a lot of fellows employed clandestinely to watch a horse.

A NEW VERSION OF THE OLD PROVERB, "EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE," &c.

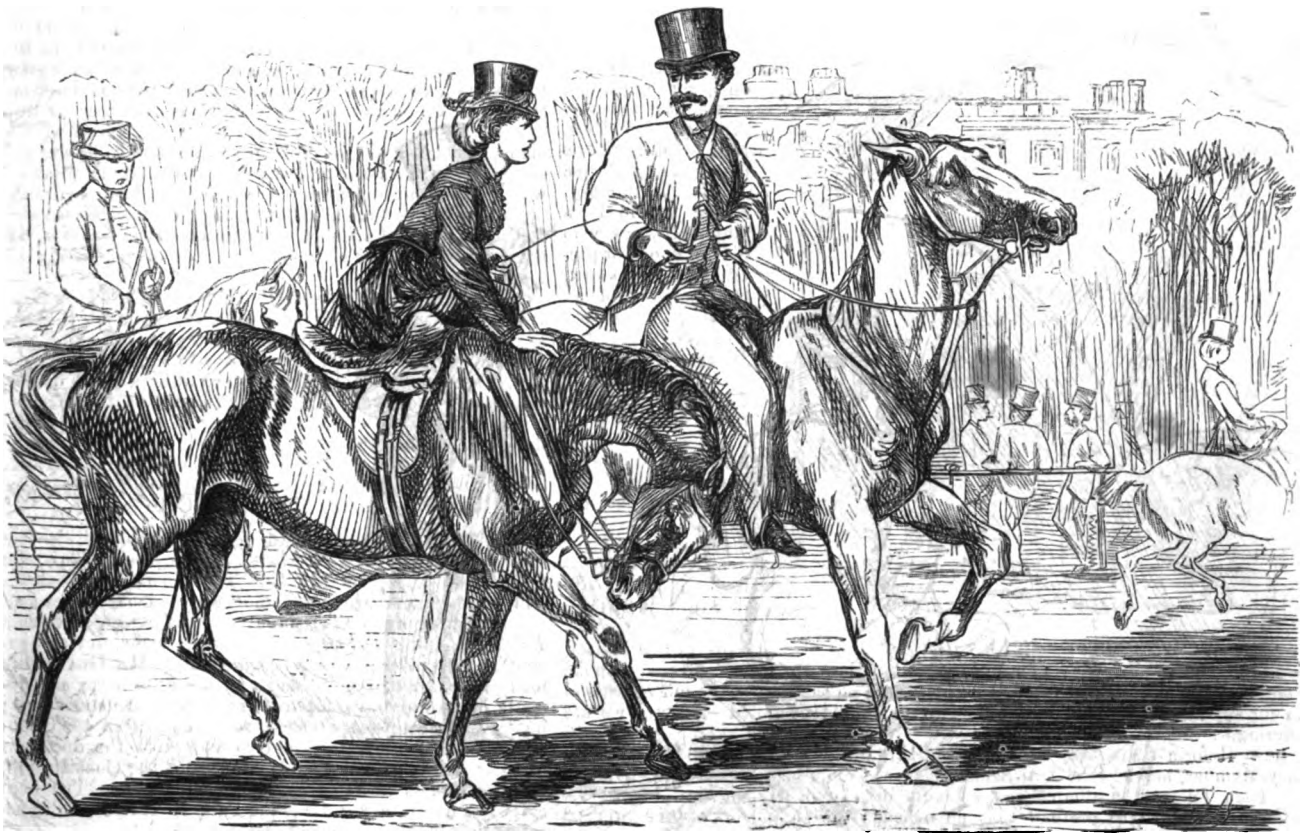
If late a man's in, and late out of bed;
He'll get thin, short of tin, and thick in the head.

HARD LINES ON INDIVIDUALS.

THE compulsory purchase of land by a Railway Company is insult added to injury. The buyers take a site in the seller's face.

CURIOUS FEAT.—A Scampish Builder ran up one high perpendicular wall of a suburban villa in two days.

THE NEEDLEWOMAN'S EXCLAMATION.—Ahem!



SYMPATHY.

Lawe. "YES, TIREDSOME HORSE TO RIDE! PULLS NOW AND THEN TREMENDOUSLY, AS IF HE WOULD LIKE TO RUN AWAY WITH ONE!"
Charlie (who is so absurd). "AH, THEN I CAN UNDERSTAND HIS FEELINGS!"

MRS. GRUNDY ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

AH! drat the nasty foreigners; there's always some new bother,
 Some fresh to-do or piece of work with one of 'em or t'other.
 And with the very words for which I haven't common patience,
 I can't abear to hear about what's called their complications.

Oh, dear me!

What a blessed world without 'em this would be!

I do despise their questions that's awaitin' a solution,
 And talk about that good-for-nothin' Federal execution;
 I wish they'd execute them there as causes all the bobbery,
 And hang the criminals which planned the murder and the robbery.

Oh, dear me! &c.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite, each other's blood a spillin';
 Let bears and lions growl and fight as much as they are willin';
 But what concerns us is their wars puts we to sitch expenses,
 For Hironclads and Harmastrong guns and all them there defences.

Oh, dear me! &c.

With all the forces they maintains, them filthy foreign nations
 Would soon be down on England but for England's preparations.
 And if they dragged us into war in spite of our objection,
 The duty upon tea would rise—that's always my reflection.

Oh, dear me! &c.

Their squabbles sends the funds down, and I'm told the loss is
 shocking;

But all the stock as I got is invested in a stocking,
 Where thieves can't find—for we've birds too of that spread-eagle
 feather:

But English people ain't, like some, a lot of thieves together.

Oh, dear me! &c.

The French it was at one time, at another 'twas the Rooshians;
 And now the rumpus is between the Austrians and Prooshians.
 Adrabbit 'em! I can't find words to say how I do hate 'em all;
 I wish there was some powder, like, or stuff to extirpate 'em all!

Oh, dear me! &c.

SAWBBATARIAN SAWNEYISM.

THE Sawbbatarian Sawneys of the Free Kirk at Glasgow have taken upon themselves to deny the religious ordinances of their sect to MR. ROBERTSON, a compositor engaged on the *Glasgow Herald*, for being accustomed to set up the type of that paper on Sunday evenings. Against this outrage of rampant Sawbbatarian Sawneyism, MR. ROBERTSON appealed to the Free Kirk Assembly of Edinburgh. The superior Council of Sawbbatarian Sawneys ratified the act of their subordinates. Before this precious ecclesiastical tribunal, MR. ROBERTSON attended, and spoke for himself. He argued that, in the households of the strictest of Sawbbatarians, the Sawbbath evening was constantly desecrated by work, for which, unlike his own, there was no necessity. To this plea an attempt at an answer was made by a certain REV. DR. GIBSON, who said that there was "so much the more reason for the Church sending out no uncertain sound in this matter." The Church that speaks by the mouth of DR. GIBSON in this matter does assuredly give out a sound that is by no means uncertain. There is a certain sound with which the sound sent out by that spokesman of Sawbbatarian Sawneyism is unmistakably identical. It is the sound wont to be emitted by a particular quadruped that oftentimes, as he browses, belies the legend associated with Scotia's thistle. He bites the thistle with impunity.

As to MR. ROBERTSON, since the Sawbbatarian Sawneys have excommunicated him, he should also excommunicate the Sawbbatarian Sawneys, and quit the Free Kirk for some society of intelligent and educated Christians. A newspaper compositor is a man of letters, and ought to dissolve all connection with illiterate fanatics.

Interesting.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read the other day that "the Judges were Churched." I hope they are all as well as can be expected.

Theodore Hookham Cottage.

Yours truly,

LAVINIA D. RAMSBOTHAM.

NEW NAME FOR THE PETROLEUM ARISTOCRACY.—The Oilgarchy.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



inadvertence, but really no case for action. LORD ELLENBOROUGH, however, spoke out *ore refuso*, declared that there was a hatred on the part of the old officials in India for any native who obtained office. This should be noted—if true, we are blundering.

A new Reform fight then began. SIR RAINALD KNIGHTLEY, a Conservative County-Member, moved that Anti-Bribery clauses should be inserted in the Reform Bill. Then followed a double and splendid display of Hypocritical Fireworks. MR. GLADSTONE had to pretend that he believed the supporters of this proposal had not introduced it simply in order to hinder the Bill, and the whole House had to pretend that if there were one thing in the world that rich and honourable gentlemen desired, it was the making it impossible for them to use their money and influence to get into Parliament. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE (whom we are happy to see in the House, and none the less that he dashed into Nottingham and broke down a pretty plan for forcing a Bristol teetotaler on that borough) was unpolished enough to point out the humbug that enveloped the bribery question. There was some more smart speaking. MR. BRIGHT, of course, menaced the House with the ill opinion of those out of doors, and MR. DISRAELI angrily, but fairly denounced the attempt at establishing a Reign of Terror. After a rattling fight, Government was defeated by a majority of Ten, the numbers being 243 to 233.

Resign! Nothing of the kind. MR. GLADSTONE said that he should be very happy to do his best with the clauses which SIR RAINALD might insert, but should not recede from persevering with the Reform Bill.

The Reform Bill was next to be wounded in the house of its friends. CAPTAIN HATTEY, Liberal Member for Wells, and son of SIR WILLIAM HATTEY, the very clever "patronage secretary" of days not long gone, moved an amendment that the Re-distribution scheme was neither convenient nor equitable. He entered into long details in proof of this, and also said that his father had declared to him that were he in office he would resign sooner than be party to such a measure. It was an awful idea, that. Men did not know how to realise it. If ever a gentleman was the Essence of Whippedy, SIR WILLIAM the Whip was the gentleman. To imagine his resigning, except with his party, was like imagining a limpet taking a header from its rock, and going out for a private swim. It seemed not impossible that so tremendous a statement might floor the Reform Bill and the Ministry. An epitaph on the Bill,

"BRIGHT smiled, and said that I might do;]
But HATTEY hated me, and slew."

Upon the Captain's amendment debate began, and having lasted all night, was adjourned until Thursday. MR. DISRAELI said that there had really been no discussion yet, after three months, upon the principle of the Complete Measure. MR. PUNCH will simply, and without note or comment, quote two lines from MR. JOHN GAY:—

"Ay, quick as CAMEL, wins the day,
And No, like FABIUS, by Delay."

Tuesday. The Area of Education in Public Schools is to be extended and made more thorough. Government propose this, and LORD STANHOPE and LORD DARRY concur. A special Commission is to improve the system. It was about time. MR. PUNCH is so intensely addicted to classic lore that he never misses an opportunity of hauling in a god, or leading in a goddess, or sticking in a quotation, and he quite approves the social free-masonry which keeps two gentlemen reserved and haughty until they have exchanged six words from HORACE, when they discover that they may converse with propriety and safety. But it is rather a bore when your boy comes home from a great school, perfect in his quantities and easy in Greek chorus, to find that he cannot say a word to his pretty French cousins, that he

shirks all conversation that hints at geography, that he has some idea that the war in Mexico is being carried on by PIZARRO, that when his Mamma asks him to cast up her milliner's bill, he gets up three different results, all wrong, that when his sisters were reading *Romola*, he could not tell them whether *Savonarola* was a fictitious character or not, that he knows the tides are the cause of eclipses of the moon, that he supposes PRESIDENT JOHNSON to be son and successor to PRESIDENT JACKSON, and that he thinks a watershed is an outhouse in which they keep hydraulic presses. Worse than all, that he can just learn an isolated fact by an effort of memory, perhaps a *memoria technica*, but that he has no power of generalising, or of connecting his knowledge.

"Without being obliged!" Now, really. It was all very well to talk anti-bribery when a Government Bill had to be helped and injured, but to do so on an off-night, and abstractedly, *Punch* will be no party to such windbagery. MR. VIVIAN moved something, which after a good deal of talk, was withdrawn. MR. OSBORNE said that something might be done by making canvassing penal. A man who does not feel that the work is in itself penal servitude is not likely to be deterred by any threat of prison and crank.

The Jesuit, WHALLEY, making a second attempt, that night, to de-NEWDGATS himself, was Counted Out.

Wednesday. Debate on MR. CLAY's Reform Bill—that which proposes an Educational qualification. This was another day of Grand Comedy. The Liberals opposed the Bill, urging that it was too democratic, and the Tories supported it, because Intellect ought to give the right of voting. *Falstaff* and the *Prince*, in the tavern scene, did not exchange parts more promptly or amusingly. MR. GLADSTONE made a good hit by proposing a sum in arithmetic, and declaring that not half-a-dozen men in the House could do it; but MR. BRIGHT's earnestness, when he prayed the Opposition to be Conservative, and to adhere to the doctrines of their ancestors and the old grooves of the Constitution, was the richest piece of acting we have seen. The high class Drama can never die while Parliament lives. The so-called debate was adjourned.

Thursday. My Lords debated the Death-Punishment Bill, and LORD GRAY hindered its progress by carrying an amendment against the clause that constitutes degrees in slaying. He urged that certain kinds of killing were not to be punished as Murder, and therefore ought not to be called by that name.

"The Captain's a Bold Man," and debate on his bold motion was resumed. Among the speeches of note was one by MR. MILL, who was good enough to explain that stupid people were generally Conservative, but that the Conservatives ought not to be offended at his saying this, as by the laws of nature the fact ensured a solid and powerful party, entitled to respect. MR. BAXTER thought that the Reform Bill was going to be defeated, and was glad thereof because a much larger Bill must follow. MR. LOWE made the speech of the night, told good stories, launched biting epigrams, used apt quotations, and ended with so effective a burst of anti-democratic declamation that the House clapped its hands at him—as we do at an actor. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL felt that even he was not too great a man to cope with such an opponent, and put forth his own strength in reply. MR. DISRAELI and SIR GEORGE GAST, as Marshals of the Games, exchanged undertaking to end the fight on the following Monday.

Friday. My Lords smashed the Anti-Sunday-Trading Bill. Tradesmen must choose between their pockets and their consciences.

The Jesuit WHALLEY renewed his desperate effort at self-purgation. He interposed between the Commons and the Reform Debate with a long speech, (annotated by the howls of the House) charging everybody in the world with Fenianism. At last SIR PERCY BURRELL hit on the splendid idea of demanding a Count, though the House was crowded. The SPEAKER then got MR. WHALLEY to shut up. Why does not this misguided person at once take the vows, retire into a respectable monastery, and practise the singing of Latin hymns?

SIR HUGH CAIRNS made a very long attack on the Reform Bill, and several others followed. What they said, *pro* and *con*, had not much interest, but a question by LORD ELMOR had a good deal. "If Government get a small majority, will they postpone the Bill?" "I will not tell you until Monday," said MR. GLADSTONE, of course with an amplitude of phraseological utterance.

AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

MR. PUNCH considers the Exhibition as an admirable mode of popularising instruction in English History. While there Little TOM EAVES, his contributor, noted down the following conversations:—

Educated Person (who wouldn't buy a guide because it would be of no use, as he knew all about it, and because it was eighteenpence, stands before the picture of INIGO JONES and says to his Friend) That's good, isn't it? (Pronounces the name as if he hadn't seen it written under the portrait.) INIGO JONES.

His Friend (who wanted Educated Person to buy a catalogue, but wouldn't spend the eighteenpence himself.) Ah, yes. (Then, as if he did know, but had momentarily forgotten.) Who was INIGO JONES?

Educated Person (well up in history.) INIGO JONES? Oh, he was—a—a—(Looks round to see if anybody's near him with a catalogue.) He was an architect.

His Friend. Oh, of course. (Still not quite clear on the point.) Didn't he try to get into Buckingham Palace once?

Educated Person (contemptuously.) No! my dear fellow. He lived in JAMES THE SECOND's, no (hesitates), CHARLES THE SECOND's, or JAMES THE FIRST's. Let me see—(recovers himself)—at all events one of that lot.

[He says this as if they all lived in the same year.]

His Friend (distrustfully.) I wish you'd bought a catalogue.

Lazy Person (on a chair with a catalogue in his hand to Friend without a catalogue, who is staring at the pictures.) It's very tiring seeing pictures: wonder who that is? [Alluding to a painting in front of him.]

His Friend (with sound common-sense.) Look at your catalogue.

Lazy Person (anxiously.) Eh? what's the number? Ah, number 915. (Opens the guide carelessly by several other names.) NELL GWYNNE. (Meditatively.) I haven't seen NELL GWYNNE. I should like to see that.

[Pauses moodily.]

His Friend (heeping to the goblins.) But what's 915?

Lazy Person (as if very much bored.) Oh, it's Lady Lucy (slowly) Theresa (slower) Herbert.

His Friend. Is it? (Suddenly awaking to the fact that the picture is that of a man in court robes.) You haven't got No. 915. (Looks over him.) You're reading 953.

Lazy Person (helplessly.) Am I? Ah, all these people were so very much alike. (Loses all interest.) Here, find the thing yourself.

[Nearly falls asleep in the chair, and is left by his Friend.]

HENRY THE EIGHTH'S GALLERY.

Elderly Female from the Country (evidently out for a holiday). LOR' MRS. PROBBIT, look here! there's a Blue Beard.

[They are looking at a picture of Henry VIII.]

Mrs. Probbit. Well, ain't he now?

Elderly Female. Don't he look it, too?

Mrs. Probbit. Ah, don't be!

Elderly Female (looking at Anne Boleyn). ANNE BOWLINE. (Jocosely.) That's a rum dress. [Addressing probably her husband.]

Respectable, hot-looking, and silent Man (accompanying the Country Party, carrying a mysterious basket). Um! [The party moves on.]

Vague Person (arriving in the Gallery with Vague Friend). Where shall we begin, eh? [Vague Friend becomes utterly unsettled.]

Vague Person (summoning up all his energy to decide). We will begin with Charles the Second. (They walk towards that division; he stops.) Oh, I wanted to see Thingummy's portrait. (Vague Friend is perfectly ready to see it.) I mean SHAKESPEARE'S—the one, you know.

Vague Friend (without any curiosity). Oh, yes.

[They turn back towards the Elizabethan Gallery.]

Vague Person (undecidedly). And yet I don't know—p'raps it would be better to see Charles the Second first, eh?

[Vague Friend thinks "yes, p'raps, that would be better," and they retrace their steps.]

Intelligent Gentleman (with catalogue, overheard by Vague Couple). The Galleries one ought to begin with are up-stairs.

Vague Person (to his Friend, pausing). There are galleries up-stairs.

[This information quite unsettles them as to Charles the Second.]

Vague Friend (suppositively). Well, let's go up-stairs.

Vague Person. Very well. (They go towards the stairs; they stop) And yet I think I'd rather see Charles the Second's time, it's more interesting.

[Vague Friend says "yes, he thinks it's more interesting," and they go to Charles the Second's Gallery.]

Vague Person (suddenly, and as if they'd been looking for him everywhere). Oh, here's the Earl of Ossory.

Vague Friend. Ah, yes (tries to recollect). It was OSSORY who wrote those poems, wasn't it?

Vague Person. Ah! (Carelessly.) I forget, exactly. (Recollects a name, and inquires doubtfully) Wasn't that OSSIAN?

Vague Friend (not liking to give in to his Friend on a point of history). No, I think not, he wrote the—(sagely) what's the name of the thing—and Rochester—and all those, you know, of that time—(turning the conversation) By the way, who was OSSIAN?

Vague Person (beginning to distrust himself). OSSIAN? Oh, I always thought he was an Irishman. (They meet a third Vague Person who is esteemed a well read man.) You can tell us.

Other Vague Person (smiling at portraits). Eh, what?

[He feels safe with a catalogue.]

Vague Person. Why he (alluding to Vague Friend) wants to know (as if he himself didn't) who OSSIAN was?

Other Vague Person (thinks he's in the catalogue). Eh? why—the number—(a thought suddenly strikes him) Oh, no, he was a mythological whatshisname (vaguely), wasn't he? He played a harp on a dolphin's back, or something or other.

[Determines to look out OSSIAN in Lampridge when he gets home.]

Vague Friend (half satisfied). Ah! I thought he wasn't a whatyou-maycallm in this time.

[He means a Cavalier in the reign of Charles the Second.]

Vague Person (after looking at five or six pictures, suddenly). Who was KILLIGREW?

[Vague Friend looks to Other Vague Person for information.]

Other Vague Person (who thinks he really ought to know who KILLIGREW was without looking at his catalogue). KILLIGREW? he was a wit—(Pauses, and thinks what the dickens else KILLIGREW was)—yes, he was a wit—(Pauses again, but can't think of anything else)—yes, that's all. (Adding, as if he was going to correct any mistake there might be about KILLIGREW in the catalogue.) I'll see what the Catalogue says.

OUTSIDE THE GALLERY (Any day afterwards).

Sleepy Person (who was awoken by their closing the Exhibition). Oh! (to a lady) you should go to see the Portraits, it's so interesting.

Vague Person's Opinion. Oh, you should go! There are all the pictures of Thingummy, and Whatshisname, and CHARLES, and the whole lot of 'em.



OLIVES.

FROM some cause—probably an irritating east wind—there is just now a great, we might say an alarming scarcity of this wholesome fruit. Italy seems to have relinquished altogether its cultivation, her speculative genius hovering over pickles, with her arms ready at a moment's warning to plunge into family jars. Olive oil is largely employed in French cookery, the *chef de cuisine* always having a flask in hand while accelerating or retarding, at his own convenience, a variety of broils. Our German cousins are very uncomfortable, cracking hard nuts over the "good Rhine wine" instead of chewing an olive. In merry England we have a company (limited) whose business consists entirely of expressing from Olives their essential oil, and who have long been desirous to take the War Office as a warehouse for their goods. Some years ago this enterprising company sent their travellers to Russia with samples, but that frigid nation declined to exchange their ursine unction for a mollifying fluid. Oil of this description is doubtless very serviceable in its proper place, but most sensible people recoil when solicited to swallow it with their eyes shut, and MR. BULL, a successful grower of laurels, stoutly refuses to sit down upon them, and have his palate tickled by it experimentally at any price. The company, in consequence we believe, are thinking seriously of winding themselves up.

THE RIGHT PLACE.—In the forthcoming International Exhibition at Paris, the contributions of Nice and Savoy will be put, of course, in the Annexes.

MOTTO FOR THE SPIRAL ASCENSIONIST.—*Dum spiro, spiro.*



QUITE SUPERFLUOUS.

Stout Passenger (obstreperously). "HOY! HOY! HOY!!"

Bus-Driver. "ALL RIGHT, SIR, WE CAN SEE YER, SIR; WE CAN SEE YER WITH THE NAKED EYE, SIR!"

"FATHER WHALLEY."

(*Pall Mall Gazette.*)

SINCE the fiendish attack made upon MR. WHALLEY by MR. NEWDEGATE (who has not only cast doubts upon the Protestantism of the Member for Peterborough, but has given rise to the belief that the honourable gentleman is the Head Centre of the English Jesuits), MR. WHALLEY has devoted himself, with increased vigour, to the noble duty of living down the terrible accusation, in the mean time displaying, if possible, increased zeal against Popery. At dinner on the 30th ult. somebody incautiously mentioned that he had read in his almanack that the day was the anniversary of the death of ALEXANDER POPE. MR. WHALLEY, with some honourably indignant remarks about the popularity of that Papist, immediately opened the window, and threw into the street a handsomely bound copy of POPE's *Homer*. He refused to attend the fire-work show at the Crystal Palace, being unable to obtain from MR. GROVE a written undertaking that no Roman Candles should go off. He has called twice on LORD DERRY to induce him to use his influence for the removal of all portraits of Catholics, or at least of Catholic clergymen, from the Exhibition at Kensington, but unfortunately LORD DERRY has in both occasions been particularly engaged. He has given notice that on the next vote for the Royal Academy, he shall move an amendment to the effect that no painter of the Popish persuasion shall be eligible to the place of Academician, and that at no future Exhibition shall any pictures of Catholic ceremonials, legends, or achievements be admitted, except *Massacres of St. Bartholomew* and the like.

He has also signified to MR. MILL that, on the introduction of the new Parochial Act, he must move that all such names as those of St. Pancras, St. Mary la Bonne, St. Peter, and other Popish saints be expunged from the boundary posts of the metropolis, and that the names of LUTHER, CALVIN, KNOX, and WHALLEY be substituted. He has intimated to the SPEAKER that he will not again attend service at St. Margaret's until the church be dedicated to somebody else. He has applied to the PRINCE OF WALES to know how, as the heir to a Protes-

tant crown, he could sit and see the Roman Catholic horse, *Gladiator*, win at Ascot. He has informed LORD RUSSELL that when he, MR. WHALLEY, accepts office, he must not be expected to go to the white-bait dinner from the Charing Cross Station, where the Eleanor Cross insults the eyes of true Protestants. He is arranging with LORD WESTMEATH to ask the DUKE OF BEAUFORT the next time he takes his seat in the Lords, whether he considers it lawful for a British nobleman to receive, from a Catholic sovereign, a prize won on a Popish racecourse, on a Sunday. He has written to DR. SCLATER to know whether the handsome old French sailor who makes *tableaux* with the Sea-Bear, is a Catholic or a Protestant, and upon the reply will depend the question whether MR. WHALLEY will address a remonstrance to the Bishops who are Fellows of the Zoological Gardens. He refuses to read any book that is published in Paternoster Row, Whitefriars (he gets his *Punch* at 85, Fleet Street, but in buying it always shakes his fist at St. Bride's), or any other locality with a Popish name, and he never goes over Blackfriars Bridge. He declines to pay his rent on Lady Day, or Michaelmas Day.

Lastly, he is about to move for a return of the number of Irish cattle that have perished of Rinderpest, distinguishing between Protestant and Catholic cows, as he has reason to believe that the Jesuits have been the means of introducing the complaint into Ireland, in order to increase the disaffection of the country. We think that these evidences of the Hon. Member's religious earnestness ought to go far to remove the impression caused by MR. NEWDEGATE's contemptuous remarks, and ought at all events to screen MR. WHALLEY from the ridicule with which it seems to have become habitual, on the part of Parliament, to receive his Protestant efforts.

The Royal Edinburgher.

OUR Hair Apparent's affection for the Cigar endears him to all persons of taste. But it may not be generally known, because it is not true, that PRINCE ALFRED owes his new title to the playful resolve of his brother to prevent the Duke's calling him "AULD RANKIE."



HOW TO TREAT THE "BEARS;"

Or, Speculating for a Fall,—and Getting it.

THE EAGLES IN CONGRESS.

THE Eagles of late had to loggerheads got
After long living happy together,
In a holy alliance of absolute sway
O'er the small fry of fur and of feather.

'Twas but last year the two German heads of the breed
Had joined in a grand federation
To dismember a poor Danish cock o' the wood,
Who objected to Germanisation.

In vain he prayed aid from the Eagle of France,
In vain from the bull-dog of Britain;
Both promised, but neither would make first advance,
So the poor bird was swooped on and amitten.

His limbs were apportioned—a drumstick to one,
A nice liver-pinion to t'other;
And psalms were intoned, and *Tu Domine* were sung,
The cries of the victim to another.

But in act of apportionment, fairly to fix
Six for one to the other's half dozen,
The Eagle of High Hohenzollern essayed
The Eagle of Hapsburg to cosen.

'Tis a way Eagles have, and 'tis lucky that though
In couples they hunt keen as eagles,
They are apt to fall out in dividing their prey,
On what's called "want of honour 'mong Eagles."

Hapsburg's eagle drew up, Hohenzollern's looked big,
Each showed talons and neck-feathers ruffled,
Each appealed to the buzzards and kites that around
Uneasily sidled and shuffled.

Hapsburg swore Hohenzollern was breaking the pence;
Hohenzollern 'gainst Hapsburg swore ditto.
Each vowed that the other, in spite of his teeth,
Arms in self-defence forced him to get to.

Each called on the vultures and hawks of his blood,
Of his creed or dynastic connection,
In Vaterland's name to strike in on his side,
On pain of paternal correction.

Hohenzollern, when Vaterland's aquiline race
Hung back or adhered to his foe-man,
To Italia's eagle appealed in his strait,—
The eagle that once was called Roman,

And fain would be Roman again,—newly fleshed
From Magenta, Messina, Voltorno;
A bird that would gladly set Hapsburg's arcoat
In a hotter than DANTE'S *Inferno*.

So the quarrel spread wide and more wide, till the world
Looked aghast for the clashing of pinions,
The tearing of talons, the rending of beaks,
Through the far-spreading Eagle dominions.

When suddenly in sailed the Eagle of France,
Calm, taciturn, lean, and long-headed,
Called as Aquiline Arbiter down from the skies,
To avert the catastrophe dreaded.

"What! brothers use talons and claws, save for prey
On the bird-tribe, for eating that cries out?
Forbear from such fratricide: 'hawks,' as they say,
'Should be too wise for picking hawks' eyes out.'

"In Congress assemble—there fix, without blows,
What birds, to what sauce, shall be eaten;
If not, and you *will* fight, *as victis*, you know,—
I'll be down on you both when dead beaten."

Quoth the Eagle of Hapsburg, "I ask nothing more—
'Tis quite 'gainst my will we've been arming."
"Ditto," quoth Hohenzollern, "if I'm up in arms,
'Tis that Hapsburg's claws looked so alarming."

"Then a Congress," quoth Hapsburg, "but, *per parentides*,
On one point I'll no meddling submit to—
My Venetian preserves—" "No, nor I," interposed
Hohenzollern, "on my German ditto."

"Nor will I undertake not to get back my own,
Of which that black carrion has robbed me"—
Screamed Italia's hot eagle, "aye, robbed is the word!
Out of which he has not fought, but jobbed me."

"Fair and softly!" replied the calm Eagle of France,
"Of your answers I quite read the moral;
You're all willing to meet, if it's quite understood
Nothing's said about each eagle's quarrel."

"Were the Congress for peace, that might make it absurd,
But as 'tis to find plausible reason
For *not* making peace, your exceptions I own
Appear to me strictly in season."

"So we'll meet, and we'll talk, and if then you should fight,
Your conscience no doubt will feel easy:
As for me, I've some qualms still 'bout justice and right—
The Congress may leave me less uneasy."

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Undergraduate.)

THEY gave a Prize here for English verse the other day to MR. YELD, of Brasenose, subject, VIRGIL reading his *Æneid* to AUGUSTUS and OCTAVIA. By the way, if he had to read it aloud, a suggestive name is *Yelled*; but no matter. I didn't get it, I know that, and I want every one to know it too. Why not? Why not!! Heaven, Sir, do I deserve this! I enclose my poem on the subject which was "declined with thanks."

THE (OR WHAT OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN THE) PRIZE POEM ON VIRGIL READING HIS *ÆNEID* TO AUGUSTUS AND OCTAVIA.

When VIRGIL read his *Æneid* to AUGUSTUS and OCTAVIA,
Whose ladies wore waved hair, but she wore hers a great deal waverier,
He did not rant or rave like a disseater of *Moravia*,
Nor thumped he on the rostrum like a *faros* converted paviour,
But he thought it wise to be upon his very best behaviour,
So spoke in tones as soft as those of parsons in *Belgravia*;
The Empress held a copy of the poetry which gave her her,
And when the poet made a slip he cried out "O peccavi!" her
AUGUSTUS (who had got a crib¹) observed to his OCTAVIA,
"This gentleman, my dear, I think is very very clayvier,
But as I must be off at once on business to *Pavia*,²
You'll take him in to lunch and give him bits of toast and caviare."³
They gave him meat at lunch, each slice was gravior and gravior,
Which was a sign, that for the time, he'd found imperial favour,
And goblets of *Falernian* of which he loved the flavour.⁴
Then when he wanted to go home, they called out "Hi, a slavey here!"
Who brought a hired char'ot, swift as love-bird in an avia-
ry. VIRGIL read his *Æneid* thus to GUSSEY and OCTAVIA.

¹ A Crib. Hardly necessary perhaps, as it is highly probable that AUGUSTUS understood Latin.

² *Pavia*. The ancient Ireland, and therefore the modern *Pádua*.

³ *Caviare*. Pronounced by AUGUSTUS *Chivie*. It's all right: plenty of authorities.

⁴ *Falernian*. Eh? This shows that I've drunk of the *Plerian* fust, doesn't it? Then why haven't I got the prize? Posterity shall do me justice, or I'll know the reason why.

Yours, Yours Truly, Ch. Ch.

A SECEDER AND A SECEDER.

THE United States Government has determined to put MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS on his trial for high treason. The Ministry of GEORGE THE THIRD would probably have dealt just in the same way with WASHINGTON if they could have caught him; and with just as much justice. Is the spirit of GEORGE WASHINGTON ever present at MR. JOHNSON'S council table? If so, it might be induced to communicate its opinion about the consistency of treating the leadership of secession as treason. That opinion, expressed in a series of raps on the table, would, for those around, probably constitute a smart rap on the knuckles.

MR. ROBERTSON'S CASE.

Lucus à non Lucendo.—The Free Church of Scotland.

LATEST FROM OUR FARM YARD.

In the Fowl House.—"Left Sitting."

A SOVEREIGN IN PERIL.—Old King Coal.



HORRIBLE! MOST HORRIBLE! IN THE 19TH CENTURY, TOO!

SCENE—A Railway Waiting-Room.

First Villain. "WELL, JACK, WHAT DID YOU DO AT THE POOL TO-NIGHT?"

Second Villain. "OH, NOT MUCH; I ONLY TOOK FIVE LIVES."

First Villain. "WAS BROWN DEAD WHEN YOU LEFT?"

Second Villain. "NO; BUT WILKINS WAS ON HIM, SO HE COULDN'T LAST LONG."

OUR AFTER-DINNER MARTYRS.

PERHAPS the most painful form of social martyrdom is the having to preside at, or attend a public dinner. Whether the infliction be the worse for those who speak, or those who merely have to listen, is a question for debating clubs to argue if they please, but which we at present have no leisure for discussing. If it be a bore for a man just after dinner to get upon his legs, and talk on vocal tip-toe at the tip-top of his voice, it is also a great nuisance for the others to break off their pleasant social chatter, and pretend their ears are pricked up to catch what he may say. Public speakers, as a rule, know very little of the subjects upon which they have to speak, and have recourse to wordy platitudes to hide their want of novel thoughts.

With a chairman, it is true, the case is somewhat different, for he is bound to look a little before leaping into speech, and what he says is usually studied well beforehand, and at times learnt off by heart. But what a pitiable plight is that of some distinguished guest, called suddenly to talk upon a toast which is confided to him, and of which although he may know much, he knows but little how to say it. Surely prompters should be furnished for such unhappy orators, and thus save them from the stammering and stuttering which is so terrible to listen to. One cannot hope that swells will ever give themselves the trouble to learn a speech by heart, even granting they be gifted with intelligence to write it. So when such orators are asked to attend a public dinner, we think that prompters' boxes, like the one at Covent Garden, should be placed before them, and words suitable and proper thus be put into their mouths. The prompters might be hidden underneath the table, and protrude their heads through holes which the boxes would conceal; and if the orators be slightly deaf, the prompter's words might be conveyed to them through gutta percha tubes.

Perhaps, in course of time, the world may be so civilised, that after-dinner speaking will be utterly prohibited, on pain of instant death. But till that happy age arrives, the man who can propose a mitigation of the misery which is caused by public dinners, deserves surely to be viewed as a great public benefactor, which is the title *Mr. Punch* so constantly assumes. The suggestion above offered affords another proof that he is rightly so regarded, and as the lightest of his hints is immediately acted on, we may expect to see a foot-note appended to all public-dinner cards of invitation, to this brief but pregnant purport—

N.B. Prompters supplied.

THE ASSOCIATES' SUPPER.

(Not that they do not have the most elegant and costly dinners, but for poetical purposes a distinction must be drawn between the artistic Senate and House of Representatives.)

"PLEASE pass me the pickle,"

Requests *ERSKINE NICOL*.

"Here it is, but no spoon,"

Replies *HENRY LE JOURN*.

"Mashed potatoes here, Betty,

Browned nicely," says *PETTIE*.

"They're best in the peel,"

Says judicious *O'NEIL*.

"What things to feed Nobs on!"

Says *W. C. DORSON*.

"I'll have some cold meat,"

Observes wise *G. E. STREET*.

"These lettuces want

The right flavour," says *SANT*.

"With vinegar stir 'em,

And Mustard," says *DURHAM*.

"Have some curry, or Kari,"

Says *EDWARD M. BARRY*.

"No, it makes tongue and jaw burn

Like winking," says *THORNBURN*.

"Those oysters must cost

A small fortune," says *FROST*.

"Sent up in deep shells,

That is proper," says *WELLS*.

"Waiter, put a hot plate on

This table," says *LEIGHTON*.

"And a hotter, a scolder, on

This table," says *CALDERON*.

"I've not eaten, *asper*,

Worse fowl!" says *T. COOPER*.

"Do Fuseli dreams

Follow suppers?" says *YEAMES*.

"Yes, by Jove, that's the grievance,"

Returns *EDWARD STEPHENS*.

"Here, waiter! That man's dull.

Some Stilton," says *AMADILL*.

"This beer's from some ditch-pond,

Don't drink it," says *RICHMOND*.

"The fault's not with Betty,"

Says kind *MAROCCHETTI*.

CHORUS OF FRIENDS. (EXHIBITORS.) Outside.

There they are! There they are!

Ça ira, ça ira!

Let's kill 'em, and skin 'em, and gibbet 'em,

Unless they all swear

To unite in our prayer

For increasing their number ad libitum.

CHANCERY LANE DIALOGUE.

Coke. Heard the Chancellor's last?

Lyttleton. No; out with it.

Coke. Why, a new plea for Bankrupts in *forma pauperis*.

Lyttleton. Well, what is it?

Coke. Why, the plea of *non compos mentis*.

Lyttleton. Oh! they'll never stand a plea of Lunacy in Bankruptcy.

Coke. Ah! you don't see; *non compos mentis* means "no composition is meant."

[*LYTTLETON disappears hurriedly.*]

De Dye in Dyem.

IN our last volume we drew the public attention of mothers of large families, who were anxious to economise in washing, to the important domestic fact that kids could be cleaned at "twopence a pair." We now notice a still further improvement, which must be most interesting to all negrophiliasts and Exeter Hall believers in the superiority of the nigger over the white man, and it is to the effect that "kids can be dyed black" at a very trifling cost.

CONTRASTS TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.



Few things *Mr. Panch* confesses that he cannot do. For instance, he cannot find any language strong enough to express his approbation of conduct exactly the reverse of that which the KING OF PRUSSIA has been pursuing whilst BISMARCK has led him by the nose. Nor is *Mr. Panch* able to think of any appellation or epithet sufficiently laudatory and respectful to apply to an honourable and righteous Prince whose behaviour is extremely contrary to his Prussian Majesty's. Such a Prince is the KING OF SAXONY, who the other day, when he opened the Saxon Diet in person, delivered a speech from the throne in the interests of peace, humanity, justice, and civilisation, at the same time breathing a spirit of courageous resolution sustained by conscious integrity. Referring to warlike preparations which he had been necessitated to make by the

insolent threats of strong-handed and determined thieves, this noble King had the pluck to say in the teeth of Rascaldom:—

"Having been menaced with military measures on account of those preparations, I applied to the Diet in a peaceful spirit for mediation, but at the same time called my people to arms, in order not to be surprised by an unforeseen attack. Even a State of little power would be dishonoured were it not to meet unjustifiable threats with courageous resistance."

The KING OF SAXONY will not be caught napping, and his precautions against burglars must command the sympathy of every British householder. He acts as well as talks, indeed, like a true Briton, and may be said to be a Saxon and something more, inasmuch as he shows himself equal to an Anglo-Saxon of the genuine type.

There is another German Sovereign who, in one respect at least, deserves to be highly commended in comparison with the Prussian Monarch. By a telegram from Munich we are informed that—

"Much irritation is expressed in Government circles towards the young King; M^r. DE PFOEDTEN and PFEISTER-MEISTER even wished to retire from the Ministry. It is related that when the decree for the mobilisation of the army had to be signed the King could not be found for three days. It has since transpired that the King had repaired to the high table lands of Bavaria, where he had given a rendezvous to the celebrated Maestro RICHARD WAGNER, in order to celebrate the latter's birthday."

At all events the KING OF BAVARIA, in absenting himself from his throne, did no positive evil. If the KING OF PRUSSIA would do likewise, and do it altogether, he would at length do something at least not bad, and at any rate far from execrable. KING LUDWIG, whatever he did during his temporary retirement, was not employed in contriving the misery of his subjects and his neighbours to gratify a selfish ambition. On the contrary, in running away to make holiday with HERR WAGNER, he testified that he preferred harmony to strife, and wished to encourage the Music of the Future, instead of inflicting present discord upon Europe.

Extract from a Letter from Mr. J. Stephens to Mr. Panch.

"THE Money doesn't come in. The fellows won't even pay a fee for having their names enrolled, or for hearing me speak. Better drop it all as Fenianism, and only remember it as No-Fee-nianism. Poor Ireland. Green, very Green Erin.—J.S."

A PHYSICAL THEORY.

A MEMBER of the Tonic Sol-Fa Choral Society requiring strengthening medicine would naturally take *Siag-chona*.

A STEREOSCOPIC SLIDE.—"On the Ice."

"QUOTATIONS WANTED."—Stocks and shares higher.

HOW TO GET INTO SOCIETY.

MY DEAR MRS. FITZ-SMITH,

YOU were good enough to hint to me the other day (of course in strictest confidence) that, much as you would miss her at your family fireside, you would not be altogether sorry when your darling JULIETTA found a husband who would kindly take her off your hands. She is a dear creature, in both senses of the adjective; for, what with her love of pleasure and extravagance in dress, she is not more loveable than she is expensive. With three other charming daughters also to provide for, you could bear the pang of parting with your dearest JULIETTA; and the money you now spend upon her crinoline and croquet parties would be useful for the schooling of JANE, ALICE, and AUGUSTA. Well then, my dear Madame, just let me draw your notice to the following advertisement, which appeared the other morning in a London penny newspaper:—

DOUCEUR, £50 to £250, to any Lady, Gentleman, Guardian, or Brother, INTRODUCING the Advertiser, a young single Gentleman of fortune, to ELITE SOCIETY.—Address BONA FIDES, care of H. W.

This seems a likely chance for you, does it not, dear Madam? Clearly you will say this rich young MR. BONA FIDES is the man for your money, or rather that the young man and his money are precisely what you want just now for JULIETTA. I would not undertake to say what in general is meant by the words "élite Society," for "élite" you know means simply "chosen," or "selected," and what may be the choice of one man another may detect. But in this case it is clear that the term "élite Society" is made use of as a modest synonym for "wife." When a young man says he wants to go into Society, of course his female friends know quite well what his real object is. Excepting he were anxious to obtain a wife, surely no young man would willingly endure the stupid morning calls and the stifling evening parties, and the hundred other tortures which the seekers of Society are forced to undergo. As viewed by the mind female, Society is simply a sort of Social Joint Stock Company for providing men with wives: and matrons, like yourself, who are in fact the chief directors of this Company are usually delighted when young men of fortune join it. Indeed, so much is this the case that I wonder this "young single gentleman" should want to advertise his wish to get into Society, for I should have thought that, if he be a gentleman, he must have some friend or relation who could introduce him. So, before you make a jump at the golden bait he offers, you had better, my dear Madam, ask this MR. BONA FIDES for a reference or two, and inquire what is the reason of his singular advertisement. Else it may turn out that this "young gentleman of fortune" wants to get into Society, and go to evening parties, that he may steal the spoons.

With this timely word of warning, believe me, my dear Madam, yours sincerely,

PUNCH.

P.S. It is said that the best letters of introduction are the letters *E & d*. But Society may fairly look with some suspicion upon "gentlemen" who advertise that their only way of getting introductions is by paying for them.

A CONUNDRUM.

My first is a Company, p'raps a bubble.
My second's no one, so that's no trouble.
My second is also a lady, yet you
My second know well as the Pa of a Jew,
A great light of Israel, who might
Indeed be called an Israel-light.
My third you may hear on your road to Eton,
Still going on though thoroughly beaten;
My third you may meet at your grocer's shop,
Like a boy with a plaything my third has a top.
To complete my whole one line I need.
Well, my whole is a puzzle to all who read.
The importance of finding me out isn't vital.
But you'll see what I am up above. I'm the title.

Masonry with a Moral.

ARCHITECTS about to compete in designs for building the new Palace of Justice will doubtless bear in mind the saying that Justice is blind. Therefore they will very likely omit to make proper arrangements for lighting that edifice.

WHY is a retired oculist like an Inland Revenue officer? Because he is an *Ex-eyecman*.

SITTINGS IN ERROR.—A Pew in a Mormonite Chapel.



IRISH INGENUITY.

Season Tourist. "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU LOWERING THE SHAFTS FOR?" (*He has just found out that this manoeuvre is gone through at every ascent.*)

Car-Driver. "SHURE, YER 'ONNER, WE'LL MAKE 'M B'LAYE HE'S GOIN' DOWN HILL!"

THE NINTH OF JUNE.

BY OUR OWN NEWSBOY.

COME, out with your purses, you're now to be dunned
In aid of the excellent Newspaper Fund;
Its Festival dinner takes place very soon,
In fact, it is fixed for the Ninth day of June.

The ninth day of June, and I hope you'll be there,
With Dover's Lord Warden to speak from the chair,
And a much better chairman I say cannot be
Than Her Majesty's Minister, GRANVILLE, K G.

The Fund should be dear to each friend of the Press:
It aids every member who comes to distress,
Or if widows and children assistance should lack,
No friend is so staunch as the Fund at their back.

Come, all who are eager to see by their plate
The paper I bring them each morning at eight,
Come, all whose high pleasure it is to peruse
The wondrous collection that's known as The News.

I hope, if you act by the Fund as you should,
The news in your papers will always be good;
Your stocks have gone up, or your horse made a pot;
Or your fifty-first cousin have left you a lot.

Then come to the dinner, fine speeches you'll hear,
And plenty of music for charming your ear;
And for no better object can persons be dunned
Than in aid of the excellent Newspaper Fund.

DEAD LETTERS (at least *Mr. Punch* sincerely hopes that they will soon become so).—P. R.

MATHEMATICAL.

OUR Mathematical Correspondent has sent us the following formula, which may prove useful to those entering into Society:—

To find the shortest way to a female heart under any given circumstances.

1st Case.

If she is married, but not a mother—Praise her Husband.
If she is married, and also a mother—Praise her Children.

2nd Case.

If she is unmarried, and engaged—Praise her Lover.
If she is unmarried, and disengaged—Praise Herself.

"ESTO PERPETUA."

THE Powers who want to fight have undertaken not to do so until the Congress shall be closed.

M^r. LOWE, who represents the borough in which the Devil came to grief by the pincers of St. Dunstan, may know whether the story we are going to mention is true. The Enemy once gave a man leave to read a wonderful book while an inch of diabolic candle should burn on. As soon as that had burned out, the book was to vanish and the man to die. The wise man blew out the candle, and kept the book, for which Satan is thought to be still waiting.

Let us imitate the sage, and make the Congress *sit for ever*. In the interests of the world, we can even spare LORD CLARENDON.

Most Musical.

A SCOTCHMAN being asked to say what he thought "real music," answered, "Real music! hoot, mon, 'gin ye wad hear *real* music, listen to the bag-pipes!"

RING-DOVES.—MACE and GOSS.



A SKETCH FROM GARRISON SOCIETY.

Mamma. "NOW, MISS, HAVE YOU WRITTEN DOWN THE DISTINCTIONS OF HANK ON YOUR CARD, AS I TOLD YOU?"

Alice. "YES, MA."

Mamma. "VERY WELL, THEN, RECOLLECT YOU'VE NO EXCUSE THIS TIME; AND IF I CATCH YOU DANCING WITH ANYONE BELOW A CAPTAIN, YOU DON'T GO OUT FOR A MONTH!"

GREAT MEETING IN SUPPORT OF HER MAJESTY.

A GREAT MEETING, consisting of MR. PUNCH and TOBY, was held at 85, Fleet Street, on Friday last. It had been convoked in consequence of the great danger to which the Crown of England is at present exposed, by reason of the chances of the succession being set aside in favour of a new Queen, LAVINIA. MR. PUNCH and his friend felt that this was the moment to show their devotion and loyalty to HER MAJESTY.

MR. PUNCH voted himself into his American rocking-chair. The area of the hall was occupied by TOBY.

MR. PUNCH, lighting a cigar, observed that the meeting was aware that a lady named LAVINIA RYVES had taken measures for altering the Succession to the Crown. She had been entrusted with a dreadful secret; namely, the fact that before KING GEORGE THE THIRD married the late virtuous, if snuff-taking, QUEEN CHARLOTTE, he had been privately married by a DOCTOR WILMOT to a pretty Quakeress called HANNAH LIGHTFOOT. But her issue failing, the heirs to the Crown were the heirs of KING GEORGE'S brother, CUMBERLAND. This Duke had married—

MR. TOBY observed that the DUKE had married a young widow named HOKTON, of whom HORACE WALPOLE wrote that she was very pretty, had amorous eyes, and eyelashes a yard long; though eyelashes three-quarters of a yard shorter would have sufficed to turn such a head as she had turned.

MR. PUNCH said that the quotation did credit to the memory of the meeting, but he would trouble it to hold its tongue while he was speaking. MRS. RYVES alleged that before the HOKTON marriage the Duke had wedded an ancestor of LAVINIA'S. Now, if MRS. RYVES made out her case, she would of course require the QUEEN to descend from her throne, and make room for a Sovereign of the house of RYVES. He asked the meeting whether it would consent to part with their beloved Queen?

The meeting expressed itself frantically in the extreme negative, and the following Resolution was unanimously agreed to:—

"That this Meeting protests against any change in the dynasty of these kingdoms (which is a monarchical republic tempered by MR. PUNCH'S epigrams), and that it pledges itself to maintain the rights of QUEEN VICTORIA and her family against the alleged claims of QUEEN LAVINIA. Blood to be shed if necessary, but much preferred to not."

MR. PUNCH undertook, at his own convenience, to lay this resolution at the foot of the present Throne. Thanks were then voted to him for his oscillating conduct in the rocking-chair, and the Meeting went to lunch.

"ANYTHING" OR "NOTHING."

To the Members of Her Majesty's Opposition.

You asked "for the Bill, the whole Bill,
And *nothing but* the Bill;"
Sware you wouldn't have two, but a sole B.II,
And now you have got your will.

But it seems from the way you receive it,
The right cry your mouths to fill,
Should have been, "The Bill, the whole Bill,
And *any thing but* the Bill!"

The Right Man in the Right Place.

THE Prussian General, FLIES, is reported to have crossed the Eider at the head of the troops destined for the occupation of Holstein. Having regard to the intentions of the force, should not the name be spelt, as it is pronounced, "Fleece?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



cept remarks on the lovely dresses, and bets that Government would have, on CAPTAIN HAYTER's anti-Distribution motion, a majority varying from 10 to 15. But nobody ever knows what women and armies will do, except that each will assuredly take the course not set down for them by the gravest and most respectable authorities.

When the House met, everybody began to catechise MR. GLADSTONE, who, counselled by *Punch*, kept his temper in the most masterly manner, and sweetly declined to tell anybody anything about his intentions. Even to the Cave of Adullam he would say nothing but that having pledged himself to stand or fall by the Bill, he was resolute to that intent. SIR WALTER SCOTT's beautiful ballad lends itself with extraordinary felicitousness to the result:—

"They asked him once, they asked him twice,
That Chancellor so brave;
The sterner grew the Liberal crew—
The darker grew the Cave.
They asked him thrice, that chief so bold,
He rose and showed his hand;
The Tories fled, their tellers sold,
'Hooray!' cried MR. BEARD."

Why the Conservatives would not divide may be partly guessed from these facts. There was a sort of debate, but it was not an earnest one, except that SIR THOMAS BATESON (Tory) indulged in the boldest vituperation, and introduced certain imagery of a class not usually paraded in the presence of ladies. MR. COLBRIDGE made an elegant speech. MR. GLADSTONE, in an address of two hours, fought well for the Bill, and quoted MR. TENNYSON, and MR. DISRAELI followed, with some smart blows, and with a very unfavourable analysis of the character of LORD CLARENDON as a Foreign Minister. What this had to do with the Re-Distribution of Seats may not be clear to posterity, until it shall have learned that at this crisis in our history the Congress that was to keep the peace of Europe had been given up, and a ferocious war and no end of complications were expected immediately. Next, it must be known that the nation required that at such a time its Foreign policy should be in able and trustworthy hands. Thirdly, that the Conservative leaders, with all their talent, have no person among them to whom we should like to see Foreign affairs entrusted at this or any other time. Therefore the country would be in a rage if, on any party question, the present Government should be ousted. Lastly, but not leastly, MR. GLADSTONE hath signified that he is ready to reconsider the details of the Re-Distribution Bill. Doth light break in upon your souls, O posterity, and do ye now comprehend why CAPTAIN HAYTER withdrew his motion, and why MR. DISRAELI assailed LORD CLARENDON?

When the Captain had beaten his retreat, the Tories rushed in a body out of the House, and before they could return, the Amendment was negatived, the House went into Committee, and the preamble was postponed. Then, by way of a farce, a division was taken on the motion to report progress, and 403 were for it, and 200 against it. These two—listen—were MR. COLVILLE, a Liberal, and—guess. The Jesuit WHALLEY. Yes, he. His motives seemed unfathomable, but—look at the Catholic Calendar. It was the morning of St. Boniface's day. We need say no more, in fact we needed not to say this.

On *Tuesday* LORD CLARENDON had his innings, and informed the Lords that the criticisms which had been pronounced concerning him the night before were entirely objectionable and unfounded.

MR. GLADSTONE had proposed to print the Reform Bill in a way most convenient to Members, but the jealousy of the Enraged Politician is ten times keener than that of the lover, and in this harmless and useful proposal certain Tories saw a conspiracy, and LORD CRANBORNE wished for twenty-four hours to find out what it was. *Punch* would not note such nonsense, except meteorologically—an evil odour steaming up from the ground denotes a certain condition of atmosphere.

It was formally announced that Congress would not meet. Before the week was out, Prussia had moved troops into Holstein, which act began war, except technically.

Wednesday. Rather a good day, though nothing was done. A Bill of MR. LOCKE KING's came on for Second Reading. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that if a man is ass enough to omit making a will, the law arranges the disposition of that ass's assets. MR. KING

wishes that landed property should be divided in the same way as personalty, on the death of an intestate. As there was no chance of the Bill being passed by a Parliament elected by a Family Founding nation, Members were at liberty to talk freely, so the debate was amusing. MR. BRIGHT actually told a story with what is called an oath in it, and (with apology) stated that a younger son, who was quite a gentleman, had told him that younger sons were dam badly used. He made some other entertaining remarks, observing that he never formed a final judgment of a man until he knew what sort of a will he had made. MR. GLADSTONE gave the Bill decided opposition, as directed against the principle of primogeniture, and it was rejected by 231 to 84.

Thursday. Before talking of two frightful battles, let us snatch a moment's pleasure, and say that MR. GLADSTONE proposed, MR. DISRAELI seconded, and the House unanimously voted the Grant of £2000 a year to our favourite and the nation's, PRINCESS MARY, of Cambridge, in respect of her marriage with PRINCE TECK, whom, by the way, SIR WILLIAM HUTT declared to be a very excellent kind of Prince. *Mr. Punch* emptied an awfully large goblet in honour of the nuptials at Kew.

Then were fought two sanguinary battles, and the Conservatives were routed in both, with slaughter. The Committee sat on the Reform Bill. MR. WALPOLE had proposed to raise the County franchise from £14 to £23, and the CHANCELLOR had argued in favour of the Government plan, and of the fitness of those on whom it was designed to confer the vote. LORD STANLEY, inspired, we suppose, by the counsel of a Conservative gathering in the afternoon, moved to defer debate on the franchise till the distribution had been settled. This was a dodge, but not a clever one, as it gave no chance to the small but available body of discontented Liberals to desert their friends. The motion could only be designed as an obstruction, and MR. GLADSTONE certainly let out well at the Opposition, complimenting them on their skill in ambush. On division, the Government won by 237 to 260—majority 27, and then, after a debate on MR. WALPOLE's proposal, the Government defeated him by 297 to 283—majority 14. This latter division, in a House of 580 Members, is the first on which, during all the Reform debate, a principle has been fairly grappled with—the House affirms that a £14 franchise is not too low for a county voter.

Friday. The EARL OF KENT, as we think he ought to be called in England, DUKE OF KINROSGH in Scotland, and EARL OF ULSTER in Ireland, showed a rational contempt for the superstitions of some of his own profession, and of many male and female landlubbers, by embarking in the good old ship, *House of Lords*, on a Friday.

My Lords spoke nobly against election bribery, and the evergreen BROUGHAM arose to say once more that the system would never be checked until the guilty were put on the treadmill.

Reform, indeed, WILLIAM GLADSTONE, what is Reform? There was something of the kind on the paper, certainly, but the House preferred to spend a pleasant and gentlemanly sort of evening. The usual *Conversation* was given. After MR. DISRAELI had again sought to show that LORD CLARENDON was an incapable Foreign Minister, SIR W. STIRLING MAXWELL gave an agreeable little lecture about LORD LYON—not the Derby winner, but the Scotch Herald. This reminds us that our friend JAMES ROBINSON PLANCHÉ is appointed to the Office of the *Sunderland Herald*, and we shall order that paper from the said office, for his sake, as all he does is done well. Then we had the real feature of the evening, a most agreeable, architectural, æsthetic, appreciative, argumentative, anecdotal Academy debate. The Academicians seem to have decided not to go to Burlington House (which is a bad

hearing for GRANGE, and he should go in for compensation for strawberries and iced cream) and to take three acres at South Kensington, where they can build vastly, and let in rising and foreign talent. The objections to this South Kensington scheme are two-fold. One is always understood but seldom expressed, the other is that the elegant suburb is a good way from a good many people. But then it is near a good many other people, and we want both Trafalgar Square and Burlington House for national purposes. Moreover, handsome and well-deserved tributes were paid to MR. COWPER, for his admirable keeping of the Parks, and MR. HUBBARD went so far as to say that the people who enjoy those spaces and their shade and flowers owe the Commissioner a statue. We finished the agreeable evening by carrying through, despite Protestant clamour, the Bill making it needless for the QUEEN's representatives in Ireland to ridicule a curious dogma which most of the Irish suppose themselves to understand, or, at least, believe.

"ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE RUBICON."

(A Groan from a mild M.P., half in and half out of the Cave.)

I AM a tractable M.P.
As ever trotted to division;
A steady wheeler, safe to drive,
Ne'er with his leaders in collision.
My aim the greatest happiness
Of (Number One) the greatest number:
My highest hope, as Junior Lord,
Some day on Treasury-bench to slumber.
Views of my own I ne'er set up,
Indeed, in general, "views" offend me;
I ope my mouth, and shut my eyes,
And, thankful, take what BRAND may send me.
The sacred skirts of Government
Still holding reverently on to,
As feeling but for their safe guide
None knows where he might not have gone to.
But now we've crossed the Rubicon,
One seeks the old landmarks all in vain:
If GLADSTONE hadn't burnt his boats,
We might get back again!

"Back Government, you 'scape all mess"—
This faith your wise M.P. professes:
But now supporting Government
Seems to mean getting *into* messes.
Left to oneself, with bed-fellows
More strange one couldn't have been huddled:
Knocked one's head against more stone walls,
Been worse misled, or more bemuddled!

By Jove, here we have Ministers
Tackling Reform as if they meant it!
Here's GLADSTONE hand-in-glove with BRIGHT—
'Taint natural, and he'll repent it!
No wonder that a Bill so bred
Could find no Cabinet to fit it;
How could it e'er be hoped to float
When ere 'twas launched its builders split it?
And so we crossed the Rubicon,
But nearly swamp'd by leak and strain,
With GLADSTONE swearing at the helm
He'd ne'er go back again.

But when we'd crossed, with help of BRIGHT,
The House the half-bill wished to smother;
At least, before they'd own *that* half,
They vowed they must be shown the other.
Though GLADSTONE kicked, and winced, and frowned,
And BRIGHT foretold terrific weather,
They both had to eat bumble pie,
And see the two halves tacked together!

Now, though the halves are made a whole,
The ill-will of the House increases:
It cheers on LOWE, at GLADSTONE girds,
And pulls his pretty groups to pieces.
And now we're getting on in June,
With four months of the Season wasted;
The Tories roar, the House is sore,
And won't be buttered, much less basted—
Although we've crossed the Rubicon,
What we're to do next who'll explain?
If GLADSTONE hadn't burnt his boats,
We might get back again!

Oh, if they'd only taken time,
Nor trusted GLADSTONE's rash impression
He'd but to cross the Rubicon,
And burn his boats and take possession!
Had they not tried the House to blind,
Till they strained party-joints to splitting;
Treated M.P.'s like naughty boys,
To be "kept in" an autumn sitting!
There's only one thing to be done,
For Ministers to save their bacon;
That's to re-cross the Rubicon,
To ground they ne'er should have forsaken.
Own that to swim that famous stream,
They have been too much in a hurry;
As t'other side was unknown ground,
And folks won't take BRIGHT for their "Murray."
On the wrong side the Rubicon,
Hang me, if longer I remain;
GLADSTONE must just re-build his boats,
And take us back again!

COCKER IN THE COMMONS.

WITH *grave sorrow* Mr. Punch learns from high authority that thirty Members only of a reformed Parliament are competent to do a sum in long division. As Minister of Public Instruction Mr. Punch, therefore, deems it incumbent on him to compile a *Handy-book of Arithmetic*, shorn of all pedantic pleasantries, and furnished with Tables adapted both to the cross and opposition benches. Pending publication of this popular manual, we offer a few extracts from it, by which the diligent student will be enabled rapidly to cut a figure in any circle—political or polite.

Division of Parties.

Divide 310 Liberals, 290 Conservatives, and 58 ultra-Liberals by 3 Bills, 6 Instructions, and 9 Amendments. What will a Ministerial measure come to. *Ans.* Grief.

Subtraction of Whigs.

From Whigs various	306
Deduct Whigs <i>pur et simple</i>	285

There remain Whigs 15 not so pure and simple.

Vulgar Fractions.

Reduce Parliamentary Oratory to a common denominator. *Ans.* Bosh.

Multiplication of Motions.

By Motions vexatious multiply Motions frivolous, and find the probable time of proroguing the House = 1st January, 1867.

LAW FOR DEBTORS.

DEAR SIR,

I READ something about "Unsecured Creditors" in an account of the New Debtors' Act. I quite agree with the opinion that all Creditors ought to be secured, and precious well secured too. I only wish I could lock up some of mine for a month or two, and then farewell, Old England! At present I regret to say that they are all unsecured, and are free to pounce upon me at any moment.

I am, dear Sir, yours,

Whitewash Street.

A PENNY IN THE POUND.

Quousque Tandem.

SAYS the last telegram—

"Fenian Circles are being arranged with reference to a raid into Canada."

We hope so. There is a certain circle which should be especially consecrated to Fenian use. It is composed of hempen material, and is dependant. If any Fenian scoundrel crosses into Canada, we hope that he will be made a Knight of the Hempen Circle. Friends at a distance please accept this intimation.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At the next Meeting of the Horticultural Society a Paper will be read "On the Coolness of the Cucumber."

To METROPOLITAN GUARDIANS.—"Should banded Unions persecute Opinion?"—*Tennyson.*



BEASTS AT THE ZOO.

Young Lady. "IS THIS CHAIR ENGAGED?"

Perfect Gentleman (who does not stick at a lie). "YAA! I'M KEEPING IT FOR A FRIEND."

HONESTY AND POLICY.

"WHEN thieves fall out," the proverb says,
"Honest men may come by their own."
Now Germany's crown'd thieves fall out,
Some doubt upon the proverb's thrown.

When realms are shattered in the clash
Of Eagles, hung with golden fleeces,
While LOUIS coolly waits the smash,
In hopes he may pick up the pieces,

'Tis long odds if *this* thievish strife
Aid honest men to get their own,
But two thieves warring to the knife
May help a third their swag to bone.

Then let BRITANNIA from her fling
War-threats and peace professions hollow,
Safe from the loss such strife must bring,
As from the gains such strife may follow.

GUARDIAN AND BLACKGUARDIAN.

DURING the investigation into the atrocities at the Strand Union, a witness, who was testifying to the wickedness of the system, observed that "mesenteric diseases were prevalent in the house."

Upon this a Guardian of the Poor is reported to have exclaimed,
"Mesenteric, what's that? Something to eat?"

We do not know the name of this fellow. If we did, it should be brought before the world, week after week, until the pachydermatous cad had expressed regret at his brutal indecency. Meantime, he is heartily welcome to both the names at the top of this paragraph—they are his by the united bestowal of all who read the *Times* of Thursday, June 7.

ORNITHOLOGY.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER writes to us to know if any of our readers can give him some information on the following point. There is, it appears, a species of pigeon called a "tumbler;" is the Tumbler any relation to that peculiar town bird the "acrobat."

["The Acrobat is evidently something between the *Corvus niger* and the *Vesperugo*, as is evident from the name A-crow-bat. We cannot undertake to say any more at present."—*Our Own Professor of Nat. Hist.*]

He tells us the following curious anecdote. The other night in an outlying country district he was knocked down by something flying at him, hitting him sharply on the head. As he fell he heard a rustling in the hedge at the side. On recovering himself he found a fine specimen of the Brick-bat on the ground quite motionless. He immediately searched the bushes, but failed to find its nest. He wishes to know where they lay, and what colour the Brick-bat's eggs are.

["The eggs of the Brick-bat are a great rarity in England."—*Punch's Prof. Nat. Hist.*]

The best way of catching Bats is to sit on the top of the house at night, and fish with a fly-rod baited with a beetle.

Our COCKNEY CORRESPONDENT is wrong. The study of Horned Owls did not originally give the name to the entire science of Horney-Thology.

WOPPS.—No; Swallows are not the only birds who take three meals a-day.

MIDDLEAGIBUS.—Hawking is still carried on in England, but it is no longer an amusement. There are plenty of hawkers in London, and on many a fine summer's afternoon hawking is to be seen in most of the poorer neighbourhoods of the Metropolis.

JUMPER.—Hawks are to be found (as every school-boy knows) chiefly in the islands called the Hawkneys.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.—Jews.



HONESTY AND POLICY.

BRITANNIA. "WELL! I'VE DONE MY BEST. IF THEY WILL SMASH EACH OTHER, THEY MUST."
NAP. (*aside*). "AND SOME ONE MAY PICK UP THE PIECES!"

THE ALEXANDRA PATTERN.



H. PATERFAMILIAS!
We have much
pleasure in trans-
cribing, from the
Dispatch,—

“A PARAGRAPH FOR
THE LADIES. —At Ascot,
on Tuesday, the
PRINCESS OF WALES
wore a silk dress of
pink and white in
medium-sized checks,
a white lace shawl,
and a pink bonnet—
sufficiently small to
be fashionable, and
yet large enough to
be a bonnet and not
merely a bit of lace—
with pink ribbons,
and a bouquet of lilies
of the valley drooping
from the top.”

There is one par-
ticular feature of
the costume above
sketched that in-
spires us with ex-
treme admiration;
with admiration
exceeding even all

that we feel for the sensible bonnet which constituted the appropriate head-dress of her Royal Highness the PRINCESS OF WALES. That is, the silk dress of pink and white in medium-sized checks. It is not the material of which this dress consisted, or the mere speciality of its colours, although the former was suitable, and the latter elegant, that constitutes, in our eyes, its peculiar merit. If it had been a fabric of muslin, or even of cotton, it would still have possessed all that. Had its colours been any other than what they were, nevertheless, provided they were arranged like those colours, it would equally have commanded our approbation. In short, what we regard as the express excellence of the dress worn by the PRINCESS OF WALES at Ascot is the arrangement wherein its colours were combined. They were disposed in medium-sized checks. There is a significance in the figures of a dress thus figured, which renders it a morally figurative dress. The

moral proclaimed by the dress is obviously that of moderation in apparel. Those medium-sized checks which it presents to view pointedly insinuate on the spectator restraint of that passion for fiery whose gratification continually demands cheques of large amount, or equivalent bank-notes. No dress could have been worn by the PRINCESS OF WALES at Ascot to greater advantage than one striped with medium-sized checks; hieroglyphics doubtless easily deciphered by the expensive but intelligent throng of beauty and fashion of whose neighbouring eyes ALEXANDRA was the cynosure, in attire as well as in every other respect, a pattern to her sex.

THE SPIRITS AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

SAY, COLLEMAN of the Stock Exchange,
And *Spirits*! *Mayarins*,
Is it a fact that *Spirits* range
This earth, observant though unseen?
And can they tell what people do?
And on a table *dim* & *dim*
Rap out communications through
A Buttons, or a Servant-hand?

Then, in the City as you go,
The *Spirits* that your steps attend,
If they would tell us all they know,
A helping spirit-hand would lend.
Bid them inform us who conspired
Against the Banks, to sink the Shares.
Let the dear *Spirits* be desired
If they would please to name the Deers.

Will none of that familiar host
Reveal the authors of the plot?
Were one of them an honest ghost
‘Twould soon unmask the blackguard lot;
Rapping a table, rap them out,
The rascals, worth a rap to hang!
And, making tables move about,
The tables turn on that vile gang.

“NEVER SAY DIE.”

It seems that in parochial circles suspended animation is by no means an unusual phenomenon, and that to be prematurely “laid out,” if not buried, causes no astonishment, and gives rise to no complaint. This we gather from a deadlively orator, churchwarden of St. George’s, and the rather tedious oracle of the Guardians’ Meeting at St. James’s Hall last week. They had assembled with the laudable object of protesting against any amendment in the condition of the sick poor in workhouses. Their spokesman from St. George’s—and a very long spoke he has put into their wheel—took occasion to sympathize with his injured brethren of St. Pancras, on the scandalous publicity which had been given to the case of the child there who was left for three days without medical attendance to the care of untrustworthy persons, yclept nurses, and prematurely laid out as dead while yet living. Never was sympathy, he said, more misplaced

“He had been twice laid out himself, and did not find the sensation disagreeable; he knew at least a score of persons to whom the same accident had happened, and had never heard that they had complained. He particularly instanced the case of a suburban rector who was laid out and the curtains of his bed closed. His mourning daughter was sitting in the room, and the bells of his own church were solemnly tolling. He passed his hand unexpectedly out of the curtains, and said, ‘For whom are the bells tolling, my dear ELIZABETH?’ Her answer was *naïf* but unfortunate: ‘For you, dear Papa.’”

The indignation of Miss Courts, therefore, and the enemies of the Poor-Law Board were entirely sensational. The public must be tickled, and this incident, as well as others, where whole batches of pauper nurses have been found utterly unable even to read the labels of the bottles of medicine which they were supposed to distribute and administer; where they have been found beating their patients—both aged and imbecile; where they have been detected robbing them of their stimulants, even on their death bed, and there are plenty of such instances, all are sensational. What, therefore, have Guardians to do with them? They must be left to another sort of people for redress; for according to this oracle of Bumbledom, by noticing them—

“The elevating mission of literature is lowered to the business of villany, and fast young ladies, slangy young gentlemen, and prurient old greybeards feast on the garbage of society as GEORGE THE FIRST did on putrid oysters; and coronets and archbishops lead the chorus in these worse than *Bacchanal* orgies, and drag alike the aristocracy and the Church into a position of ridicule and contempt.”

The picture of the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK and the EARL OF CAR-

MAYON leading a chorus of prurient greybeards and fast young ladies through worse than *Bacchanal* orgies with a view “to feast on the garbage of society,” is one which only the most refined and delicate brush could have drawn, or the most intelligent observers applaud. No doubt the St. George’s Guardian knew his men; and we should be glad to learn whether these are the sentiments prevalent in the aristocratic vestry which he represents, or whether they selected MR. BREWER with a view to this particular occasion from his marvellous experience of the Night Side of Nature.

Certain of the East-Enders were not to be taken in by the chaff of their West-End friends. MR. HANSARD, the working rector of poor Bethnal Green reminded the meeting, which was almost wholly composed of West-End Guardians, that St. George’s could be passing charitable to their few poor at sixpence in the pound, but that “over the border” they were by-words for illiberality, and were obliged to stint their sick poor, although they raised three shillings in the pound. So he warned them that the cheap philanthropists of St. George’s aimed at throwing dust in their eyes; and that with St. George’s it was truly a breeches-pocket question, as they had good reasons for wishing to be let alone. Nevertheless, the East-Enders were in a minority, and “the original motion,” declining the polite attentions of MR. VILLIERS and MR. ERNEST HART, was carried “amidst laughter.” After all, the laughter amidst which the Guardians seem to transact their serious business, may have a deeper meaning than appears; and after seriously applauding the comic parts of MR. BREWER’s address, they were entitled to a little relaxation when they came to voting upon it.

To appreciate the laughter it is, no doubt, necessary to hear the speeches by which the decisions of the Guardians are preceded. The Guardians who don’t speak are not such dull dogs as not to enjoy the humour of solemnly declaring that “no amendment is necessary,” and that the paupers ought to be satisfied to be buried alive since their betters don’t complain. The unhappy board, that was so comically represented by the twice resuscitated “BREWER,” probably regret by this time that, like the French lady of whom TOM MOORE speaks, *il avait oublié de se faire enterrer*, for undoubtedly he has driven a nail into their coffin. “Never say die” is a good English maxim, and no doubt the Guardians have good reasons for wishing to preserve their “parochial” dignity and patronage, but we are afraid that Bumbledom is on its last legs, and has at least one foot in the grave. So long as it has breath it will splutter, and there is no fear of its premature interment.



SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

WHAT'S THE GOOD OF POOR TOMKINS TROTTERING OUT HIS BEAUTIFUL HIGH-CHEST NOTES FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PRETTY GIRLS IN THE OPPOSITE MEADOW? HIS FRIEND SMITH (BEHIND HIS BACK) IS GETTING ALL THE CREDIT FOR THEM, BY MERELY OPENING HIS MOUTH AND GESTICULATING TENDERLY WITH HIS SHOULDERS.

A BATHE OR TWO AT BIARRITZ.

REVERED PUNCH,

WHILE you have been as usual enlightening the world, and, to do so, slaving hard amid the *fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ* (which of course means London), I have been serenely sojourning in France, and by no means, I assure you, have I envied you your labours. I fancy somebody has said that the misfortunes of our friends are rather, on the whole, a pleasant theme for contemplation; and living as I do without a newspaper to worry me, I find abundant leisure for this amiable reflection. While I tranquilly illumine my fifteenth cigarette, I think of my friend Rottenborough trembling for his seat, and my friend Moneybagge in fear of a recurrence of the panic. Sitting by the shore of the lovely Bay of Biarritz, and listening to the waves as they tumble on the sand, I care little for the troubled seas of politics or panics. Thank goodness, I've no seat in Parliament to lose, and no money in mad schemes of speculation either. Were Mr. BRIGHT Prime Minister, and all small boroughs swept away, and had all the banks in England suspended their cash payments (except the one on which you draw for me your welcome little cheques), the news would very little disturb my calm serenity. *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*: happy he who for a fortnight can forget there's such a word as "business" in the dictionary.

This Biarritz, my *Punch*, is a vastly pleasant place, even at this nearly depopulated season. Indeed, I like a desert better than a crowd; of which a Londoner in June is pretty certain to grow weary. There is nobody of note here now, except myself. I am the monarch of all that I survey upon the shore, and my right to all the flotsam, and jetsam I may see there, nobody at present has attempted to dispute. I can dine without the clatter of a crowded *table-d'hôte*, and find the dishes hot, and the waiters cool and civil. The Spanish swells and swellesses will flock here a month hence, and the Villa Eugénie will soon receive its charming mistress. Then there will be costumes marvellous to see, and ladies who walk out will have to mind their *pieds* and *queues*, or they will

STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM.

AIR—"Love's Young Dream."

OH! the days are here when Beauty dines
At eight o'clock,
When MIRANDA sips her sparkling wines,
Or hock, still hock;
New peas may bloom,
And whitebait come
From Thames' improving stream,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As strawberries and cream;
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As strawberries and cream.

Though the taste be tempted various ways,
By teal or char,
Though the swell in future dining days
May name a *plat*;
He'll never meet
A dish so sweet
In SOYER or CAREME,
As the dish he took at Beauty's feet
Of strawberries and cream;
As the dish he tried at BELLA's feet
Of strawberries and cream.

No—that day in June is not forgot
As "Queens" I taste,
When first a lover's arm I got
Around her waist:
The sugar shed,
She shyly said—
(Twas somewhere close to Cheam)
"Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As strawberries and cream,
No! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As *you* and strawberry cream."

Financing.

MON SHARE PUNCH.—Why don't you start as a Minister of Finance, and establish a laughing-stock exchange in the West-End?

I am, mon share, yours, *semper ridens*,
A SIXTY PER-CENTAUR.

terribly get trodden on. Quadrilles will then be gaily flounced through by the mermaids who will cluster on the shore, while the mermen splash around them, and puff the light cigar beneath the white umbrella; and ever and anon the fairest of the fair and the fattest of the fat will challenge one another to a six-foot race of swimming. "*C'est sur cette plage coquette*," my railway guide informs me, "*que se presse chaque année une population élégante de baigneurs*." They whom MONTAIGNE calls *la race moutonnaire* will flock here by the hundred, following their leaders, and be fleeced, no doubt, a little by those who give them pasture.

But I care not to behold this elegant population. A girl with her back hair down is a pretty sight enough, but let her *toilettes ravissantes* be kept to decorate the drawing-room. To my eyes flaunting fashions would disfigure the sea-shore, and I find the fresh sea breeze far sweeter to my nose than bad tobacco smoke and patchouli. My ears too now are free from braying bands and squalling singers, and all the other noisy nuisances that make a sea-side season hideous. The only music I now hear is the frothing of the waves as they break upon the beach and the tinkling of the bells upon a distant yoke of oxen. Walking through the town, as is my custom sometimes of an afternoon, I hear maybe a goat-herd playing on his pipe, while his goats bleat out a cry that they are ready for their milking. In the evening a few workmen sing their *chansons* on the benches in front of my hotel, but there is nothing of the clumsy British *tol-de-rol* about them. I hear the cooks, too, sweetly warbling little anathemas from BÉRANGER, and serving up a *soufflé* with a fragment of a song. But no street-musicians worry me, and no street-boys shake my nerves by whistling shrilly in my ear. Indeed, I doubt if street-boys ever whistle much in France; and, blessing upon blessings, no nigger tunes are heard here.

Bathing is the only way in which I stretch my limbs, and when I wish to bathe, I have the beach all to myself, and should be as startled as was *Crusoe* if I saw another footprint. Then I sit and smoke and watch the curl of the blue waves as they break upon the beach, or whiten round the rocks which lie scattered picturesquely here and there along the shore. Then I stroll towards the town, and see the

blue-capped *owriers* at work upon the roads, with here and there a cigarette between their lips, and a bottle of "piquette" to moisten them occasionally, or I admire the white embroidered shirts in which the bricklayers are arrayed, and their picturesque red sashes, which tell that Spain is near me. Or I chat with the old women who sit knitting at their doors, with their feet in wooden shoes, and their heads swathed round with handkerchiefs like rainbows in their colour. Or I sketch the red earth water-pots girls carry on their heads, in shape recalling the old tea-pots on the tables of our grandmothers. Or I clamber up the cliffs, and gather the bright wild-flowers besprinkled in the grass, and watch the lizards idly basking in the sunshine. Simple pleasures these, my *Punch*, but better for a man than hearing the odds bellowed by the betters in the ring, or admiring the Anonyms who prance along the Row, or pace along the Drive, in this gay crowded time of London.

Hoping nevertheless to join you Londoners next week, and drink a glass of beer, for which I have not lost my relish,

Believe me, yours sincerely,
POTAPUS VAGABUNDUS.

* A drink made from grapes, after the juice has been pressed out of them.

FOUND.



the following manuscript, containing the fragment of a play signed "W." was picked up by Mr. *Punch's* esteemed Contributor, TOM LEVES, at the entrance to the lobby of the House of Commons. It is not MR. NEWDEGATE'S:—

SCENE I.—Interior of the Secret Chamber of the General of the Jesuits. He is dressed in a long Cassock and Surplice, with cocked hat, sword, & pair of pistols in his breast pocket, and false whiskers and moustachios. The room is full of secret doors and spring panels. In the S. H. corner is a telegraph-box, from which issue wires to all parts of the world, including the Post Office at St. Martin's-le-Grand, Asia Minor, the Horse-

Guards and Peterborough. At the opening of the piece the General of the Jesuits is not discovered, as he never was discovered in his life, but a mysterious voice is heard in the distance. Then enter the General of the Jesuits softly through two secret doors in the wall. He crawls on the floor and hides underneath the table, not for any particular purpose, but as a matter of habit.

The General. So at last I am alone.

[A little bell sounds and the General disappears down a trap-door as a myrmidon of the Inquisition enters with the General's hot water and boots. The myrmidon wears a domino and mask, and glides in. Music.]

The General (re-appearing). So DOMENICO, my faithful DOMENICO, it is you. Where is FRANCISCO?

[A trap-door opens in the ceiling and FRANCISCO's head appears.]

The General (pleased). It is well. What news from England?

[The telegraph-box works violently. A Time-piece in the wall strikes one, and several people masked and disguised as English Policemen, Postmen, Soldiers, Sailors, Tinkers, Butchers, Tailors, enter with despatches in cipher.]

The General (to a Tinker). You have opened this letter? Villain, take thy doom!

[The floor opens, and the wretched man is precipitated into the Dungeons of the Inquisition. Music. The rack is heard at intervals.]

The General (reading despatches while receiving telegrams and talking to his minions). So! I have planted Fenianism and discontent in Ireland. Ha! who is there? The Password! "Hall!"

Voice without. "Exeter!"

[He touches a secret spring and the POPE enters. They confer apart.]

The Pope. You have undermined the Tower? and the Houses of Parliament?

The General. Yes, and have made all our arrangements for spreading the Cholera and the Cattle Plague. The English physicians, chemists, and druggists are all Jesuits in disguise: so are the bus conductors.

The Pope. And the policemen!

The General. They are; and all the Contributors to the *Record* are Jesuits.

The Pope (rubbing his hands). Bless you! Then farewell!

[Every one touches a secret spring: while so employed the POPE, with a secret spring, jumps out of window and disappears.]

The General. I have got seven hundred leagues to ride to-night. I must be in London at 10 30, and at Venice—(observes somebody watching him)—Seize him!

The General (looking over his list). Let me see who are my chief men in London—ahem—J. B. BUCKSTONE, MR. CHARLES KEAN—he must play *Wolsey* again, it accustoms the vulgar to the Cardinal's dress—MR. PHELPS, as *Richard*, good—MR. GREEN, of EVANS'S and MR. E. T. SMITH—(Considers)—SMITH—SMITH?

A Minch. SMITH, your Reverend Excellency, of Oremorne, his ballet girls are suborned; and—

The General. Excellent; all Jesuits in disguise. A fine notion. (His brow darkens.) But one person is an obstacle. Who has undertaken to lay trains of gunpowder, in Peterborough, under MISTER WH—

Here the MS. comes to an end. We fancy that in the style, general idea, and local allusions, we recognise the hand and genius of MR. WHALLEY; if so, he can have the MS. on calling at our office, and paying our expenses—at Greenwich.

A DEUCED GOOD REASON

WHY AUSTRIA SHOULD DECLINE ATTENDING THE CONGRESS.

Of the Congress of Cooks we have all of us heard. Who once the grave case of the Goose took their seat on, When the question was solemnly put to the bird, In what way he preferred to be cooked, carved, and eaten.

"Well, really, my preference," poor Goosey replied, "For fine style of *cuisine* over others is small: Indeed, if an answer you'll not be denied, I'd choose not to be cooked, carved, and eaten at all."

"The point," quoth the President-Cook, "pray, recalc, Was what style of *cuisine* you thought best for digestion: As for not being cooked, carved, and eaten at all—That is really wandering away from the question."

This ven'able apologue Austria recalls When asked to a Congress Imperial and Regal; And, as good ground for shunning the Elysée's halls, Thinks, "What's sauce for the Goose may be sauce for the Eagle."

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

TA'EN the carle and left her JOHNNIE, Sir, has she? Never mind, Sir. JOHNNIE will probably live to be very glad of it.

I don't know what it is to be in love? Yes, I do, Sir. As a young man I was in love two or three times. But hadn't the means to make a settlement, and was always a dumpy, dull, heavy, stupid-looking fellow, Sir—fortunately.

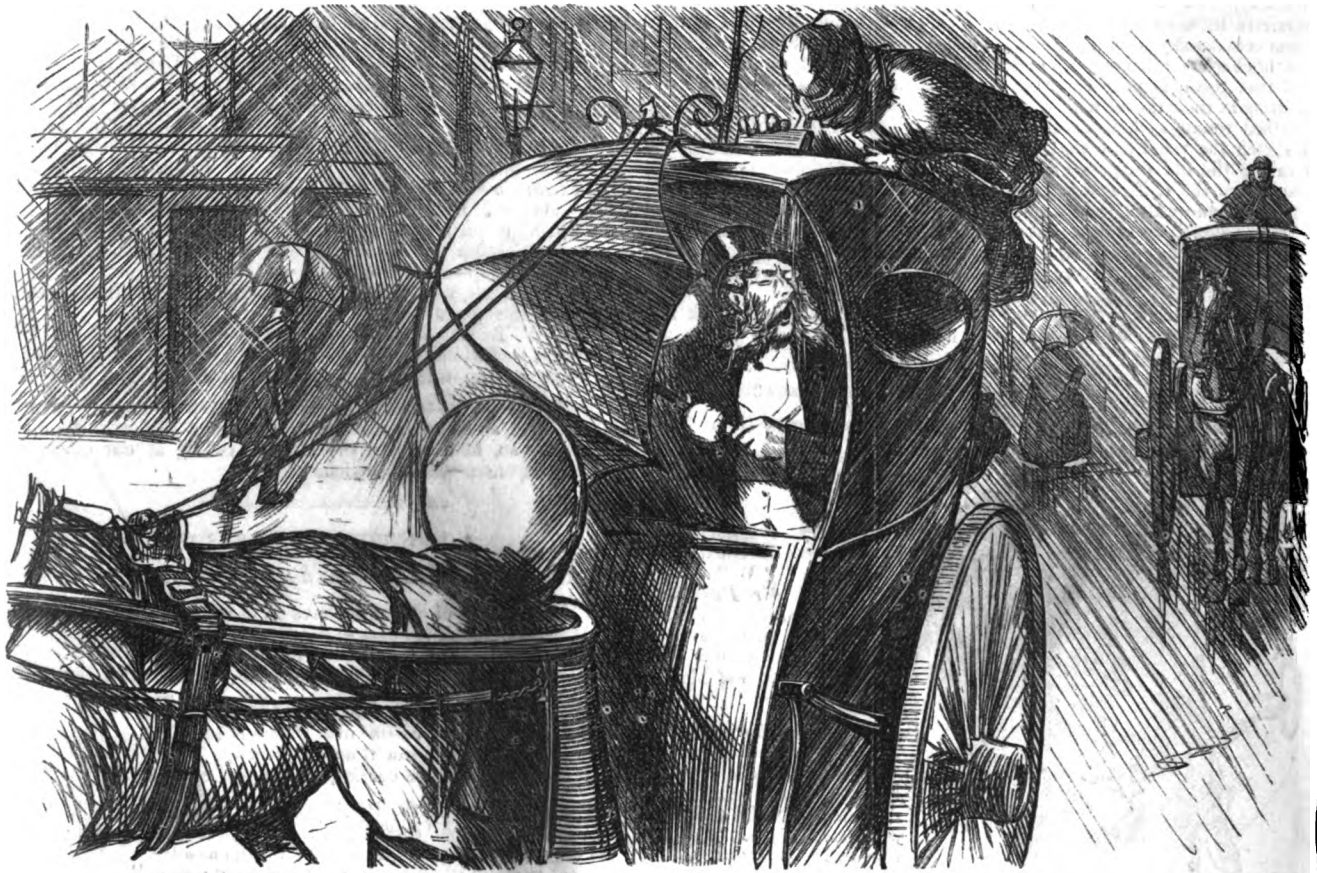
Why fortunately? Because I was cut out, Sir, by an Adonis, and thus prevented from marrying a girl without a penny. She would have taken up with me if she could not have had a handsomer man. Who was the lady? I don't mind telling you. MRS. WADDELL, Sir, old WADDELL's fat wife. Matronly beauty? Yes, Sir; face like the full moon; occasionally gibbous. Double chin, and all the rest of it. WADDELL was a beau, Sir, and a dandy. He cut me out, as I said. He now weighs about fourteen stone, Sir, and his wife nearly as much. All that weight of flesh he has to sustain, and a lot of children besides. I have only to keep up the bulk I carry about. I envied WADDELL once. I don't envy him now, Sir. No, Sir; but WADDELL envies me. So, one of these days, will your triumphant rival envy you, Sir.

But, will you believe, Sir, that I actually wore tight boots to ingratiate myself with the young lady who has turned into that matron? Never, at any rate, be such a fool as to do that, Sir. It did not answer; it gave me pain, and, Sir, it laid the foundation of this banion.

Canvassing South Kensington.

It seems that Mr. *Punch* has done what he does once in a thousand numbers—but never without speedy reparation—made a mistake, by which the credit of housing the South Kensington "Belles and Blossoms" at the International Flower Show was ascribed to MESSRS. ROBINSON, instead of MR. JOHN WINTERS, of 130, Edgeware Road, the real contractor, by whom the 40,000 yards of canvas which sheltered fair flowers and fairer faces from the sun, was supplied and erected.

* In the line, "Messes. Robinsons' acres of awning."



CAUGHT BY A TRAP.

DON'T LAUGH! POOR JOSSLER WAS GOING INTO SOCIETY—THOUGHT HIS DRIVER WAS NOT TAKING THE SHORTEST WAY—WISHED TO DIRECT HIM—CABBY PUTS HIS HEAD DOWN TO THE TRAP TO HEAR WHAT HIS FARE HAS TO SAY, AND THE RAIN (IT WAS POURING), WHICH HAD COLLECTED IN THE BRIM OF HIS HAT—NEED WE GO ON! BUT FANCY JOSSLER'S WHITE WAISTCOAT AND SHIRT FRONT!!

A GAS PLANT AT VICTORIA PARK.

MR. PUNCH,

ENCOURAGED by a successful attempt to defeat the Bill which was to have enabled the Imperial Gas Company to build extensive Gasworks in the neighbourhood of Victoria Park, the ratepayers and householders of Hackney Wick are trying in like manner to crush the Gas Light and Coke Company, on whose behalf there is now before a Committee of the House of Commons a similar Bill for establishing a like odoriferous plant in the same situation. They held a meeting, the other day, in their National School Room for the purpose of considering the present state of the gas question touching the Park named after Her Majesty, and also the nuisances, as, perverted by their nasal prejudices, they style the varieties of fragrance emanating from the naphtha, manure, and other factories, in the neighbourhood. The object of their assembly further was to adopt such measures as might be deemed necessary with reference to those amenities, and, for one thing, they resolved that a deputation should be appointed to wait on MR. COWPER, and that every possible opposition should be offered to the sanitary and salutiferous Bill for erecting incense-breathing Gasworks only 800 yards from their Park.

When we consider how well London is supplied with gas by the existing companies; how high the illuminating power of their gas is, how low its price; how moderate their profits are; and how remarkable is their readiness to accommodate the public in the whole of their arrangements, we cannot but see the necessity of supporting them in all their designs, and of maintaining their interests against all their adversaries; especially, in the present instance, against those who are trying to hinder the Gas Light and Coke Company from rearing their proposed pile of odoriferous architecture on the outskirts of Victoria Park. A Committee of the House of Commons having thrown over the Corporation Gas Bill, which was insidiously designed to empower Goe and Macoe to manufacture their own gas, there is hope that judicious management will, on the other hand, enable the promoters of the Bill for conferring the boom of Gasworks on Victoria Park to

shuffle that important measure in the interests of a great Company, for all the opposition of a multitude of little people, through the House.

The Imperial Gas Company's Bill owed its defeat to the publicity that had been given to the times appointed for its discussion. Unfortunately people will read the Orders of the Day. If they did not, the progress of wholesome, but unpopular legislation, such as that of Bills for erecting Gasworks in pleasant places, would remain unnoticed, and the Bills would pass before anybody but their authors, and the Members who had been made safe, were aware of their existence. Cannot the Gas Light and Coke Company, and any other Company, now seeking Parliamentary powers to embellish and perfume Victoria Park, contrive to keep their Bill to erect Gasworks for that purpose out of the lists of Orders of the Day that appear in the newspapers?

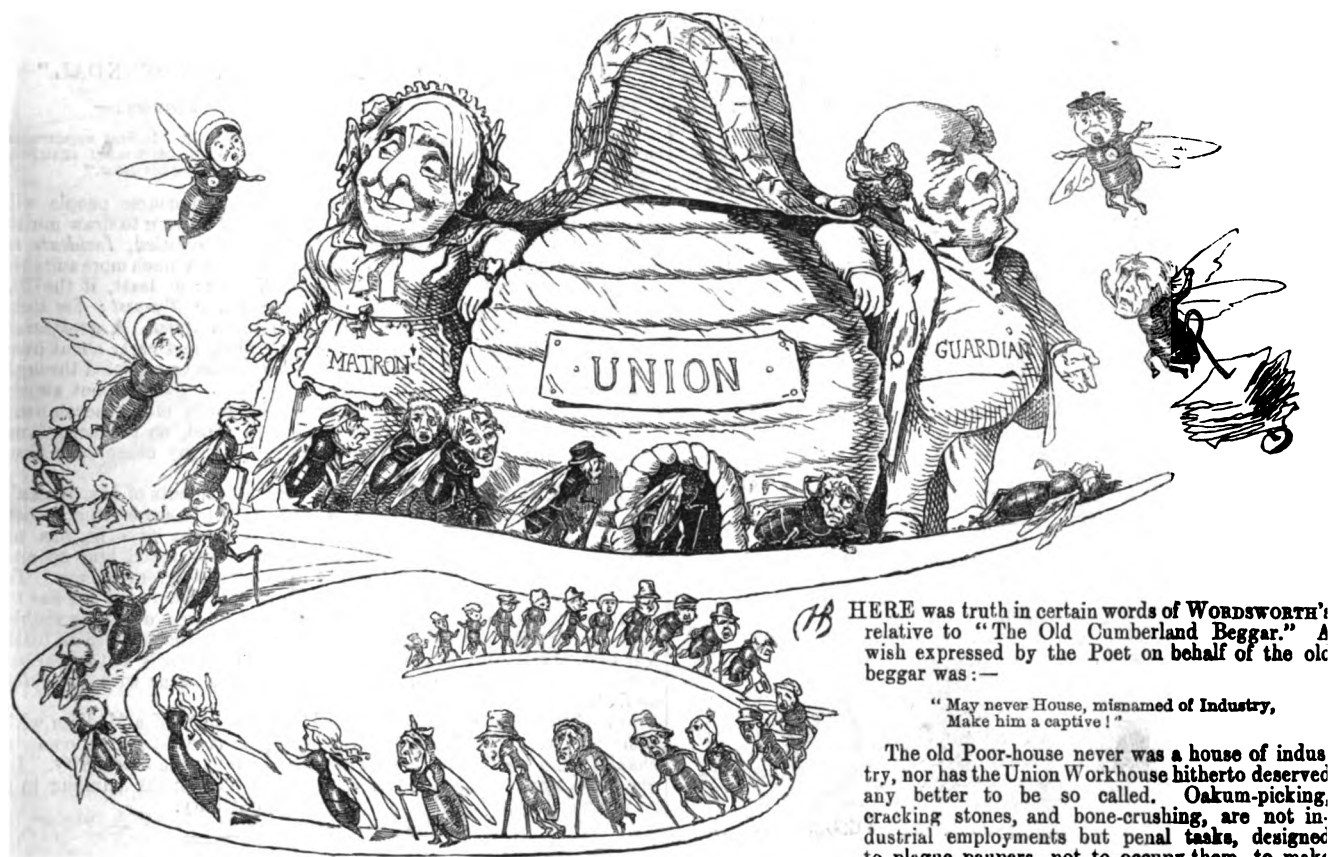
As a chemist, Mr. PUNCH, you know that many of the choicest scents of which the toilet is redolent, are prepared from the residual products of gas-manufacture, coarsely called the refuse of Gasworks. The erection, therefore, of Gasworks close to a park, is simply calculated to add fresh perfume to the violet, or any other fragrant flowers which that park may contain. A considerate Parliamentary Committee may be trusted to enforce upon the recalcitrant ratepayers and householders about Victoria Park the advantages which they have not the olfactory sense to appreciate, disgustingly incapable of being led by the nose. But secrecy is indispensable to the success of the Gas Light and Coke Company's Victoria Park Improvement Bill. Not a word more, therefore, Mr. PUNCH, about it! Or, suppose you set about a report that it has been dropped?

Upon my word, Sir, I haven't received a single sixpence from the Gas Light and Coke Company, or any other Company. I haven't really. Upon my honour, I haven't, Sir, I solemnly declare I am an entirely disinterested party; and so, confiding in the impartiality with which you always give both sides a hearing, beg to subscribe myself, your old acquaintance,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

WASTE PAPER.—Diplomatic Notes.

THE MODEL UNION WORKHOUSE.



HERE was truth in certain words of WORDSWORTH's relative to "The Old Cumberland Beggar." A wish expressed by the Poet on behalf of the old beggar was:—

"May never House, misnamed of Industry,
Make him a captive!"

The old Poor-house never was a house of industry, nor has the Union Workhouse hitherto deserved any better to be so called. Oakum-picking, cracking stones, and bone-crushing, are not industrial employments but penal tasks, designed to plague paupers, not to occupy them, to make them uncomfortable rather than useful, to answer

in short, the same purpose as that of the general system of discipline which prescribes for the inmates of workhouses a coarser and scantier diet than that awarded to convicted felons in gaol.

The exertions, however, of MR. ERNEST HART, and other benevolent persons, have brought about the commencement of a general Workhouse Reform. Among the members of some Boards of Guardians a few have been inspired in a measure with common humanity, and the exhortations of the Clergy, especially those of the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, are said to have even had the effect of converting more than one Guardian to something like a partial belief in the Christian religion. There is reason to suppose that the Guardians of St. George's Hanover Square, St. Pancras, the Strand Union, and other metropolitan Boards, comprise in their whole number as many as two or three gentlemen who are beginning to think that DRIVES may possibly have certain duties to discharge towards LAZARUS, under penalties.

The time is therefore believed to be at hand when the workhouse diet-scale will be raised to a sufficiency of plain, wholesome food; when overcrowding will cease in the sick-wards, and the patients in them will enjoy their due number of cubic feet of air; when competent nurses, and not drunken creatures unable to read, and accustomed to steal their beer and other stimulants, will be employed to tend them; proper washerwomen to cleanse their linen without extorting gratuities of gin for not returning it to them steeped in filth and verminous when further they will receive due medical assistance duly remunerated, and not be suffered to die of neglected bedsores.

The Workhouse of the Future will moreover be so constituted as to merit the name which, as WORDSWORTH said, was misapplied to the Workhouse of the Past. It will be a House of Work such as its occupants are equal to; a House of regulated Industry. A gifted Artist has enabled MR. PUNCH to present his parochial readers, and the world at large, with the design of a Model Workhouse, of which the idea, like all grand ideas, is taken from Nature. Its form is that of a Hive, the very emblem of Industry; the bees, old and young, all working in their way, the former at whatever they are able to do, the latter chiefly at the three R's and the other rudiments of learning, by whose acquisition, when hereafter they shall have left the workhouse, they may be enabled to keep themselves out of it, and that so as never to have to come back to it again. The drones, who can work and won't work alone of them all will be restricted to short commons, consisting chiefly of skilligolee.

The Model Workhouse is appropriately flanked by the figures of two Guardian Angels, one of them represented by a Poor Law Guardian the other by the Workhouse Matron; whilst the Beadle's cocked-hat crowns the edifice.

MATRIMONY ON MODERATE TERMS.

MR. PUNCH,

WHAT is a well-educated but penniless girl to do for a living unless she marries? She cannot well, if she has the feelings of a lady, take a place behind the counter of a tobacconist's shop, or at the bar of a public-house.

But whom is such a girl to marry? Not a nobleman—unless he is one of a million, and she is another. I don't mean a million of money; but no less a sum than that at least, I am sure, is necessary in these times to make a woman happy, if she is an average one. The sort of girl I mean, such an one as myself, cannot reasonably expect to marry anybody better off than a young man, who, in some professional or mercantile capacity, has to make his way. In the present state of Society, however, I don't see how such a young man can possibly marry such a girl; that is, if she must needs follow the fashions, and

dress like the wife of a rich man, as most girls expect to do, and will be miserable if they can't.

But, Sir, I know a girl of that description who would be perfectly content to dress with any degree of moderation suitable to her husband's circumstances. She says "As long as I remain single I will dress as well as I possibly can, to lay myself out to the best advantage. If ever get married, then I will simply wear the clothes my husband wishes me to. What can it possibly signify to me what things I have on, so long as they please him? Why should a wife want a new bonnet oftener than her husband does a new hat, unless to gratify his whim? If one's apparel does get a little out of fashion, so as to look rather odd, what does that matter so long as its oddity does not strike him? I don't care a straw how I look in any other eyes than my husband's."

Now, MR. PUNCH, isn't that the wife for any man's money, if I haven't much, and has need to make it go as far as he can? She would

safe for any young doctor, or lawyer, or clerk—a class of men who really dare not marry, and must absolutely do without wives, in these days of excessive drapery, and all the brougham-hire and other expenses that follow in its train—by which expression I don't mean a pun. I say, Sir, though I shouldn't, that any sensible young fellow would find a regular Angel in the house, and I herewith enclose her photograph, which you are at liberty to show to any one whom it would, in our opinion, be likely to interest. Withal I beg to subscribe myself,

Your constant reader,

ANGELINA.

P.S. The foregoing are this child's sentiments. And yet there is—

"Nobody coming to marry her,
Nobody coming to woo."

At the back of my photograph you will see my address.



WHAT WE MAY EXPECT!

CATERPILLARS AND CLOWNS.

AN interesting Lecture was yesterday delivered by PROFESSOR GRAMMER before the members of the Loutfield Sparrow Club, at the Yokel's Head, on the Uses of Grubs and Caterpillars, and other creatures commonly regarded as noxious insects, and branded as vermin. The learned lecturer told the assembled farmers that it was a mistake to suppose that either the larvæ of insects, or insects in their fully developed state, ever fed much on either cereal or horticultural produce. Their natural food consisted almost entirely of weeds. The grub of the cockchafer, for instance, lived principally on charlock, and that of the yellow butterfly devoured, not cabbages, as it was vulgarly believed to do, but fumitory, dock, and dandelions. The wire-worm only ate such turnips as were unsound, and thus effected a salutary thinning out of the crop, so that, in fact, it constituted a boon to the agriculturist. Other insects consumed injurious elements in the earth at the roots of corn, and others again ate off the smut and ergot that infested the crops of wheat and rye. Of these he would only mention the *Scarabæus bogus* and the *Aphis ambulator*. The sparrows, finches, and other birds that devoured these useful insects, did exactly a corresponding amount of damage to the grain and other produce, in addition to all the wheat, barley, and other seeds and fruits of the earth which they also ate themselves. The wisest course for the intelligent agriculturist was, therefore, to destroy as many of them as he possibly could. Poisoned food might be employed to extirpate them, and boys should be encouraged to shoot them, or catch them and wring their necks. There was one thing to be said in favour of sparrows; they were good for one purpose, which was that of making a pudding. A sparrow-pudding was a capital dish to follow a sirloin of beef, a fillet of veal, lamb's-fry, liver and erow, and a leg of mutton and trimmings, washed down with plenty of strong beer. He should be happy to partake, with the members of the Loutfield Sparrow Club, of such a blow-out as that of which he had enumerated the bill of fare, and he would now conclude with proposing three cheers for what ought to be the motto of every Association for exterminating little birds—"Caterpillars for Ever!" This suggestion was received with tremendous cheering, and shouts of enthusiastic applause, during which the farmers, rushing forward in a

body, shook the Professor violently by the hand, and finally hoisting him upon their shoulders, bore him out of the room into the street, and carried him in a tumultuous procession about the town.

THE SPIRITS AND THE "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

THE following paragraph has appeared in several papers:—

"It is said that Mr. D. HOME, the spiritualist, will make his first appearance on the stage in the character of *Joseph Surface* in the *School for Scandal*, at the St. James's Theatre. Miss Haasler's benefit has been chosen for his debut."

On the occasion of Miss HERBERT's benefit, of course people will rush in crowds to see Mr. HOME. He would be sure to draw multitudes in any part; but unless his autobiography, entitled, *Incidents in my Life*, is a work of fiction, he might have chosen a much more suitable character to appear in than that of *Joseph Surface*: at least, if the St. James's management would have produced *The Tempest*; for then Mr. HOME might have undertaken to perform *Ariel*. A gentleman whom spirits are accustomed to lift to the ceiling, and carry about over the heads of the spectators, might in like manner be transported through the atmospheric regions of the stage, independently of any but supernatural machinery. At the same time the spirits might accompany Mr. HOME's songs, or those sung for him as *Ariel*, on the accordion, provided the accordion could ever be got to play any other tune than "*Home, Sweet Home*."

The curiosity of everybody who believes the incidents of Mr. HOME's life, which Mr. HOME has related, will be excited to see whether, when he plays *Joseph Surface*, the spirits, over whom he says he has no control, will any of them suddenly take a fancy to snatch him up and float him aloft, as he declares them to have done at several *séances*. To be sure there is no scene in the *School for Scandal* where the gas has to be turned down; and light enough to render objects distinctly visible is too much light to allow of "levitation;" so perhaps there is little fear that Mr. HOME, as *Joseph Surface*, will be suddenly and unseasonably "levitated" at the most critical point of a scene with *Sir Peter* or *Lady Teazle*.

Mr. HOME has certainly sustained the character of a Medium with some ability. We shall be glad if his performance of genteel comedy enables us to say that his talents as an actor are above mediocrity. In playing *Joseph Surface* at any rate he will be playing the humbug in a respectable way, and not playing on public credulity.

CONTENTMENT.

A Song for the Stock Exchange.

HAPPY the man who lives content
On money safe at three per cent.
Invests it not in bubble schemes,
Nor e'er of speculation dreams.

Him City panics ne'er affright,
Nor threats of money getting "tight;"
He fears not either Bulls or Bears,
Or sudden rise or fall of shares.

Him neither Chancery Courts appeal,
Nor the dread Street of Basinghall;
His cash is safe, his credit sound,
Though banks be breaking all around.

No horrid dreams disturb his rest,
No anxious fears his peace molest;
No writ destroys his appetite,
And keeps him wakeful through the night.

Oh, were such happy fortune mine,
Serenely tranquil I would dine!
Nor envy anxious millionaires,
Their dangerous wealth in doubtful shares!

Ryves v. The Attorney-General.

It is an utter mistake to suppose that this notorious case, lately disposed of in Chancery, is the foundation of Mr. RUSKIN's new work entitled *The Crown of Wild Olive*.

A CATCH.

It is rumoured that all disputes arising at Cricket during the current season are to be referred for adjudication to the Bail Court.

WHY ought an old man to be fond of sugar-plums?
Because he likes his little comfits.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



IN the present occasion it pleases *Mr. Punch* to report upon the Reform War, *en bloc*, leaving the minor incidents of the Parliamentary week to be noted at his august leisure. The last conflict left the £14 County Franchise affirmed. To-night, Monday, June 11th, *Mr. HUNT* (Conservative County Member) moved that this £14 should be sustained not by the rental, but by the rating for the relief of the Poor. To this responded *Mr. GLADSTONE*, who argued that his opponents were trying by a new process to overturn the previous decision, and that the proposed

alteration would raise the franchise to £16, or even to £17. We had a battle over this, and then the Opposition wanted to stop the debate, but were beaten by 303 to 254. We went on a little longer, and then again came the motion to stop. *Mr. GLADSTONE* resisted, and the numbers went down to 254 and 212. Then the Opposition waxed savage, and made the motion for the third time, when *Mr. GLADSTONE* protested and gave way, towards two in the morning. We renewed the debate on *Mr. HUNT*'s motion on Thursday, when the Conservatives tried to get a division early, and shouted down the SOLICITOR-GENERAL. As it was, they ran the Government harder than it has yet been run since the celebrated majority of 5. In a House of 553, the Ministers could get only a majority of 7, and the defeat of *Mr. HUNT*, by that very small figure, was hailed with the most boisterous plaudits from the vanquished. It was no case of *Va victis*. Then came action for which the Government has been sorely scolded by *Mr. BRIGHT*'s party and organ. The Reform Bill proposed that the County Franchise must be for a house, or house and land, and in the latter case the house must be worth £6 a-year. *Mr. BANKS-STANHOPE* (County Conservative Member) proposed to omit this clause, on the ground that it would exclude men who had large grass holdings, but no houses, and he and his friends made such battle for The Land that *Mr. GLADSTONE* saw fit to give way. For this he was vehemently chidden by the ultra-liberals, who prognosticated an enormous creation of sham votes by the landlords, but there is to be legislation against this. *Mr. BRIGHT* and many of his allies would not vote at all when the division was taken, so the omission of the Government clause was carried by 361 to 74. Then the Reform debate was adjourned until the following Monday. It may be remarked that the Opposition were deservedly unsuccessful this week, when they simply and impudently sought mere delay, but that in legitimate warfare they fared better.

LORD EBURY on Monday once more proposed to the Lords that the Prayer Book should be re-edited, but he was defeated by 66 to 20. The PRIMATE and DR. TAIT said that the bishops had enough to do in checking the Ritualists, and had taken legal opinions touching these Mummerys, who could be dealt with by law, but the BISHOP of RIPON hoped that their good sense would teach them to stop, now they knew that they could be punished.

The Commons had a debate on Foreign Affairs. *Mr. KINGLAKE* led off in a long speech, in which he demanded, *inter alia*, whether Government had supported Italy in her claim for Venice. He termed the policy of the Italians a Fenian policy. *Mr. GLADSTONE* thought the discussion objectionable, but said that we had made no representation of our views about Venice, though Austria had long known what they were. *LORD PALMERSTON* had said that there could be no permanent peace in Europe until Italy had Venetia. The Ministry thought that Austria was now in the right about the Duchies. *SIR GEORGE BOWYER* declared that the Italians languished for the restoration of their Native Princes, the Bourbons. There was a good deal more said, some of it was in earnest, but much of it was intended to fritter away the evening, and hinder the Reform debate.

Tuesday. The PRIMATE and many bishops went to dine with the Lord Mayor, so *LORD WESTMEATH* (born 1785) in their absence maundered at great length about Popish practices, and several of their Lordships, without saying anything uncivil, which would not have been gentlemanlike, managed to imply that *LORD WESTMEATH* was not one of those to whom years have brought wisdom.

The Commons sat on the Coal-scuffle. *Mr. HUSSEY VIVIAN*, of Glamorgan-shire, delivered a highly scientific speech on Coal Supply, and stated his disbelief in the probable exhaustion of our coals. We should, however, have to go deep into the bowels of the earth. *Mr. TORRENS* made what *Mr. Punch* considers an excellent suggestion; namely, that the Geological Surveyors should report on the subject.

But a Commission, on which *SIR RODERICK VICH MURCHISON*, ho, ieroc, will serve, is to issue.

"Old King Coal
Is a deep old soul,
And he hideth beneath the sea;
But we'll coil our chains
Round his grimy veins,
No matter how deep he be."

Wednesday, as usual was devoted to a theological fray. The Oxford Test Bill was considered in Committee, and strongly opposed by the Church party on the usual anti-Dissenter grounds. *Mr. GLADSTONE* also opposed the Bill, as not likely to settle a vexed question, and a good deal was said about the necessity of teaching religion to the undergraduates. Finally, an amendment, intended to be destructive, was rejected by 245 to 172, but we apprehend that the Chancellor of the University of Oxford hath many proxies in his pocket.

Thursday. Their Lordships did something which was not calculated to increase the popular belief in their wisdom. *LORD LITTLTON* had introduced a Bill for the purpose of preventing "dramatists," so called, from seizing on a novel, without the author's leave, and making it into a play. What possible right a person has to steal another's children, and make money by showing them about, bedecked with paint, and vulgarly attired, it is difficult to say, but my Lords recognised such a right, and rejected the Bill. The most helpless nonsense of all was talked by the LORD CHANCELLOR, who first utterly mis-stated the case, and then argued absurdly on his own mis-statement. He is a good old nobleman, and indeed an illustrious Personage is alleged to have said to him, when he last kissed hands, "You see how much better it is to be good than clever," but it would be well that a Chancellor should have some cleverness. One ludicrously stupid question he put was—"Suppose a novelist disapproved of the theatre, would you enable him to prevent all other persons from putting his ideas on the Stage?" Well, dear old LORD CRAWFORTH, we do think that if an author happened to disapprove of the theatre, it would be rather hard that his conceptions should be seized, and applied in aid of a system he conscientiously disliked. However, it takes a good while to make the House of Lords understand certain things, and we must await the illumination. Meantime, there is a *Mr. Punch*, and if an author of respectability makes complaint to him that a novel has been dramatised without leave, things shall be made uncommonly pleasant for dramatist, manager, and all who voluntarily take part in the impertinent plagiarism.

Some Fenians have broken into Canada, and have shed blood, but the soldiery and volunteers were upon them, and we trust, before these lines appear, to learn that all the burglarious miscreants who were not shot have been hanged. This is no case of war and prisoners, but of brutal, sanguinary raid, and the perpetrators should be treated as pirates, and exterminated without mercy. The American authorities are acting in the most friendly manner towards us. To-night *MR. CARDWELL* stated that he had a satisfactory dispatch from LORD MONCK.

It is History that on this night Government had received no information that the European war had begun, but the Prussians had thrust the Austrians out of Holstein, and the EMPEROR had said, "I now resort to the Sword."

Friday. The House of Lords, by 75 to 25, decreed the abolition of Public Executions.

The House of Commons spent a few uninteresting hours, the only exceptional portion being that which was devoted to a series of tributes to the late JOSEPH HUME, and to the acceptance of a bust of that valuable statesman which *MRS. HUME* offers for the Library of the House. After the eloquent eulogium delivered by *Mr. GLADSTONE*, a stranger would wonder that it was left to the widow of a man so praised to present a memorial which it might be supposed the House would have provided for itself.

This day, Posterity, Prussia began the War. She entered Saxony and Hanover. It was on a Friday—let her accept the omen.

The House would not sit long. *MR. THOMAS CHAMBERS* addressed himself to Cape Railways.

"Tingle, tingle, tingle, went the little bells at 9,
For to bid the Members come,
But very few folk would leave their smoke,
To hear the mighty Tom."



DELICATELY, BUT FORCIBLY PUT!

Frank. "WHOSE DOG IS THIS, MISS MARY, THAT I HAVE JUST PICKED UP FROM UNDER THE TABLE?"

Miss Mary. "MY DOG, MR. FRANK."

Frank. "YOUR DOG! WHAT A LITTLE BEAUTY! ISN'T THERE SOME SAYING ABOUT 'LOVING ME AND LOVING MY DOG?' YES! I THOUGHT SO! THE BLIND AND PASSIONATE ADORATION I FEEL TOWARDS THIS DELIGHTFUL LITTLE QUADRUPEL IS BECOMING POSITIVELY FRANTIC, I GIVE YOU MY WORD OF HONOUR!"

"TO LIE IN COLD OBSTRUCTION, AND TALK NOT."

(*Hamlet slightly altered*)

FROM "Parliament's" name if we'd gather its leaning,
Out of "*Parler*" "to talk," half the word we supply;
While the "*ment*" in't has nothing in common with "meaning,"
Though it *may* have with fibbing—from *mentir*, "to lie."

And never did party more ride derivation
To death, than our anti-Reformers red hot,
While employing the Parliament-house of the nation
To talk against time, and say things that are not.

What is there they won't make a peg to hang talk on,
By way of obstructing a Bill they abhor?
What bounce will they stick at, what fact won't they walk on,
As ground for a quibble, or theme for a roar?

From the war that's about to send Europe to blazes,
To JEVON's belief that King Coal's had his day—
BOWYER's papal beliefs, WHALLEY's Protestant crazes—
What may *not* furnish matter for stopping the way?

With WARD-HUNT to start hares out of rental and rating,
WHITESIDE to spin yarns, while the House gives him rope,
SIR HUGH CAIRNS for reas'ning, LORD ROBERT for prating,
A CRANBOURNE for acid, a WALPOLE for soap;

A STANLEY, with clear cold-drawn logic to dose us,
A BRESFORD-HOPK on æsthetics to pun;
A DIZZY, with myst'ries Caucasian to pose us,
A NORTHCOTE for figures, a KNIGHTLEY for fun;

With a PAKINGTON's forty-horse power of prosing,
A MANNERS to read old Young England's fond dream;
With a HANLEY's attorney-like gift for opposing,
A LYTTON to spout, and a BATESON to scream—

It's hard, but we'll manage to talk out the Session,
Drive GLADSTONE, perforce, into shunting his Bill;
The Chapter of Accidents—candid confession!—
Is the gospel of fools, and we'll trust in it still.

A Round for the Ring.

BY AN M.P.

WHEN Goss hits MACS
A cut in the face,
Where his proboscis
Soft as moss is,

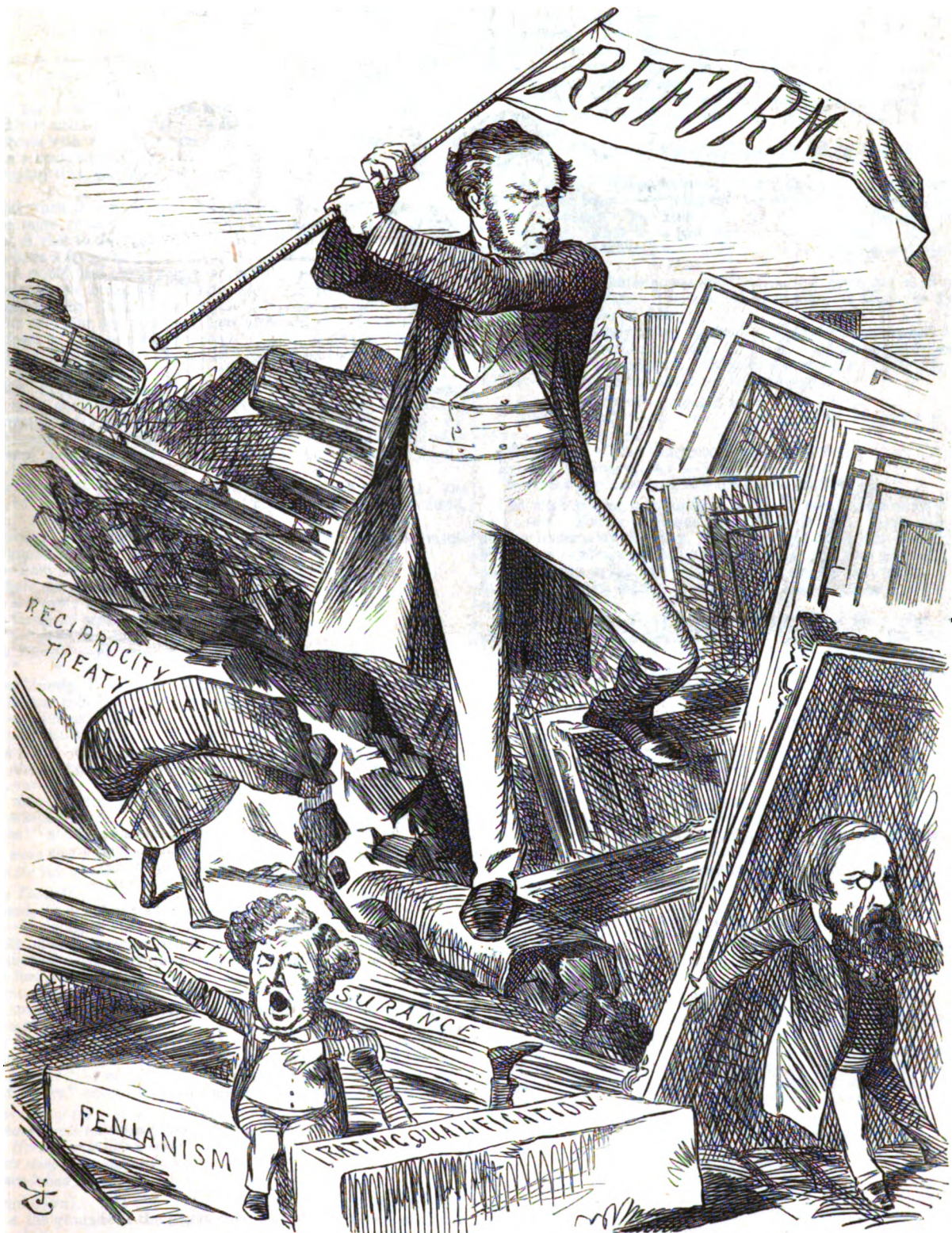
This act, by the member badly mauled,
Would, could he speak, be rightly called
In parliamentary phrase, I s'pose,
"A Teller on the side of the Noes."

The Saddle on the Right Horse.

THAT the Reform Bill stops the way
The angry Opposition storm,
And all the while, behold 'tis they
Who stop the way of poor Reform.

Q. If "Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor yet from the south," where does it come from?

A. Horse Guards, S.W.



CLEARING THE BARRICADE.

(See "TO LIE IN COLD OBSTRUCTION, AND TALK NOT.")

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

[Collected in *Happy Hours*: including some instructive facts in *Natural History*, and other domestic and rural information.]

Thoughts in Town during the hottest days.—How delightful it must be to live in the country. On such a day as this, 75° in the shade, one would have all the windows looking on to the lawn open during dinner, luncheon, and breakfast. Go out and throw bread to gold-fish in a pond. There must be gold-fish. In the hottest part of the day lie out on the grass with a book, or go to sleep *sub tegmine fagi*. Or pull oneself in a boat, very gently, to a shady cool nook, beneath the boughs of a drooping tree, and there lie down, read, and smoke the soothing pipe.

Croquet when it is cooler: or feed the gold-fish. The more I think of it, the more certain I am that no country-house is perfect without gold-fish. A visit to the farm, in the early morn, or in the evening. How sweet to have a favourite pig, or a goose, or geese, or a cow, a favourite cow which would feed out of your hand, and lay eggs—I mean, give milk every morning for breakfast. What a charming picture! Then how picturesque is the elegant swan upon the peaceful lake. How cool appear the carp and the pike, and how lazily will even the little ducks waddle down to their accustomed pond. And how interesting, now, to watch the gold-fish. I have thought of it again, and conclude that there must be gold-fish. And at night, calm, serene, and peaceful. The moon—the tranquil moon—sheds her gentle beams upon the scene. One can open one's bedroom window, and sniff the dying fragrance of the honeysuckle still lingering on the scarce moving breeze. Oh! delightful thoughts; on this the hottest day we've had in London during this present month of June. Yes! to the country! away! To the gold-fish!

Happy Thought.—"An old Elizabethan House far away in the country, to let, at a low rent, furnished, for the summer months. Pond, farm, &c." Pond! and gold-fish!

A Decision.—Mine, by all that's ancient and rustic on this hottest day in June!

Note.—I am there. All is ready for me and mine.

And there are gold-fish in a small pond!

There is a cow: and a pig-stye with pigs.

And a farmyard with cocks and hens.

There are peacocks, too.

Happy Thought.—Farewell business, work, and hot days in London.

Another Happy Thought.—I shall take down a fly-rod, and some biscuits for the gold-fish. * * * I am there.

Note.—As hot as it was in London. Hotter; 85° in the shade, that is in what they call the shade. All the windows open of course, looking on to the lawn. Cooler in-doors than out, except when one has to jump up and throw books at wasps, which happens at intervals of five minutes, varied by every one taking up poker, shovel, tongs, paper-knife, or anti-macassar against a hornet. Hot work. I thought there were no wasps in June. A country friend staying with us says, "Oh, ain't there!" and gives me particulars to the following effect:—

Every wasp that flies about in the early summer is a Queen Wasp; she is double the size of other Wasps, and has twice the sting.

Happy Thought.—If we had two of the windows looking on to the lawn closed, we might abate the nuisance.

Note.—In doing this we shut in a Queen Wasp. It was knocked down with an anti-macassar, and is supposed to be either in that useful piece of crochet-work, or on the floor, crawling about. We are all sitting with our feet on the sofas or chairs, and the anti-macassar has been thrown out of window. Country friend rather thinks, by its size, that it was a hornet, and tells us that when he knew the Elizabethan House in old Soanso's time, it was "quite celebrated for hornets." I asked him why he hadn't mentioned this when I was taking the house, partly by his recommendation. He said, "Oh, what's it matter? Who cares about a hornet?" I said, "Yes, of course that's true: but still they are nasty things," and he then gave me the following particulars:—

At this time of the year every Hornet is a Queen Hornet.

They have treble the sting of an ordinary Hornet.

Three Hornets will kill a horse.

Hornets sting after they are dead.

One once killed a man,

(name unknown). But not quite sure that it wasn't in this very place, i. e. the grounds of the Elizabethan House. Here we had all the windows shut.

Happy Thought.—If your windows are shut you can always, in the country, lie down out of doors. On the grass, and read, and smoke.

Note.—It is difficult to get into a comfortable position on the grass. One so easily becomes cramped. It is difficult, if there is the slightest breeze, to read a newspaper, or to keep a place in a book. You can't read lying on your back. If you lie on your left side you've pins and needles in your left arm; if on your right, in your right arm. Sleep is the only remedy; that you may do, on your back, if you can only get

your head comfortably placed. A great point is gained when you determine that you are comfortable. A buzzing—I am disturbed by a wasp: settled down again. More wasps—no, hornet!—Queen hornet! All rise to receive her: she is gone. We settle ourselves again. Bumble-bees, or Humble-bees, we now notice, are not afraid of coming quite close to your ears. Humble-bees are supposed not to sting. There are plenty of ants about: "Plenty," says our country friend, "regular good place for ants." He adds that these reddish-black ants are peculiar to this part of the country (meaning my Elizabethan House and grounds) and do bite like winking. We all get up; it is a balance of comfort.

In-doors.—Wasps and hornets, if they can get in: shut windows and heat.

Out-of-doors.—Wasps, hornets, bumbles and humbles, ants, and many other curious insects, including odd flies with long bodies: but, fresh air.

Happy Thought.—The Lake—not the pond where the gold-fish are, but the lake. That'll be delicious: once in the shade. How elegant and peaceful the white Swans look as they sit basking and winking in the noonday sun.

The Swans are between me and the boat. I can't get at it without disturbing the Swans. I wish I had some bread to throw to them, or the biscuits for the gold-fish.

They hiss savagely on my approach. They do not move but hiss. I never knew this before. If they move at all, they seem to evince a disposition to run at one. Country friend says, "Oh yes, savage fellows—Swans," and gives me these particulars:—

A blow from a Swan's wing will break a man's leg.

A Swan once pulled a boy out of a boat, and held him under water till he was nearly drowned.

(N.B. None of the children to go near the lake.)

Swans are always vicious, unless they know you.

Even when they know you, they are unreasonably-tempered.

Hot work getting into the boat. Blazing sun. Row quickly to get into shade. Hotter than ever after rowing quickly. Some difficulty in getting underneath the trees. What strength there is in a small branch if it comes suddenly against you! I had no idea that it would knock one right back in the boat with one's head against the rudder. Country friend says, "Oh, didn't I know that?" and picks my hat out of the water.

Happy Thought.—This promises comfort. Now for a pipe: tobacco will keep off the little flies and insects. Unfortunately the fuzees have fallen into the water. A nuisance; and we've left our books on the bank. Still, with the exception of the very small flies, which, I fancy, bite—"Bite!" my country friend would think they could bite, rather: they do, too.)—we might be very comfortable.

Another Happy Thought.—The flies have left off. This is peaceful and delicious, and—

A splash! What was it? Country friend points out to me a great big rat close to the boat. Good heavens! He shows me another on the bank. Should they jump into our boat! Let us pull off at once. Where to? Anywhere where there are no rats. Friend says it would be a difficult thing to find out that place on the lake. Then there are many rats here? "Many!" he informs me that "it," meaning the lake in the grounds of the Elizabethan House, "is celebrated for rats." Nothing I detect so much. We will row to shore.

Note.—In hot weather in the country it is difficult to know when to dine.

Happy Thought.—Dine in the Heat of the Day. Two o'clock.

Note.—Sure to produce indigestion; and the windows must be closed on account of the wasps and hornets. And what are you to do afterwards? I answer, feed the gold-fish. They say, "Pooh, bother the gold-fish."

Another Happy Thought.—Dine at four.

Query by Every One.—Then when are we to lunch? Poser. But why not a biscuit, and then you can feed the gold-fish?

Happy Thought.—Dine at six, no wasps then, and windows open.

Objection.—But you lose the cool of the evening out-of-doors.

Happy Thought.—Split the difference, and say five. Then, what is one to do (is the objection) from two till five? I don't know—feed the gold-fish. Five is settled.

(More Happy Thoughts to follow.)

A Plagiarism.

We understand that a new version of MR. BYRON'S Comedy, *A Hundred Thousand Pounds*, is being performed at the Haymarket, under the slightly disguised title of *The Balance of Comfort*.

VERY SCIENTIFIC.

We have written to MR. DARWIN to inquire if it is possible, under his theory of development, for a bay-pony ever to become a sea-horse.

A PARTING INJUNCTION.—A decree in the Divorce Court.



A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Country Parson (to hard-drinking Old Pauper). "WHY, SURELY, MUGGRIDGE, YOU WERE RELIEVED LAST WEEK FROM THE COMMUNION ALMS!"

Muggridge. "COMMUNION ARMS, SIR! 'S TRUE'S I STAND HERE, NEVER WAS INSIDE THE 'OUSE IN ALL MY LIFE, SIR! NEVER HEERD OF IT, SIR!"

PITY THE POOR BEAR!

THERE was a time when the cruel pastime of Bear-Baiting was reckoned among the manly sports of Old England. So was Bull-Baiting. Both these amusements are now contrary to the statute against cruelty to animals. The latter has been for a long time entirely discontinued; the former is in a sense and in a measure occasionally practised still. Bulls, indeed, are never baited; but an attempt has lately been made to get up a baiting of Bears on the Stock Exchange. As yet, however, those Bears have only been baited morally, and of course such animals are insensible to any but a physical baiting. Up to the present time, however, they have none of them actually been tied to a stake and worried by dogs. But nevertheless the poor creatures have suffered much. Read the subjoined touching extract from a recent *City article of the Times* :—

"The shares of the London and County Bank, which since the first instant have been forced by speculative sales down from 70 to 60, and which closed last evening at 62, have experienced an advance of £8 per share, owing to the operators being compelled to buy them back for the approaching half-monthly settlement, or to obtain the loan of shares till the following settling day at the end of the month. For the latter object they have found it necessary to pay as much as £3 per share."

Pity the poor Bear, the unhappy victim of backwardation. The heart that can feel for a Bear must sympathise with this Bear no less keenly than it does with that celebrated one who got himself into such sad trouble with the Bees. One Bear's love of honey led him to upset the hive, the other Bear's love of money induced him to upset the Banks. He too suffers for the mischief he has done, and it is possible that the swarm which he has raised about his ears may yet succeed in their endeavours to sting him with fatal severity. But the poor Bear has protectors whose names deserve to be posted elsewhere than on the Stock Exchange, where they are known. They are entitled to all the credit they deserve for not allowing the poor Bear to be hurt any more than they can help, and refusing to permit his ravages to be restrained at the demand of parties whose substance he is constrained by the

cravings of his natural appetite to devour. Honour to these honest bear-wardens, who treat the Bear as if he really were one of themselves. To them the Bear, now smarting with a sore spot, is an object of tender compassion. They can prevent the Bear from being chained up and muzzled, and they do; but they cannot prevent indignant persons from smiting him on the excoriated surface. How cruel to inflict on the unfortunate animal a pang additional to the grief of the wound which he received from backwardation in the Money Market! Pity the poor Bear!

Grass Cut.

(Mournful merriment in a Meadow.)

DEATH is the mower; Man's grass in the fields,
Not a living blade to his blade but yields.
Swiftly, surely, the scythe will pass
From left to right,
By the mower's might,
For men may grow,
But the mower will mow,
And sweepingly give us our *coup de grâce*.

Scientific Intelligence.

At the next Meeting of the Zoological Society a Paper will be read "On the Pace of the Snail," with a rider "On its Gallop."
At an extraordinary Meeting of the Pharmaceutical Society, a Paper will be read "On an Infusion of New Blood."

THE SMARTEST OF BONNETS.

AMONG the Fashions for June *Le Follet* mentions a new species of bonnet, which it calls the "tarte." Well at any rate, you would say, you suppose the *tarte* must be *piquante*.



AN INCIDENT OF THE PANIC.

Banker's Clerk (to Country Cousin frightened by the "Bears," and who has come to draw out his deposit). "HOW WILL YOU TAKE IT?"
Country Cousin (who doesn't quite understand). "OH, I—I'LL TAKE IT IN MY POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF!"

USURERS AND YOUNG OFFICERS.

SIR,

As no doubt but what you've got the ighest influence of anybody at Ed Quarters, perhaps you'd have the kindness to exert the same for to get the authorities there to cancel a certain unpleasant arrangement as they have just been and made. That thriving paper the *Sunday Gazette* says:—

"We are glad to learn that his ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has made a rule under which the proceeds of the commissions of officers selling out while under age are to be handed over to their parents and guardians, and not to themselves."

Now, Sir, this here arbitrary hediot, or whatever you like to call it, will act, and was meant to, as a hinterference with business, as fully appears from the following explanetary but uncalled for remark on the above statement:—

"This regulation will have a good effect in checking the evils inflicted on youths in the army by money-lenders and other social pests of a similar description."

Has to callin money-lenders social peastes, that there is all virtuous hindignation and sentimental invective. We ain't social peastes no more than attorneys is, which takes up the case of any client as comes, and barristers as accepts whatsoever brief as is offered 'em, axin no questions, and does the best they can for the cause they're ingaged for, no matter who's robbed or ruined. Why step between we and our beauty any more than between them and theirs?

In course there's no declin for us with any old sojer. We can't do nothin except with the infants, weather of infantry or cavalry ridgments. Your Honour would do a grate faver if you would present his ROYAL HIGHNESS with the humble petition of

Your wery humble Servant,
 ACCOMMODATION BILL.

PAROCHIAL INTELLIGENCE.—There is a rumour that MR. SMITH's child has been baptised, but it wants confirmation.

THE SALUBRITY OF GAS-WORKS.

THE subjoined newspaper paragraph deserves the attention of Parliament:—

"HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES OF THE CHEST, VICTORIA PARK.—The number of patients relieved at this institution during last week was 1509, of which 300 were new cases."

Tar-water was once in high repute as a remedy for diseases of the chest. Among the residual products of gas-manufacture there is much tar. The emanations of tar probably have the same effect on the human system as that of tar-water. These considerations will perhaps be urged by the Gas Companies as reasons why Parliament should allow them to erect additional Gas-works near Victoria Park. No doubt the more Gas-works there are established in that neighbourhood, the greater will be the number of patients sent to the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest there. Only the increase will be derived from the neighbourhood.

Marvellous.

We do not believe in Spiritualism or Magic, (except sleight of hand and so forth), but what are we to say to a fact such as this?—

"The other day a voracious witness actually saw a young man turn into a public house."

Transformation extraordinary! Further evidence will shortly be forthcoming.

PARLIAMENTARY.

MR. WHALLEY has ordered his butcher not to send him any more legs of mutton, because of the objectionable "Pope's Eye."

LATEST FROM PARIS.—The EMPEROR has ordered a large quantity of Map paper. It is said His Majesty contemplates some alterations in his former plan of Europe.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ATERLOO DAY. *Monday*, June 18, was solemnised by the overthrow of the Reform Bill. The final charge was led by LORD DUNKELLIN, a Liberal, and son of the venerable MARQUIS OF CLAREMONT, whose appointment to the office of Privy Seal some time ago was not thought to have retarded the fall of a certain administration. LORD DUNKELLIN proposed to do, by the Borough Franchise what Mr.

HUNT had just failed, and scarcely failed to do by the County Franchise, namely, to make Rating and not Rental the test. He was supported for different reasons:—

- 1st. Because his motion hindered the progress of the Bill.
- 2nd. Because his success threatened the existence of the Government.
- 3rd. Because his proposal, if carried, would raise the borough franchise to the exclusion of a large number of persons whom the Government plan would admit.

The first of these reasons merits nothing but contempt. The second was a fair party reason. The third was a political reason. Welded together, they made a weapon with which LORD DUNKELLIN knocked down the Reform Bill, and the Cabinet.

The House went into Committee. MR. GLADSTONE wished to speak on the Fifth Clause, that giving the Borough Franchise. But after a wrangle, it was decided that he was out of order. LORD DUNKELLIN moved his amendment, and urged that the principle of rating had been approved by FOX and by LORD RUSSELL himself. It would admit the industrious and frugal man and exclude the drunken idler. As an Irish Member, he testified that it worked well in Ireland.

He was seconded by MR. CAVE, who scripturally remarked that the House would be glad to get rid of Reform, if it could be slain with the sword of the Children of Ammon.

MR. GLADSTONE defended the Government proposal, and declared that the Ministers would stand or fall by it.

Many speakers followed on both sides, but it was reserved for LORD ROBERT MONTAGU to liken the Commons to Unclean Spirits. Being asked to name those who pretended to like a Bill which they hated, he replied that their name was Legion.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, model of gentlemanly forbearance and courtesy, complained of the irritability of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

MR. BRIGHT was sufficiently left to himself to taunt the House with following the lead of an Irish Member on an English question. Of course, he had to frighten the House with a hint that the German war might lead to the promulgation of opinions unfavourable to order, and with an inference to the effect that such opinions might spread, and therefore that it might be unwise to incense the working men.

SIR HUGH CAIRNS aptly retorted to the Irish remark, that if only English Members had voted on this English question, the Reform Bill would not then be before Parliament.

MR. OSBORNE spoke very plainly about the intentions of many who supported the amendment.

The Opposition began to be very noisy, and would scarcely hear MR. VILLIERS, who ought to have been listened to, as an authority on the Rating question.

After a brief speech from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who reiterated that the blow now aimed was aimed at a vital part of the Bill, the Committee divided, and the result was—

For LORD DUNKELLIN	315
For the Government	304

Government beaten by . . . Eleven.

MR. GLADSTONE then proposed to say something to the House next day at six. Of course we spent the day in betting on the future. The QUEEN, unluckily, was at Balmoral, so that Ministers could not consult their Royal Mistress. It would not have been etiquette to dispatch this sort of thing:—

FROM
Russell, Chessham Place,

TO
Your Majesty, Balmoral.

Dunkellin has snopped us. Must resign. Please send for Derby.

We do things decorously in England. So before the appointed hour the House of Commons was crammed. Their R. H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL and the EARL

OF KENT were there, and there was the pleasant presence of the Lord Warden of Dover, and of the Author of *Palm Leaves*; and there was the great ELCHES, who has just come out as not a very great poet; and the new LORD HALIFAX, looking scornfully at Trimmers; and the fiery leader of the charge of the Six Hundred; and LORD VIVIAN, to look on the victory of *Vivian Grey*; and the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, proud (perhaps) of the prowess of his heir; and the good BISHOP OF LONDON, happily recovered; and the elegant LORD LIVERPOOL, *alias* SMITH; and other notable spectators. And when the Hour came, there was the Man. And he arose and said:—

"We have held a Cabinet Council." [*We all know that, your Highness.*]

"We have considered last night's vote, and, I may add"—[*You may, your Highness; we know what you mean.*]

"The character of previous discussions and divisions. [*Exactly so, my Lord Protector of Reform. Well hit.*]"

"We shall make a Communication to HER MAJESTY." [*Etiquette forbids more frankness, your Highness.*]

"We cannot state the result in less than three or four days. [*Majesty bring among the wild Highlanders of the brown heath, six hundred miles away.*]"

"We will therefore adjourn until Monday." [*Cheers, Highness, apparently general.*]

And so the Battle Field was left in the tender moonlight of the lamps above the roof, and the great magician who, from the awful vaults below, sendeth up the cool air or the warm, as his secret and mystic signals warn him, said unto his slaves, the Fire and the Blast,

"Be free, and fare ye well."

Be it noted that the munificent lady, MISS ANGELA BURDETT COURT, was heard on *Monday*, by the mouth of BISHOP TAIT, in petition that order may be taken touching the Colonial Bishoprics. This lady is not one who blazoneth her good deeds, wherefore *Mr. Punch* shall recite, for the world's knowledge, that this one Churchwoman hath twice given £17,500, once £15,000, and once £10,000, to provide bishops and archdeacons in our colonies. The decision which has seemed to sunder these hierarchs from the Church at home grieves the generous founder. The law is complex, but a Committee is to consider it.

The Public Schools Bill has passed the Lords, but an amendment, said to have been in the supposed interest of Eton, was carried by LORD DERBY, and will prevent alterations in the Governing Bodies. If it were only a case of Eton, one would not care, as boys notoriously go there merely that they may know Cricket and Swells, but the alteration will also affect places of Education.

Finally, the Underground Railway has obtained power to kill working-class passengers at £100 a-head, and no more. At present the executors of persons who take first and second-class tickets can recover larger sums from their executioners, but probably the next move will be to enact that all persons shall be slain cheaply. The power of the Railway-men "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished."

Painful Ingratitude.

WHEN MR. GLADSTONE lost his seat for Oxford, he did not altogether cease to represent the scholastic mind. The Right Honourable gentleman still remains the representative of so much of it as is, in one particular, eminently characteristic of the schoolmaster. When he told the House of Commons that they would be compelled to proceed with the Reform Bill, even though its discussion should involve an autumn session, he treated them like a lot of schoolboys. In fact he threatened to keep them in. That is just how they might have tried to serve him in return—but they haven't.

A Word for the Zoo.

FELLAS coming home from India, with such things as a live lion or wild crocodile about them, need not frighten their relations into fits upon arrival, by begging food and house-room for these interesting creatures. It is far wiser to present them to the Royal Zoological Society, which is continually manufacturing tame animals out of wild ones, and possesses the best knowledge how to treat the roar material.

UNNATURAL PROTECTORS.

THE Public likes justice, and goes to Guildhall, among other places, to get as much of that article as it can. The Public wishes that all protection possible should be afforded to the Police in execution of their duty, in order that the Public may itself be protected by these their natural protectors. Now, the other day, a respectable man—a landlord—gives another respectable man, his tenant—unhappily, dis-respectable *pro tem*.—into custody for being drunk and refusing to come into his own lodgings; whereupon a policeman takes the respectable man disrespectable *pro tem*, and “pokes him down.” Disrespectable *pro tem*, man objects to violence, and is treated to a little more of it, intensified. The constable then half-strangles his prisoner, and by this mode of gentle suasion our natural protector makes Disrespectable’s appearance so horrible and ghastly, that the Landlord’s wife, a good-hearted creature, herself interferes in behalf of struggling, suffering humanity, and loosens our Natural Protector’s grasp of poor Disrespectable’s collar. The charge is given at the station-house, and the Respectable himself is so touched, even down to the very bottom of his landlord’s heart, by the picture of his lodger’s misery, that he nobly bails him out (it is on a Saturday night), in order that he may repent, in the free seats, as a miserable sinner, on Sunday morning. This case came before ALDERMAN SIDNEY. Now, mark the charge given by the policeman, and the few little, unimportant facts which our Natural Protector had delicately suppressed:—

Evidence of our Natural Protector (*slightly prejudiced in his own favour*).—I tried to persuade him to go home, but he would not. (*Pathetic*.) He took hold of me by the leg, and pulled me down. (*Our Natural Protector ill-used*).

I then let him go (*meaning, “See how kind and merciful I am!”*), when he turned again upon me (*i. e.*, “*You see he takes advantage of my kindness!*”), kicked me on my knee, and tried to bite my leg (*i. e.*, “*only tried: see how mercifully I put it!*”), but (*i. e.*, “*I am compelled to add this, for the sake of truth and justice, and not out of vindictiveness, I do assure you*”) I caught him by the throat (*i. e.*, “*I can be a VAN AMBUREGH when I like*”), and kept him away (*i. e.*, “*But I am as merciful as I am strong*”).

ALDERMAN SIDNEY, who had some time before begun to observe that these assaults on the police were increasing, and we must protect our officers, now appears somewhat astonished at the turn affairs are taking against our unprotected protectors, and, says his Alderman-ship, addressing the constable, “You did not tell me any of this before.” Yes, but how often does this *suppresso veri* happen, your Worship, and your Worships, eh? “You only told me of the assault on you.” Simplicity! “You did not tell me that you had knocked him about, and that you had so far strangled him, that he has since been spitting blood.” Of course not: why should he?

Finally, says the Alderman to the unfortunate Disrespectable, “I shall not punish you for the assault on the constable.” How kind! and as a favour, too! Poor devil, one almost feels that he ought to be commiserated, and be allowed to pitch into the constable for five minutes.—“But it is clear you were drunk.” Ha, ha! says the constable to himself. I was right there, at all events. “For that I shall fine you 5s.”

We saw the termination of the case, as far as poor Respectable Disrespectable-*pro tem*-lodger was concerned. But what has become of JOHN THOMAS DIX, police constable 145, who so ill-treated his man, that, as the Alderman said, “Human nature could not stand that, whether from a policeman or anybody else.” And how about our Natural Protectors generally?

Tricks that Positively Take away your Breath.

(A Complaint uttered at Egyptian Hall.)

First Languid Swell. Warm work this conjuring! I declare it’s quite suffocating.

Second Idiot. Indeed, my dear fellow, you may say it’s positively a-Sphinx-ing!

[The FIRST SWELL melts away.]

BRIEF “BAGS.”—Short Trousers.

BRILLIANTS FOR THE BALL-ROOM.

Original Observation. 1. (*To your Partner.*) Have you been out much this Season?

2. You must have been very tired after your party the other night.

3. I suppose we shall meet at the BLANKS’?

4. It’s very hot, isn’t it?

5. Almost impossible to dance.

Fickle Partner (*to her favourite waltzer, with whom she is surreptitiously dancing for the third time*). Don’t go near that corner: I was engaged for this, and he’s looking for me.

Fickle Partner (*taken at a disadvantage by her Jilted Partner, during an interval of breathing time*). Oh! I don’t think this was our dance. I’ve got you down for the one before this. (*Jilted one refers to his tablets and Fickle Partner, by a stroke of unprincipled genius, turns the tables on him.*) You never came to fetch me: ah! I shan’t forget.

[*Shakes her head wickedly at Jilted One, who, being utterly staggered, sees the pair walk away from him, without being able to get out a word.*]

New Idea for the Refreshment Room. Will you take an ice?

Exclamations for Young Ladies on finding an open window (which they welcome like water in the Desert, or water-ice in the Desert):—

Oh! how delicious!

This is delightful!

So refreshing!

This is nice!

This is nice and cool.

Original Idea for a Mamma (*to her daughter*). How imprudent, dear! Don’t go into the draught.

Original Idea for Supper (*in answer to the Gentleman’s question, “What’ll you take?”*). Oh! (*Considers, glances rapidly at the table, sees the same supper she’s met at every other party, and in despair hits on a new idea*). Oh! Some chicken, please.

Cavalier (*with persuasive sweetness*). And some tongue?

Last Brilliant thing to be said in the Coat-room. Hallo! This isn’t my coat; this is torn in the lining. Confound it, the fellow’s gone off with my hat too, a bran-new gibus; only two of the kind in London.

[*Walks out savagely and determines to revenge himself on society by taking somebody else’s hat and coat to-morrow night.*]

Last of all (*after feeling in Coat Pockets*). And (*venial expletive*). My cigar-case was in the coat that he’s gone off with.

[*Expletive, with renewed resolutions about coats, hats and cigar-cases.*]

CHANGE OF NAME.

DEAR SIR,

WHILE staying in a country-house—shall we say north of the Tweed?—yes, I will say north of the Tweed, I met several distinguished members of the Gaelic Aristocracy, whose names do sound very grand; for instance, plain MR. CULLUM in London, is, up there, *The M’CULLUM*, his cousin *The M’CULLUM* of M’Cullum. Then *The DUGALD* of Dugal, *The GRAMM* of Glicuddy, *The M’HALF* of M’Entire, and so forth.

Now, Sir, would it not be well to adopt these styles and titles among ourselves. How it would assist our memories, and give us some firm social basis to go upon at introductions, if, for instance, MR. SMITHSON, residing at 108, Brook Street, were announced as *The SMITHSON* of 108, Brook Street, or more simply taking the title of his estate, *The a-hundred-an-eight Brook Street*. If three lodgers lived in the same house they would rank thus:—*The Ground-floor of a-hundred-an-eight Brook Street*, the Parlours of a-hundred-an-eight, and so forth. There could be no possible objection, for the sake of *aristocraticising* the name in a northerly direction, to prefixing an “O,” or a “Mac.” Thus, *The O’Ground-floor of a-hundred-an-eight Brook Street*, or *The Mac-Parlours of twenty-two Bond Street*. A grand title would be *The One-Old-Bond-Street*, and such an one ought to take the house to himself, as were it shared, the title would be divided, to the forfeiture of dignity, thus, the Half-a-one Old Bond Street. There once was a mania for altering names; here, now, is a really sensible idea. I do not know whether even *Punch* himself could have a more glorious sounding title than *The Eighty-five-Fleet-Street*.

I remain, Sir, yours originally,

Aula Pompeii Templum.

The FOUR-PUMP-COURT-TEMPLE.

P.S. What a capital index for Mammals if gentlemen were called by the amount of their property, with names of principal investments. *The Mac-Fifty-thousand-pounds-Rupees-consols-Tittler-shares-eighteen-Belgrave Square*, would sound pleasantly. *The O’Hundred-per-annum-fourth-floor-no-Brief-Court, Temple*, would scarcely be smiled upon, I imagine.

Yours, F.P.C.T.

ROOM-COLOURING.—The French call their annual exhibition of pictures *Le Salon*. Joking upon like premises, we ought by rights to call our Royal Academy *The Drawing-Room*.



TO KEEP THE POT BOILING.

UNCLE CORKY CARBO, FROM NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, PRESENTS HIS NIECE, ON HER MARRIAGE, WITH A DOZEN TONS OF THE BEST WALLASEND (A VERY SEASONABLE GIFT, BY THE BY!) HE BRINGS A LOVELY SAMPLE OF THE SAME, TO BE PUT AMONG THE OTHER WEDDING-GIFTS ON THE DRAWING-ROOM TABLE.

AN IMAGINARY DESPATCH.

"THE QUEEN is much displeased with the darkness in which the Ministers have kept their Sovereign in reference to public affairs.

"HAD the QUEEN been made aware that a Ministerial crisis was in the least likely to arise during the period which had been set apart for her visit to the Scotch, that visit would, of course, have been postponed until another season. The QUEEN was too well aware of the vast inconvenience, not to say danger, that might occur from the country being without a Government, for a whole week, at a time when Europe is in convulsions, to have thought of being absent from the Metropolis during a political change. If the QUEEN preferred to spend the anniversary of her accession among the Highlanders, that preference should not have dominated the exigencies of the hour, nor should an aged Presbyterian Minister have been compelled to contemplate a journey of 1400 miles to resign office.

"THE QUEEN is too well acquainted with the sentiments of her subjects in reference to all her actions to suppose that they can ever be misinterpreted, but the Ministers who neglected to apprise her that they intended to take an early vote of Confidence ought to have seen that such neglect might justify the idea that the QUEEN, for the first time in her life, had allowed her own pleasure to interfere with the functions of Royalty."

Balmoral, June 20, 1866.

The Shortest Night.

THE Shortest night has passed. A young Lady informed us, in spite of traditional reckoning, that it was on the Second of June, for *then* she danced from 11 P.M. to 5 A.M., and that appeared to *her*, the shortest night she'd known this Season.

HINTS TO VISITORS TO THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

THAT those who have derived benefit from the use of GRIMSTON'S Eye-Snuff should gaze with gratitude on Portrait No. 17.

THAT the lovers of the fragrant weed should carefully scrutinise the features of CAVENDISH (81).

THAT in JOHN BULL (328) and PADDY (234) will be recognised Portraits of the typical Englishman and Irishman.

(N.B. Scotland is entreated not to secede from the Union because her man is unrepresented.)

THAT it was not HATTON (239) but WALSHINGHAM (258) who was QUEEN ELIZABETH's favourite daughter.

THAT No. 394 immortalises the proud inventor of WINDSOR soap.

THAT Old SCARLETT (403) is not meant for the first LORD ABINGER.

THAT BELTED WILL (405) was a distinguished Champion of the P. R.

THAT cricketers should look out for JULIUS CÆSAR (428), and make a long stop before his likeness.

THAT MR. DISRAELI should meditate on his past life in front of the portrait of CONINGSBY (501).

THAT those to whom oysters are so dear should hasten to see MR. PYM (609).

THAT the portrait of BRADSHAW (737) is the only authentic likeness of the author of the Railway Guide.

THAT HARVEY (756) did not discover the blood, but only the circulation of that necessary fluid.

THAT in the works of TAYLOR, the Water-poet (758), Testotallers may find the first eulogium of their principles.

THAT it was a handsome compliment to the inhabitants of South Kensington to exhibit a portrait of the builder of Thurloe Square (813).

THAT all the portraits of HOBBS should be closely compared by lock-makers.

THAT the members of the Jockey Club should not pass by the portrait of FLATMAN (921)—and

THAT no visitor to the Haymarket Theatre should leave the Exhibition without finding out the likeness of COMPTON (993).



THE YANKEE FIREMAN KEEPS HIS WORD.

YANKEE. "YOU SEE I'M READY WHEN WANTED, MISS CANADA."

(See No. 1891)



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PUNCH



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THE GRAND REFORM PROCESSION was on its move, and the gates of Temple Bar, closed only in honour of the chief ones of the earth, slowly yielded way. Scarcely was passage made, when the GREAT REFORMER rode proudly through.

"I shall go where I please," said Mr. PUNCH. "The Parks belong to the QUEEN (bless her) and to Myself. Perhaps I shall visit them all. It depends upon whether I find my saddle comfortable. Follow, my faithful."

His Young Men formed their ranks, waved their banners, and attended their glorious Chief.

The People were out "in their thousands," and loud were the manly cheers, soft the womanly looks, that greeted the Reformers on their March. Nor was it London alone that had come forth. PUNCH is the Guardian of the World. From the Three Kingdoms, from all the Fifty Colonies, from the domains on which the sun never sets, from those in which he never gets up, from the Arctic and Antarctic circles, from the Equinoxious Line, delegates had come to signify the homage of distant regions. As Miss ISA CRAIG sang,—

"He is a King for all."

Along the Strand—that journey which is itself an education—proceeded PUNCH and his knights. Flowers rained upon them, though flowers are awfully dear at this season. And as the unmatched Leader rode at the head of his army, he shot benignant glances and uttered kindly words.

"If the idiot authorities do not soon sweep away that detestable street," he said, with a look on his right hand, "I will brick up one end and set fire to the other. Rebuilding *Bell's Life*, eh? Glad of my friend's prosperity. How are you, FECHTER, happy to see you act again. How do, MR. GLOBE—revolved towards Conservatism, have you—well, well, all parties should be heard. Gentlemen of Exeter Hall, the more HANDEL and the less humbug the better, and see to your means of exit. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, the Evergreen, a merry Christmas—give my best love to MISS KATE TERRY. Bless me, how the Strand is altered since I first went up it. Terminus at Charing Cross a boon to the civilised world. Fine day, SIR EDWIN, rejoiced to hear that the Lions are so splendid—up with them. MR. BOXALL, very glad to see you—a worthy purchase that Rembrandt. Academicians all, you know how I love you. My hat goes off to you,

my brave Physicians. BUCKSTONE, a happy new year—glad to hear so good an account of BUCKSTONE *filis*. Along Pall Mall, my boys, let the Clubs see us. LORD DERBY at the corner, by Jove, with PARINGTON. How are you, DERBY—I say, make the FIRST LORD learn the Catalogue of the Ships out of your Iliad. GLADSTONE, my dear fellow, I trust you are well—we shall want you, but you need not wink. Up St. James's Street. Gentlemen of the Conservative, I salute you—no Club cooks better. Thanks, but engaged every day through Christmas. Piccadilly. All the Albemarle Street Swells at the corner. FARADAY, how well you look—conserve your forces. PERCY, you seem as strong as Iron—ha, ha! OWEN, always yours faithfully; when do you move the beasts from Russell Street? RAMSAY, how are we off for coals? On, my lads. Now, halt, and three cheers for Miss ANGELA COUTTS, who makes almost as many people happy at Christmas, and all the year, as I do. WALPOLE, good day—when is the new Park-railing to be put up—don't look sentimental, I like your honesty of feeling. Hyde Park Corner—easier to get up a hideous statue than to get it down. Along Grosvenor Place, I want to see the alterations. My eye, what a havoc! Wonder whether the new houses will be a success. Don't think the shops will. Victoria Road much too narrow for its work—another mess in *futuro*. Buckingham Gate. Ha, your R.H., and how is the DUCHESS OF CORNWALL? My humblest homage to her—O, Y.R.H. is going to lunch yonder—we meet again then. He knows me, your boy does—yes, my dear, I am MR. PUNCH. Ha! JOHN BRIENT, how dost thee do? Wilt come in on third day for a weed, I have another good story for thine ear. Come with him, BOB LOWE, and keep him in order, but neither of you shall stay after midnight, mind that, my eternal friends. Small and ragged boys, get from under my horse's legs, will you all? There's a handful of sixpences—don't lay them out in Ritualistic tracts. In at the gate, my faithful, and guard me up to the Palace door. I have an engagement in that edifice. Hats off, all, and nine cheers for the Princesses in the balcony, and for Her who has commanded me to bring Her *Tee Book*.

PUNCH dismounted, and turning to his followers, said, with his affable smile :—

“Let every man be Master of his Time. I dismiss you. All the great hotels are open to you, at your own expense. I beg, as a personal favour to myself, that you will enjoy yourselves.”

Up went the shout into the Ether. And up, also went MR. PUNCH, mounted on his

Fifty-First Volume.





OUR OPENING ARTICLE.

he found it expedient to imitate his contemporaries, and to address himself to solemn leading articles upon the state of the world. But having several original remarks which he desires to utilise, and several quotations which he is anxious to ventilate, he so far conforms to the course of his brother journalists as to throw his opening observations into the didactic form to which the general reader is accustomed. He can only say that it will be entirely in opposition to his intention if, at the close of the present article, the reader shall find himself either improved or instructed. Should the following remarks be effective in muddling a single mind, the object of the article will be completely attained.

What, let us ask, is the condition of England at the existing moment? The question is idle in the extreme, and therefore the more fit to be asked when the atmospheric influences are most conducive to idleness. MR. HOOD has remarked that his thermometer was at 80 in the shade, and that this was a great age. Similar reports are now furnished from the observatories, but no person reads reports or anything else. We recur, therefore, to our original proposition, which we forgot to make, not that we hesitated over the probabilities of its acceptance, but because too many acceptances have been issued of late, and in consequence the word "late" has been the befitting prefix to the mention of establishments formerly of financial repute. But if we ask ourselves, at the present time, what is the position of the Bank of England, we cannot think that financialists would be much re-assured by the statement that it adjoins the Royal Exchange. Such is one of the results of forgetting the golden rule, *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*.

Again, let us regard the political aspect of affairs. Until the new Premier shall have been assured that gentlemen are inclined to take office under him, it would, we must be allowed to hold, be almost premature in him to submit their names to the Sovereign, and to direct the issue of writs for new elections. We do not accuse the EARL OF DERBY of any intention to recruit his Ministry by force, but too strict a watch cannot be kept over the principles of the Constitution; and it would be a humiliating sight to see the law advisers of the Crown, and the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Ministers, dragged to the House under the stern surveillance of the police. We cannot forget that OLIVER CROMWELL, whom MR. CARLYLE and others admire so much, ejected Members by violence, and though at first sight the cases may not appear to be exactly parallel, we confidently affirm that there is no clause in the Bill of Rights, no provision in the Statute of Frauds, that treats as a lesser violation of right the compelling a statesman to take office than the extruding him from the House of Commons. We make these remarks in no unfriendly spirit towards LORD DERBY, many of whose family portraits at Brompton are worth inspection, but we have not yet learned to despise the salutary counsel contained in the maxim, *Judea damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*.

As regards domestic and social matters, we own that there exist compensations for grievances. If the streets of the metropolis are

wantonly torn up and converted into railway chaos, there have never been so many good singers collected at the same time as are now to be heard at the Royal Italian Opera. The state of our cabs and the manners and morals of our cabmen are a disgrace to civilised society, but the BISHOP OF LONDON resented in a becoming manner the angry language of DR. WILBERFORCE at the late meeting of Convocation. We do not look with any violent interest upon the progress of the Central Hall at South Kensington, but it is some thing to know, and we do know, that the practice of introducing whitebait early in the dinner, instead of at a period when the appetite is sated, is gradually making its way among sensible persons. Nor do we refuse to see, in the fact that the Royal Academy is likely to be removed to Kensington, an insufficient consolation for the incompleteness of the Nelson monument. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*.

It is not in these columns that habitual reference is made to theological matters, but as regards the Ritualists we feel bound to express a very decided opinion, and to use strongly condemnatory expressions. We therefore say emphatically that it will be very satisfactory if they are led upon reflection to reconsider some of their convictions. But we are not reckless in our denunciation. For the stout, short, and protuberant ecclesiastic who makes a Guy of himself by the adoption of a gorgeous costume in which he resembles a glorified porpoise, we can entertain none but the sentiments of a harpooner. For the slender and elegant young priest whose weakness of intellect may excuse his fondness for millinery, we, having recently visited the admirable Asylum for Idiots, own to a touch of tenderness. But it may become our painful duty, at no great distance of time, to warn the clergy who will not let well alone, that a project is already on foot for erecting, for the Registrars of Marriages, edifices of a graceful description, with stained glass windows and other luxuries, and that it will be a bad day for the parsons when the first fashionable bride shall listen to the conjugal vow under the roof of the Registrar. We may add that many distinguished bridesmaids have informed us that the dirty state of various metropolitan churches is a consideration which will not be overlooked. We commend these matters to the attention of all who are concerned. *Victoria Romanis multo sanguine stetit*.

It will not be expected that we should close these observations without a special reference to ourselves. But it is contrary to our reticent custom to intrude ourselves upon the attention of the reader, and in the present case our indisposition to speak is somewhat increased by the fact that we have nothing to say. We shall pursue the course which has hitherto been attended with so much satisfaction to ourselves and the public, unless we should see fit to depart from it, in which case we shall have as little scruple in obliterating our engagements as we have of hesitation in entering into them, and we shall content ourselves with remarking that, although where ignorance is folly, it is bliss to be wise, the proper study of mankind is not only man, but the gentler sex, which doubles alike our misfortunes and our expenses, and is quite welcome to its share of both. Such will be our guiding principles for the quarter of a century before us, and if forty centuries were looking down upon us from the Pyramids, we should still say, *Honor est a Nilo*.



PARALYSING PIECE OF NEWS FOR MR. B.

Mrs. B. "MR. B. ! MR. B. !! HERE'S SOMEBODY BEEN WRITING TO THE *TIMES* TO SAY THAT WHEN THE BANNs HAVE BEEN PUT UP AFTER THE SECOND LESSON, THE MARRIAGE IS AN ILLEGAL ONE, AND CONSEQUENTLY VOID !! WHY, THAT'S HOW WE WERE MARRIED, MR. B. !! DO YOU HEAR !"

OUR COAL AND OUR COUNTRY.

MR. PUNCH,

GRAVE fears have lately been expressed by grave men that our coal measures will have been practically exhausted within two or three generations. What, then, will Posterity do for force and for fuel? That is the question which the Legislature is urged to consider by provident and philosophical alarmists. It is a question relative to the subterranean domains of England. But there is a parallel question, which does not appear to have occurred to any of those prescient gentlemen. What, in the meanwhile, will become of England's superfluities?

Suppose that all our available coal is a quantity not sufficient to last much above another century. But then suppose also that the gas-works and factories and furnaces of England go on multiplying at their present rate of increase. Suppose, too, that our population continues to advance in the same ratio. If the bowels of the land are consumed in a hundred years' time, will not its face be likewise used up? Will not this Island, honeycombed underground with excavations in barren rock, aboveground be clustered all over with towns, separated by small interstices of utilised sewage? And must not our rivers then receive the surplus which it will be impossible to utilise? Will not the merry England that once was have become a hotbed studded with aggregations of bricks and mortar, and channelled with gutters? Will not our herbage and foliage have been for the most part destroyed by the vitriolic fumes of chemical plants, and the remainder have been blackened by factory smoke? Is it not likely that Great Britain will be *exploited* no sooner underneath than all over, and in short that our coal will not fail a moment before it should? On the other hand, is it not rather possible that the country may be completely spoiled long ere the coal that sustained its progress is nearly gone?

No alarmist merely, *Mr. Punch*, I merely suggest one conceivable fear to balance another. If we anticipate the exhaustion of our coal, we may just as well expect the repletion of our space, and the consummation of our national career. For my part I fear neither one event nor

STRANDED.

(Thoughts, on the far side of the Rubicon, by the Right Honourable W. G.)

Lo, here, across the Rubicon,
We gather, stranded, on the strand—
Behind us lies the wide stream runs on,
Before us lies the promised land,—
Tracts whose bright hues, far off, might please,
But, closer scanned, a desert seem:
No treasury-loaves upon the trees,
No treasury-fishes in the stream!

The natives flock, of looks uncouth,
And blatant speech—a salvage crew,
Not such as in my Oxford youth,
Or manhood's Peelian prime I knew!
When Church and State—two schemes in one—
Loomed on my brain through morning haze,
And by the old ways I wandered on,
Nor dreamed of treading other ways!

They raise their war-cries' shrilly screech,
Where our burnt boats bestrew the sand,
Dance round us, hail with rugged speech,
And wave rude *Stars*, with welcoming hand!
Not such the greetings I foresaw,
When dreaming, studious, in the schools,
Of Commons bowed to Canon's law,
And Statesmen squared by Churchmen's rules!

Are these the men with whom my fate
Is linked, since here my boats I burned?
To this wild shriek of haste and hate,
Must my mellifluous tongue be turned?
Must my wide vision shrink to theirs,
My vast horizon narrow in,
To this poor round of idol prayers,
And mob-led, or mob-leading, din?

Bethink thee,—“they are flesh and blood,”
Are brothers—asses though they be:
That progress points, where o'er the flood
Is shaped, I hope, the great “to be.”
My boats are charred, the road is barred,
That backward leads across the stream—
Onward! although the road seem hard,
For lights on the horizon beam!

the other. If the coal ever runs out, something equivalent to it will doubtless turn up, or else turn down. Somebody will discover a cheap way to set the Thames on fire, or to draw below, and store, atmospheric electricity. By a system of vertical elevation instead of lateral extension, our architecture will be adapted to our area, and our cities, no longer expanding, will continue to ascend. The higher they rise, the less will Posterity be troubled with any amount of smoke which it may be unable to consume. The future of England will then be as fresh as a daisy, still as familiar a flower as ever, and will wear the same roseate aspect as that under which it now presents itself to the exstatic vision of an ever hopeful

OPTIMIST.

Hinnot Place, Bethnal Green.

A Very Sly Sarcasm.

FRENCH satire is subtle. A contemporary states that:—

“A ‘communicated’ note in the *Evening* denies in somewhat indignant terms that the PRINCE IMPERIAL is about to study the art and mystery of typography.”

At first sight what there could have been, in an announcement that the PRINCE IMPERIAL was about to learn printing, to excite indignation, may not be manifest. Perhaps it was the understood intimation, in an ironical sense, that the EMPEROR was believed to intend making a demonstration of respect for the Press.

Ernest Hart and the Sick Paupers.

Who says there's nothing in a name
To mark the bearer's part?
Our bloated Bumbledom to tame
Demands an *Ernest Hart*.

THE FENIAN MOVEMENT IN CANADA.—To the Right About.



A LITTLE BRUTE.

First Boy. "THAT'S A 'ANSOM-CAB HORSE, THAT IS!"

Second Boy. "WHAT, 'IM?"

First Boy. "AH, 'CAUSE HE LIVES IN OUR MEWS; COST A LOT O' MONEY, HE DID—TEN SOVEREIGNS! 'CAUSE MY FATHER KNOWS THE MAN AS DRIVES —" [Further revelations drowned by thundering word of command from Adjutant, who wheels off in disgust.]

FANCY IN FASHIONS FOR JULY.

"SWEET are the uses of adversity." For the following good news announced under the head of "Fashions for July," by *Le Follet*, PATERFAMILIAS is doubtless indebted to the Panic and 10 per cent. in the City:—

"We are happy to announce a decided reactionary movement towards simplicity of attire. There can be no question that luxury in dress has of late been indulged in to an alarming excess. It is therefore gratifying to observe that the leaders of fashion now show a decided inclination to allow the judiciously elegant to replace the merely expensive; we no longer see toilettes covered and sparkling with gold and silver, these theatrical ornaments having given place to ribbons, flowers, laces, &c."

It is true that theatrical gold and theatrical silver, are not precious metals, and that the cost of such tinsel may be indefinitely exceeded by ribbons, flowers, laces, &c.; especially "&c." But PATERFAMILIAS may doubtless rely on the essential truth of *Le Follet's* testimony to the comparative cheapness of fal-lals for the time being. Thank the Bears.

In the succeeding observations, *Le Follet* really shows sense:—

"Summer is undoubtedly a time of rest for the purse and of work for the fancy. Expensive fabrics and trimmings are not required; a few simple materials, elegantly made, so as to permit the possessor to appear often in what the Parisians call *une toilette fraîche*, being all that is necessary, except for very dressy occasions, such as *fêtes* or marriages."

Few things that any poet has ever said of summer will be deemed by PATERFAMILIAS equal to the aphorism of *Le Follet* about it. "Summer is undoubtedly a time of rest for the purse and of work for the fancy." Most undoubtedly, as regards toilettes. Oh, *Le Follet*! thou art a summer bird! As to whitebait dinners, and the like, the case may be rather different. The purse cannot rest if the muscles of mastication and deglutition are to act. Though fancy may be all-sufficient for the love of finery, it will not supply the pleasures of the palate. It may make *une toilette fraîche* answer every purpose, but will not provide a

cool cup or a satisfactory repast out of simple and slight materials. So much the greater reason why fancy should do all the work that ever it can to the end of resting the purse. Therefore, *vive la toilette fraîche* while the summer lasts; and let us hope that, in winter time, fancy will still find scope for economy in the tasteful arrangement of the cheapest of all those substantial fabrics which will then be necessitated by the severity of the season.

In female education the importance of fancy in relation to dress, has been grievously overlooked. A woman whose fancy has the power to make an alpaca equal to a silk, or a merino to a moiré antique, is the wife for a wise man's money; because she will not squander any of it on excess of apparel.

COMIC TALENT.

AMONG a number of other odd theatrical requirements we specially select the following for remark:—

WANTED, COMIC and SERIO-COMIC TALENT of the Highest Order, for June 25th and future dates. No stamp. Silence a respectful negative.

What is called the "comic business" in a Pantomime consists in the transactions of Pantaloon and Clown, and these persons not unfitly may lay claim to have some comic talent, for we know it takes a clever man to play sagaciously the fool. But where is "serio-comic talent" displayed upon the stage, unless perhaps in the performances of certain great tragedians, who play the sombre parts so funnily that they always make one laugh. To them the gentle hint "no stamp" seems specially addressed; for these serio-comic actors are usually addicted to much stamping when they act, and it would be wise, we think, to add the further gentle hint, "no strut."

ADDRESS TO THE REFORM CLUB.—"Oh, then I see King Mob hath been with you."

TWO EIGHTEENTHS OF JUNE.

(The declaration of war between Austria and Prussia was exchanged on the 18th of June, the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo).

'Twas one-and-fifty years ago,
The night of an eighteenth of June,
That o'er the field of Waterloo,
Rose, round and red, the summer moon.
And England, weak with loss of blood,
And black with battle's reek and stain;
From strength o'er-taxed half-swooning stood,
In trampled corn on Soignies' plain.

All day, from rainy dawn to dark,
She had looked on, in voiceless awe;
While the huge eagles grappled, stark,
For life and death, with beak and claw.
And ere that night the moon rode high,
The greatest eagle of the brood,
Whose wings had darkened earth and sky,
Lay spent and shattered and subdued!

Then—upshot of that awful day—
She saw the conquering Eagles bind
The conquered Eagle, as he lay,
Baffled and bleeding, bruised and blind.
Saw censers swing above the blood,
Heard o'er the groans *Te Deums* rise;
And marked how reek of carnage stood,
Between the incense and the skies.

And then she saw the Eagles sit,
In crowned conclave, grave and grim;
To rend, what with a wicked wit,
They called "freed" Europe, limb by limb.
Parcelling out, with haughtier air,
The lower they had lately quailed—
A gobbet here, a gobbet there,
As Eagle's craft or strength prevailed.

And England looked, and England thought,
That, like dogs, eagles have their day.
Too well she knew who most had fought,
For fighting who'd had most to pay.
Her whistle won, 'twas time at length,
To count the cost, in purse and veins,
Where waxing debt, and wasting strength,
Of men and money told the drains.

Kings—Peoples—two in one, that hold
Close union as veins and skin!
Kings—to pay out the blood and gold,
And patriot peoples—to pay in!
So has been, shall be, human hap:
So England saw, 'twas then to be,—
Monarchs remodelling the map;
Europe, made free with, not made free.

And she who had borne the battle's brunt,
She who the pipers had to pay,
Now saw pretensions first in front,
That most kept out of danger's way.
Little of all she'd won she kept;
Gen'rous, when all were grasping round,
She saw the board of winnings swept,
By players whose first stake she'd found.

Now, one-and-fifty years are past,
'Tis the eighteenth of June again:
Again the summer-moonlight's shed,
On new cut hay and greening grain;
And once more England stands aghast,
As, north and south, from near and far,
The shrill war-trumpet wakes the blast,
And Europe leaps again to war.

Nature and Man are still the same:
The earth as fair, as fierce its lord:
And still we see the little game
Of kings and peoples keeps the board.
But though the board, cards, game are one,
How different the players show
From those of that Eighteenth of June,
Now one-and-fifty years ago!

Then fierce BRITANNIA in the strife
With purse and person foremost stood.
Reckless of reason, flush of life,
Less prodigal of brains than blood:
Then the black vultures, side by side,
The great French eagle linked to tame,
And, England aiding, checked its pride,
Banished and banned, and put to shame.

Holy Alliance! Then we saw
Pruss, Russ, and Austrian combine
O'er Europe's war-blurred map to draw
The measuring-tape and marking-line.
France crush'd, and revolution done,
And peoples taught they can't be free—
'Tis strange, when vultures are at one,
How wonderfully they agree!

Now, see this goodly work unpick'd—
Holy Alliance drawing swords!
Eighteen-fifteen's arrangements kicked
To shivers by its sovereign lords:
NAPOLEON's forfeit name, once more,
Symbol of European power,
France at peace, arbiter of war,
The EMPEROR master of the hour!

And England folding brawny hands,
And looking on with even heart,
As one who by a quarrel stands,
With neither brawler taking part—
Oh, startling difference in the tune
Of the war-dance that now we know,
And that which closed, the Eighteenth of June,
Now one-and-fifty years ago!

CRIMINALS AND PAUPERS.

Not know how to treat our criminals! Don't we, though! Just see now.

First of all, you catch your criminal—a brutal wife-beater, we will say, or else a ruffianly garrotter. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vilissimo.* Then, having caught your criminal, cage him in a workhouse. Keep him on thin gruel, and not too much of even that. Bring him down to skin and bone, and take all the spirit out of him. Give him work like oakum-picking, stupifying and monotonous, and never let a ray of hope in to enlighten him.

Then, when he falls ill, which he is pretty sure to do, confine him in a sick-ward, which is crammed to suffocation. Huddle him with a herd of raving, filthy lunatics. Taint him with the breathing of a dozen diseased lungs. Keep him wakeful by the coughs of the asthmatic and consumptive. Crowd round him the beds of paupers dying of infectious cholera or fever. Prop him with hard pillows, fresh taken from a death-bed. Tend him with hard hands, hard eyes, and harder hearts. Let Ignorance and Malice sit watching by his side, and Drunkenness and Dirt be installed as his head-nurses. Give him physic by hap-hazard, measured by the rule of tipsy, shaking thumb and fore-finger. Dose him with a purge if he complain of being aquish, drench him with a salt-draught whenever he feels thirsty. Should he be paralysed, take no heed of the bed-sores that will scourge him. Let him lie, and slowly rot to death, and so be done for.

In short, treat your brutal criminal as you do your wretched pauper. Torture British Vice to death as British Innocence is tortured. Leave off petting your foul gaol-birds, your assaulters and garotters. Mould your model prisons on the model of your workhouses. Let your convicts lead the dog's-life that your paupers long have led, with just a taste of the "cat," now and then by way of filip. Then see the reduction there will be in gaol-returns, and how the threat of workhouse torture will tempt Vice to be virtuous.

Epitaph on the late Reform Bill.

INFLECTION sore to all I bore,
Divisions were in vain.
If passed, I might have pleased JOHN BRIGHT:
My loss will cause him pain.

Court Circular.

Balmoral, Tuesday.
MR. JOHN BROWN walked on the Slopes. He subsequently partook of a haggis.
In the evening MR. JOHN BROWN was pleased to listen to a bag-pipe.
MR. JOHN BROWN retired early.



THE FIRST QUESTION.

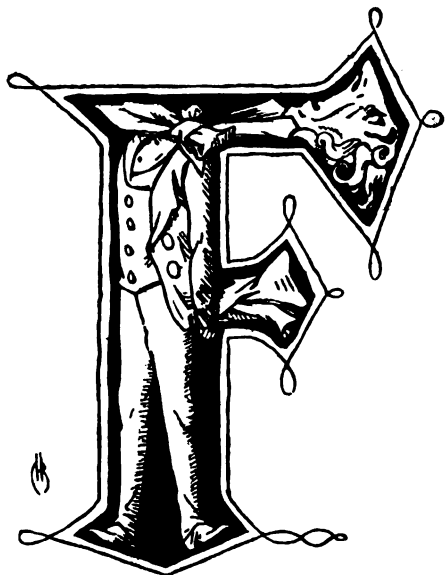
WORKING-MAN. "WELL, GENTLEMEN, WHAT ARE *YOU* GOING TO DO FOR ME?"
LORD DERBY (*aside to Dizzy*). "AH! IF HE WERE ONLY A RACEHORSE NOW——"
DISRAELI. "OR AN ASIAN MYSTERY——"



DENMARK AVENGED.

DENMARK. "FIGHT IT OUT, GENTLEMEN! I'VE THE PLEASURE TO LOOK ON!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ALLEN is the Russell Ministry! Idle lies the whip of BRAND. Hushed is the voice of GLADSTONE, magician of arithmetic. PALMER now addeth nought more to the Book of Praise of himself and his colleagues. Thy mighty rush of words is checked, O GREY of the Home Office, and thou, CLARENDON, mayst smoke the fragrant weed in peace, though the foreigners are at war. Wilt see Nineveh again, LAYARD the resolute, and thou, GÖSCHEN, whose rise was so swift, wilt thou again behold the faces of the merchants? Venerable CRANWORTH, there be seats as soft as

the woollack for thine honourable age, but the seals are thine no more. O pleasant GRANVILLE, society shall have more of thee, no longer Lord President, and thou, O pleasant SOMERSET, come down from the mast-head, and deign to walk among the sons of men. Harp of Ossian-Punch, thy strings make sad wailing, and thy master demandeth much cool drink, for he weepeth, and is very hot. Pledge me, friends, in the Loving Cup of many pegs, and blessed be the ice and borage, which mingle lovingly in its gleaming gloom.

It is said, and it is done. On the day of the Moon, and on the 25th day of June, came down the Earl, whose name is RUSSELL, and spake unto the Lords, saying, "The Commons trust us not, and therefore we are no more. Have I not sent unto the QUEEN? Begone, therefore until the hour of six to-morrow, when I shall have spoken to the Lady of Windsor, and the rest shall be made known unto you." Likewise spake GLADSTONE, in the same sort, unto the Commons.

At the appointed time they came. The two Ministers had visited Windsor, and by reason that other Royal Servants had blundered, there were no carriages at the station, so the statesmen footed it unto the mighty Castle, and were cheered by certain of the people. Of what passed between their Sovereign Lady QUEEN VICTORIA and themselves, RUSSELL and GLADSTONE made speech in the chambers of legislation.

The EARL RUSSELL spoke unto the Peers. His feelings were those of no ordinary emotion. He and his colleagues had tendered their resignation, on the decision of the Commons upon the motion of LORD DUNKELIN. The QUEEN had desired them to re-consider their resolve, for it appeared to the Sovereign that they had been defeated only on a Point of Detail, and that with Europe in a flame it was no time to be changing the English Ministry. At much length the Earl adduced the reasons which induced him to differ in opinion from Majesty. He defended the Reform Bill, complained of the hostility of its enemies, and declared that honour demanded the resignation. He hoped that Parliament would not treat the claim of the artisan with contempt, but would make generous concessions. Otherwise they would alienate the people from the Crown and the Aristocracy. Although unable to agree with the QUEEN upon the Point of Detail, the Earl complimented Her, handsomely, upon her general discharge of her royal duties.

Replied the EARL OF DERBY, that he had earnestly hoped to be able to listen in respectful silence, but the other Earl had been personal. The change of Government, at such a time, was most unfortunate, but it was the fault of the Ministers. They had been met only by constitutional opposition on matters of great magnitude. The Government had been arrogant and injudicious, alienating those who should have been conciliated. And they had resigned on a Point of Detail, not affecting the amount of the Borough Franchise, which had never been discussed at all. The Commons had chosen to exercise their right of judgment, and therefore the Cabinet had resigned.

EARL GRANVILLE answered with spirit, and EARL GREY, in a long speech, condemned both the Reform Bill and the Ministers who had abandoned it. Specially, he flagellated them for having put themselves into the hands of MR. JOHN BRIGHT, of Birmingham.

In the Commons, after some of that easily evoked merriment for which the Nether House is famous, and which seemed scarcely justified

by the cause—a doctor's statement that a certain Member had been taken ill after a party—the Leader of the House, delivered an address. It was, in the main, similar to that of his Chief, but it was marked by such extreme good temper and grace as to produce a salutary effect upon his hearers. He moved an adjournment until the Thursday, with the idea that by that time, Some Person might be able to propose a further adjournment.

Some Person was EDWARD GEOFFREY SMITH STANLEY, J.K.G., better known as EARL DERBY. To him the QUEEN had said, by letter, "Make a Cabinet, if you can." And we learned that the Earl designed to try, and moreover we were told that he had resolved on endeavouring to form one of those things which his CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has declared that England does not like, namely, a Coalition. He was thought to have spoken to the Blue Blood, and to the Cave, and it was said that the replies had been unfavourable. But we knew nothing for certain. Meantime, there were many meetings outside the House, and these were described, according to the tenets of the describers, as magnificent demonstrations and as mob gatherings.

Thursday came, and the Commons with it. But there was no news for them, except that the EARL OF DERBY had requested that they would adjourn until that day week. But we were not going to dwell entirely amid The Silences. MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE and MAJOR KNOX complained of a meeting which had been held around the Nelson Column, upon the pedestal whereof the Chairman had perched, and had made an idiotic reference to the fact that the head of CHARLES THE FIRST had been removed at Whitehall, where it was proposed to hold another meeting. SIR GEORGE GREY said that it was only illegal to hold meetings near the House, if they were intended to intimidate Parliament. MR. NEWDEGATE, a Tory, spoke in a manlier fashion, and as one who is not afraid either of the faces or shouts of his fellow-citizens. It was very natural, he said, that there should be large assemblages just then, but he scoffed at the idea of apprehension. He also warmly complimented MR. GLADSTONE upon the conciliatory way in which he had spoken on Tuesday, for which gentlemanly utterances MR. NEWDEGATE was gracefully thanked by the ex-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. But, before this, we had a speech from

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, who was perfectly discontented with the situation. A commercial panic, Bank discount £10 per cent., an attack on Canada, revolution in Spain, war in Italy, war in Germany, and the nation for a fortnight without a Government. MR. GLADSTONE had vindicated his honour, but not his judgment. The Reform Bill ought not to have been abandoned. The QUEEN was of opinion that there was no ground for a resignation. The whole session had been wasted. Other valuable Bills were shelved. The Opposition had opposed fairly. Office had been forced upon them, and they ought to have a fair trial. He for one, would give LORD DERBY no factious opposition during the remainder of the session.

MR. GLADSTONE, in a good-humoured reply, said that he would go further, and would not, like MR. OSBORNE, limit his promise not to be factious. In reference to the Sovereign, MR. GLADSTONE used one of those exquisitely neat Gladstonianisms which seem to *Mr. Punch* to belong to High Art. The QUEEN had regarded the defeat as one upon a Point of Detail, but he had never said that after personal communication it was Her Majesty's opinion that her Government had resigned on such a point. We have no doubt that in MR. GLADSTONE's Lett's Diary, or whatever volume he keeps, he has set down the exact words of his Royal Mistress. Will he make a small bet with us, say a claret cup, to be ordered next time we meet at the Club, that the words were not these, or very nearly? "Well, if, My Lord and Mr. Gladstone, you say that it is a point of honour and not of detail, I can say no more, but that I am very sorry to lose your services." We do not hold him to claret, if he likes champagne better—we trust that we can be as conciliatory as himself.

Thus stands the situation, and thus it will stand, so far as Parliament can, officially, know, when the world is reading this history. The only secret which we shall, without regard to anybody's feelings, at once disclose, is this. MR. WHALLEY has been offered—but no—we must not convulse the country. We only warn all Roman Catholics that the sooner they make arrangements for emigration the better. If they like to send their plate and money to 85, Fleet Street, those awful vaults shall be safe even against MR. WHALLEY and all his myrmidons.

The Lords met on Friday, to hear from EARL RUSSELL of the requested adjournment. All honour to the Peers. They improved the occasion by rejecting the Bill, which the Commons had passed, for ruining Victoria Park by means of Gas Works. May their Lordships' own trees be green and flourishing.

Gallus and Caesar.

THE MESSRS. LONGMAN are publishing the third edition of a work by the learned PROFESSOR BECKER, entitled, *Gallus; or Roman Scenes of the Time of Augustus*. Very well; but, associated with the name of AUGUSTUS, to English ears at least, GALLUS does not seem to sound so apt as it would in connection with that of NERO.



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

"MAMMA, DEAR, MRS. ROBINSON HAS WRITTEN TO ASK IF I WILL GO WITH HER TO THE "ZOO" NEXT SUNDAY. I SHOULD SO LIKE TO!"

"WHAT, MY DEAR! ON SUNDAY! NEVER!"

"WHY, BUT WE GO TO THE KENSINGTON GARDENS!"

"I DISAPPROVE OF LOOKING AT BEASTS ON SUNDAY!"

"BUT THE PEOPLE LOOK AT EACH OTHER, MAMMA; NOT AT THE BEASTS."

"IF YOU ARE SURE OF THAT, MY DEAR, YOU MAY ACCEPT MRS. ROBINSON'S INVITATION."

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

PHYSICAL pain not the worst of evils, Sir? What other evil would you not endure rather than grasp a red-hot poker by the fiery end for one minute? MUTIUS SCÆVOLA? Either a myth or a madman. Case of CRANMER? Miraculous, if true. Enthusiasm and mania are sometimes anæsthetic. Insensibility is not endurance.

Did you ever have the gout, Sir? Ah! I thought not. Nor even the rheumatism? Well; that's bad enough. Lately attacked this thigh, Sir. Hurt abominably: hindered stooping. Problem in such a strait, Sir, to put your socks on.

Might not the problem have been solved by a wife? Yes, Sir, I felt that. Apprehended, during rheumatism, the advantage there may be in matrimony. "O, woman, in our hours of ease!" You know what follows. Well, but, Sir, if she is a ministering angel only in your time of trouble, and always inconstant, and coy, and hard to please except then, habitual suffering is the necessary condition of your conjugal felicity.

But woman is not hard to please in your easy time. SCOTT was wrong there. There is no ease without easy circumstances. If you have plenty of money, you can always please Woman. You can let her dress *ad libitum*, and act regardless of expense, and take all the consequences of her doing so, and the blame of them, on yourself, Sir.

However, Sir, I don't say that when Poverty comes in at the door, Love always flies out at the window; and I trust JOE's wife was an exceptional person.

No doubt, Sir, woman can do much to comfort man. Can she mitigate his pecuniary anxieties? Yes, Sir, by succeeding to property.

LONDON PASTORALS.

No. 1.

I THANK thee pretty Cow what gives
The pretty milk on which I lives;
Which it don't make me werry plump,
For that I thank thee, pretty pump!

No. 2.

ABROAD in the parks for to see the young lambs,
A-skipping about by the side of their dams,"

Their fleeces so clean and so white.

Yes, walk through Hyde Park, and take long or short cuts,
Through the Green, or the Regent's, and see how the smuts
Have made 'em as black as the night.

No. 3.

COME, let us take our boat and our wine
Upon the sparkling Serpentine.

Oh, what can compare,
With the fresh, fresh air,
And the Shepherd's† life on the Serpentine.

The lowing herds come down to slake
Their feverish thirst in the limpid stream;
But we will lie on the buoyant lake,
And drown our strawberries in cream.

Come let us take our boat, &c.

Under the drooping Lettuce shoot
The pointed prow‡ and scare the ducks.
I'll play to thee on the dulcet lute,
While you your soothing cobbler sucks.§

Come, love, the galley, while 'tis fine
(You, me, and the man—say one-and-nine)

Oh, what can compare
(We'll each take a share)

With the Shepherd's life on the Serpentine!

* Beg pardon, Mr. Editor, but DR. WATTS is my authority for this here word.

† Rover's the proper word, but as it is a pastoral that won't do.

‡ It is the prow isn't it? Correct it, if not. [Don't know. Ed.]

§ Poetic licence.

Tribute to Prussia.

THE dispossessed KING OF HANOVER has cultivated the science of music, and is known to be a very good composer. His Majesty has employed the first moments of his release from the cares of government in the composition of a *corale*, the words for which are supplied by the beautiful hymn of DR. WATTS, "*Why Should I Deprive My Neighbour?*" It is dedicated to the KING OF PRUSSIA.

Plenty of money is the *sine quâ non* of domestic bliss especially. Less will do for single blessedness. A safe annuity of £500 a-year would put you, as a bachelor, out of your misery. As a married man, you should have three thousand at least, derived from fixed capital. Then, you know, Sir, you wouldn't have to insure your life, and stint yourself of claret and cigars to pay the policy.

BENEFICE AND ECCLESIASTICAL MARKET INTELLIGENCE.

IN a list of "Livings for Sale," announced by the *Times*, the first piece of Church preferment specified bears the highly appropriate name of "Simonburn Rectory." The rectory of Simonburn is described as "valued in the *Clergy List* at £261. a year, with a population of 599 persons." Such an easy cure of souls as this might have contented SIMON himself, if SIMON's ideas of duty, and regard to emolument, corresponded to the views of a modern simonist.

Singularly enough, the self-same catalogue of ecclesiastical investments also includes the particularly well-entitled benefice of "Humshaugh, chapel-of-ease to Simonburn, and P. C. 1201. a-year, population 443." What "P. C." means may be dimly conjectured to be a per-centage in some way connected with Simonburn through Humshaugh; but, at any rate, there is an obvious relation between the hum of Humshaugh and the simony of Simonburn.

RAPIN(2)'S HISTORY.—War.

INVASION OF FLUNKYDOM.

(To the Edditer of Punch.)



Y DEER SAW,—Eallow me to call your etention to an alawmin statemint wich as hapeard in the *Pell-Mell Gazette*. Acawding to that cleva but presumshus jawnal, at the SPEEKER of the Ouse of Commounes Dinna on Wensday hevenin last, Cawt Sutes were faw the fawst time dispinsed with. MR. BRIGHT, MR. J. S. MILL, MR. J. B. SMITH, and others, appeard in plain black, like the Minister of the Yew Nighted States, also present. Nott content with publishin this stawtlin innivation, the *Pell-Mell* hactially goes on to sejest the LORD CHAMBERLIN mite edvise the QUEENE to folla MR. SPEKER's exampel, so that "civilians should" be permitted to exchange frills, bagwigs, swords, and knee breeches for a costume more consistent with the fashions of the time," when they go to Cawt. In the name of the brotherwood to witch I ave the honna to belong, I beg to pertest agen hany-

think of the kind. The *Pell-Mell* calls the Cawt dress of a gentelman "the costume of the worst period of English taste." From that obsavation I must ixpress my descent, considerin that dress partickly ansom, witch there is another reason for admirin, its very cloase resemblance in Stile and Carickter to our own Hunifawm. So long as the Corstoom in wich a gentelman wates upon his suvering is so neerly like the wun wot anuther wares waitin beind a chair, the fawma upholds the Dignity of the Latta, witch is its peculia advauntidge, besides extream illigance and splenda. I am shaw I should neva survey my carves and buckels with the Satisfaction I do now if so be as my Lawd adn't got to make the same display in the presence of his Ryal Missis, and to show Dewotion to Madjesty.

No, Saw, I considna plane Evenin dress at the SPEAKA's Dinna as the thin Hend of the Wedge for the aberlition of Livvry; and at Last it will com to this, that we shall ave to ixchange our Glorius and Gorgeus aparel for abiliments witch wil confound hall Difference in ixtawnals between a waita at a tavan or an hevangelical cawdgyman, and your most obedient Sawvant with all the rest of his Awda, hoos Cloth is

PLUSH.

P.S. The ideah of the SPEAKA comencin the crewsaid agen Court Sutes! And it's im as as to deside wot is and isent Pawlimentry! I suppose next he'll ebolish is own At and Wigg.

UP TO THE TIME.

THE Austrian Government having refused *Mr. Punch's* offer of furnishing a Special Correspondent, *Mr. Punch* has at once entered into arrangements with "His Own Special," who is, by this time, probably a spectator in the Theatre of War. We give the preliminary correspondence:—

I.

From the Editor to JULIUS THROCORTON SMIJTHIE. (N.B. He is very angry if you call him SMITH.)

DEAR THROC,—You've been in the army, haven't you?

Yours truly, ED. PUNCH.

II.

From J. T. S. to the Editor of Punch.

DEAR EDDY,—Yes. Why?

Yours, with kind regards, J. THROC. SM.

III.

DEAR THROC,—Will you go to the Seat of War? Answer by return.

Yours, with every expression of esteem, ED. P.

P.S. Pay your own postage.

IV.

DEAR EDDY,—Yes, with pleasure. Where is the Seat of War?
Yours sincerely and devotedly, THROC.

P.S. Pay yours.

V.

DEAR THROC,—Get a map: or anyone will tell you. Be off at once.
Yours faithfully and heartily, ED. P.

P.S. I'm too late to get a stamp.

VI.

DEAR EDDY,—All right. Terms? Yours warmly, THROC.

P.S. I send this by special messenger, so don't know what it'll be. Pay it.

VII.

DEAR THROC,—We shan't quarrel about a pound or two. Go. Bless you?

Your sincere well-wisher, ED. P.

P.S. I send this back by your messenger: lump the lot.

VIII.

DEAR EDDY,—I'm off to-morrow: just brushing up my German and French. If you've got a four-language phrase-book, lend it me, will you?

Yours, with a farewell shake of the hand, OLD THROC.

P.S. I haven't got any change, and my servant's out, so I send the same special messenger as yesterday. By this way, you never paid him.

IX.

DEAR THROC,—English is very generally spoken abroad now. Adieu, success to you.

Ed. P.

P.S. The messenger doesn't know how much you owe him, so I leave him in your hands.

X.

DEAR EDDY,—I want an outfit: I suppose cocked hat isn't necessary,

Yours hurriedly, but with every sentiment of respect and sincere admiration, THROC.

P.S. Don't give this fellow more than 10s.

XI.

DEAR THROC,—I send you per your messenger some summer things of mine which I really don't want. Cocked hat if you like. Do be off. By the way don't spare money: spend what you like abroad; we always wish our Correspondents to do the thing in style.

Yours anxiously, ED. P.

P.S. He says he *will* have ten and six, so I refer him to you.

XII.

DEAR EDDY,—I saw your tailor's name on the buttons; so I've got two new suits there. When you receive this I shall be far away from England.

Yours affectionately, THROC.

P.S. You'll find the suits all right in your bill. A guinea will square the messenger entirely.

And so our correspondent has gone. From the style of the above the public may expect some most interesting details.

Wednesday, 10 A.M.

We have already received one letter dated Boulogne. Boulogne, we need hardly inform our readers is *not* the seat of war.

DEAR EDDY,—The Japanese are going to provide specials for the war. I suppose they'll send back *Happy Despatches*. Eh? That's not bad.

Yours (much better than I was on the packet),

POOR OLD THROC.

P.S. Your name's been very useful to me in several places. I don't require any money.

PP.S. Say all sorts of kind things to Old England for me.

The New Librarian.

SUMMER is welcome; yet the tones

Heard in this Temple of the Printer,

Tell that its priesthood swears, "by JONES,

They welcome the approach of WINTER.

Great Russell Street,

A READER, B.M.

A Very Strong Onion.

At the Thames Police Court, the other day, one WILLIAM ONION was committed for trial on a charge of violently assaulting a policeman. He had been previously convicted eight times for assaults on the police, and once for ill-using a publican. MR. ONION was described as "a tall and strong-looking man." Onions generally are strong. This ONION appears to be absolutely insufferable.



QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Mamma. "WHO WAS THE FIRST MAN, 'LINA!"

'Lina. "I FORGET."

Mamma. "ALREADY! WHY, ADAM, TO BE SURE! AND WHO WAS THE FIRST WOMAN!"

'Lina (after a thoughtful pause). "MADAM!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT waited to hear the arrangements made by Some Person. Some Person's Cabinet was being constructed, and will have been revealed, in all its magnificence, before these lines are read. MR. GLADSTONE took a brief and gentlemanly farewell of the House, that is, from the Treasury Bench, and thanked his supporters for having sustained him through recent struggles.

Meantime, that which would have been a Parliamentary theme but for the suspension of business, the miraculous European War, could be but briefly alluded to. LORD BROUGHAM expressed his horror at the slaughter and suffering which the struggle had occasioned, and MR. LAYARD had an opportunity of certifying that the telegraphic news was accurate. In a few days, therefore, from the declaration of War, Prussia had acquired a vast extent of territory, had beaten down Austria, out-maneuvring and out-fighting her, and would have been in full march for Vienna, but that Austria cried "Enough," gave up Venetia to France, to be rendered to Italy, and begged for an armistice. Italy is free from the Alps to the Adriatic. Sardinia does not, at present, belong to France. This is the quickest war ever fought. Let us hope that it is quite over. What say the Ultramontanists to the preternatural triumph of Protestant Arms?

Only Half an Advertisement.

THE first line of one of MR. VINING's advertisements to the quick and superficial reader runs thus:—

MRS. STIRLING will appear this evening in the HUGUENOT CAP—and very becoming such head-gear must be. This presents an attraction to the Princess's in itself, even if the "tain" did not occur in the next line to tell us of the novelty at this theatre.

BIG GAMBLERS v. LITTLE ONES.

(One of the first effects of the war has been to shut up all the gaming tables in the small German States.)

BADEN and Ems are desolate,
There's grass 'twixt Homburg's stones:
Wiesbaden o'er deserted halls
And vacant tables moans.
No more within the numbered ring,
The fateful ball spins round;
No more the croupier's "*faites vos jeux*,"
"*Le jeu est fait*," resound!

"*Rien ne va plus*!" The bank is broke,
Never to ope again,
For winners' gains that losses cloak,
Or losers' desperate strain.
No more the rakes the scattered stakes,
Sweep in with watchful claw;
Le jeu est fait! The game is up,
The players may withdraw.

Far greater gamblers, vaster stakes,
Place at the table claim;
With armed hosts for croupier-rakes,
Ruin or Rule, for game.
When Prussia, Austria, Italy,
For Empire spin the ball;
No wonder Homburg, Wiesbaden,
And Ems go to the wall!

Clear out, ye pretty punting knaves,
Now monarchs take your room!
Rouge gagne—ten thousand soldier-slaves,
At each deal meet their doom.
See *Couleur perd*—both gold and black;
And red and white, and green,
Yet *Couleur gagne*—French tricolor—
Whose backer stakes unseen!

A Passing Thought.

AT PRINCESS HELENA's marriage, the Court authority says, "none of PRINCE CHRISTIAN's male relations were able to attend."

Considering what the bride's brother has done for MR. POOLE, we should have thought that he might have made this possible, even at three months—

But it is no business of ours. May the bride be happy.

VENUS AND VALOUR.

MR. PUNCH—SIR,

I 'VE been aboard, since I last writ you, of that queer Yankee craft—mind your authography—the *Monitor Miantonomoh*. It won't do. How can a A. B., what is worth his sea-salt, feel any nat'ral love and affection for a vessel without a figure-head? Of course a landsman can't understand this sort of sentimentalism, but a A. B. has a 'Art, and printed on that 'Art, if you could see it, you would find two lovely images: first, his ship; and second, his SUSAN. For both of them, what is his high dols, he'd fight at any hour and against any odds, and why? because they're sweetly beautiful, whether adorned with crinoline or close reefed, in gipsy bonnet or scudding under bare poles. But a A. B. can't worship a Box-iron no more than he can a Hottentot, afloat or ashore. Beauty he must have in ship-shape, and them schoolmisses or monitors, are ugliness parsonified. "Venus and Valour" is my motto, and if you was to ask all the fleet, I'll be bound ten thousand voices would unite with mine in singing that natural anthem, "And so say all of us."

&c., bediently yours,

BEN BUNTING,
H.M.S. *Arethusa*.

Beales within Beales.

JUST as the House rose on Thursday, SIR ROUNDELL PALMER introduced a Bill in reference to the Qualifications of Revising Barristers The first Clause, we understand, is this—

"That no revising Barrister shall, at a public meeting, denounce any gentleman as a Vile Catiff."

MR. EDMOND BEALES, we hear, means to oppose the measure when he shall have finished cutting off somebody's head at Whitehall.

THE PERILS OF THE PARK.

How long are we to wait for a proper staff of park-keepers to manage Rotten Row, and prevent people on horseback from half-killing other people? To ride there at high noon now is like being in the thick of a cavalry engagement. Last week H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES was cannoned off his horse, and it was only by a hair's breadth that the Heir escaped dire injury. Perhaps next week H.R.H. MR. PUNCH may get bowled over, by one beast on another, if means be not devised to make the Row more safe to ride in. Surely it is time, then, for some one to do something to protect such precious lives, which are daily now endangered.

Men, who merely use the Row as a place to get a gallop in, should clearly be kept out of it at certain times of the day when a gallop there is dangerous. When crowded at mid-day the Row is not a place for rapid equitation. It is simply then a show-ground where fair centaureesses congregate, chiefly for the sake of exhibition to the centaurs. Gallopers should then not be permitted to intrude. Let them take their sweating at some less frequented hour. A man who would go galloping among a crowd of frightened girls is a snob whom it were flattery to call a selfish brute.

There are other brutes whose presence is a danger in Hyde Park, and these are the stray curs which are suffered to infest it. They delight to spring forth suddenly and bark at horses' heels, occasioning great terror to indifferent equestrians. It often happens that a horse is frightened by these beasts, and the sooner they are shot and turned to sausage-meat the better.



THIS IS THE WAY MR. PUNCH WOULD TREAT THE SNOBS OF ROTTEN ROW.

A PEEP AT THE PYRENEES.

DEAR PUNCH,

To you who have seen everything it may seem a little curious that I have scarce seen anything. Perhaps, you hardly will believe that, until the other day, excepting Primrose Hill, I had never seen a mountain. I beg their pardon, though, I had seen some hills in Wales, which the natives, I believe, consider to be mountains. But the biggest is a pigmy to the Pyrenees, and Snowdon is a mole-hill to the snow-crowned Maladetta. Cadet Idris must be doubled to reach as far as half-way up the (Pic du Midi), and were Helvellyn placed a-top of the shoulders of Ben Nevis they could stand beneath the arm-pits of the white-peaked Vignemale. When, at Biarritz, I saw some of the princes of the Pyrenees afar in the horizon, I felt that I must go and lay my homage at their feet, and take my hat off to their Highnesses. As the loadstone rock attracted Sinbad and his ship, they drew me to their presence with a power quite resistless. And I fear it is impossible to try and get away from them, until all the metal has been drawn out of my pockets.

It surprises me to think how very little I had heard about the beauties of these mountains. Everybody chatters of the wonders of the Alps, but, since the war in the Peninsula, "il n'y a plus de Pyrénées" in London conversation. English tourists are, however, a *race montagnarde*; JOHN BULL is a mere sheep in following old beaten tracks upon the Continent. Great Britons by the thousand flock to Switzerland each autumn, but there are hardly half a hundred who think it worth their while to see what France and Spain can show them in the way of mountain scenery. Yet, from what my eyes have seen, and my ears have often heard, I believe the Pyrenees in some respects are far beyond the Alps in beauty. "Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains," I admit, and the princes of the Pyrenees are not to be compared with her Highness the Jungfrau, or his Mightiness the Matterhorn. But for

varied woods, and hill-sides seamed with glittering cascades, for valleys bright with flowers, and musical with rapid, rushing, murmuring, mountain rivers, the Pyrenees, I fancy, are unequalled by the Alps.

What his DAUBER doing that prevents his coming hither? Why do BRUSH and MAULSTICK go eternally to Wales, and never dream of studying this far finer mountain scenery? Here are clean, cheap, pleasant inns, and kindly peasant people, with bright eyes, and brown faces and picturesque costumes. Here for figure-painters are girls and women calmly a-straddle on their mules, or walking with enormous loaves upon their heads, while their hands are always spinning as busily as spiders. Here are shepherds ever knitting the while they tend their flocks, and wearing their hair closely shorn upon the forehead, and falling in long tangled clusters on the neck. Here are railways within shot of the shadow of the mountains. Here are footpaths for pedestrians, and smooth roads for the carriages of *voyageurs en prince*. Here are comely, light-brown oxen, yoked to farmers' carts and ploughs, and wearing picturesque white hairy mats upon their heads. Here are goats that bound about the boulders on the hill-side, and pigs washed in the gutter side by side with your dress shirts. Here is foliage intermingling darkest and lightest hues of green, and meadows bright as rainbows in their varied floral colours. Here, too, are craggy peaks for hardy clamberers to climb, and lakes as cold as ice, in which they may bathe if foot-hardy. Here are mountains lifting their bare heads, all silver-streaked with snow, above grand, gloomy crags and cliffs, besprinkled with dark firs and bright green birch and beech trees, in a way that would assuredly remind me much of Norway, if I had ever been there. Here, for water-colourists, are falls that shine like ice, with seeming hoar-frost in their midst, and here are "gaves," or torrent streams, not muddy like the glacier falls, but flowing crystal clear: now brown, now brightest green, now fretted over rocks and frothing white as snow, and sounding like the searoll on a shingly level shore.

Wishing much that, like the people of Laputa, you could send me one of your eyes to see this lovely mountain scenery, I remain, with the assurance of my most profound intention not to leave it till you force me, yours serenely, VAGABUNDUS.

* Without much exploration I gathered Alpine rose (or rhododendron), dog ditto, and sweetbrier, daphne, columbine, hapatia, gentian large as well as little, cowslip, violet, yellow poppy, pink, periwinkle, butterwort, achimenes, oxlip, daffodil, heartsease, cornflower, squill, hyacinth, saxifrage, forget-me-not (which grows there by the acre) and double yellow ranunculus, with a score of other lovely spring and summer wild-flowers, of which I was not botanist enough to know the names.

MUSIC AND MADNESS.

THISTLES grow in Scotland still, and long ears likewise. Only look at this now:—

"WHAT CONSTITUTES MADNESS.—The Scottish Commissioners in Lunacy state in their report for 1865 that in the course of that year a patient was brought to a lunatic asylum with the certificate of a medical practitioner giving (by way of compliance with the statute) as the fact observed by himself in proof of insanity, that the patient 'has a great desire to appear conspicuous as a musician.'"

Scotland has never produced a great composer. And no great wonder either; at least, if Scotch people in general be like this medical practitioner, and would shut up as a lunatic any one who thinks that he knows something about music.

"BY MY FAITH, A GENTILE."



RIGHT does not edit his paper with care. We make all allowance for the crisis, and the desirability of tall talk, but even in the midst of battle a gentleman is a gentleman. The *Star* lately issued a squib to which the honours of leading article type were assigned, and which was, therefore, either considered good by the management, or was written by somebody who must be obeyed; and this squib, which is stupid and inartistic (because the writer has not the brains to be either consistently generous or jocular), sneers at the new Government as having a branch "under the charge of an enterprising and well-known member of the Hebrew persuasion."

This is false, and is also vulgar. Mr. *Punch* has not been particularly "soft" on MR. DISRAELI: and possibly the Cartoon of

last week may not be hung up amid the choicer ornaments at Grosvenor Gate, but Mr. *Punch* has never seriously misrepresented MR. DISRAELI's religious opinions. MR. DISRAELI's father was a Hebrew, and a learned and delightful author. MR. DISRAELI is a Christian, and MR. BRIGHT knows this perfectly well.

Protest is needed against this Americanisation of our journals. Let us keep to satire and sarcasm, as hot as we can make it, but let us avoid the *New York Herald* style. MR. BRIGHT is a man of too much real courage to be afraid of reprisals, but it would be disagreeable to his personal friends to have change for "Jew" in "Quaker." Let him bear the Conservative Millennium with patience—everything has an end. Meantime, let him order his organ to imitate the manner of gentlemen.

BLOCKADES AND BLOCKHEADS.

EVERYBODY knows that our system of self-government is absolutely perfect, and no true Englishman would venture to suppose that it is capable, in any manner, of improvement. Yet, somehow, now and then we hear audacious hints that the various powers which govern the streets of the Metropolis are not to be commended for the way wherein they generally fail to do their duty. The paving, lighting, watering, and draining of our streets have with great wisdom been entrusted to the government of several quite separate authorities, and it is said that Commissioners, and Vestry Boards, and Corporation somehow never do the things that should be done, and never leave undone the things they should not dream of doing.

Complaints, too, have been made that these authorities are far too independent in their action, and that in any street improvement they scorn to work together. At the present time, however, there is a signal instance to the contrary of this, and for the glory of self-government we are glad to call attention to it. At the very sick of time when the pick-axes are hard at work in lowering Holborn Hill, and blockading for awhile that unfrequented thoroughfare, the streets adjacent have been also handed over to the pavours, and the traffic through the neighbourhood is very nearly stopped. Of course, the Vestries might have known what the City meant to do, and might have got their streets in readiness to receive the extra traffic which was obviously imminent. But instead of this, they acted with true British independence, and postponed the paving-rammers till the moment when their advent would produce most inconvenience. Assuredly, in this case we cannot charge the vestries with not having completely "worked together" with the City, for under the two governments the works of re-construction are wisely simultaneous.

FACES IN THE FIRE.—Hob-Goblins.

TABULA RASA.

Now clear the board from trace of fight,
Sponge up the bloody battle-stains,
Hustle the wounded out of sight,
Hide mangled limbs and scattered brains;
With new green cloth the table crown,
Set the *fauteuils* in order due,
Take the old map of Europe down,
Bring rule and compass for the new.

Three weeks! and lo, the wonder's wrought!—
A great war closed ere well begun:
A twelve days' battle bravely fought,
And half a century's work undone.
No hand of his set to the task,
The *EMPEROR*'s will to act is borne,
"The treaties of fifteen?" we ask,
And staggered Europe answers, "Terra!"

Oh, irony of mocking fate!
The doomsters fallen from their stools:
The doomed, set high in peaceful state,
To mete the doomsters' realms and rules.
The nephew, wide of grasp as e'er
The awful uncle was of old,
But wise the velvet glove to wear,
Which masks, not mars, the iron hold.

They mated Europe, king to king,
By kings' not Heaven's nor nations' will:
And now o'er-mastering forces bring
The first to nought, the last fulfil.
And if a BISMARCK seems to gain,
Or a NAPOLEON to o'er-rule,
God's Providence of BISMARCK's brain,
Or LOUIS' craft, can make its tool.

UNDER THE SEA! UNDER THE SEA!

DEAR PUNCH,

I AM delighted to see that notion of HAWKSHAW's (I recollect him—*Hawkshaw*, the Detective, in the *Ticket-of-Leave Man*), about tunnelling the Channel. How delicious! Let the advertisements be got ready at once!

"NO MORE SEA-SICKNESS!"

It's only seventeen miles across: a pleasant drive. I sincerely hope that when the matter is being gone into, no expense will be spared to render the journey pleasant. Let trees be planted all along the sides let there be rides, drives, and walks, with one Grand Hotel in the middle, and plenty of little inns on the road. The whole thing might be conveniently done *under glass*, so that the passengers would be a fish in an aquarium, with the advantage of seeing the wonders of the deep outside. If trees wouldn't flourish here, at all events rock-work covered with various sea-weeds, would have a good effect; and, under glass, plenty of birds would pick up a happy livelihood. Fresh-water lakes could be artfully introduced, with ducks, swans, and geese, and I do not see what is to prevent us having game-preserves, with excellent shooting. Success to HAWKSHAW!

No more anguish over the gunwale,
'Cos we will travel by the tunnel!

I hope that his "boring" will be satisfactory. Whatever the trouble this great bore under the sea is calculated to remove the still greater bore of going over it.

Yours anxiously,

Coddle Cottage, Homeborough.

NAVIGANS IN SICCO.

P.S. I append a little triumphal chaunt of my own:—

AIR—"Over the Sea."

Over the sea! Over the sea!
I'll bid farewell to all my miserees!
Under the sea dry land there'll be
From Folk'stone right to Boul'ong.
There we'll march, march, march,
Or drive, if one crosses
With carriage and horses
'Neath arch, arch, arch,
Which'll cover the way all along.

(Sustained note)—ong—(next note)—ong.
(With effusion.) Over the sea! Over the sea!

Farewell to all that's "all over with me!"
HAWKSHAW, for me walk-shore 'twill be!
Vive the new Bore de Boul'ong!



"LIKE HER IMPUDENCE."

Missis and the Young Ladies (together). "GOODNESS GRACIOUS, J'MIMA! WHAT HAVE 'YOU—WHERE'S YOUR CR'N'LIN!" (*This word snappishly.*)

Jemima. "OH 'M, PLEASE 'M, WHICH I UNDERSTOOD AS THEY WAS A GOIN' OUT, 'M——"

[*Receives warning on the spot.*]

DERBYE HYS STRAITE FYTTE.

"WE go," LORD DERBYE sayd, "I wot,
To battel at short call.
Sirrah, what armour hast thou got
To harness me withal?
Some newer mail I fain wolde trye
(An ytt were not too deere)
Than this, which hath beene layinge bye
In halle these seven long yere."

"Lo here, my Lord," DISRAELI sa'd,
"With Standard on yttis creste
The helmet for your Lordschipp's head;
Thys corselet for youre breaste!
And here, Syr, is your gorget, too,
Your cuisses eke," sayd hee,
"And all the rest, in order due,
To arm you cap-a-pie."

The stout EARL OF DERBYE dyd straine
Hys armour old to don;
But ytt aside so long hadd laine,
He cold not gett ytt on.
His hauberk now dyd pinch him sore,
(Ytt was all over rust);
Hys steel hose met not as of yore,
And otherwhere they bust.

"Gramercy, thys is alle too tyght!
Thou art a sorry knave.
In these thinges I can never fight,"
"Syr, they bee all we have."
"Colde none be bought, or hadd for hire,
Of any larger kinde?"

"Syr, they are, as I 'me your true squier,
The beste thatt I colde finde."

"Well, try an they will buckle to,
Sith 'twill no better bee;
And wee wyll see what we can doe,"
Sayd then the LORD DERBYE.
"Now, good Seynt George, stretch thou the mayle
Thatt I have soe outgrowne,
And then, perchance, I shall nott fayle
Some while to hold myne own."

NEWS FROM THE WEST.

THE New York papers say "HORACE GREELEY has turned Fenian." The *New York Herald* adds, to comfort us, "Let not the old country be too much discouraged. GREELEY would turn anything, except his old trousers, which, between friends, are a disgrace to literature."

We have nothing to say to MR. GREELEY's costume—a literary gentleman should dress with a certain elegance (as *Mr. Punch* has taught by precept and example) and should not give snobs the right to hint at Grub Street. But we don't believe in MR. GREELEY's Fenianism. He has been too much among niggers to go so much lower. For the honour of his brains we must suppose his profession of Fenianism, if made, to have been in the selling interests of the *Tribune*. We cannot believe that our old friend has become an idiot.

Coarse Food for an Invalid.

GARIBALDI, ever to the front when his country needs him, has received a slight wound. "But," says the telegram, "he will be able, in eight days, to take horse." We trust that, in the mean time, his diet will be something more digestible.



DERBYE HYS 'STRAITE FYTTE.

LORD DERBY. "METHINKS, GOOD BENJAMIN, WE HAVE IN SOME SORT OUTGROWN OUR ANCIENT HARNESS!"

DIZZY (*his Squire*). "NAY, GOOD MY LORD, SITH WE CAN FIND NONE OTHER, YOU CANNOT CHOOSE BUT WEAR IT!"

PUNCH TO THE TORIES.

MY DEAR LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

85, Fleet Street, July 11, 1866.

— HERE you are in office again. Accept such congratulations as you may think the situation deserves. I know what three or four of you are saying to yourselves in reply.

Now, listen to me, the Member for the United Kingdom.

I have, on former occasions of a similar character, given you advice and warning. I have been hideously abused by your organs, and I shall be hideously abused again. But that is a trifle between friends and gentlemen. It is more to the purpose to remind you that you have always split on the exact rocks which I have done myself the honour of pointing out. I daresay that you will do so again, but I shall do my duty to yourselves, as I do to all my Sovereign's subjects.

From neither GLADSTONE, BERNAL OSBORNE, nor myself need you expect any Factional Opposition. From the third of these respected parties you will receive absolute justice, and, if you deserve it, some little kindness. I like to see turn and turn about in office, occasionally. It is astonishing what new lights on the claims of the nation gentlemen obtain when they have to make themselves amiable to the nation. And, personally, I like some of you very well. So don't say that I am unfriendly.

You will not remain in office very long. The country elected, last time, a Parliament in which you were in a minority of 60 or 70. That minority vanished during certain debates, but will reappear at need. If you dissolve, you will be placed in a still less favourable position. I do not wish to discourage you, but, though I think that you ought to be allowed fair play, it will not be constitutional to let you remain in place long after February next.

But you may do yourselves an awful lot of good between this and then, if you mind my counsel.

You have nothing to do with a Reform Bill. We must have one, but you are not asked to make it. Dismiss that from your minds. You cannot carry that measure. You will go down on it, if you try. Never mind LORD WESTMINSTER. He is not everybody.

Go to work directly, however, as you would if sure to be in office during the whole of next Session.

There are some large-minded men of business among you, and there is some new blood which ought not to fear Cant.

Address yourselves to the preparation of certain Domestic measures, which ought to be ready when you meet Parliament in the spring.

Firstly. Deal with Bumbledom and the Blackguardians of the Poor in a strong sound measure of Reform.

Secondly. Deal with Juvenile Crime and Destitution. Pitch all Cant to the First Whig, and prepare a scheme for the Compulsory Emigration of Juveniles. Let obvious want be the qualification, and empower the authorities to rescue these unfortunate children from their parents, and transmit the young "flesh and blood" to colonial reformatories, where a redeemed race may grow up to bless the old country and to enrich the new.

Thirdly. Deal with the Church Rates. Abolish them altogether. The trumpery money is not worth a word. The surrender of the tax by you, the Church's friends and champions, will in itself be a victory to her. No one can say that it was forced from you. LORD DERRY has not been afraid in other days, of bowling over half a score of bishops, like nine-pins. Surely, he has lost no nerve.

Fourthly. Deal with the Needle-Gun question. This is the question of the day. If JONATHAN PEELE, who appears to be aware of the value of the invention, puts the terrible *Zündnadelgewehr* into the hands of our soldiers, in spite of the certain opposition of the Horse-Guards, and vested jobbery, he will be the best War Minister we shall have had for half a century.

Now, there is a Quadrilateral for you, my Lords and Gentlemen. I do not say that you will be able to hold it, this time. But what a splendid set of fortifications for you to return to hereafter, meantime claiming them as your own.

Only, be bold. These things must be done. Why should you not have the credit of initiating them? Vindicate your claim to be considered as a constitutional power, whether in or out of office. You are pledged to nothing, you have nothing to fear. You must fall. But leave those four monuments of your brief existence, and the Tory Eagle (if your infernal gamekeepers have not murdered him as they do all the other eagles) may hereafter fly from point to point, and gaze fearlessly up at the Sun of Popularity.

And don't say that I did not give you invaluable advice at the exact hour of need.

I drink your healths, and am, my Lords and Gentlemen,

Your faithful friend,

To the New Government.

PUNCH.

THE LAW WITH LONG EARS.

MR. BUMBLE, the Beadle, is generally admitted to have had reason on his side when he pronounced the Law to be an Ass. Since then, the Law has, no doubt, become less assinine; but there are still particulars in which it exhibits extreme stupidity, in as far, at least, as stupidity is evidenced by injustice. Now here—extracted from a contemporary—is a case which, if brutal oppression is indicative of a stupid beast, attests the yet considerable donkeyhood of the Law of England:—

"THE CASE OF WILLIAM SMITH.—The case of the young man who was recently tried for the murder in Cannon Street, and acquitted, still creates much sympathy at Eton. A subscription was set on foot at the time of his trial, and although liberally contributed to by the clergy and tradesmen of Eton, it scarcely reached to £60, barely a third of the legal expenses, which altogether amounted to £150. A Committee has been formed at Eton, consisting of four of the clergy and four of the principal lay inhabitants, to make a more general appeal to the public."

The verdict of "Not Guilty" for WILLIAM SMITH, at the Old Bailey, meant the same that "Not Guilty" means in Scotland. It meant more than "Not Proven"—it meant the reverse of "Guilty." This verdict of complete acquittal sent WILLIAM SMITH from the dock with his innocence established, under a liability to £150 law expenses contracted to establish it. Herein, then, the Law manifestly shows itself to be an enormous Ass. What is the difference between an acquitted prisoner and a victorious defendant? Simply, that the prisoner—besides having had to stand a trial, it may be for his life—has been unduly imprisoned as well as put to expense. Is that any reason why he should be denied his costs? No; but he is denied them because the Law is an inconsistent Ass.

In cases of criminal prosecution the Public is the plaintiff, for whose good the prisoner is put on his trial. Who will deny that, as losing plaintiff, the Public ought to reimburse the defendant whom it has forced to incur the charges of self-defence? Many highly respectable people. They will deny that obligation on the part of the Public because it would involve a payment to which they know they would have to contribute, and by which they think it very improbable that they would ever profit. This, indeed, is not what they will say. They

will answer the question of indemnifying acquitted prisoners with an evasive or contemptuous interjection. Idiots as to moral sense, grinning at the name of the thing which they do not understand, they are yet sharp enough to understand what acts are safe and what unsafe, and they have a fear of punishment and of unpopularity that keeps them in check and in a position of high respectability. They shrink from doing the slightest wrong that might endanger themselves, but would not stick at any which could answer their purpose. "Sacrifice individuals to the Public without scruple and without mercy." That is their rule. The exceptions to it are cases wherein they perceive that they themselves might suffer by its application. Otherwise, they are disposed to take their chance. Their faith is pinned to the chapter of accidents, and their morals consist in a purely selfish expediency. They will of course urge that the nation cannot afford to compensate the multitude of sufferers such as WILLIAM SMITH. Are there, then, so very many persons improperly committed for trial? Then we are very badly off for Justices. If that is so, not only is the Law an Ass, but Midas, with his long ears, is the type of the British Magistrate.

"A Charge of Horning."

THE Scotch papers retail a story about a cow, which being in Montrose the other day, suddenly dashed up the steps of the gaol, and battered to be let in. Of course, a Scotch mob could not comprehend a novel idea, and ill-used the cow, instead of reverencing her feelings. The cow had infringed the Rinderpest laws, and came to give herself up. What a touching proof of the progress of intelligence among the inferior creation! But the world knows nothing of its greatest cows. If this poor animal has not been killed, we advise the Montrose folk to look after her, for she has evidently a deal more sense than the framers of the regulations she had broken, and which have driven daft half the farmers in the kingdom.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.

AUSTRIA has been sewn up by the Prussian needle-gun. Had not England better learn to take time by the firelock?



A NEW DISH.

Sympathising Swell (waiting for some chicken). "YOU 'VE GOT NO SINECURE THERE, THOMAS!"

Perspiring Footman. "VERY SORRY, SIR—JUST 'ELPED THE LAST OF IT AWAY, SIR!"

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

CONSIDERING all the world as a stage, an idea which, it is said, originally occurred to WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, we will, as usual, pursue our own peculiar plan of noticing Before and Behind the Scenes dramatically, upon the occasion of our assisting at the representation of

THE HUGUENOT CAPTAIN.

The SCENE represents the Princess's Theatre during the performance of this new Drama.

OUR DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AN AMATEUR IN WATER COLOURS (who has come to see "Bits of Old Paris.")

CHARLES (his friend, known as an "immensely funny fellow.")

PROFESSIONAL TRAGEDIAN (with a great Reputation in the Provinces. Disengaged.)

YOUNG GOVERNMENT CLERK (an Amateur Actor, with the reputation of "knowing BUCKSTONE very well.")

CLEVER HEAD OF A FAMILY, (with the reputation of having written for Fraser, and other Magazines, and therefore supposed to possess unbounded knowledge.)

His Admiring Niece, and an Admiring Cambridge Man (his party).

Time: Five minutes to Eight. Almost everybody seated. Overture.

Government Amateur (recognising *Professional Tragedian*, whom he has once met, once spoken to, and never forgotten). Ah! how d'ye do, MR. ROLLER.

Professional Tragedian (not recognising *Government Clerk*, but condescendingly and solemnly). How do you do? (Opening his eyes, and then shutting them, while gently inclining his head towards the stage, as if he was patiently submitting to the cruel sentence of some imaginary tyrant.)

Government Amateur (cheerily). It's some time since we met. (Wipes his opera-glasses.)

PICKING UP THE PIECES.

Une Idée Napoléonienne.

WE 'VE had the crash, we've seen the smash,
Smoke clears away, and cannon ceases;
Our fighting friends have been so rash—
They'll want me to pick up the pieces!

How very thankful they should be,
There's one whom hate of war releases
From Europe's jars, and leaves him free,
When they're smashed, to pick up the pieces.

"Blessèd the peace-makers"—no doubt!
War's wrinkled front is full of creases:
I'll use one hand to smooth 'em out,
The other, "to pick up the pieces."

France folds her hands, by war's red cloud
Unshadowed, yet her realm increases:
It is because I'm not too proud,
In smashes, "to pick up the pieces."

Yes, "*L'Empire c'est la paix!*" Just look
How battle bleeds, and fighting fleeces:
What war e'er brought so much to book,
As peace, if one "picks up the pieces?"

Things will go smash, fools WILL make strife,
They get the shells, when the suit ceases:
The oyster is his lot in life,
Who stands by "to pick up the pieces."

Give me but kings enough, à bourse
Whose hausse et baisse my high police is:
And Europe's free, de l'aigle à l'ours,
To fight, while I "pick up the pieces!"

Non-intervention is the game—
Save with your Mexicos and Greeces—
Don't intervene to avert the flame:
Intervene to "pick up the pieces."

The contracts of fifteen are out:
Sixty-six will grant longer leases:
The deeds I'll draw, my will is law:
So now for "picking up the pieces."

Professional Tragedian (with a sad smile). It is. (Wonders where the deuce he's ever seen him before. Thinks he'll ask him who he is. Thinks he won't. Thinks that when he takes a benefit, one of these days, everybody's of use. Determines to unbend; which he does by turning his head round towards his acquaintance, elevating his eyebrows, and saying.) Do you know anything of this piece? (He says this as if he was perfectly indifferent to the answer, as, indeed, he is.)

Government Amateur (earnestly looking through his glasses while speaking carelessly). No! I don't know much about it. (He doesn't know anything, of course. Recognises some one in a private box. Smiles and nods.)

Overture ends. Curtain rises.

Everybody. What an excellent scene! [N.B. All the scenery is really admirable, and, from our own stall, we congratulate MR. LLOYDS the artist.]

Water Colour Amateur (bound to find SOME fault, in order to sustain his reputation.) Yes. (Leisurely applauds MR. LLOYDS, who appears in answer to a unanimous call, and retires.) Yes. (As if HE could have made a few improvements.) There's a little too much—um—(puts his head on one side) and, perhaps, if that was a trifle more—um—(puts his head on the other side). Yes—(with toleration) yes, it's very good.

Annibal Locust (on the Stage, MR. GEO. HONEY). Sing! of course I will, bully boys. In praise of wine. (Sings about "throttle" and "bottle.")

Admiring Niece (to *Clever Head of Family*). What reign's this in, uncle?

Clever Head of Family. Eh? my dear—hush—(stops her, as if to listen to RENÉ's speech about GABRIELLE. Then says)—You recollect when the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was?

Admiring Niece, cheerfully. Oh, yes! (Turns to her admiring young Cambridge Man, sotto voce). When was St. Bartholomew martyred?

Cambridge Man (who feels it won't do to lower himself before the object of his admiration). Why, he was one of the early Christians. St. Poly-

carp, you know, and—in fact—but (*gets out of the difficulty*) the date's uncertain.

Admiring Niece (a little astonished, looks at MR. VINING, then at MR. HONEY). Early Christians? (*Refers to her bill, and thinks she'd better not ask any more questions.*) I thought—(*she was going to say*)—I thought they were all boiled in oil. (*But stops herself, refers to her bill, and determines to ask Clever Head of Family all about it presently.*)

Business on Stage. HECTOR DE SAVIGNY insults the Bohemian JUANITA, who is protected by RENÉ DE PARDILLAU. *Tableaux. Applause.*

Mr. J. G. Shore, as Hector (*says proudly, but somewhat rapidly*). I am the Dukedamanaveal! (*He means he is the "DUKE D'ARMENONVILLE."*)

[The Duke strikes RENÉ, who challenges him. They fight: each with two swords.

Government Amateur (with the eye of a critic). That's good "business." (*He uses a technical word, to show the Professional Tragedian that he can give him a wrinkle or two, if he wants it.*) Two swords! Capital notion!

Professional Tragedian (superciliously). Very old! (*Scowls.*) JIM WALLACE used to do it in the—in the—dear me!—(*Raises his eyebrows, and taps his forehead.*) I shall forget my own name soon—um!—(*memory fails him.*) And I've done it myself over and over again.

[HECTOR is killed. RENÉ escapes, runs up the stairs, and jumps into the river below, after receiving directions from JUANITA about the Main Drainage, or something. End of Scene. *Effective.*

SCENE 2.

Amateur in Water-Colours. Another "bit" of Old Paris. I suppose we shall have scenes in the streets of Old Paris.

Charles (*his funny friend*). Yes, Bits and Kerbs. (*Laughs heartily himself.*)

[HECTOR DE SAVIGNY enters, and sings in praise of wine for the second time. Here "throatle" rhymes with "bottle."

SCENE 3.

Everybody delighted to welcome MRS. STIRLING, as *The Duchess*. From our own stall we remark that this is a very fine scene, and a most admirably contrived situation. Everybody delighted with ACT I.

Admiring Niece (to *Clever Head*). Did they always fight with two swords, uncle?

Clever Head (slightly puzzled). Well—um!—not always. (*As if they did it for a treat now and then.*)

ACT II.

(When is executed a most wonderful Ballet. And the four French dancers are inimitable.)

Admiring Niece (to *Cambridge Man*). Who are Bohemians? Why do they dress like this?

Cambridge Man. Eh? Bohemians are Gipsies. They live—I mean lived—in Bohemia; and (*acidly*) that's why they're called Bohemians. (*Determines to read them up when he goes home.*)

Admiring Niece. But why do they dress like this?

Cambridge Man (who feels that he is not shining to advantage). Dress!—well—I'm not quite certain. (*He means, he knows nothing at all about it.*) Ask your Uncle.

She asks her Uncle, who replies, "Yes, Gipsies—fancy costumes. They used to do this sort of thing in Old Paris; you ought to see CAILOUT's etchings." In this Act there is another excellent scene. MR. HONEY sings in praise of wine several times, and "throatle" rhymes to "bottle" twice. In the absence of MR. HONEY from the stage

Juanita (to *Sentinel* who has asked her to sing). Sing? Of Love? *Scorns the idea, and hits on a novelty.* No, I will sing in praise of Wine!

ACT III.

Another Great Scene.

RENÉ, who all through the piece has been perpetually escaping the consequences of killing HECTOR DE SAVIGNY in a duel, is now trapped, and on the point of being taken.

Gabrielle (rushing to him, and wishing she'd practised managing her long train at rehearsal). I will stay with you. Hand in hand! (*Or words to that effect.*)

Duchess. My son will be avenged.

Hector de Savigny (suddenly entering in a new dressing-gown). He will.

Everybody. Ah! the Dukedamanaveal!

Interested people. Alive!

Somebody in Stalls. Why hasn't he come before?

Somebody else (in Stalls). Because his dressing-gown wasn't made.

(*Explanation quite satisfactory on seeing the dressing-gown.*)

Old Man whom nobody had noticed before, steps forward and explains something privately to the Duchess. As no one can hear him, it is generally supposed that he is singing a little thing of his own in praise of wine.

Ferdin in the Lobby. Very effective piece; first Act the best. Marvellously 'mounted.' French dancers worth going any distance to see.

Tag. And we hope that the run will amply repay the large sum of money which MR. VINING has lavishly expended upon *The Huguenot Captain*.

Cartels. Crib. Club.

TOLERATION IN SUFFOLK.



HE subjoined particulars will gratify every thoroughly liberal mind, attesting, as they do, the disappearance of all but the last vestige of intolerance:—

"INTERESTING CERE-MONY.—At the village church at Claydon, in Suffolk, a few days since, at 8 A.M., about twenty children (who had been confirmed by the Bishop on the previous Friday) assembled and walked in procession to the parish church to receive their first communion."

The contemporary to whom we are indebted for the foregoing information, which certainly is very "interesting," would naturally be supposed to be the *Tablet*. The phrase used in describing

the object of the children's procession is one peculiar to the denomination represented by that organ; and the service to which they repaired at 8 A.M. was, in fact, Low Mass. But how came Low Mass to be celebrated in the village church of Claydon, and who was the Bishop that had confirmed the children? Well, the *Tablet* would speak of one of its own bishops as the bishop, in contempt of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and might argue that, as there is no true church but its own, the only village church at Claydon was the Roman Catholic chapel there. The continuation of the news above quoted is altogether in the *Tablet's* vein:

"The church was crowded with devout worshippers. The young communicants, many of whom were not more than 12 years old, were ranged before the altar, the girls on the left, the boys on the right side. All were neatly dressed, the girls with white veils and carrying bouquets of roses. The Rector celebrated the Holy Communion, and after the Gospel delivered a short address to the children. . . . The sermon ended, the celebrant resumed his eucharistic vestments, and after the consecration, the hymn 'O Salutaris Hostia' was sung by the choir."

Very proper, as a late Royal Duke used to say—very proper—in a Roman Catholic church. Equally proper and suitable was what ensued:—

"The children received the Holy Communion immediately after the communion of the priest, nearly the whole congregation remaining throughout the office. After the blessing the 'Nunc Dimittis' was sung, after which the altar tapers were extinguished, and the procession of the young communicants left the church in the same order as before."

The paper, however, which contains the preceding intelligence is not the *Tablet*, but the *Ipswich Express*. There is reason to believe this to be a journal in the spiritual interest of a Cardinal whose historical celebrity has rendered him the boast of his native town. The *Express* of Ipswich concludes its account of an "office" whereat WOLSEY would have felt quite at home, with the following observation:—

"Every one who was present at this most interesting service was struck by the happy yet serious and reverent demeanour of the children."

The *Ipswich Express* is, no doubt, less exclusive than the *Tablet*. By the village church at Claydon of course it means the village church so commonly called; by the bishop the Lord Bishop of the legal diocese; and by the rector the parish person. It informs us, then, that the "most interesting service" of early mass was performed the other day in one of the churches of the Church by Law Established. Hence it appears that the Rector of Claydon has gone over to Rome. It appears also that he has at the same time remained where he was. This is a mystery, and indeed a miracle, but it is one which Protestants cannot deny, though they may decidedly object to it. Mass in a parish church exemplifies nearly the perfection of tolerance, which only has to be completed by the abolition of the Act of Settlement. That might be desirable to prevent mistakes. The Rector of Claydon, and his Bishop, may have a dispensation from the Pope to retain their places; but this is not known. In the meantime Ritualists may be vexed by the consideration that, according to the original Mass-Priests, a mass celebrated by a parson whom the Pope does not recognise is a sham, and its "celebrant" a humbug.



LOOK OUT FOR THE LAST DAY OF THE SEASON,

AND YOU WILL SEE LADY O'BRIEN, OF BOYCE-GILBERT, DRIVING HER FOUR-IN-HAND IN THE PARK.

MATRIMONIAL PUBLISHERS.

MR. PUNCH has just received two letters on a subject of startling social importance. Many amiable people believed that Union was strength when their own had been cemented by clerical hands. Within a few days their confidence, however, has received a violent shock from an Archdeacon rushing into public notice, and Cassandra-like terrifying all to whom he addressed his wail of woe. *Mr. Punch* is inclined to think there is no real foundation for this connubial panic which has probably been generated by an over-heated imagination, but if otherwise, legislative action will doubtless be promptly taken by our Episcopal Guardians to prevent future *errata* in their publications, and make a nuptial tie a certainty.

Extracts from the HON. REGINALD RINGDOVE'S Communication.

* * DE MURRER (my learned friend) tells me that Church's great publishing House is reported to be shaky. The firm, he says, have been bringing out their little weekly publication of "Banns" not precisely as the Act directs, and the Publishers are liable to seven

years' transportation. Is this really so, or is it a *canard* emanating from some misanthropic mind merely to create apprehension among those noble young fellows who are studying the *Book of Beauty* with a view to taking matrimonial honours. I ask *bona fide* for information belonging myself to that admired class of sentient beings. It's no joke to have MR. ARCHDEACON knocking at one's door at 10 o'clock P.M., and announcing in a stage whisper that our great work, *Woman and her Master*, which it cost us such pains to compose, is so loosely bound in 1 Vol. (half-calf), lettered, that it has fallen to pieces, and that the Publishers are on their way to the Station-house. Rather than run such a risk as that, *Benedick* himself might be excused for preferring to become a Benedictine.

From MISS AMY ROBHEARTS to MR. PUNCH.

* * REGINALD had arranged to have the banns published next Sunday at St. Columbia's, where his Cousin MABEL would be sure to hear it, and that would be so cruel and charming. Now, owing to this panic, it is postponed, and REGINALD is talking seriously about falling back on the antiquated system of licences. I hate licences unless they are poetic ones, and I can't see anything poetic about a Prothonotary, unless it be that it has a grand name, and no one can imagine what it means.

My wise little Brother PAUL suggests if so much danger attends being asked in Church, why not be asked out of it? Why, indeed? Supposing a crier were to go round the neighbouring Squares, as they do at some Watering-places, ringing his bell at every corner, and proclaiming delicately that CONSTANCE and CHARLES will leave celibacy to-morrow morning on an excursion to Bachelorsend or Loveshaven. Publicity would be attained by this process, and if we had any Lady friends we wished particularly to mortify, we could instruct the crier to ring his bell a little louder under their balcony, and cry "O yes!" nine times instead of three.

The War in the Park.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE Bohemian Cavalry has not operated in Hyde Park with more success than at Königsgratz. It has made a variety of offensive demonstrations, but a *coup* that was claimed for it, the overthrow of the horse of the Crown Prince of England, was due to Irish dash. The Bohemian Cavalry has now received a severe discouragement, a *corps* of observation, selected from the Black Crushers, who neither give nor take quarter, having been sent to watch, and, if necessary, capture the Bohemians.

Turn and Turn About.

OF pauper-sickness health and wealth fight shy:

Shall workhouse death-beds ruffle BUMBLE'S torpor?

"O, *si sic Dives!*" might live LAZARUS cry:
But DIVES, dead and damned, "*O, si sic pauper!*"

From the East.

THERE is arising in the East a Protesting and Reforming Party whose object is to revive the ancient spirit of the Prophet's religion which has, during the last two centuries, been gradually succumbing to the dry formality of the letter. These Moslem Protestants ironically stigmatise the present system of Mahometanism as nothing better than a piece of lifeless Mecca-nism.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, July 9. The new Premier, the EARL OF DERBY, came down to expound to the Peers and the universe why he took office, and what he intended to do. The DUKE OF CORNWALL, and his bride the PRINCESS OF WALES, the EARL OF KENT, and a crowd of Notables were present to hear the eloquent PREMIER.

The Earl had no feeling of personal vanity. Had not sought that high and onerous post. Knew its difficulties. Should have been happy to remain what he had been for seven years, the head of a party powerful enough

to exercise no inconsiderable control, to give the Minister useful support or check, and to help him to hold back the extreme radicals. Had LORD PALMERSTON lived, this would have been LORD DERBY'S wish. The departed nobleman had declared that it would be unwise to attempt Reform this Session. LORD RUSSELL had miscalculated public feeling on the subject. The Commons would not have a hastily-framed and fragmentary Bill forced upon them. Had the late Ministers treated the Commons with consideration, resignation would have been needless. But the QUEEN had, in the most gracious terms, desired him to make a Cabinet, and he had done so. He had tried to form one on an enlarged basis—not a Coalition—but a union of those who were separated by insignificant variations of principle. For there were no deep divisions between moderate Conservatives and moderate Whigs. However, he had not been able to enlist any outlying recruits.

Here his Lordship introduced an awful episode of LORD GROSVENOR suddenly appearing in EARL DERBY'S chamber in St. James's Square, at the dead midnight, to say that he could not join the new Cabinet.

He went on to tell the troubles of a Minister who has to make a Cabinet, and how difficult it is to place the men, at once to their liking and to the interest of the public. He then set forth the views of the new Ministry. Conservatives generally had large stakes in the country, and therefore it was absurd to suppose that they should desire war, the consequences whereof would visit them most heavily. He thought that we ought to be on terms of good-will with all nations, not entangle ourselves in needless alliances, and not volunteer advice on which we did not intend to act—as LORD RUSSELL had done. Never mind our individual sympathies in regard to the present bloody war, let the Government be Strictly and Impartially Neutral.

[Here their Lordships sounded the note of plaudit, and Mr. Punch begs to indorse that Note, thereby giving it value and currency.]

The PREMIER complimented the wisdom which PRESIDENT JOHNSON is displaying in re-construction, and expressed the utmost gratitude for the vigorous measures he had taken against the Fenians.

[Here again Mr. Punch is with you, my Lord, and, the weather being warm, he takes this opportunity of liquoring in honour of yourself and MR. JOHNSON.]

The Government holds itself free and unpledged in the question of Parliamentary Reform.

[Mr. Punch has already had the honour, your Highness, of signifying his views of your true policy in this respect.]

A Reform Bill cannot be carried except by a mutual understanding between the two great parties. He had never been adverse to the principles of Reform, and, thirty-five years back, had helped EARL RUSSELL to carry the Reform Act. But those who are most clamorous for another Bill will probably not be satisfied with such a measure as the Great Parties may approve. Any Bill of a moderate character will be a mere Stepping Stone.

[Without discussing these propositions, your Highness, we have said that you had better let Reform alone, and that is enough for you.]

A Bankruptcy Bill is wanted, and that of the late Government is not liked.

[Well, carry a better, Highness. You have some clever lawyers in your new Administration—we consider them as on their trial.]

The Laws relating to the Poor, especially the Pauper Sick, require attention.

[Have we not told you so, Highness? Smash the Black-guardians of the Poor.]

"I wish," said the Earl, "to conciliate Ireland, and to obtain the support of her independent Liberals."

[No doubt, Highness. Well, there is a good deal to be done by management, not forgetting that some persons like invitations to distinguished assemblies in St. James's Square.]

The Irish are great lovers of Impartial Justice.

[The first time we have heard this, Highness. The idea of the majority of them is that Justice should be too impartial to punish anybody. But they have had a good deal of the justice which certainly cannot be called impartial.—Try them with the superior article.]

I should like to discontinue the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, but the time has hardly come.

[No hurry, my Lord. The suspension aggrieves none but those whose own suspension would aggrieve nobody but themselves.]

I wish the Snake were killed, not merely Scotch.

[We suspect that were it left to Scotchmen to finish off—such Scotchmen as settled in the north of Ireland, Highness,—a "crowning mercy" would be reported at a very early date, and the Scotching would be uncommonly complete.]

Finally, I hope for the Co-operation of many who are not of my party, but desire good government, and I hope the time is not far distant when there shall be a real and not a nominal distinction of parties, on one side those who are in favour of dangerous innovations and violations of the Constitution, and on the other the friends of legislative Progress.

And the Earl ended with an eloquent firework about our glory and prosperity, and on the whole was considered to have acquitted himself boldly and well.

The EX-PREMIER then took his innings, but, as usual, this Earl was pleased to mumble in such a way that neither the Princes nor the reporters could make much out of some of his sentences. He thought that LORD PALMERSTON would have changed his mind if he had lived. He thought the Reform Bill moderate, for it excluded 100,000 persons who would have been admitted by the Bill of 1860. LORD DERBY might not have desired office, but what did he look to as the result of his party's incessant resistance to the Bill? LORD DERBY had spoken of his difficulties, but let him look at his advantages. MR. GLADSTONE, more successful than even MR. PITT, had put finance straight. The Jamaica question had been admirably treated. The Fenians have been put down. LORD CLARENDON leaves foreign affairs in an admirable condition. He hoped that out of this war German Freedom would arise. As to interference as regarded Denmark, who could help speaking out when treaties were violated?

[It is supposed that EARL RUSSELL said many other remarkable things, but a Minister who will take only his hat into his confidence cannot expect justice from the rest of his audience.]

So ended the sitting of the Lords. The Commons could do nothing until the new Ministers should be re-elected.

The EARL OF DERBY, being a poet, has amused his leisure by composing the following Catalogue of Ministers and their offices:—

Know each his task! Thou, STANLEY, wise and cool,
O'er the Affairs called Foreign calmly rule.

As thou the proffered Peerage dost decline,

Again Finance, DISRAELI, be thine.

Mellifluous WALPOLE shall succeed to GREY,
And the Home Office praise his courteous sway,

While JONATHAN, ~~as~~ PEEL, to War aspires,

And arms our soldiers with yet deadlier fires.

To cynic CRANBORNE anxious India kneels;

To graceful CHELMSFORD we assign the Seals.

SIR JOHN, the British Navy be thy care,

See that black Turrets darken all the air,

And HENRY LENNOX, thou wilt not refuse

PAGER's and BERNAL OSBORNE's naval shoes.

The Privy Seal to kindly MALMESBURY goes,

Be thou our Postman, GRAHAM OF MONTROSE,

CARNARVON, take the Colonies to thee,

Because their name and thine begin with C.

And when men cry, "Off with the Council's Head!"

My Præses, BUCKINGHAM, thy doom be said.

Devon will find the Duchy in his way,

Nothing to do and rather less to say:

Thou STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE, whom great GLADSTONE

made

His scribe, address thee to the Board of Trade,

And thou, great GLADSTONE's victor (to be sure
The Dunces chose thee) HARDY, take the Poor.
Let pinks nor tulips nor lobelias die;
JOHN MANNERS, mind the Parks efficiently.
Thou, conqueror on the gay French Derby course,
BEAUFORT, ride forth, our Master of the Horse.
Our Thunderbolt of Law, flash out, SIR HUGH,
Thy second, BOVILL, champion tried and true.
Not Shamrock, but Sham royalty, in scorn
Is held, yet help us, friendly ABERCORN.

Go, parody a court—thy pains 'twill pay
To eat the haddock caught in Dublin Bay.
And as light food is good in these hot days,
Let MAYO's NAAS hint at Mayonnaise.
The minor posts by minor men be filled,
Small boots it whether skilful or unskilled,
While o'er you all my watchful eye is thrown,
Hint that each man had better mind his own.
The Future is with Fate. Come BRIGHT, come JACK,
At least we'll die with harness on our back!



"SPARE THE ROD," &c.

Governess. "LOOKING FOR YOUR HORSE, MR. WUZZLE?"

Mr. Wuzzle. "No, Miss; I'M A LOOKIN' FOR THAT THERE BOY O' MINE, MISS!"

A SCANDAL TO ST. PANCRAS.

THERE appeared the other day in the *Post* a paragraph headed "A Workhouse without a Chapel." The chapelless workhouse is that of the parish whose patron Saint is St. Pancras. We wonder what St. Pancras would say to his parochial authorities, if they had ears to hear him, on their neglect to provide a chapel for their poor—the room used instead of one being a work-room, which serves also for a nursery, a directors' dining-room, a receiving ward, and various purposes; whilst the sacrament is administered in the vestry hall. If St. Pancras, however, has not spoken, somebody else has. According to the *Post*, on an application respecting a chapel for the paupers of St. Pancras, made by the REV. SEPTIMUS BUSS, their chaplain, to their Board of Guardians:—

"MR. CHURCHWARDEN ROBSON said there was the only workhouse in the metropolis without a chapel, and it was beneath a great parish like theirs to be without one. He moved that the subject be referred to the select committee, which was agreed to."

There are doubtless churchwardens who would deem it beneath a great parish to be without a beadle attired in a sufficiently gorgeous uniform. Such gentlemen would consider that it was likewise beneath their parish to be without a workhouse chapel, regarding the chapel, equally with the beadle, an appurtenance essential to parochial consequence. Of course, MR. CHURCHWARDEN ROBSON meant to say that it was beneath the spiritual dignity of St. Pancras parish, alone of all the parishes of London, to have their workhouse unprovided with a chapel. You are right, MR. CHURCHWARDEN ROBSON—you are right, Sir.

"TOO LATE?"

"CRY Havoc and let slip the Dogs of War!"
But "*L'Empire c'est la paix!*" and France is fain
To fold her hands: let the mad nations jar;
It may be in the crash she'll find her gain.

"Your voice could stave off strife!" "My voice? alas,
Has it not still been raised all strife to stay?
Preacher of peace, betwixt arm'd hosts I pass,
But cannot lift arm'd hands—I can but pray."

Hark! "Havoc's" cried: the dogs of war are slipped;
Right at each other's throats, lo! they have flown!
Three mighty nations, in death-struggle gripped,
Sway, blind and bleeding, round a tott'ring throne.

Europe stands dumb in awe-stricken amaze,
While time and space-annihilating wires
Flash empires' rise or downfall in a phrase,
Till hours to us are as years to our sires.

The *mêlée* slackens, the war-reek blows clear,
And, lo, emerging from the waves of fight,
A mightier Prussia, of prouder cheer,
And statelier stride, and more majestic height.

Blind, battered, blood-drained, beaten to the knee,
Sore-stricken Austria before her reels;
But e'en in this, her hour of agony,
A Parthian blow at Italy she deals.

After one stroke struck manfully and fair
Between her brows, upon Custozza's plain,
Calling in show of scorn to mask despair,
She cedes to France what she can not retain.

"The time is come: the game is at the best.
Is not this war a tournament for me?
And I king of the lists, to speak my best,
Throw down my warder, bid the knights let be?"

The word is spoke, the warder is thrown down,
And baffled Austria is content to hear:
But how of Prussia? Will she veil the crown
She's won so well—so long has looked to wear?

And Italy—e'en as she sights the goal
Of a life's hope, how will she stoop thus low,
To see Venetia, like a beggar's dole,
Or Kaiser's appanage, tossed to and fro?

That fair Venetia, for whom her gold,
Her youth, her strength, her blood, were price too
small,
By desperate Austria, to buy safety, sold
To France, as lord of old might sell a thrall!

Will Italy deign *thus* to round her crown?
Lower her lance's point, and rein her steed,
Before the Imperial warder, thus thrown down,
A second time, in Austria's hour of need?

Who knows? 'Tis easier to avert the fight
Than stop it, even for Imperial power:
War is God's scourge: once raised, it must alight:
Its staying waits Heaven's, not the EMPEROR's hour!

Much in a Monosyllable.

WITH respect to European civilization, there is little to be said about the Battle of Sadowna. The first syllable of its mere name is sufficient. It is "sad."



DEMORALISATION

OF OUR WEST-END CORRESPONDENT, AFTER THE LATE ROTTEN-ROW CONTROVERSY.

SOMETHING BETTER THAN BEEF.

DURING the late battles in Bohemia, both the Prussian and Austrian cavalry sustained severe losses. This circumstance may account for the fact that a grand banquet in honour of the introduction of horse-flesh as an article of food took place on Tuesday last week at Lamondel's Great Room, Rue Richelieu, M. DE QUATREPAGE, member of the Institute, in the chair. It is possible that some of the meat consumed on this occasion came directly from the field, transported by railway with sufficient speed to prevent the influence which would otherwise be exerted upon it by hot weather; for though it is fine to ride the high horse, it is not well to eat him. Or the hippophagists may have thought the carnage in Germany offered a reasonable opportunity for a demonstration to show that of the quantity of flesh left upon a battle-field all need not be wasted; so such of it as, in warm countries, is left to be devoured by vultures, being, in temperate climates, available for the food of man. According to the Paris correspondent of the *Times* :—

"182 guests sat down to table, and all, without exception, declared that the dinner, of which the principal dishes were formed of various parts of the horse, was excellent. The soup, made from *bouillon de cheval*, the *sauccisson de cheval*, horse-flesh *à la mode*, and lastly, the *filet rôti*, were all eaten with great gusto, and pronounced most palatable."

Only one species of soup is named in the foregoing outline of a bill of fare of which the elements were derived from the noble animal. There exists, doubtless, another. The hippophagists must needs have a horse-tail soup that corresponds to oxtail; and perhaps they have also a mare's-tail soup and a colt's-tail soup; the latter analogous to "Chesterfield."

As to the *sauccisson de cheval*, that probably is no novelty: many who, when they think they are tasting it for the first time, having in fact eaten it very often before under the simple name of *sauccisson*. So likewise horseflesh *à la mode* may often be an old acquaintance with a new name, formerly familiar under that of *à la mode* beef. The *filet rôti*, however, running with gravy, may be new to those who have been accustomed to see fillets run only as they run for the Oaks.

By the account above quoted, the banquet which it reports was the manifestation of a "movement," with a regularly organised committee,

to promote the use of horseflesh as an article of food. Its sale, in that character, is now authorised in Paris: and doubtless horse-restaurants will soon be established there. If we also take to horse, and horse eating-houses are established in London, a slight change will probably be made in the appellation whereby they are denominated in the vulgar tongue; and instead of being termed cagmag-shops they will be called cagmaggs.

In continuation of the preceding extract, we are told that :—

"A number of the ordinary meats produced at a choice dinner were also served up; but the company found the horseflesh so savoury and agreeable that they remained faithful to it."

Also that :—

"M. DE LA BÉDOLLIÈRE sang two new songs composed for the occasion: one '*C'est le Cheval qu'est le Boeuf*,' and the other '*Enfants, n'y touchez pas*.' The couplets, which were extremely witty and appropriate, obtained a merited success."

All this looks rather suspicious. Horse may be good enough, but if it were really more "savoury" and "agreeable" than "the ordinary meats produced at a choice dinner," its superiority to butcher's meat, as contradistinguished from knacker's meat, would have been discovered long ago. A decided predilection for horse looks like idiosyncrasy—to use a mild if a long word; and enthusiasm may be inferred from such a song as "*C'est le Cheval qu'est le Boeuf*." We have outgrown old English prejudices, and no longer regard as a typical Frenchman the one who, whilst he condemned our cookery eulogised our meat—delivered, as he said, at the door on the end of a skewer. Nor do we any longer suppose that the generality of the French habitually eat frogs. The Société Hippophagique perhaps may, going the whole horse, eat frog and all; but must find it a tough morsel. These epicures are evidently exceptional Frenchmen.

Among the toasts with which the hippophagists in the Rue Richelieu washed down their horse was one proposed by M. SIBIRS in the name of the Society for Protecting Animals. Of course an animal enjoys the temporary protection which preserves it to be ultimately eaten. The horse protected for the table is, in the meanwhile, happy in exemption from ill-usage, and also in the speedy extinction of life, wherein he is spared from the death of lingering misery which awaits the uneatable English pauper.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

AT THE ADREPHI. In the Stalls.

Young Man (wishing to be considered "about town," and glad to nod and be nodded to as often as possible). How do? (To Musical Friend.)

Musical Amateur (nodding to a Military Patron of the drama). How do? Come to see Helen, eh?

Military Patron (who has always seen everything in Paris). Ya-as. (Nods to Young Man, who returns it with a pleased smile, and then looks round defiantly at the audience.) I saw it when it was done in Paris.

Musical Amateur (acknowledging his superiority). Oh, ah! (Apologises for himself.) I didn't. (Makes a further apology.) It was going on at the time, when I was there, but somehow or other—I er—(Loses himself, and refers to his bill.)

Young Man (wishing to join in the conversation says to Military Patron, feebly). Was it good in Paris?

Military Patron (staring through his lorgnettes at Private Box). Eh? (Young Man repeats his question, diffidently.) Oh, yes! capital. SCHNEIDER always excellent.

Young Man (rashly). Oh, always. (The only knowledge of any Schneider at all that he has is of Rip Van Winkle's dog; but this he keeps to himself. Plunges in further for the sake of his reputation.) There's such a "go" about French actors. (He's once seen a provincial company at Boulogne, when he was there for three days.)

Military Patron. Yes; but SCHNEIDER is inimitable.

Young Man (making his last rash step). Yes, we haven't got anything like him here.

Military Patron (astonished). Him? Whom?

Young Man (instinctively feeling that he's made a mess of it, somehow). Why, what's his name, SCHNEIDER.

Military Patron (scornfully). Why, my dear fellow, she's a woman.

Young Man (getting very hot and uncomfortable). A woman! . . . (desperately) Oh! The SCHNEIDER I meant was a man.

Military Patron (pursuing his enemy to his trenches). Never heard of him! Where did he play?

Young Man (getting out of his trenches, and running away altogether). I don't exactly recollect. I don't think I should know the name if you told me: it's so long ago.

The Curtain rises. We welcome Old PAUL as the venerable Calchas, pretty, piquante MISS FURTADO as Helen, and cleverest, most graceful MRS. MELLON as Paris.

Musical Amateur (to a friend sitting between him and Military Patron). I suppose you know the music of this? (Dialogue going on on the stage. Friend says "No," and listens.) Now, you'll hear a pretty thing. (Hums the first air before MISS FURTADO commences, just to give his friend an idea of it.)

Quiet Friend (not wishing to be rude). Ah, yes! (Smiles and nods.) H-sssh!

Musical Amateur (after a time). The tune which was most popular in Paris was—(hums the tune which was most popular in Paris. Friend inwardly determines to change his stall for the Second Act.)

Military Patron. Aw! Entr'acte (deprecatively), it's not the same thing as 'twas in Paris. [N.B. He would have said this even if the English version had been twenty twenty times better done than the French.]

Quiet Friend. SCHNEIDER and DUPUIS are exceptions even in Paris.

Military Patron (not exactly understanding him). Ya-as. (Pause; during which he deliberates on nothing, and gives his decision.) Ya-as.

Quiet Friend. Well, TOOLE's Menelaus is immensely funny: Menelaus in the original was nothing.

Military Patron (admitting it, helplessly). Well, ya-as. (Recollecting his young friend's discomfiture.) You've seen it in Paris? Eh?

Quiet Friend (more quietly than ever). Yes, I have: several times. Have you?

Military Patron (frightened). Ya-as; partly. (Confused.) Not exactly all of it: came in after dinner, you know. Ya-as; greater part of it. (Collapses. Joy of Young Friend, who has overheard the conversation.)

Quiet Friend. It is the fashion with some people, who stop in Paris for one week, perhaps, in the year, and who can't follow the rapid dialogue of the plays they nightly rush to see, to disparage English acting, of which they know, probably, very little, as compared with French acting, of which they know just nothing at all. Then they take credit to themselves for "a pretty good acquaintance with the language," and being "accustomed to French theatres," whereas the idiots can scarcely speak two words of the language, and are utterly stranded without constant reference to a phrase-book.

Military Patron (forgetting himself). Oui. C'est vrai. (And then they all attend to Act II.)

"PARTY TIES."—White Chokers.

THE VISION OF THE WORKHOUSE BEADLE.

PORK-chops for supper I esteem;
But arter which it warn't no dream!
A man must sleep as well as sup
To dream a dream—but I was hup!

What makes my hair stand up on end?
My voice stick in my jaws?
Memory—memory! Attend,
And you shall know the cause.

I seed him—yes, I seed him plain!
'Twas at the corner of a lane:
Upon my life 'tis true!
Though all was dark as pitch that night,
I seed him—in his own blue light—
As plain as I sees you!

The Westry ad been verrry ot,
And I had gone and ad my pot,
But sober as a Judge need be,
A smokin of my yard of clay,
A walking home—there—in my way—
There—right afore me—there stood he!
He that to name his name I fears,
For talk about im he appears!

I know'd im by his glarin eyes,
His orna, his oofs, his wings, in size
As might be of a normus bat,
His colour black as this ere at;
Ay, this ere at—without the lace—
The orrid grin of that ere face!
His mouth just like a grate red-ot,
Which fangs like iron spikes he'd got,
I know'd him by his crooked nails,
And by his ide all over scales,
His arrer-pinted tail—his prong.
—I see a flash of fire—I hear
The sound of, as it were, a gong
And boh, he did appear!

The sight so scared me I sprung back,
And bumped agin a post, right smack!
And with the shock I broke my pipe.
He come—I bobbed—he missed his gripe.
Down on my marrowbones I prayed
In hagony for Mercy's aid.

He vanished in a flash of flame,
And then a glorious hangel came,
And said, "Here's Mercy at your call,
Though you don't merit none at all.
This mornin, at the Workus door,
You druv my Sister from the Poor."
Says I, "I won't do so no more."
"No; mind you don't," said she.
"For if agin you ever do,
Next time as Somevun comes for you,
Expect no help from me."

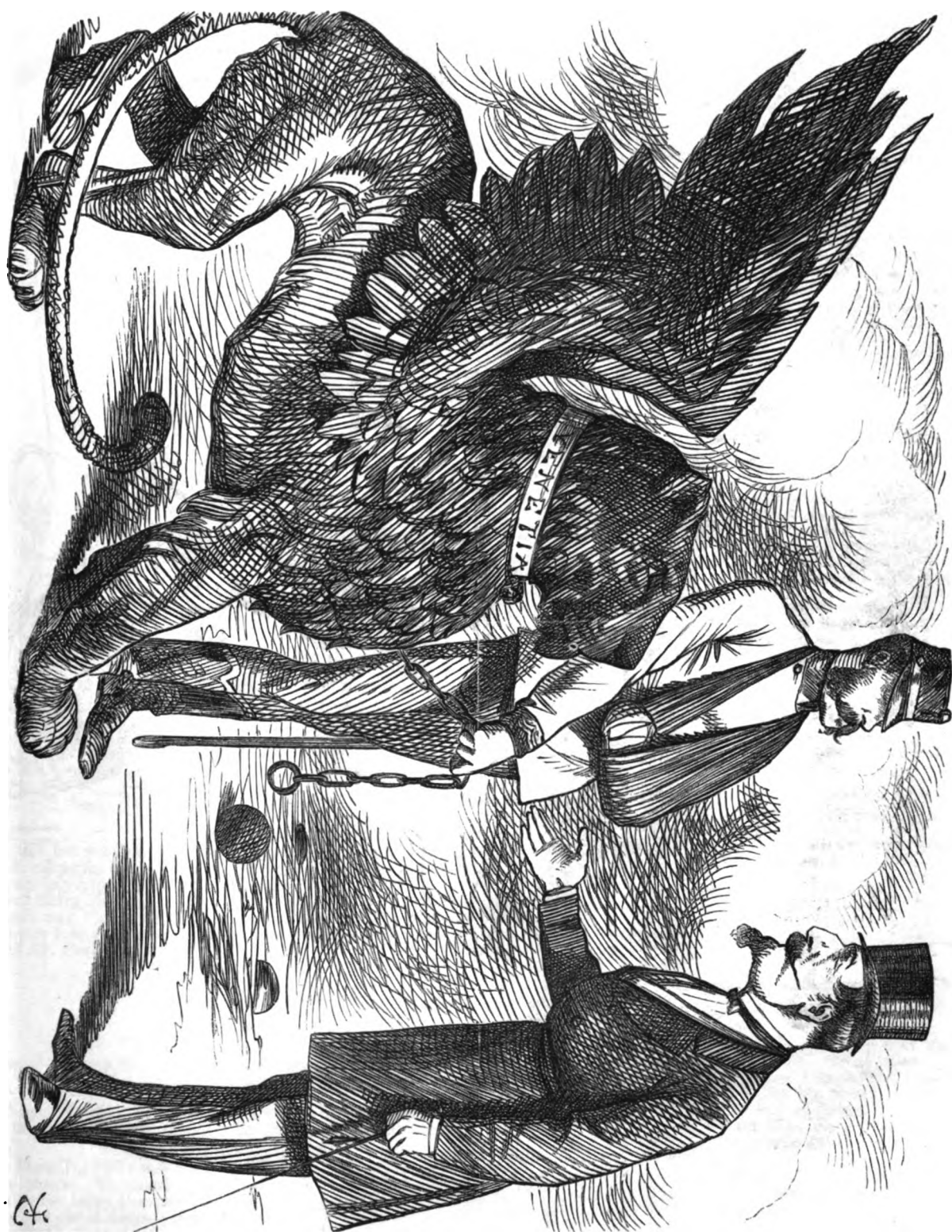
A CHEER FOR CLAN HALPIN.

OMENS follow those who note them. And "we defy augury." These are things to say when unfavourable omens occur, and unwise persons allude to them. But when a grand enterprise is preceded by a gallant deed on the part of one of the undertakers, it may be permitted, in a spirit of the most intense and Lord-Stanleyite coolness, to say that the probabilities of success seem increased when the work is seen to be in the hands of brave and daring men. We wish all good fortune to the monster vessel now engaged in laying the Atlantic Telegraph. We cannot help feeling that, in the above sense, a good omen has occurred, in the gallant deed of which **LIEUTENANT HALPIN** is perhaps the only man in the country who thinks lightly. We read that a sailor, charged with a difficult duty aloft, lost his head, and would have been dashed to pieces, but for **LIEUTENANT HALPIN**, who rushed to the rescue, climbed the rope, supported the fainting man, and held on, over the yawning abyss in which the gigantic machinery was working, until help was afforded. No noble thing that a true British sailor does can much surprise his countrymen; but it is fitting that **LIEUTENANT HALPIN** and all the rest of the world should be told that when Paterfamilias read this story at the breakfast table, an electric current of enthusiasm set in for the great ship, and all on board, who will, we think, be proud to be called the **CLAN HALPIN**.



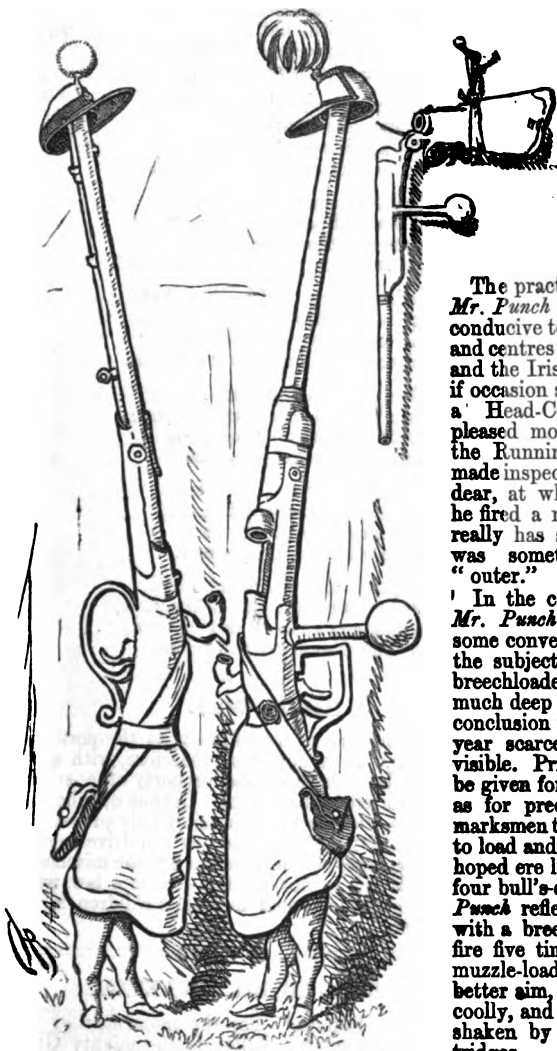
THE UNRECOGNISED VISITOR.

BUMBLE. "YOU'RE THE SISTER OF MERCY, IS YOU? WELL, WE ARN'T GOT THAT NAME IN THE HOUSE; SO TODDLE!"



THE LION OF ST. MARK.

MR. PUNCH AT WIMBLEDON.



OREIGN parts are now ablaze, and it is very right and proper that the riflemen of England should look well to their firing. So with the view to their encouragement, Mr. Punch the other day proceeded to the camp for the purpose of inspecting the shooters and their shots.

The practice on the whole struck Mr. Punch as being that which is conducive to perfection. Bull's-eyes and centres were continually scored, and the Irish seemed quite capable, if occasion should arise, of hitting a Head-Centre. He then was pleased most graciously to inspect the Running Deer, after which he made inspection of a lovely walking deer, at whom with his right eye he fired a random shot, which he really has some reason to believe was something more than an "outer."

In the course of his inspection, Mr. Punch was pleased to hold some conversation with himself on the subject of the needle-gun and breechloaders in general; and after much deep thought he came to the conclusion that at Wimbledon next year scarce a ramrod would be visible. Prizes should, he thought, be given for rapidity of fire as well as for precision; and, instead of marksmen taking fully two minutes to load and another to take aim, he hoped ere long to see them scoring four bull's-eyes in a minute. Mr. Punch reflected that a man armed with a breechloader can load and fire five times to each shot with a muzzle-loader, and can take the better aim, because he fires more coolly, and his hand has not been shaken by ramming down his cartridges.

Hard thinking being very thirsty work in this hot weather, Mr. Punch then made a sortie to the big refreshment tent; and, calling for a cup of cooling effervescent drink, he was pleased to dip his nose luxuriously into it. Having drunk "Success to Wimbledon!" and "Here's to our next Merry Meeting!" Mr. Punch proposed a toast to "The Belgian Jolly Bricks, and may they always be cemented with the jolly Bricks of Britain!" Several other toasts were proposed in quick succession, and when our report was forwarded Mr. Punch was still—

(Left drinking.)

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

[Collected in Happy Hours, including some instructive facts in Natural History, and other domestic and rural information.]

Very Happy Thought.—Too hot to jot down any happy thoughts last week. We are still in our Elizabethan House. Everyone languid or irritable, or both, from the heat.

Happy Thought at 7.30 P.M.—We'll have tea out of doors. On a rustic table: sit on rustic chairs. Theatrical friend from town says, "like the opening of an opera—chorus—happy Peasants." I like a fellow from town to enliven us. Tea soon gets cold out of doors. [Mom. Get some other sort of rustic chairs; all very well for ladies.] Lots of little creatures appear in the air: not gnats?

Happy Thought.—Let's stroll up that walk and smell the delicious Honeysuckle. . . . Curious! something's biting one's hands and neck. Country friend says, "Ah, then it'll be a fine day to-morrow; these little stinging flies always come out when it's going to be a fine day to-morrow." He gives me the following facts:—

Small flies in the evening bite anyone who's fresh to the country.

They quite disfigured one man once by biting him. They are not poisonous.

They are all about the honeysuckle and the bushes.

Noticed the bats for the first time. Country friend tells me "it" (the Elizabethan House and grounds) is famous for bats. You can catch 'em with a net. I say "Indeed, can you really?" and we go in-doors. Hate bats: friend gives me a few facts as to bats.

Bats in some parts of the country will settle in your hair. (N.B. Never go out without a cap at night.)

Bats can bite ferociously when they like. "They're nasty things," he adds, "to tackle." (N.B. Never tackle a bat.)

Happy Thought Indoors.—To-morrow visit the farm; see the cow and the pigs. "How jolly it would be"—everyone says this—"how jolly it would be to have a pet cow, and pet pigs, and pet ducks, and everything to feed out of your hand, and come up when you call." The ladies say, "Charming! and a dear little pet lamb." Country friend says, "Dirty little beasts, pet lambs." Everybody says, "he's got no heart." I suggest that one might train the gold-fish. Friend says, "How?" I say, "Anyhow—with biscuit." The conversation turns on training animals generally, and we conclude that all it wants is "an eye." We then talk about VAN AMBURGEN.

Conclusion. Any animal can be trained by the eye.

THE NEEDLE-GUN.

TUNE—"The Dog's Meat Man."

SHARP shoots the Prussian Rifle, which
Has to be loaded at the breech;
Five times for each mouth-loader's one:
What a formidable weapon is the needle-gun!
Oh, that unerring needle-gun!
That death-dispensing needle-gun!
It does knock over men like fun.
What a formidable weapon is the needle-gun!

What it would do, some time ago,
We had sufficient cause to know;
When Danish states were foully won,
By the murderous advantage of the needle-gun.
Oh, that unerring, &c.

Invaded by a tyrant-thief,
Should we not likewise come to grief,
If equal arm our troops had none,
To encounter his battalions with the needle-gun?
Oh, that unerring, &c.

Lo, when the thieves, in deadly fray,
Strove for possession of the prey,
What execution then was done
Upon Austria by Prussia with the needle-gun!
Oh, that unerring, &c.

Are we prepared, or are we not,
To give aggressors shot for shot?
Not all the skill at Wimbledon
Will avail without a match to meet the needle-gun.
Oh, that unerring, &c.

DIALOGUE.

Brown. Our friend JONES's new great coat was stolen the very night it was sent home from the tailor.

Robinson. Do you know that I don't think I much care?
Brown. Probably not. But MR. HOME, the spiritualist, was advertised to appear as Lord Oakley.

Robinson. I don't think I care much about that either.
Brown. No? But why was JONES's coat like HOME's Oakley?

Robinson. I do not know.

Brown. Because he never came out in it.

Robinson. What an ass you are!

The New Judge.

"No more Beer speeches," says SIR FRED,
So comely, courteous, and clean shaven,
"Like the Great Eastern here I sit,
I think I'll call my chair Beer-Haven."



THE VERY PINK OF FRENCH POLITENESS.

"DEEDONG, MADAMM, ESKERVOOSATT PARISSIANG!"

"OUI, MONSIEUR! ET VOUS AUSSI!"

A NEW IDEA.

At a time when the nymphs of Society are scared away from their dances by the spectres of bank failures, the following notion is most reassuring:—

Cautious Dowager. Three or four pic-nics in Richmond Park, and dances afterwards in the evening, during the season. More than a hundred persons at each party, too! I don't understand how SIR JAMES manages it. It must be very expensive.

Little Dancing Captain (who, having married on small means, has been rather curtailed in his entertainments, and runs the risk of losing his invitations). Oh, no, not at all. Simplest thing in the world. SIR JAMES asks lots of people to pic-nic—bring their own hampers, own carriages, and so forth: no expense then. Very jolly party. Dance afterwards: rooms in hotel. Guests invited: pay five shillings each for a ticket for their hat or cloak. That clears expense of room, ices, biscuits, sandwiches, and orangeade. SIR JAMES doesn't spend a "fiver" over it. Good idea—doooid good idea! Sh' like 'try it m'self.

Cautious Dowager (reserving her opinion). Dear me! Indeed! Very pleasant parties, no doubt. (*Captain rises.*) Mind you remember me to, &c., &c.

TOUCHING VESTMENTS.

THE middle of July is past, and yet there are no signs of an end to the vestment question—the clothes of the season. The Bishops could not cope with it, though they turned Convocation into a Vestry. The word of command has been given to that pugnacious section of the Church militant which fights for its gay clothes—"Dress!" What a pity that our young Curates cannot find some better investment for their surplus energy!

The line taken by the chief props of the High Church party, at the present time, may be described as the clothes line. They will have to come down from their high ropes. The theme is sublime! It demands verse! There is but one bard who can do it justice—PORT CLOZE.

THE SONG OF THE MARRIED SOLDIER.

ALL you in Parliament and place,
So careful of the nation's coin,
Come, hear a married soldier's case
From one who never will rejoin.

I served my country long and well
In India, and in other lands,
And did a private soldier dwell,
Until tied up in wedlock's bands.

At Chatham quartered now we lie,
And married partners, other three,
The same apartment occupy,
Along with my young wife and me.

Our beds are four, and bed and bed
Have no partition got between.
My wife and I live all on bread
To save the means to buy a screen.

It makes the thinking man admire
To see how you good soldiers use,
Then set Commissions to inquire
Why they to re-enlist refuse.

Recruits from riff-raff, as a class,
Such usage is the way to gain;
And you can but expect an ass,
And no old soldier, to remain.

Conscription soon will be required,
To man your regiments of the Line,
Where soldiers grow of service tired,
Like One who never will rejoin.

A Reason Why.

THE Law of England, as we all know, is the perfection of human reason. It is doubtless, therefore, with a wise intent that our Law declares the property of a suicide, found *felo de se*, forfeit to the Crown. In thus disinheriting a man's relations, the Law can possibly only proceed on the presumption that nothing whatever can drive anybody in his senses to commit self-destruction but the misconduct of his family. If this is not so, the sooner a law which punishes innocent widows and fatherless children is abolished, the better.

A WORKHOUSE REFORM BILL WANTED.

REFORM is dead: long live Reform! For the moment, they who want it must wish that they may get it. Fallen is the mighty GLADSTONE, champion of Reformers; but who knows if next Session may not bring another Bill, to be carried by the Honourable WILLIAM?

Still, though nothing can be done now towards reforming of the House, surely something may be done towards reforming of the Workhouse. Our electoral system is not without defects, but there are far more glaring evils in our wretched Poorhouse system. It is said that poverty in England is regarded as a crime, but we really treat our paupers far worse than our criminals. Pet prisoners are common here, as everybody knows; but nobody can say that he has ever seen pet paupers. Our gaol-birds are well fed, and look always in good feather; while those caged in our workhouses are frequently half starved, and always draggled and dirty.

England, everybody knows, is quite a model nation, but her poor-houses are scarcely yet the patterns of good government. Savage nations have a custom of killing their old people. We, who are more civilised, only kill our poor folk. There are savages whose practice is to thrust forth all their sick, and leave them in the open air, where they may slowly die, untended. We, who are more merciful, crowd our sick poor in foul rooms, that they may die the quicker.

It has of old been said that new brooms commonly sweep clean, and we hope the Tory besoms that have newly been brought in, may make a clean sweep quickly of the horrors of the Workhouse. Were a Reform Bill to be passed now, for reforming the infirmaries, we should look upon LORD DERBY as a model for Reformers. A special clause should be inserted for supplying better food than has been usually provided; and a still more special clause should be passed for the extinction of the brutal *Saivoy Gamps* and cruel, drunken *Betsy Prips* who act as pauper nurses. It is monstrous that our sick poor should have their medicines given them by women who can't read the labels on the bottles: who daily rob the dying of the stimulants prescribed as being needful for their life, and let them rot to death with bedsores caused mainly by bad nursing.



GREAT SHOW OF CHIGNONS.

A HINT FOR THE HAIRDRESSERS' SOCIETY.

"LORD DERBY'S WORKSHOPS."

WE hasten to rectify a remarkable omission in the account of these spacious premises in the *Builder*. No mention is made of the elaborate piece of Cabinet work, long in preparation, which the indefatigable proprietor has at last succeeded in completing, and although the "Joiners' shop" is noticed, not a word is said about the curious specimen of inlay, known to have been designed, in which the initials of the principal operatives, B. DISRAELI, E. H. STANLEY, &c., were to have gracefully blended with those of some of the leading *employés* of a rival firm that has recently retired from business.

We are authorised to state that the Derby Workshops are now removed to a more eligible situation in Downing Street, S.W., where the proprietor hopes by a strict attention to business, the use of none but the best materials, and a due regard to economy, to merit a renewal of patronage and support. (Treasury) Benches re-covered, and Woolsacks re-seated. Households supplied. Some novel designs in Secretaries. A stock of new Boards on hand. Cabinets turned out at the shortest notice. Experienced workmen sent to all parts of the kingdom to attend to Hustings. Plans for a Bankruptcy Court and an improved Pauper Infirmary will shortly be submitted to public inspection at the Offices close to Westminster Bridge. Estimates given. Accounts rendered quarterly. No connection with any other firm. Clerk of the Works, J. MANNERS. The India Branch is carried on in Cranborne Alley.

N.B. The Jobbing Business, formerly carried on by this party, will be discontinued.

P.S. Some Seats wanted.

Mity Likely!

It is a not uncommon vanity with newly-fledged M.P.'s never to omit to take the slightest opportunity for using parliamentary phrases and expressions. We lately met one, for example, who, on being handed a bit of mity cheese, made a joke about his having to accept the Stilton hundreds.

CAROL BY A COUNTRY BUMPKIN.

LORAMASSY, there now, look'ee,
That comparison's a rum 'un;
Yon young lady wi' her *bouquet*—
Wi' her bundle, yon old 'ooman!

Them two differs, as to shape,
In their looks and in their feeters;
'Most as Christian do from Ape,
Yet they both be human creeters.

You med call this here 'un Pot,
You med name that there 'un Kettle.
Ees, and come, I tell 'ee what,
Both them two be all one metal.

PRESENTABLE IN PRUSSIA.

WHAT disgust, in certain official quarters, must have been created by the following telegram from Berlin!—

"The QUEEN has had the surgeons leaving for the army presented to her at the railway station."

Blessed be Proserpine for doing her best to mitigate the work of Pluto! Here, however, in England, the example that has been set by the QUEEN OF PRUSSIA must be the reverse of relished at Head Quarters. The treatment experienced by British Military Surgeons has produced a surgeon-famine in the British army. What if QUEEN VICTORIA, with a view to prevent medical commissions from going begging, were to be pleased to have all medical officers in the Army and Navy presented to her on leaving their country on actual service? The authorities presiding over the Horse Guards would feel that they had received a very significant rebuke, and the Army would perhaps get better off for surgeons.

VERY MAUDLIN SENTIMENT.



wounds had been evidently produced by a gun-shot, and the others by heavy blows from some instrument, supposed to be the stock of a gun. The trigger of a gun was found underneath the deceased's body. A short distance away was found the ramrod of a gun. The hat also was found. It had been perforated with shot, and hair adhered to it. There is no doubt whatever that the deceased was murdered."

No doubt many thousands of soldiers were found the other day on the field after the Battle of Sadowa, exhibiting the marks of just such injuries as those above described, or of others yet more ghastly. Beside these heaps of mangled corpses, a solitary body found in a wood, with its individual skull shot through and battered to pieces, seems a very small horror. But in this case "there is no doubt whatever that the deceased was murdered." Some ruffian probably wanted his watch or his small change, and took his life for the sake of them.

A time like this it is wonderful that the paragraph below quoted from a contemporary is one of a sort still continuing constantly to appear in the newspapers:—

"SHOCKING MURDER IN STAFFORDSHIRE.—A shocking murder has been committed near Cheadle, in Staffordshire. A young man named THOMAS SMITH, son of a farmer at Whiston Eaves, was found murdered in a wood on his father's farm near Whiston, in the parish of Kingsley. The deceased's skull had been fractured in several places, and there were large scalp wounds visible. One of the

When a man has been killed in order that he might be robbed, then, of course, about the moral no less than the legal truth, that the deceased was murdered, there is no doubt whatever. When, however, the death of several thousands of men is caused by a King, who, at the instigation of a Minister, employed them in a compulsory attempt to aggrandise himself by the conquest of neighbouring states, the case is quite altered. What so entirely alters the case is the greater number of the slain, the greater magnitude of the plunder which they were sacrificed to win, and the pretence of a view to "consolidation," or some other public advantage for whose alleged sake they were driven to slaughter. These considerations, in the public opinion of Europe, make a distinction between homicide and homicide, wholesale and retail, proportionate to the difference between glory and infamy. Otherwise, respecting the men found dead on the plains of Bohemia, with their skulls fractured in several places, and their bodies covered with wounds, some evidently produced by needle-gun-shot, others by heavy blows from some such instrument as the butt-end of a rifle, others by bayonet-thrusts, the stroke of cannon-balls or fragments of shells, a judicious reporter might with reason remark: "There is no doubt whatever that the deceased were murdered." But for the purely disinterested motives which always actuate the sovereigns whose subjects are compelled by their most gracious Majesties to slay and be slain, carnage, like that of Sadowa, would be simply the conglomerate of murder. A mangled body, however, is a mangled body, no matter whose purpose it was mangled to suit; in respect of that simply a horrid object, neither more nor less. But ten thousand mangled bodies are just ten thousand times more horrid than one; and if people are justly stigmatised as sentimental for being horrified at the idea of the multitude of such objects on a field of battle, must not anybody be a very silly sentimentalist to be in the least degree affected by an account of a single one found in a wood?

RITUALISM.

ALTARATION should be one name for the Ritualistic movement. In full, it might be "Some Altaration in the Rite direction." Any Anglican Clergyman wishing to do the thing well, should apply to Miss HERBERT, at the St. James's Theatre (a Saint's theatre, too!), who has got a properly vested Altar, including the Two Candlesticks, which was used as a property in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and we have no doubt ample use will be found for it, in the latest act of the present Ecclesiastical Drama, which, by the way, might very appropriately adopt the above-mentioned Shakespearian title.

What are the "Two Legal Lights to stand on the Communion-table?" Probably, MR. COLERIDGE, Q.C., and DR. LUSHINGTON, are the two Legal Lights. But no Ritualist would allow them to stand on the Communion-table.

An old lady from the country writes to us to say that her Clergyman "has adopted new-fangled fashions. The other day she saw him carrying a Cossack to the church!"

The Censor is swung about by little boys. It has a pastille in it. (N.B. A correspondent is wrong in thinking that French prisoners used to be imprisoned in the Pastille.) It is used in *Le Prophète* at Covent Garden, and it is there called the Censor of Plays. MR. W. B. DONNE, the present excellent censor, has never yet been swung in church.

The *Precentaur* is a mounted Ecclesiastic who leads all processions.

A Ritualist is very particular about names and places. "Why," he asks, "should the Vestry be invariably at the East end? If so, call it an Eastry."

Some worthy churchgoing provincials have taken up the subject very warmly, and write to us to know if these are the names of the proper vestments for their rector, to whom they are going to be presented as a surprise. They are going to order these:—

"A Rheumatic, a Cubicle, an Operetta, a Stole, two Copse, a Municipal, and a handsome Jezebel."

We venture to suggest that there are one or two trifling errors in the above list, which may possibly puzzle the Ecclesiastical tailor. Suppose we read:—"A dalmatic, a tunicle, a beretta (peculiarly Roman) . . . two copes, a maniple (?), and a handsome chasuble." This will be about right, we think.

A beadle, in full costume, is the symbol of the Church Militant.

The Sheriff of London spells Ritualism "Writualism," and practices it.

Finally, Why was ROBINSON CRUSOE a good Catholic?—Because he kept Friday.

"DERBY, DIZZY, & Co."

A CARD.

OR, "RATHER HARD LINES."

(See LORD DERBY'S Speech, Monday, July 9th.)

HERE'S a task to put temper and tact to their mettle,

In these heats of July to be worked off our legs,

While, betwixt men and places, the problem we settle

"Given more pegs than holes, to find holes for our pegs."

For Cabinet-making was always hard labour,

Even with good stock-in-trade and one's tools well on edge,

But to take up the business, when dropped by a neighbour,

With one's stuff all unseasoned, one's tools all in pledge—

With the cramp in one's limbs, and one's hand out of practice,

One's old shopmates rusty, one's young 'uns untried—

We'd never have opened the shop, but the fact is,

There's a party behind us as won't be denied.

We've done all we could to enlarge our connections,

New Capital into the firm tried to bring;

But the party from over the way had objections,

And we're forced to fall back on the old style of thing.

So here goes for a venture: put up the old fixtures;

Set out the old show-glass; display the old bills;

If we've only old stock, we must try on new mixtures,

Let's hope, if old firms go, we'll get their good-wills.

HOW TRULY SWEET.

"THE Dunmow Flitch is offered to happy couples this year, CHARLES, love," said EMMA to her young husband.

"I don't care," said CHARLES, gravely. "I could not in honour compete for it. You have to swear that for a year and a day you have never wished yourselves unmarried."

"And you could not say that, CHARLES?" said EMMA, her large blue eyes preparing for a swim.

"Certainly not. I have often wished it."

"Oh, CHARLES!"

"Yes. Because then I could have married you again."

(The rest would not interest a cold-hearted public.)

day respecting the Bills should be withdrawn. He had waited to see what Government would do, but did not blame them for doing nothing at present. He would support any good and effectual Reform Bill, hereafter, but would oppose any measure that should be re-actionary or illusory.

Friday. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE made a melancholy speech upon European affairs, and introduced an elegant Latin quotation, which clearly proved that because the fall of Priam had been attended by sad circumstances, it was the duty of England to do something in favour of falling Austria. LORD DERBY was unconvinced, as was LORD RUSSELL.

LORD SHAPTESBURY expressed his joy that the Hyde Park meeting had been prohibited. He had held many meetings, and hoped to hold more, but always at proper times and places.

In the Commons we talked of guns, Irish railways, and the Navy, and then we had an interesting debate on Foreign Affairs. Non-interference was pressed upon and promised by LORD STANLEY. SIR G. BOWYER, as a Catholic, was so severe upon France and Italy, that MR. GLADSTONE likened his utterances to those of the MARQUIS DE BOISSY, husband of

"The beautiful COUNTESS OF GUICCIOLI,
Who admired LORD BYRON habitually."

MR. GLADSTONE reminded Government that England had the strongest sympathy for Italy. The general tone of the debate showed that whatever may have been the origin of the great war, or the motives of its promoters, England looks with satisfaction to the establishment of a grand, strong, free Protestant Germany, both for its own sake and as a Buffer.



A CAUTION.

THE YOUNG LADY FANCIES THAT THE STYLE OF HER HAIR IS
CREATING A SENSATION—PERHAPS IT IS!

Horse on the Table.

THE hippophagists carry their fondness for horseflesh to an extreme. Accordingly perhaps they will soon have their horse served up with horse-beans, not to mention horse-radish, which of course it must equate even more than beef. The dessert which follows the favourite epast of the horse-eaters will certainly not be complete without horse-hesnuts.

POLLO(c)K's "COURSE OF TIME."—The late Chief Baron's Life, and on how it last!

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Happy Thought.—Early to bed, and up with the lark. Charming old Elizabethan House with odd passages and old oak. Conversation turns upon ghosts. No one believes in ghosts. Are there any here? Country friend tells us about a haunted house in the neighbourhood. He'll show it us. [N.B. It's very stupid to talk about these sort of things because it frightens the ladies.]

11:30. Bed-time; windows open; no moon. The idea of believing in ghosts. If one *did*, this is just the sort of place where they might come; I like lots of light at night. There's something on the wall; a shadow. I don't know what fear is, but my nerves are a little unstrung by the heat; or, perhaps, as it has been ninety in the shade, my imagination is heated. No: *it's a bat!*

Let me see, a bat is a nasty thing to tackle. If I shut the windows he can't get out; if I leave 'em open other bats may come in. There is another—no, a moth. Hate moths; I can't sleep with a bat in the room. I've heard they suck the breath of infants (or cats do that?).

Happy Thought.—Called in my country friend. I said, "Such fun! here's a bat." As if I enjoyed it.

Another Happy Thought.—I stand just outside the door to look in and direct him while he's catching the bat. Country friend says "he's a curious specimen: very rare: I hope so, sincerely. Shut the windows: bed.*** Queer noises: scrambling and thumping. Not bats again: it must be in the room. Mice? hate mice. *It can't be rats?**** There's no doubt about it, rats: detest rats. Suppose one should jump on my bed! Country friend, whom I ask next day, says, "Oh, didn't I know? 'It'" (the old Elizabethan House), "is almost eaten up with rats." He gives me the following facts:—

Swarms of rats are in the wainscots.

They can't come out.

They do come out in the scullery.

On the top of the cellar-steps they've been seen as large as rabbits. (N.B. Avoid top of cellar-stairs.)

They come in the winter into a house, stop for the spring and early summer, and go out again at harvest time. (N.B. Wish it was harvest time.)

Their bite is poisonous.

A few rats will kill a man.

Happy Thought.—Fresh eggs for breakfast, early in the morning. Charming! Sleep interfered with by bats, rats, and moths, but a regular country breakfast is the thing to set one up. Fresh eggs!*** Very sorry, no eggs: footman says that under-gardener tells him the rats have gucked all the eggs and killed ten chickens.

Happy Thought.—Send for Ratcatcher at once. Everyone says, "What fun! and have a rat hunt!" Country friend says, "take care they don't get up your trousers."

Happy Thought.—I shall enjoy the sport if I see it from a window.

Happy Thought, on the lawn, looking at the Gold-fish.—How horribly hot it must be in London. Go and lounge over the peaceful farm. I never knew that pigs got savage and ran at one. Country friend says, "You ought never to bolt from a cow, or she's sure to run after you." I explain that I had no intention of bolting until she did run after me. Farm labourer says, "he had two minds about telling us the beast was vicious when he saw us gentlemen going in." What idiots farm-labourers are: very hot running. Country friend gives me this fact about geese,

Geese will bite your shins dreadfully if they get hold of you.

It seems to me that the Peaceful Farm is full of savage animals. We go to the Hen-house: the fowls, at all events, won't hurt me. Country friend says, "He's not so sure of that," and gives me this fact.

Game Cocks can't be depended on.

They'll fly at you, and peck your eyes as soon as look at you.

The Ratcatcher has come. I shall see the Ratting from a window. Ratcatcher has lost his ferret; he thinks it *must* have run into the house.

Happy Thought.—Have my bed-room door shut at once.

A Prussian Water Party.

THE *Junker Partei* has not made much noise in Prussia lately. If junk is the object of the *Junker Partei*, perhaps they are quietly expecting the development of a German Fleet, which must necessarily create a demand and consequent supply of junk affording them as much of it as land-lubbers are likely to relish.

SHAKESPEARE UPON RIFLE-SHOOTING.

"WHAT'S in an aim? The power of winning the QUEEN'S Cup. "Once more unto the breach, dear friends!" And be sure you bring your breech-loaders.

PROPOSED MOTTO FOR PRUSSIA.—"*Rem acu tetigit.*"



WIMBLEDON, 1866.

BOULTER'S AUNT AND COUSINS, AFTER HE'D SHOWN THEM OVER THE CAMP, EXPRESSED A WISH TO SEE HIS TENT THAT HE OCCUPIED WITH JACK SMALLBORE. THE DAY WAS HOT; AND JACK, WHO SHOOTS FOR EVERYTHING, WAS TAKING A COMFORTABLE BATH AND CIGAR IN THE DINNER-HOUR. *TABLEAU!!*

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

From our Own Correspondent, Special and Military, with whom, it may be remembered, we interchanged letters previous to his departure.

THE War is not yet over. The enemy has been repulsed with considerable loss. At present I am rather uncertain as to which is the enemy; they're both very unkind to me. The soldiers of both armies have behaved most rudely to me; they wouldn't tell me what they were doing. This is wrong, and I told them that I hoped, in their next war, they'd pay a little more respect to literature and the fine arts; both of which I have the pleasure to represent. I said this in my own language, which the poor creatures don't understand. I send you a graphic sketch of the decisive Battle of —*

I will give you a rough notion (I regret that it must be *rough*) of the bearish manners of the soldiery. I shan't mention to which army they belong, as it would scarcely be polite; and news does travel so quickly, that the publication might subject me to much further annoyance. It's no good my writing it in German, as you wouldn't follow it. A few soldiers were doing something to a cannon. I went up to them pretending to play on my umbrella like a fife. Anything to amuse them.

"Ha, ha! my men!" said I, cheerfully, "Right about face! March!"

They growled out something in their own language—(by the way, you told me English was spoken everywhere: *it isn't*)—and I continued, civilly, "Are you limbering up?" As you're not a military man I must explain to you, that "limbering up" is a technical phrase: it means,—but you won't understand it, even if I tell you.

The soldiery did not attend to me. I repeated my question; whereupon they threatened me with a sort of a red-hot poker (as if it was a pantomime) unless I went away. So I went away.

I have been unable to find my way to the Quadrilateral. It seems

* Name omitted, and sketch not arrived.—Ed.

as well known as was the Quadrant in Regent Street, but somehow, I suppose, I've taken the wrong turning.

16th July.
To-day I applied for a pass to see GENERAL BENEDEK's tent. It strikes me I might do a little business between him and MADAME TUSSAUD's Wax-works. Unfortunately I find I'm in the wrong army I have been taken up for cheering GENERAL BENEDEK by mistake I write this under the Prussian blue eye of a ferocious sentinel.

17th July.
I am not very well. The sentinel is teaching me German. I have offered him a ticket for the Zoological Gardens on any Sunday, if he'll let me escape. He has refused. I am now looking forward to being imprisoned for twenty years in a gloomy fortress, and coming out like MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER in the *Dead Heart*. I believe I should make a fortune.

18th July.
The army has gone away. I shall now join the Italians; if I can find them. I shall hear the firing, and then I shall know which direction to take.

Oh, a soldier's life so bold and free!
Oh, a soldier's life is the life for me!
Oh, a soldier's life is the —

The out-post is just leaving: continue my war-song another time.

Yours,
THROCMORTON S.

P.S. Somebody told me that they wouldn't take English money abroad. Confound 'em! they've taken all mine. Send me an order for five shillings at a time on the Crown Prince.

AS IT SHOULD BE.

WHAT a satisfaction it must be to the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH that the EMPEROR has given up the idea of paying a visit to Nancy!

A CARD.



LOUIS NAPOLEON begs to inform the Emperors and Kings of Europe, and the Public generally, that his business of Commission Agency is carried on as heretofore at the Palace of the Tuileries, where he may be consulted daily, or, if pressing need be, Nightly, and where all confidential letters must be sent. Having a few of the Ideas which belonged to his late uncle, L. N. may be with safety consulted on state subjects, and feels himself quite competent to give the best advice. In all matters of dispute, his judgment is proverbial; and, being thoroughly a master of diplomatic language, he is able for his clients to prove that white is black.

Besides giving his advice to Kings and Emperors in need of it, LOUIS NAPOLEON is prepared to act for them as Umpire at the very shortest notice, and may be relied upon for giving a decision quite unbiassed by any party interested, except, of course, himself. In arbitration cases, and quarrels between friends, L. N. may be called in without pecuniary fee, provided there be some little advantage to be gained by him. His knowledge of geography is thoroughly profound, and enables him to render an inestimable service to any one desirous of correcting an old map. Having had great experience in the art of land-surveying, he is ready to advise as to the altering of boundaries and removal of all landmarks which may be thought a little obsolete and somewhat out of date. L. N. may, in like manner, be privately consulted as to the best means of upsetting an old treaty; and his advice may be had gratis as to changing or removing any ancient bounds of territory, so as to increase his own.

Countries bought and sold, or valued and allotted, as the Umpire may direct. New maps exchanged for old ones. State treaties neatly broken, and the pieces picked up with the utmost care. A few new Emperors, like MAXIMILIAN, always kept on hand, and ready to be exported at half-a-moment's notice to any nation wanting them. Cracked crowns exchanged, or strengthened and repaired. State secrets kept most carefully. Clever negotiators, such as PRINCE NAPOLEON, prepared to start upon important diplomatic missions, and furnished from Head-quarters with the brains they may require. A private telegraph upon the premises to all the capitals in Europe, and an efficient staff of clerks who sit up day and night.

Address, LOUIS NAPOLEON, European Umpire and Commission Agent, Paris.

N.B. No Connection with the opposition firm of NEEDLE-GUN AND BISMARCK.

THE EQUESTRIAN SNOB.

At Marlborough Street Police Court, on Wednesday last week, there occurred a very shocking thing. A gentleman with a handle of Honourable to his name was actually convicted of being drunk, and furiously riding a horse in Rotten Row, Hyde Park, to the common danger of the public, besides resisting the police in the execution of their duty when they took him up. He was positively fined £7 altogether by Mr. KNOX. This is a painful fact for all devout worshippers of Aristocracy, who have hitherto cherished the belief, now rudely dispelled, that the furious rider of Rotten Row, a typical personage, was essentially and necessarily a common Snob.

Rose in the House of Lords.

SURE, if "by any other name" a ROSE as sweet would smell, A ROSE "by any other name" should also fight as well. And if he do, still may we sing "Old ROSE" for many a year, Wondering how he comes "Lord," for whom 'tis hard to find a peer; "No ROSE without a thorn," 'tis said, but in the Lords may you Still find a seat without a thorn, my trusty tough, SIR HUGH.

THE NAASAL ORGAN.—The Dublin Government Paper.

POPULARITY OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

MR. PUNCH,

It cannot, surely, be true that any difficulty is experienced by the Admiralty in manning the Royal Navy. I lately met with a statement, somewhere, to the effect that, for several years past, the annual enlistments in Her Majesty's sea-service had fallen short of the requisite standard by some 200. Pooh, Sir! how is it possible to believe such an assertion as that, when you read in the papers such a paragraph as this?—

"BREACH OF THE FOREIGN ENLISTMENT ACT.—Considerable excitement was created at Portland on Wednesday in consequence of the capture by H.M. ship *Caledonia* of the Chilian steamer *Gratham Hall*, having on board nearly 300 men who had been secretly enlisted for the purpose of manning a war vessel for the Chilian Government."

Hence it evidently appears that there is a glut of unemployed able-bodied seamen. The Queen's ships, so far from wanting hands, are all full. There never occurs a vacancy on board any one of them, even for a cabin-boy, but it is instantly filled. The fact is that the sailors are all so highly paid, so well accommodated, and so generously and kindly treated, that there is an eager competition among sea-faring men for employment in Her Majesty's service. A berth amongst the crew of a British man-of-war is the prize of a fortunate few comparatively. The rest are glad to take what service they can. They must live, and, rather than starve, they are fain to hire themselves out to fight the battles of foreigners. Necessity alone it is that drives them to this. Perish the thought that the mere temptation of higher wages than the pay they could obtain from their own munificent country could induce them to accept the office of assisting in the slaughter of fellow-men not being enemies of their fellow-countrymen! For, of course, villains capable of killing men for hire, are only restrained from killing them for plunder by the penalty attached to killing with intent to rob. Is not the motive by which a mercenary soldier or sailor is actuated when he shoots, or stabs, or cuts his antagonist down, precisely the same as that which prompts a garrotter to throttle his victim? Anybody willing to enlist in a foreign army or navy for what he can get, would be just as ready to knock you on the head, Mr. Punch, and rifle your pockets, Sir, if he had not before his eyes chiefly the fear of the gallows, and next the dread of infamy incurred by illegal robbery and murder.

The Foreign Enlistment Act punishes the agents by whom British subjects are enlisted on behalf of foreigners, but it imposes no adequate penalties on the men who enlist. If, Mr. Punch, the British navy were really under-manned, and if the treatment of the British sailor were not in every respect quite what it ought to be, a suitable punishment to inflict upon those rascals, with a view merely to punish them, would be that to which smugglers used formerly to be sentenced—service for a term of years on board a man-of-war. But even though the British naval service were still somewhat of the nature of penal servitude, it would be too bad to insult the honest sailor, whose vocation is the defence of his native land, by forcing upon him the society of such messmates as a set of venal ruffians unfit to inhabit any sort of ship but a hulk. It would be literally hire and salary, not punishment, to thrust fellows of that sort into a navy wherein they would be so much better off than they could in any other as they would in that of England. The supposition that any English seaman ever enters the service of a foreign country unless from inability to get employment in his own, is too ridiculous almost to be mentioned by anybody who knows what it is to be abaft the binnacle, not to say one who can call himself

AN OLD SALT.

P.S. There is said to be a want of candidates for medical appointments in the navy. Fudge, Mr. Punch! If all the competitors for them obtained commissions, there would soon be almost as many naval surgeons as sailors.

JUSTITIA MORITURA.

Suggested by the Irish Legal Appointments.

HIBERNIAN Justice long had ailed,
And half believed that she was going,
Yet hoped, for hitherto she'd failed
To see some Warnings that were owing.
"Nay then," said England, always kind,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings."
"If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,
"You've had your three sufficient Warnings."
So Irish Justice, turning pale,
Was soon as dead as

Mrs. THRALE.

THE ONLY DEFENCE FOR THE CAT.—The British Soldier does not know when he is beaten.



JUSTICE—FOR IRELAND.



RIVAL ARBITERS.

"THE OTHER LION THOUGHT THE FIRST A BORE."

A PLEA FOR THE UNPROTECTED MALE.

To Mr. Punch.



EAR MR. PUNCH,—I am a mild man, of what my friends are pleased to call a prepossessing appearance, and of what, I feel myself to be, amiable and if anything, engaging manners. It has hitherto been my innocent impression that, whatever attraction there may be in my appearance, and whatever amiability in my manners, should be used for the good of my fellow-creatures in relieving the tedium of a short railway journey which I am compelled to take twice a day, to and from my residence in the suburbs to my place of business in London. Till now, when I have seen a carriage tenanted by a lady, I have sought that carriage

in preference, having a natural, and, I, hope, justifiable liking for the society and conversation of what I have always been taught to consider as the gentler and weaker sex. I do not blush to say that the prettier the lady was, the more gratefully I have availed myself of her society, and the more I have striven—within the limits of perfect propriety—to make myself agreeable. Without fatuousness, I believe I may say that I have generally succeeded in leaving a pleasing impression on my fair *compagnon de voyage*. I am quite sure that, as far as I am concerned, a pretty face, a tasteful toilette, a delicately-gloved hand judiciously displayed, and a neat pair of ankles modestly managed, with occasional snatches of remark such as grow readily out of the weather, the journey, my little movements of courtesy, and so forth, have in a number of cases made what would have been a half-hour of dullness over the morning paper, quite refreshing little episodes in my day. I have sometimes even enjoyed my railway journeys—thanks to such accompaniments! and, though not a forward man, have congratulated myself secretly on the modest ease and engaging *aplomb* of manner which enabled me to turn these opportunities to account, for what, I believe I may safely call, mutual pleasure and innocent enjoyment of the hour.

I little thought, while thus employed, that I have all this time been sporting on the edge of a volcano, big with the elements of one of the most serious, not to say disagreeable, criminal charges known to the law. From recent cases, it seems that I might in any of these cases have been charged for an indecent assault, and that on such a charge—provided only my journey had been *en tête-à-tête*—all my little attentions all my well-bred agreeableness and graceful gallantry, all my prepossessing points of appearance, might have been invoked against me as evidence of the most confirmed ruffianism, the most abominable viciousness, and the most outrageous acts. I do not see how a man is to defend himself against such a charge, if only the Circe or Dalilah who brings it watches her opportunity, chooses her ground well, and takes even the most shallow and obvious precautions against conviction. Of course, if she won't even so much as scatter her bouquet, crumple her dress, or ruffle her bonnet-strings, before charging her male companion with an act of brutal violence, there is still some chance for one. But these little arrangements of the *mise-en-scène* will soon be understood, and then what is to stand between men like myself, who may be weak enough to feel a taste for ladies' society, and brave enough to indulge the taste *deux-à-deux* in a railway carriage, and the criminal dock?

I pause for a reply, with my hair on end, and my cheeks in a glow of anticipative terror.

For some time after MÜLLER's murder of MR. BRIGGS, elderly gentlemen of a soporific turn, and in the habit of carrying carpet-bags that looked like money, used to avoid entrusting themselves to a railway carriage with a single companion.

If the Railway Companies allowed themselves to be bullied into providing bull's-eyes between compartments, and means of signalling between passengers and guards, in consequence of MÜLLER's crime, how can they resist the demand for some provision to secure innocent single gentlemen, especially persons like myself of old-fashioned gallantry and prepossessing manners, against such charges as that lately brought by MRS. or MISS ALLEN against MR. MURPHY, to name only one case out of several?

The difficulty is to suggest any possible protection or precaution, as the charge is founded in nothing, what is there to guard against? The only course I can suggest—as it would be impossible, I suppose to have a guard in every carriage—would be that either the

single ladies, or single gentlemen shall be committed to cellular compartments, such as those in the prison-vans.

As the charge always emanates from the ladies, I think they ought to be the parties condemned to solitary confinement in transition. Failing this, all railway journeys, in future, will have to be made—as excursions to and from Vauxhall and Marylebone Gardens used to be made in the days of JERRY ABERDEEN, in parties, for the sake of mutual protection, not from foot-pads, but from female extortioners, who call the police, and commit us to prison on a criminal charge, instead of being committed thither themselves.

I hope, dear Mr. Punch, you will insert this complaint, and give the matter your best consideration. If you do, of course you will get something done, and so relieve from the constant danger the thousands who might sign themselves with me,

Yours, in grievous apprehension,

AN UNPROTECTED MALE.

MORE AMENDS FOR FLODDEN.

CERTAINLY we are wopped, and why shouldn't we say so? The Thistle has done it this time. ANGUS CAMERON, a young Inverness-shire man, has carried off, splendidly, the Queen's Prize, at Wimbledon, and the Scottish Eight have borne away the International Shield. Mr. Punch, who represents the United Kingdom, has, of course, no jealousies, but heartily applauds the victory, and congratulates the victors. Furthermore, he begs to state that Ireland in a slight and England in an enormous degree ought to be ashamed of themselves respectively. We must trouble them with a few figures. By the last Census the population of Scotland was 3,061,251. That of Ireland was 5,764,543. That of England and Wales was 20,060,925. Now then, taking the due proportion of men capable of making bulls'-eyes, what does the balance of Twenty Millions say to being licked by the balance of Three Millions? Mr. Punch thinks that the less said the better.

"Yet mourn not, Land of Fama,
Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field
Since NORMAN WILLIAM came,
We'll try again in Sixty-Seven,
And perhaps from Durham, perhaps from Devon,
Some bullet, speeding like the leven,
May take away thy shame!"

WALTER SCOTT (improved).

A GRACIOUS PERMIT.

INASMUCH as we, *Punch*, consider that our friend, JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, has, in a meritorious manner, and with all such means as the times can afford, worked in the interest of the refined Drama, bringing forth the best pieces he could get, and casting them with the best strength of his company:

And inasmuch as it is represented to us by advertisements that the said JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE takes his benefit and closes his theatre in the Haymarket on Wednesday, the first of August next, when he will address the public:

We hereby give permission to all persons who can procure admission on that evening, to visit the said theatre, and in our name to signify to the said JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, by plaudit, our approbation of his past proceedings.

Finally, we hereby authorise and desire the said JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE to come on to our Palace after the delivery of his speech, bringing a legibly written copy of the same, upon which he shall receive our candid opinion, with other confections.

PUNCH.

Witness, JUDY (but though I like him much, he is not to keep you up till all hours of the night; mind that.)

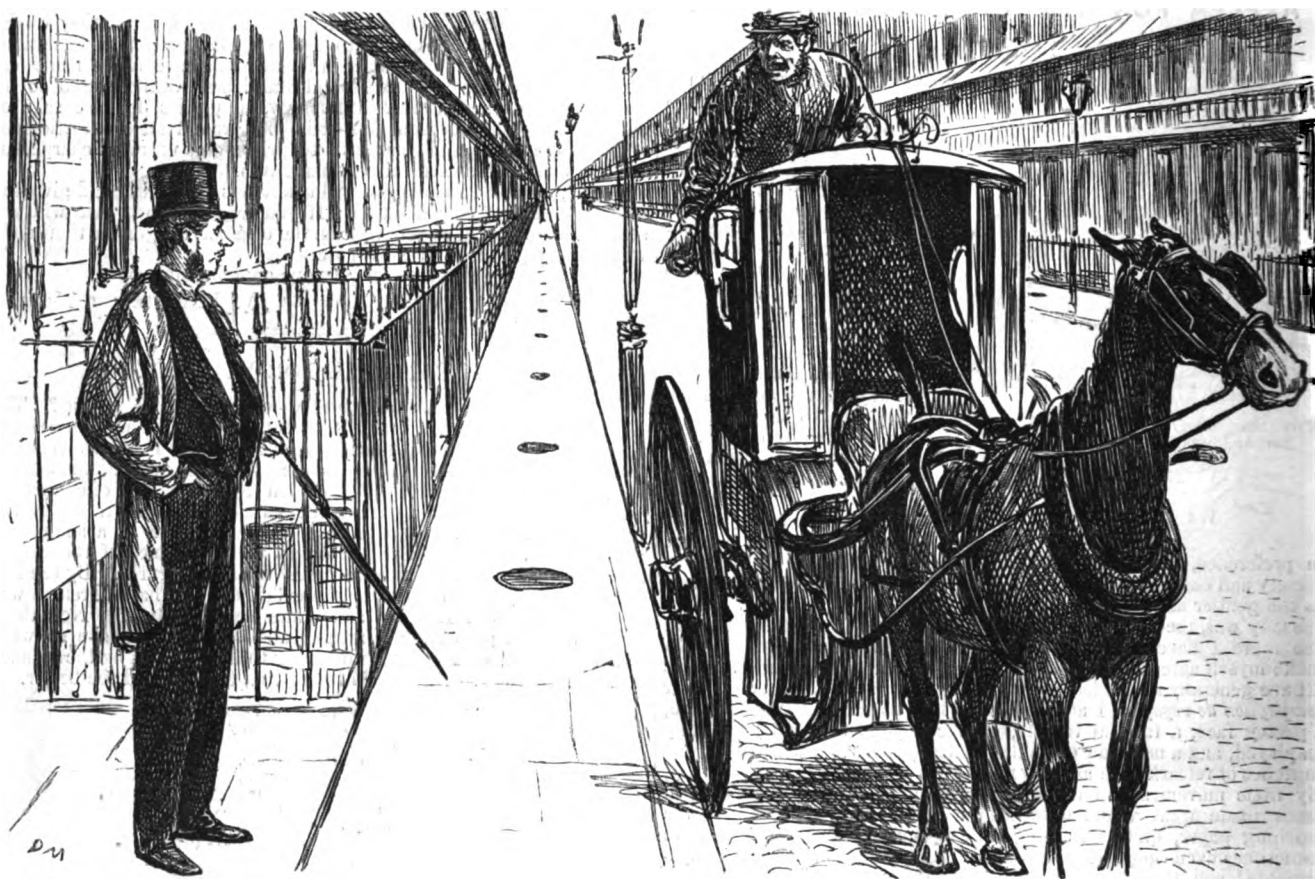
Erratum.

It seems we were too hopeful last week, when in speaking of the "Derby Workshops" we said "The jobbing business, formerly carried on by this party, will be discontinued."

A Bench has been upset, and some discreditable work the consequence. Justice is blind, as all know, but it appears that Justice for Ireland is also deaf. A bad beginning, my Lords, and Gentlemen. A storm may be brewing; at all events the Brewster is ready to do his work.

Anglican Ape-Show.

It would be 'worth' the while of any enterprising showman to procure a number of monkeys, and, having dressed them out in the copes, stoles, chasubles, and other ecclesiastical odd clothes affected by the ritualists, take them about as an exhibition in the various districts infested by parsons who ape Roman Catholic priests.



SEVERE.

SCENE—A Landscape in Belgravia.

TIME—The Fashionable Dinner-Hour.

Discontented Cabby (to his Fare). "I SEE WHAT YER UP TO! YER GOIN' TO GET YER DINNER FOR NOTH'N, AND YER WANTS TO BE DROVE AS CHEAP AS YER DINNER!"

A SHAME TO ST. PANCRAS.

THOSE who ascribe any utility to the Invocation of Saints will perhaps be disposed to invoke a Saint, who presides over an important parish in the North-west of London, to attend to the following extract from the *Post*, which concerns his good name:—

"Yesterday at the meeting of the Board of Guardians of St. Pancras—MR. CHURCHWARDEN ROSSON in the Chair—the House Committee presented a report stating that the master had called their attention to the desirability of relieving the sick wards of the workhouse by placing the convalescent male patients in the middle ward of the new building."

St. Pancras, when his attention is directed to the foregoing statement, will see that the workhouse of his parish wants not only a chapel for its chaplain's purpose, but also a chapel of ease for its sick wards. Reading on he will learn that:—

"The committee having consulted with the medical officer of the workhouse upon the subject, he stated that to carry out this arrangement it would require the services of a paid nurse to take charge of the patients, and the committee recommended that the ward be appropriated as proposed by the master, and that a paid nurse be engaged at the usual wages of 6s. per week (rising to 7s. after six months' satisfactory service), with food, lodging, washing, and uniform."

The benediction of St. Pancras will of course be conferred on the master, the committee, and the surgeon of the parish bearing his name, to which they, indeed, have done credit by their consideration for the sick poor. But what will he think of the Board of Guardians when he sees that—

"MR. JENKINS objected to the appointment of an extra paid nurse, and therefore moved that the consideration of the subject be postponed for three months. After some discussion, the motion for the postponement of the subject for three months was then adopted by 6 to 5, the small attendance of the guardians (who are 40 in number) being accounted for by the absence of many at the quarterly dinner of the Burial Board."

At a meeting of Guardians of the St. Pancras poor—so to be called with any truth only in a rhetorical sense, as not guarding them—out

of forty who ought to have met, twenty-nine are conspicuous by their absence, or would be conspicuous if they were not an obscure sort of Bumbles. These nine-and-twenty parochial humbugs, instead of minding their business, are engaged in stuffing their most ungodly digestive organs with funeral baked meats at the quarterly dinner of the paupers' Burial Board. St. Pancras will probably account them so many ghouls.

St. Pancras strengthen the EARL OF DERBY in his determination to effect a Workhouse Reform! That, at any rate, is a reform to partake of whose benefit the flesh-and-blood qualification is a sufficient title. In the meantime, by the help of St. Pancras, MR. GATHORNE HARDY, let us hope, will so far improve the administration of the Poor Law as to avert from flesh-and-blood such ills as neglected ulcers and bed-sores, and the verminous abomination, and the cruelty, which it now suffers from the parsimony of such Guardians who, by their barbarous procrastination, have defied the resentment of St. Pancras, and deserve any chastisement that he is able to inflict upon them. They will perhaps find out their mistake one of these days, when, in sickness and sorrow, they, in their turn, have the measures needful for the relief of their misery adjourned to that day three months, or *sine die*.

Humiliating Meditation.

BY A DYSPHEPTIC POET.

ON any morning, if, when up and dressed.
We're bilious, then our souls are sore depressed:
But if no dizziness, or ache, annoy us,
Nor indigestion, then our souls are joyous:
This thought the proudest is enough to flummox,
The puzzling sympathy 'twixt souls and stomachs.

ANSWER TO MARY ANNE.—The needle-gun is not threaded with gun-cotton.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY BY WATER.

PAY HERE



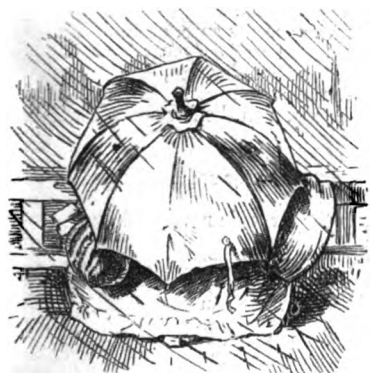
WHY DOES MRS. TROTT GO FROM LONDON
BRIDGE (SURREY SIDE) TO CHELSEA BY
STEAMBOAT



IF SHE GETS SAFELY ON BOARD,



FEARS FOR HER HANDBOX MAY DRIVE HER INTO THE CABIN;



BUT THE DECK WILL BE PREFERABLE TO THAT.



AS FOR CHANGING FROM ONE BOAT TO ANOTHER, THERE IS NO END,



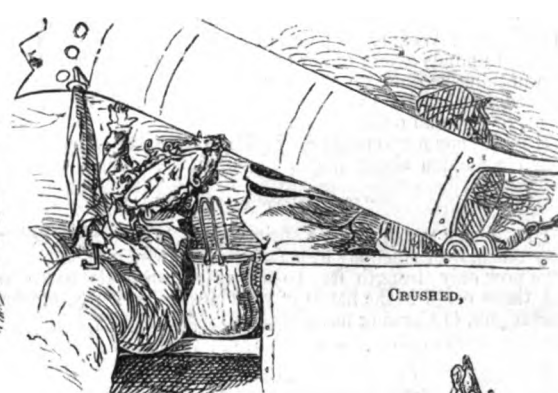
AND IF IT IS THE OUTSIDE BOAT SHE
TRIES FOR,



WHAT MAY NOT BE HER FATE?



THEN, TO BE SQUEEZED,



CRUSHED,



ROBBED, AND



PUSHED



INTO THE WRONG BOAT, AFTER ALL !
WHY,



SHE WILL FIND HERSELF VERY MUCH
ALTERED BEFORE SHE ARRIVES AT
KEW. AND HOW SHE WILL EVER GET
BACK, GOODNESS KNOWS!

A HORRIBLE TALE.

MR. PUNCH,

CAN it be true? It is too dreadful! I have read it over three times—once in a railway tunnel, once at midnight, and, last of all, in a dentist's waiting-room. In a periodical, hitherto considered highly respectable—I will not sully your pages with its title—a firm of auctioneers up to the present moment deemed to be unexceptionable in all the relations of life—I spare them, for the sake of their families, the exposure of their names in *Punch*—advertise conspicuously that they will

"Sell by Auction 330 Texan Rifle Hunters"!

Have we not paid millions to abolish Slavery and the Slave Trade? What then can be the meaning of this importation of "our own flesh and blood" into these happy isles from the far West, not to be enfranchised by the seventeenth new Reform Bill, but to be "viewed," and publicly sold in public auction-rooms, in one of the most public thoroughfares of this great metropolis? I only ask one more question. Were any of these poor, unhappy Rifle Hunters purchased out of the funds of the National Rifle Association by the Council, and dragged to the butts at Wimbledon? O LORD ELCHO, quiet the beating of this philanthropic heart by returning a sonorous negative!

But there is worse to come. The next item in this nefarious traffic stands thus:—

"350 Pages in Waiting"!!!

Is our beloved Monarch aware how the necessities of her Court are supplied? Or are these the poor fellows who have lately lost their comfortable situations along with Postmasters, Grooms, and Stewards, Buckhounds, and Gentlemen Pensioners? Will no respectable families, where a page is kept, come forward and engage these friendless boys by private negotiation (if not already too late), and so save them from the ignominy of being "viewed," and the infamy of being knocked down to the highest bidder? Where is Exeter Hall? What are the Missionary Societies doing? O LORD SHAFTESBURY, allay the throbbing of my lacerated heart by pledging yourself to undertake the protection of these desolate children!

Take some stimulant, dear Mr. *Punch*, before you read my third extract:—

"644 Eccentric Personages"!!!!

Think of it. From six to seven hundred more flighty creatures let loose on evening society, already inconveniently crowded with too many of the same breed, each with his own choice delusion—that he is the lucky possessor of a patent invention certain to make your fortune, if you will only advance a few hundreds to enable him to work out his plans; or that he has sent such a capital joke to *Punch*, which is sure to be in next Wednesday; or is going to propose to a girl with five hundred pounds a year of her own, who is dying to have him, &c., &c. Can nothing be done to prevent such an alarming immigration of well-dressed lunatics? Is it too late to pass a short Act through Parliament, or issue an order in Council?

How is your nervous system? Have you any affection of the heart which a sudden shock might render fatal? Then don't read what follows:—

"500 Undiscovered Crimes"!!!!

I have been prostrate on a spring couch, with iced beverages within easy reach, ever since my eyes fell on this awful announcement; and I have now only strength left to adjure you, SIR RICHARD MAYNE, to put these cases in the hands of your most experienced officers; and to exhort you, O startling novelists, who

Tell us all, in monthly numbers,
Life is but a ghastly dream,
Such as those we have in slumbers,
When the night-mare makes us scream,

to take swift carriages, and hasten to the auction-rooms (you shall have the direction, if you will forward a stamped envelope to the address at the foot of this letter), and bid up to any amount for these indispensable accessories to your next thrilling plots.

Your horror-stricken Correspondent,

177A, *Indecorum Street*, W.C. GASPARD SHUDDERLEIGH.

P.S. I ought to have told you that all these iniquities were

"By order of the High Court of Chancery"!!!!

P.P.S. A ray of hope breaks in, magnesium-like, on my soul. They may have been—books.

Similia Similibus.

HOMŒOPATHY was tried for the cure of the Cattle Plague, and proved unsuccessful. It has been suggested, and the suggestion sounds well, that an infinitesimal scraping of cheese-rind, would probably be found as effectual a homœopathic remedy as any other for the rinderpest.

ETON COLLEGE v. HARROW SCHOOL.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, JULY 13 AND 14, AT LORD'S

Or all joys in preparation, for the "mi'summer vacation,"
What pleasure has a thrill which can compare
To that we feel in greeting, friend and foe at that great meeting*
At LORD's each year, when *all* the world is there.
Now, if I were some old swell, Sir, in what language would I tell, Sir,
Of the spectacle which always meets your eye!
But if you'll not be hard, Sir, on a shy incipient bard, Sir,
To portray that glorious scene he now will try.
Five hundred proud steeds prancing, sunbeams on their sleek coats
glancing,
Their riders *the crème* of the "upper ten."
Of whom thousands more are walking, nor of aught are they all talking
But the prowess of their rival "fancy men."
Crowds of England's fairest daughters, are compressed into close quarters,
Some in carriages and some in the "Grand Stand."
They are all attired in blue, Sir—some light *some* in darker hue, Sir.
And a *breast card* is in ev'ry little hand.
And, regardless of complexion, in the interest and affection,
Which they feel for sons or brothers in each "team."
These tender loving creatures expose *all* day lovely features,
To the fiercest summer sun's relentless gleam.
Myriads of small boys are shouting, in accents sure, or doubting.
Well played! well bowled! well caught! *well left alone!*
Or invite displays of *science*, by hurling back defiance,
When other men are praised before their own.
Lunch time comes and corks are flying, men the fair one's wants sup-
plying,

Proffer bumpers of champagne or of Moselle;
Or satisfy the little hand which is, extended for some sandwiches—
Extended! but no! tales we will not tell.
All the while heroes contending, in the struggle never ending,
Do honour to the College or the School.
Though defeated, never yielding—very weary, gamely fielding,
Hitting freely—batting "maidens," *selon* rule.
Though of late the strife's one-sided, let not Eton be derided,
She is ready to fight pluckily up-hill,
LUBBOCK, THORNTON, ALEXANDER, and all the gallant band—her
Representatives have worked, and with a will.
Harrow's cup was never fuller, than when gallant F. C. BULLER
(By MATTLAND nobly aided) led her on.
And—his name will rhyme with brimstone—you perceive that I mean
GRIMSTON,

Then as great "F. C.'s" contemporary shone.
To conclude, if I must own a leaning "*foreat Etona*,"
Is the burden of my war-cry for this week.
Now I merely add this pray'r, a very short concise affair, a
Sentiment which for itself will surely speak
As of old her fame was written by A. LUBBOCK and a TRITTON,
In characters which time will ne'er efface.
So in Sixty-six may Eton as victorious—or beaten,
In the Annals of the same retain her place.

* 30,000 last year.

"READY, AYE READY."

Now the *Miantonomoh* has crossed the Atlantic, we shall have to re-re-construct our Navy after her pattern, to be a match for the Americans.

By the time we have done that, the Americans will probably have invented a diving-boat to destroy *Miantonomohs* by pinning torpedoes to their bottoms. Or else, or also, they will have invented huge steam-rams calculated to run *Miantonomohs* down, and sink them. The Americans will doubtless be wiser than to throw away powder and shot on experiments in gunnery on vessels that abow but six inches above the water.

It may be that the Americans will not invent the diving-boat and the ram themselves. The American Government will perhaps buy the idea of those contrivances of an Englishman who will have had the offer of it rejected by his own.

When we are provided with *Miantonomohs*, then, in the unfortunate event of war between England and the United States, we shall be in a position to cope with the Americans as at present armed. Before that time, they most likely will have provided themselves with torpedo diving-boats and anti-*Miantonomoh* steam-rams. Then, but not till then, we shall do the same. Let us hope that war will not break out in the meanwhile.

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE.—It is said that an exhibition of Con-
verted Rifles will shortly take place in Exeter Hall.



CONCLUSIVE.

First Rough. "VY, O' COURSE IT'S THE PEOPLE'S PROPERTY! AIN'T IT CALLED 'IGH' PARK, VICH O' COURSE IT MEANS YOURN AN' OURN!"

Second Rough. "O' COURSE!"

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

AIR—"The Spanish Lady's Love."

"Did you not wink at her when she came in? Not wink at her? Are you quite sure?"—See DR. RUSSELL'S *Omnibus Letter in the Times, Friday, July 20.*

WOULD you hear of WILLIAM RUSSELL,
And the serious risks he ran;
As the Special Correspondent
Of the *Times*—too daring man!

Out from Olmütz unto Littau when he rode on *chevauchie*,
And was potted with his comrade, questioned, ta'en a spy to be!

At the *hostiess* in Littau
RUSSELL drew his bridle-rein;
"I am hungry, I am thirsty,
Let us halt and take a drain.

And eke of veal a *schnitzel*, if veal it needs must be—
For if there's grub for Austrians, there should be grub for me!"

The low *stube* as they entered,
In there tripped a *fräulein* fair;
Trim her gloves on taper fingers,
Small her waist, and smooth her hair.
And dimples among roses showed from underneath her hat,
As down to *butter-brod* and *schinken* daintily she sat.

With what followed wherefore bore ye?
Go and read it in the *Times*;
'Twere to damage RUSSELL'S story,
Ev'n to tell in *Punch*'s rhymes
All the pleasant passages that passed between the pair
Of Special Correspondents, and this *fräulein* fair.

Till by stern gendarmes arrested,
Haled through Littau's public square,

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

OUR Vague Correspondent, who has now joined our "Special" at the Seat of War, sends us the following important intelligence:—

The War.—Austria and Thingummy have determined to accept the mediation of Old Whatsisname. The Quadrilateral, you know, is in a regular mess. *Valentia* has been ceded to the Prussians.

The fifteen Treaties will be respected. Send me a few circular notes to go on with. Don't direct them to your Special Military, but send them straight to me.

(From our Special Naval Correspondent.)

I went down to see about the Italian Navy, and give you some particulars. Your Special Military and his assistant are muffs. They wouldn't come on board. I dressed myself in a cocked hat, and, carrying a white flag, stood on the shore. Not being acquainted with the Italian language—that is, not having as yet acquired my usual fluency in it—I sang to them extracts from BELLINI, ROSSINI, and DONIZETTI, giving each of the selections as nautical a tone as possible. They encored two, and I bowed my acknowledgments from my private shore. I asked them when the fight was coming off, but it was kept very dark on account of the authorities; the whereabouts, however, could be ascertained at a noted house-of-call in the neighbourhood. By the way, while I'm with the Italians I must beg of you to give your Correspondents who are with the Austrians strict orders to tell them (the Austrians) not to keep firing at me; it's not fair. I've complained several times, but they *will* do it. Your Military Correspondent has got a pistol. Tell them to take it away from him; he doesn't know how to use it. I've seen him; he is a horrid ass. Your other Correspondent has got a bayonet; I don't know what he'll do with it: he's not safe. It's all through them that I didn't see the fight. I'm thinking of joining GARIBALDI. I shall call him GARRY. I wonder how he'll like it. If I go to Rome I shall intrigue for a Cardinalship, and shall come home in a red hat and stockings. The sea air is doing me a great deal of good. Tar, tar! The post is just off, so I must conclude. Don't forget about your Military Correspondent. Adieu!

* This is news, indeed. Yet our Correspondent says nothing about the Cable.

PARK RAILINGS.—"Mob Abuse."

Persons, passes, were inspected—

Fishy passes! Fishy pair!

All their acts and words were told by gruff gendarmes,
All the passage with the ladye, their politeness, and her charms.

In the narrative was mentioned,

How there passed a certain wink;

Whereon Littau's *hoch-be-amter*,

From the torture did not shrink—

"Did you, *sogenannter* RUSSELL, wink upon that *fräulein* fair?"
What, wink and tell, *Be-amter*?—The unmanly query spare.

Yes, *Be-amter*, it was cruel,

WILLIAM RUSSELL thus to probe—

Jolliest Special Correspondent

That e'er galloped over globe:

But I know my WILLIAM, and sometimes I think I think,
Though with honourable intentions, there might have been a wink.

Ah, sweet WILLIAM, why those blushes,

Why this coyness to allow

E'en a Special Correspondent,

To the lovely sex can bow.

With Littau's *Hoch-be-amter* we ask—nay, do not shrink,—
"Did you *not* wink at her, WILLIAM? Are you *sure* you did not wink?"

The Monster at Monster Meetings.

It is all well for demagogues, convening political meetings in the Parks, to say that they contemplate the assemblage of peaceful citizens; but the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to the scene of those demonstrations generally discover, to their cost, that they must take the Rough with the smooth.

THE PERRUQUIER'S PARADISE.—Wigton.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



The artisan class attended in large numbers, and of course behaved perfectly well; but, equally of course, the processions were supplemented by a vast mass of Roughts, who behaved perfectly ill. *Mr. Punch* is unable to compliment the Reform League, inasmuch as its acts tended to violate order, and its "experiment of right" could have been tried with a hundred men instead of with thousands. Nor can we compliment the authorities who endeavoured to defend an untenable post, inasmuch as law could have been asserted by the arrest of a few individuals. He does not make a great noise about the breaking down some railings, and the destruction, by some roughs, of trees and shrubs, nor would he put London in a state of siege because a good many windows have been broken, but all this sort of thing is really the fault of one BEALES, who knew that a mob would follow the working-man. Rough and Bludgeon came largely into contact, to the discomfort of the former, and the Beaks looked to the rest, *Mr. KNOX* having especially distinguished himself by firmness and moderation, coming down sternly on ruffians and being lenient to mere fools.

But *MR. WALPOLE* had to defend himself in the House, and also had to see a Reform deputation, before whom he wept, and some of whom managed to misunderstand him, or pretended to do so—whereby there was another meeting summoned, as if with Government sanction, but after explanations, in and out of the House, the idea was given up. So ended the campaign, and *Mr. Punch* is almost ashamed of the fuss which has been made over an affair of broken heads, while two great nations are mourning over slaughtered myriads.

A Club has been founded in honour of the memory of *RICHARD CORDEN*, and, at the inauguration, speeches were made by *MR. GLADSTONE* and others which were generally worthy of the occasion. But *LORD RUSSELL*'s amiable nature caused him to introduce a scold at *LORD STANLEY* for having been ready to join in approving the armistice which stopped the frightful slaughter of the war. He professed regret that we had seemed to sanction an insult to Italy. For this he was called to account by *LORD CLANRICARDE*, and explained, *more sso*, half inaudibly and the rest on new grounds, which were not unsatisfactory, but were entirely apart from the original accusation.

MR. DISRAELI made his first appearance, this season, in the character of the Finance Minister. It may be remembered that *MR. GLADSTONE*, in a noble speech, insisted on our duty to reduce the Debt. He also, by way of recognition of that duty, proposed a scheme by which a small reduction might be made. *MR. DISRAELI*, taking office, finds that more money is wanted, and as taxes and loans would not be liked, he is obliged to seize upon *MR. GLADSTONE*'s little fund. The latter spoke very fairly, and even in a complimentary way, to his successor, and by no means objected to the proposed course.

Then we had a National Gallery debate, in which everything was said that has been said about eleven hundred times before, and *Mr. Punch* will only record that the Academy has finally refused Burlington House, that *MR. HOPE* wished the National Gallery removed thither, and that the Government was supported by the House, which voted, by 94 to 17, that the present site should be retained.

Tuesday. Deducting the talk on the Park rows, there was not much to keep anybody awake. The Extradition of French and English Rascals Bill passed the Lords. In the Commons there were sharp passages touching the Reform meeting, *SIR GEORGE GREY*, like a gentleman, voluntarily declared that he took his full share of responsibility in regard to the prohibition of the assembly, *MR. LAYARD* regretted that the people were not allowed to meet, as they would have heard some foolish speeches, and gone quietly home, *MR. MILL*, usually so calm, appeared to have discovered that the crisis was very awful, and *MR. DISRAELI* described *MR. MILL*'s speech as intended for the Park. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was emphatic in his declaration of belief that the real working-man was no rioter, and that the Scum of the Metropolis had taken advantage of the demonstration.

We had also a discussion, raised by the *O'CONNOR DON*, about certain restrictions on Roman Catholic gaol-chaplains. *MR. WHALLEY*, who was more ridiculous than usual this

week, alleged that the gaols were full of Catholics, because their religion actually taught them to commit crimes. The House roared, but *WHALLEY* insisted that even murder was defensible from certain Catholic points of view. His own existence is a refutation of the idiotic charge, for no stalwart Papist has as yet rewarded his cackle by tossing him into the Thames.

Wednesday. Five innocent Bills were slaughtered. They were chiefly Irish. But as amends, *LORD NAAS* brought in a Bill in favour of Irish Oysters.

Thursday. The Lords had a turn at the Park row, and *LORD SHAFTESBURY* was sarcastic upon the long and grandiose proclamation of one BEALES. *LORD DERBY* spoke, did not cry, and said that the Parks must be protected, but the Government had every desire to test the right claimed by the Reform League.

The nation will be happy to know, on the authority of *LORD JOHN MANNERS*, that out of the four Lions which are to guard the Nelson Column, two are quite ready, a third is nearly finished, and the fourth will be complete in time for the group to be erected in October. *Mr. Punch* is secrecy itself, yet may mention that he has had a look at the gigantic bronzes, and that *SIR EDWIN LANDSEER*'s Lion is not like an heraldic or monumental lion, but like the great carnivorous beast whom heralds and sculptors have hitherto agreed to cut and not carve.

More bronze was asked for the Memorial to the PRINCE CONSORT. The promise of this metal was an old one, and was of course fulfilled, but *MR. DISRAELI* assured the Commons that no further grant of money, beyond the £50,000 already voted, would be proposed by his Government.

We had an interesting Museum discussion, a vote being moved by *MR. LOWE*, who eloquently re-stated the public grievance. Priceless treasures of art lurk in damp cellars, while dirty old stuffed giraffes straddle in splendid chambers. When shall we eject the black-beetles, toads, and lobster-shells, and find room for the statue of *KING MAUSOLUS*, and the glorious series of sculptures now spoiling in vaults and sheds?

MR. WHALLEY again displayed his talents for the ludicrous, of course in reference to Popery, refused to listen to the Chair, and was deliberately told, by *MR. NEWDEGATE*, that he, *WHALLEY*, made the profession of Protestantism ridiculous. *Punch*'s compassion for the idiots who made the majority at the last Peterborough election begins to approach contempt.

Friday. *LORD SHAFTESBURY* thinks that some place ought to be set apart in which the people can hold out-of-door political meetings. The suggestion was approved, and *LORD DERBY* promised to consider it. What is the objection to Hampstead Heath—does *MR. BEALES* object to certain quadrupedal rivalship?

Propos whereof, *MR. WHALLEY* got on his hind legs again in the Commons. He accused the entire London press of having suppressed all report of some case in which, as he alleged, a child had been traitorously baptised into the Catholic Church. Except that it would not be fair that the Commons should have all the fun to themselves, it might not be amiss should the press suppress *MR. WHALLEY*. *Mais, il faut rire.*

Government have not decided who shall pay for the damage done by the rabble in Hyde Park. *MR. BRIGHT* (it is fair to say that he has been kept out of town by an interesting domestic matter, a marriage) will probably send a cheque for the amount, as a P.S. to his inflammatory letter, hoping that the right of meeting in the Park would be gained.

A Parliamentary week never ended with a more gratifying incident. A Minister, *MR. HUNT*, stated that the Atlantic Telegraph had been laid to America, an ex-Minister, *MR.*

CHILDERS, confirmed the fact, and an Honourable Member held in his hand a signal that had just arrived. Mr. Punch instantly sent Mr. JOHNSON a peremptory signal to liquor severely.

THE ROMANCE OF CROQUET.

"You told me," said my romantic young friend to me, "that I should have lots of opportunities of saying sweet things to—Her." I pointed out to him that he had had numberless opportunities at Croquet. He had not seen it. I gave him some hints, and he owned himself perfectly astonished at the facilities afforded for serious flirtation by this admirable game. "Give me," he exclaimed, "a Croquet party, and the object of my affections, and my success is certain."

For the benefit of fluttering flirts I carefully observed the game, and present the following account, dramatically rendered, to the notice of young ladies and gentlemen; in order that they may know the difficulties to be encountered in the pursuit of the interesting science of Out-of-door-Flirting-in-Croquet-Company.

Energetic Croquet Player (who gets up the game, and who means "the game, the whole game, and nothing but the game"). Now then! Sides! Here, POTTY!

[To Romantic Young Man, who being inclined to corpulence, was when a boy, called "Potty" at school.]

Romantic Youth (thinks to himself). I wish to goodness he wouldn't call me POTTY (looks furtively to see if MISS GERTRUDE LINNIT noticed it; is satisfied that she didn't, and answers briskly.) Yes!

Energetic Player. You'll take Miss DOWDY for a partner.

[MISS DOWDY, a Maiden Lady, age uncertain.]

Romantic Youth (thinking it's just like his luck, becomes suddenly glum). Oh! Very well.

Miss Linnit (with a sweet smile). Whose side am I on?

Energetic Player. Oh! You're my partner.

[Romantic Youth sees an opportunity lost: he might have said something with deep meaning about "being Partners." He puts his mallet under his arm like an umbrella, and regards MISS GERTRUDE with melancholy.]

Miss Dowdy (with such a look). We're partners, MR. PRINKIE.

[The Romantic Youth's name. He bows, and wishes MISS GERTRUDE would look at him, and see how wretched he is.]

Energetic Player (to two others). You'll play, won't you? and we'll have three a side.

[The two new ones are a chatty pleasing-looking Young Lady, and a Comic Man with a reputation in his part of the country.]

Young Lady (Miss WILSON). With pleasure. But I'm afraid you'll find me rather what MR. RUMMAL (the Funny Man) would call "a muff."

[This leads to a little laughing and talking.]

Romantic Youth (who has managed to sidle up about as quickly and mysteriously as the Ghost in the "Corsican Brothers" to MISS LINNIT's side). I wish we (finds that his voice has almost disappeared)—Ahem! (Clears his throat, but still finds that his undertone, in which he intends to say his sweet things, is uncommonly gruff.) I wish that we were (struggles with his throat) partners. [This last word sinks altogether.]

Miss Linnit (looking straight at him with "those eyes," and speaking, he thinks, unnecessarily loud). What?

Romantic Youth (feeling that he'd better not be too precipitate, and trying to adopt a tone somewhat below hers, and above his former one). I said, I wish that—(suddenly changes the entire phrase) that we were playing together.

Miss Linnit (a little disappointed, perhaps, but not showing it). Oh! Yes, I wish we were.

[Laughs and looks towards the other players.]

[Romantic Youth, experiencing some difficulty in selecting the best things out of the lot he's got to say, is silent. He has just hit upon a commencement when—]

Energetic Player. Now then, POTTY! You begin.

Funny Man (much amused). POTTY! Who's POTTY?

[Energetic Player loudly explains while Romantic Youth is taking aim. Romantic Youth, missing his first hoop, and feeling that he is not showing to advantage, becomes depressed.]

Miss Linnit. My turn? (Discovers dainty ankle, pretty little croquet shoe and stocking.) Am I to go here? (Funny Man instructs her. Romantic Youth thinks him officious.) May I hold it like this? (Energetic Player explains to her the best mode of grasping the mallet. Romantic Youth would have liked to have interfered, but has nothing to say on the subject.) I hope I shall have better fortune than MR. PRINKIE. (Looks coquettishly towards Romantic One, who smiles grimly as if the world and its pleasures were nought to him now. She plays and makes her first hoop triumphantly.) There!

Funny Man. POTTY's potted, eh?

[General laugh, in which Romantic Youth is obliged to join, and wishes that the Red Sea, or something, would sweep all funny men off the face of the earth.]

Romantic Youth (as the game progresses, sees MISS LINNIT standing

apart by her ball, and gradually gets up to her side, in the "Corsican Brothers" Ghost style as before). You've been croqueted out here?

[He tries to remember what the dickens it was he had arranged to say.]

Miss Linnit (looking straight at him, and understanding all about it at once). Yes. Very unkind, wasn't it?

Romantic Youth (absently). Yes.

[Doesn't see that her remark leads to anything, and thinks he's wasting time. MISS LINNIT thinks so, too.]

Energetic Player (interrupting some stroke in the middle of the ground). I say, when two balls are kissing, you know, you can't—

[Explains what you can't, &c.]

Romantic Youth (hastily seeing an opportunity, and thinks he's didn't know that (feels his throat getting hot, but continues) there was kissing allowed at this game?

[Looks at her tenderly. As there's a powerful sun, he finds that a couple of seconds of fixed gazing makes his eyes water. He averts them, and is conscious of blinking unromantically.]

Miss Linnit (who won't follow suit, says carelessly). Didn't you?

Romantic Youth (feels inclined to say, angrily, "No, I didn't," but substitutes, in a plaintive tone). I've been longing to see you for—

[Is going to add, "the last three days," when—]

Energetic Player (unconsciously). Now then, Two Blue (that is, MISS LINNIT) it's your turn.

Miss Linnit (not approving of too powerful a demonstration in public).

Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm sure.

[At once hits her ball sharply, and walks after it.]

Romantic Youth (looks after her bitterly, and wishes that he hadn't wasted his time in talking about croquet instead of saying something to the point. Sighs.) Ah!

Funny Man. Now then, POTTY, show us what you can do. (Romantic Youth wishes he might show him what he could do, and then misses an easy stroke.) Oh, butter-fingers!

[General laugh. Romantic One thinks what a conceited ass that fellow is.]

Chatty Young Lady. I'm afraid I can't do this stroke without spooning. May I spoon?

Funny Man (loudly). You mayn't spoon alone.

[A titter. He laughs heartily at his own wit. Romantic Youth sees a real opportunity gone, and hates Funny Man.]

Energetic Player (at the winning end of the ground). Now, I'm a rover!

Miss Dowdy (with the styness of an uncertain age, to Romantic Youth). I'm afraid that's the character of many gentlemen.

Romantic Youth (wondering what right she has to talk like this). What! A rover? (Determines not to give her any encouragement.) Oh, yes.

[Looks with envy towards MISS LINNIT, who is making most successful hits under the personal superintendence of the Funny Man.]

Miss Dowdy (sentimentally). Croquet's very like life.

Romantic Youth (feeling uncommonly matter-of-fact). Is it?

Miss Dowdy. Ah! You've no poetry, I'm afraid. Don't you recollect those beautiful lines—

Funny Man (shouting). Now, POTTY, no "spooning!" You must come and play your stroke.

Miss Dowdy (simpering). Spooning! How absurd, to be sure!

[MISS LINNIT enjoys the joke. Everybody does. Romantic Youth hates everybody for the rest of the game.]

From which it may be seen that your party must be carefully chosen if the "opportunities" are to be made satisfactorily available.

HOW TO CLEAR THE PARK.

MR. PUNCH has received several admirable suggestions. If they have arrived a little late they will do for any future emergency:—

1st Method. Let the park be filled with fire engines. Let the fire engines play soap-and-water on the Great Unwashed. Let the engineers be very particular about the soap.

2nd Method. Put one of our leading tragedians in the park as Hamlet. The moral effect of this would be marvellous.

3rd Method. Keep it perpetually undermined with gunpowder. (Slightly troublesome this, perhaps.)

4th Method. Turn the animals from the Zoological Gardens loose into the park.

A New Peer and an Old Joke.

SIR EDWARD BULWER'S NOW LORD LITTON,
Proclaim the fact from Wight to Arran:
Richly and variously he's written,
But now we all must call him—Barren.

POETICAL MOTTO FOR SALMON.—"We are Seve(r)n,"



THE LAST AT THE FANCY BALL.

STUPEFACTION OF THE EARLY MILKMAID, WHEN SHE SAW HUGH LATIMER AND SIR LANCELOT OF THE LAKE GET INTO A CAB WITH MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AND MADAME DE POMPADOUR, AND DRIVE OFF TO REGENT'S PARK TOGETHER.

Hugh Latimer (to the Pompadour). "NOW THEN, DUCKY, LOOK SHARP, OR YOU'LL GET YOUR FEET WET."

THE WRIGHT AND THE ROUGH.

I'm a British Working-Man,
I should say an artisan,
For there's working-men that's Lords and wears the Garter,
And there's others in degree
Far inferior to me;
There's the shepherd, and the ploughman, and the carter.

I desire to exercise
The electoral franchise.
As to loyalty there's nobody more sounder.
And I fancy, with respect
To the claims of intellect,
I'm as good as a small tradesman and ten-pounder.

How erroneous you must be
To confound that Rough with me!
'Tis a proof that you don't practise observation.
For I'm not a bit like him
In the looks or in the trim,
Nor his manners, nor his words in conversation.

In our clubs and reading rooms
There is nobody presumes
To commit in his discourse such gross transgressions,
Or he soon gets put outside,
For it's what we can't abide
For to sit and hear the use of them expressions.

If Reform is what we need,
We're accustomed to proceed
In the reglar way of speech and resolution;
Not by breakin down Park rails
For to get, through them there pales,
Let within the pale of England's Constitution.

Stones and brickbats we don't choose
For our instruments to use,
Nor break windows for to make a demonstration;
We don't damage trees and flowers
To convince the ruling powers
That we ought to have a hand in legislation.

'Tain't by hisses, groans, and yells,
At the mansions of the Swells
That the working-men expresses their opinions
They're entitled to a voice,
And to exercise a choice
'Mong the voters of Her Majesty's dominions.

'Tis the Roughs, half-men, half-boys,
Flings the stones and makes the noise;
Idle vagabonds, 'tis they breaks down the fences,
And the flowers and shrubs destroy,
Which the people should enjoy;
And I hope two months will bring 'em to their senses.

The Pervert of Peterborough.

THE suspicion that MR. WHALLEY is a Jesuit in disguise is confirmed. Among the delegates from the Reform League that waited the other day on the HOME SECRETARY, a leading part was taken by the Hon. Member for Peterborough. The object of the Reform League is to obtain Manhood Suffrage; and MR. WHALLEY, as one of its spokesmen, has at least avowed himself an advocate of the Mass.

WHOLESALE INFANTICIDE.

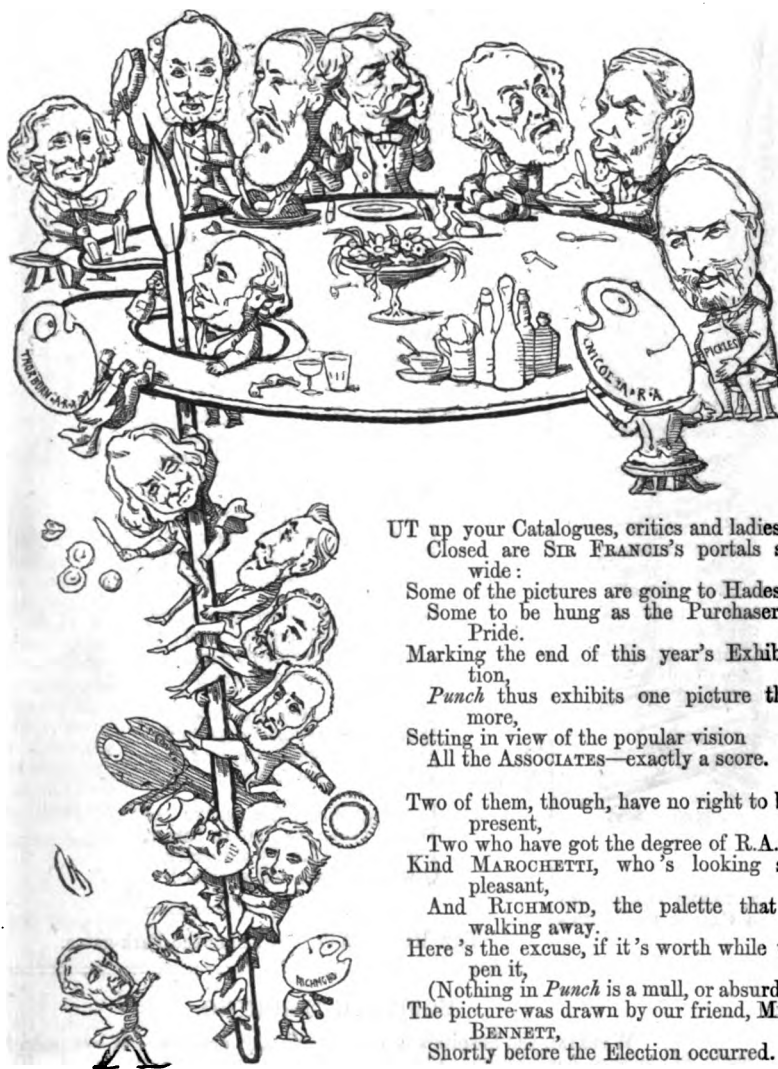
"THOSE crying nuisances," said a sanitary reformer, "at a time like this ought to be abated." "Then," observed a horrid old single gentleman, "we shall have to kill all the babies."



NO ROUGH-IANISM.

WORKING-MAN. "LOOK HERE, YOU VAGABOND! RIGHT OR WRONG, WE WON'T HAVE *YOUR* HELP!"

THE ASSOCIATES.



UT up your Catalogues, critics and ladies,
Closed are SIR FRANCIS'S portals so
wide:

Some of the pictures are going to Hades,
Some to be hung as the Purchaser's
Pride.

Marking the end of this year's Exhibi-
tion,

Punch thus exhibits one picture the
more,

Setting in view of the popular vision
All the ASSOCIATES—exactly a score.

Two of them, though, have no right to be
present,

Two who have got the degree of R.A.,
Kind MAROCHETTI, who's looking so
pleasant,

And RICHMOND, the palette that's
walking away.

Here's the excuse, if it's worth while to
pen it,

(Nothing in *Punch* is a mull, or absurd.)
The picture was drawn by our friend, Mr.

BENNETT,
Shortly before the Election occurred.

A LETTER FROM AN OLD LADY.

DEAR them "Bears," I say. I really can't a-bear 'em. It's all through them as I've been well nigh worried to death. You know they partly caused the Panic by their precious goings-on, and what that Panic's been to me in worry and vexation is more than you would guess. The way as I've been worried nobody would credit, and they drained away my life's blood till I really got quite empty, and had scarcely any circulation in my veins. Pray, dear Mr. *Punch*, do try and stop folks from a-spekkerlating as they have done, and a-gambling with their money as isn't theirs in fact, but their customers' who lends it 'em. And do say a word to help the passing of that Bank Act for to put a check upon the swindling—I beg pardon, the selling of bank shares. Men who sell a lot of property which they haven't purchased, and then damage the same property that they may buy it cheap, are animals whom Stock Exchange zoologists call "Bears," but which I prefer to call 'em horrid good-for-nothing brutes.

I feel all of a tremble with most virtuous indignation, when I think of all the misery these beasts have been a-causing, and I have hardly nerve to sign myself,

Your most obedient Servant,

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

P.S. Ruining a family, by breaking all the banks in which its money is invested, is not yet made in England an indistinct offence. But it would serve 'em only right to pump upon the brutes. A notice of there having been "Another Fine Bear Watered!" might certainly do something *pour encourager les autres*.

THE SACREDNESS OF OPEN SPACES.

THE right of holding political meetings in the open air is one of those privileges of a Briton which every true Conservative would, equally with every true Liberal, desire to conserve. Only let them be held in proper places, that is to say, where they are not calculated to occasion a breach of the peace, or of windows, or of heads, and skins. What are those proper places? To be sure they are open spaces. Let the Legislature, therefore, make due provision to prevent all open spaces hitherto accessible to the Public in the neighbourhood of large towns from being enclosed. For the purpose of public meetings, the more remote their neighbourhood is from those towns, and especially from London, the better.

COLUMBUS FOR THE CALENDAR.

The Roman correspondent of the *Post* says that:—

"An enthusiastic pamphlet has been addressed to the Pope by a French prelate, ardently advocating the cause of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS as a worthy candidate for the honours of canonisation. The work has been translated into Italian, and is creating a good deal of attention, but it is to be doubted whether the Congregation of Rites and the 'Devil's Advocate' will waive such an essential condition for canonisation as the documentary evidence of the candidate's having performed three well authenticated miracles, although the author, whose name I cannot recollect at this moment—although I have looked through his pamphlet—declares that CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS performed a miracle greater than that of any other Saint by discovering a new world and converting the inhabitants to Christianity."

The discovery, by COLUMBUS, of a new world was probably as great a miracle, and a miracle as well authenticated, as any one ever really and truly performed by any saint whom the Pope has canonised. There is one miracle.

COLUMBUS's conversion of the new world which he had discovered to Christianity, regarded as a fact, was no less miraculous; and if the conversion is not a fact so generally notorious as the discovery, it is yet perhaps full as well authenticated as most of the miracles of which his Holiness requires proof as a condition to canonisation some three centuries after the saint's decease. Well, there is miracle number two. Wanted, miracle number three. What historical occurrence can be more readily cited? The third miracle performed by COLUMBUS of course was his making the egg stand upright. Let St. Vitus, or St. Valentine, or St. Antony Bobola, beat that. There are three miracles for the Devil's Advocate and the Holy Father, to attest the sanctity of COLUMBUS; and if they are not satisfied with them, we should like to know what sort of miracle, established upon what sort of evidence, it is that they require.

AN ULTRA-LIBERAL SUBSCRIPTION.

WE have much pleasure in announcing that a subscription has been opened to raise a fund for the repair of the windows and other property damaged or destroyed during the late riot in Hyde Park. The name of MR. EDMOND BEALES at the head of the subscription list, followed by the names of his principal associates of the Reform League, will afford satisfactory proof that they repudiate the acts of the criminal classes who took the opportunity which the meeting convened by that confederacy afforded them, to gratify their savage passions by outrageous and brutal violence. The appearance of the names of MR. AYRTON, MR. JOHN STUART MILL, and MR. LAYARD amongst the subscribers, will also be hailed with gratification. The numerical importance of the Reform League will be forcibly illustrated by the amount subscribed, should it prove large enough to defray the expense of replacing the Park railings.

Something Racy.

WHEN the Horse-Eating Society dined together in Paris, we wonder how many *horses-d'œuvres* were consumed among the viands, and whether the horseflesh was served up *à la carte*. A lunatic friend suggests that the toast of the evening should have been drunk in a *cheval glass*.

SOMETHING LIKE A TELEGRAPH.

WHEN the Atlantic Cable is completed, it is a fact, that a message will be received in America five hours before it leaves England.



PRIVATE GIGLAMPZ

HAVING DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF AT WIMBLEDON THIS YEAR, TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY OF ISSUING HIS FIVE-AND-TWENTIETH DISTRIBUTION OF CARTES DE VISITES TO HIS FRIENDS!

SONG BY A MAIMED SOLDIER.

STUMP, sole remaining fraction
Of good leg crushed in action;
I gaze on thee despairing,
My sad heart fury tearing.

I mourn no limb that, fighting,
I lost, in war delighting,
For hire, or loot, campaigning,
Of just desert complaining.

For Fatherland defended,
The thought that 'twas expended,
Had been some consolation
For grievous amputation.

But in a herd, like cattle,
A Conscript driven to battle,
Stump, yon old King's ambition,
Brought me to this condition.

Ah, no more lightsome gambols!
No wood or mountain rambles!
More hope in this world, never!
Gone, all joy, gone for ever!

O misery thus to linger!
I'd not have sold a finger
For all the world's vain glory,
And fame in song and story.

Could empty honour please me,
There's little to appease me.
A one-legged soldier passes
Observed—as a lame ass is.

Wreck that I am, and ruin!
Would all war-makers knew in
Their sweet selves the privation,
The woe of mutilation!

For Heaven itself, a martyr
Would groan his limb to barter.
For man's pride, by a quarter,
O wretched me, cut shorter!

THE RIOT "ACT."—Closing the Park-gates.

ECONOMY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

MR. PUNCH,

Rings, bracelets, necklaces, and other trinkets, made of precious stones, gold, and silver, articles sold by a jeweller, have hitherto been denoted in the aggregate by the word "jewellery." Some of your contemporaries have lately taken to substituting for that word the word "jewelry." Now, "jewel" and "gem" are convertible terms. Pray, Sir, do you think it would be proper to call gems "gemry?"

If we are to follow the fashion, regardless of heterography, let us at least preserve the analogy of orthography. If, instead of "jewellery," we write "jewelry," by parity of spelling we should in place of "stationery," put "stationry," and, for "confectionery," "millinery," and "drapery," use "confectionry," "millinry," and "drapry." Let us sacrifice both orthography and etymology to economy, in regular style. Then, in each of the foregoing words, we saye an e. Never mind the consideration that we also clip the Queen's English.

Suppose we say "buffoonery," then we mean the practice of a buffoon. What if we say "buffoonry?" The change of termination would perhaps suggest a change of sense: of course we know that there may be some sense in buffoonery even. Buffoonry might be taken to mean a set of buffoons, amongst whom the innovators who affect the word "jewelry" are welcome, if they please, to class your humble Servant,

FITZ-DILWORTH.

Rough and Ready.

A GOOD many of the roughs who rioted in Hyde Park at the Reform Demonstration have been sentenced to imprisonment. *Quod est demonstrandum* by such a demonstration is, that the demonstrators may be sent to quod.

WHY is the Birmingham of Belgium the most loyal place in that Kingdom? Because its inhabitants are all Liege subjects.

HOSPITAL TEACHING.

WALKING the hospitals is a most salutary practice. It not merely teaches healing, but, rightly undertaken, it refines the mind. The sight of suffering induces pity and compassion, and a wish to proffer help; and these sympathies improve and elevate the thoughts.

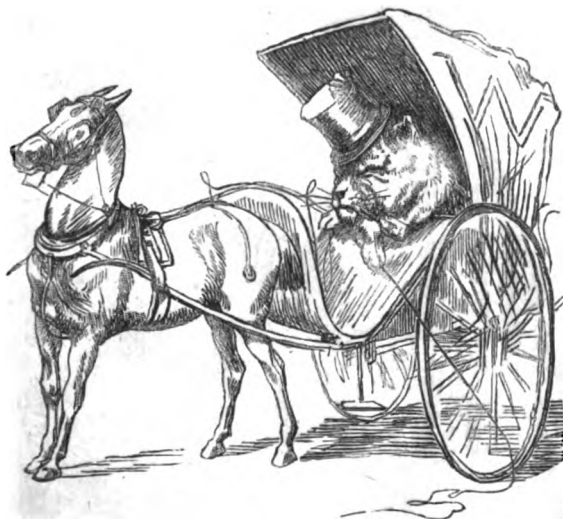
Do the minds of Kings and Emperors at all need to be refined? Is the sight of human suffering at all likely to improve them? Then let their Majesties go forth, and walk the hospitals a while, and be softened in their mind by the agony they witness. Would monarchs shrink from war, if they saw the cruel sufferings it surely must produce? Then let them pay a visit to the villages of Germany, and see the thousands of poor creatures who are lying torn and tortured by sabre-cut or bayonet-thrust, or wound by shot or shell. Would not their pride be somewhat humbled at the sight of all the misery it may have helped to cause? And would they, being human not the less for being royal or imperial, not be softened in their hearts by the sufferings they witnessed, and be even led to think that glory or dominion is purchased far too dearly at the horrid cost of war?

RHYMES TO A RITUALIST.

FRIEND Ritualist, how can a cope
Encourage any Christian's hope?
And what advantage hath a stole
To render his immortal soul?
Aught can a chasuble conduce
To any spiritual use?
In what way can an alb relate
To anybody's future state?
Or dalmatics concern hereafter?
No more expose thyself to laughter.

WHEN does a boy begin bird-keeping? When he first sets up a (h)owl.

THE SKELETON IN THE HOUSE.



ELL, you see, Ma'am, it happened in this way. Many, many years ago there was an old gentleman named Constitution, who was born in this House, so some say, though I've heard on good authority, Ma'am, that he was born at Runnymede, and was the son of a Carter. Well, Ma'am, old Mr. Constitution was taken very very ill, and two celebrated physicians, Dr. GREY and Dr. RUSSELL were called in, and they sounded him and said he was weak at the chest, and then they put him on a poor man's plaster, and at last

with great exertions they brought him round, but not before he was very much reduced. So much so, poor gentleman, that being only a holder of £10, he went into business in the Borough Market, and it is said, Ma'am (but this is between ourselves) that he speculated a little in Wotes.

"Well, Ma'am, years rolled on, and again old Mr. Constitution was taken very—very poorly. This time Dr. RUSSELL and his assistant, MR. GLADSTONE, a young Oxford man (he was very much hurt by being thrown from his seat, you may remember, Ma'am, on a University 'bus) was called in, and they sounded him, and said Mr. Constitution was weak at the chest, and must have another poor man's plaster, much stronger and bigger than he had before. But here, Ma'am, some of Mr. Constitution's rich relations interfered, and said, "No! the old gentleman is not weak at the chest, and he don't need a poor man's plaster, and what is more, he shan't have one, leastways, not of your making!" Well, Ma'am, upon this, Dr. RUSSELL, who is a little sensitive, and his assistant, MR. GLADSTONE, who

is rather high, and won't stand to be talked to by any party great or small, said they would throw up the case, and they did throw up the case, Ma'am. Well, you must know, when they had thrown up the case, Dr. DERBY (who practises homœopathy, which you know, Ma'am, is giving very small doses, which neither kills nor cures) and his assistant, young MR. BENJAMIN were called in, and they took their places by the bed-side of old Mr. Constitution, and were looking very grave, as many doctors look when puzzled what to do, when all on a sudden a knocking was heard at the door, and a hollow voice said, "We want to come in." Just so: whereupon, young MR. BENJAMIN went to the door, and said, "Who is it that wants to come in, and what do you want to come in for?" To which no answer was made, but only groans—groans—deep groans. Upon this, MR. BENJAMIN, with a solemn air (which you know, Ma'am, is natural to one who was brought up for a Minister) turned to Dr. DERBY, who was feeling Mr. Constitution's pulse, and said, "It's my opinion, Sir, that there's a skeleton in the House." "Ah!" said Dr. DERBY, looking very hard at MR. BENJAMIN; "I shouldn't wonder." "What had we better do, Sir?" said MR. BENJAMIN. "H'm," said Dr. DERBY, putting his hand to his chin. "Well, BENJAMIN, perhaps, we had better keep our places, and if we hear those groans again—do you see that knot in the curtains, BENJAMIN?—cut it."—*Mrs. Politic's Random Recollections.*

DISCOURAGEMENT TO A DEMAGOGUE.

THE following statement, relative to the Hyde Park row, extracted from a newspaper, is surely too bad to be true:—

"It has been stated that MR. BEALES lost his watch, and to this we may add that the same 'patriot' or some friend also 'annexed' the illustrious gentleman's pocket-handkerchief and two pair of gloves."

Let us trust that MR. BEALES sustained no losses of the kind. If his pocket was picked he was not at all rightly served. A tribune of the people does not deserve to be plundered at the hands of that very portion of them which derives the most advantage from any concourse which he can collect.

THE MISSING LINK FOUND.

The First Message of the Atlantic Telegraph.—Friday, July 27, 1866.

HERE'S a word to JOHN BULL, that I send all the way
From the little *Glass-house** in Foil-hommerum Bay,
Where the ould KNIGHT of KERRY, wid whisky galore,
Dthinks "the top of the mornin'" to Heart's Content shore,
And the Stripes and the Stars bids good luck to the Green,
And laughs at bould Neptune's broad back laid between,—
Mighty sore to be probed wid the deep sounding lead,
And his sleep spoilt wid wires laid the length of his bed,—
And sets the big batteries a blaze at long range,
That makes friends out of foes wid each shot they exchange.

An' at last there's a tie betwixt Old World and New;
An' UNCLE SAM answers JOHN BULL's "How d'ye do?"
An' they pass rate of markets, and news o' the day,
As if the Atlantic was out o' the way.
An' they're free to shake hands, like two neighbours that meet
From across the *boreen*,† or from over the street;
An' a joke stops a jar, and a truth kills a lie,
That from molehill to mountain might grow by-and-by;
An' you've silenced the scoffers, put croakers to shame,
Tis ould Ireland that JOHN BULL may thank for that same.

There's been bad blood betune us, as when was there good,
Betwixt them that was tasked and the taskmaster's brood?
There's been wrong to remember, and wrong to forget:
Small love to bear seed, and deep hates to o'er-set;
I've lied, plotted, risen, you've headed and hung,
E'en our creeds, in our hate, at each other we've flung.
But at length kinder thoughts, juster moods, have found way
To both of our hearts,—so I feel, so you say,
And let this, my last service, on these set the seal,
To knit up the old feuds, and the deep festers heal.

They told you the Yankees upon you I'd bring,
To untittle your Lords, to un-crown Queen or King;

* MR. GLASS is the chief engineer in the enterprise of laying the Atlantic Cable.
† Field-path.

Bid the big British Lion skeddaddle in fright,
And set up the Republic, with PRESIDENT BRIGHT.
Well, the Yankees I've brought, but for Peace not for War,
The telegraph-wire makes the trace of her car;
Not to bind, or to hang, serves Valentin's rope,
'Tis the cable that fastens the anchor of Hope.
Through the side of ould Ireland that cable is laid,
And of peace and good-will the conductor she's made.

Yes—of peace and good-will either side of the sea,
To those I should love, and to those should love me;
To the New World that loudly its sympathy bawls,
In caucus, from platform, through Fenian squalls;
Show your sympathy still, but to knit, not unwind
The links that Ould England with Erin should bind:
Let the good-will that's flashed through the wires all the way,
From far-off Heart's Content to Foil-hommerum Bay,
On Erin, in passing, its blessings bestow,
Till from England's half-sister her sister I grow.

A Welcome Sensation.

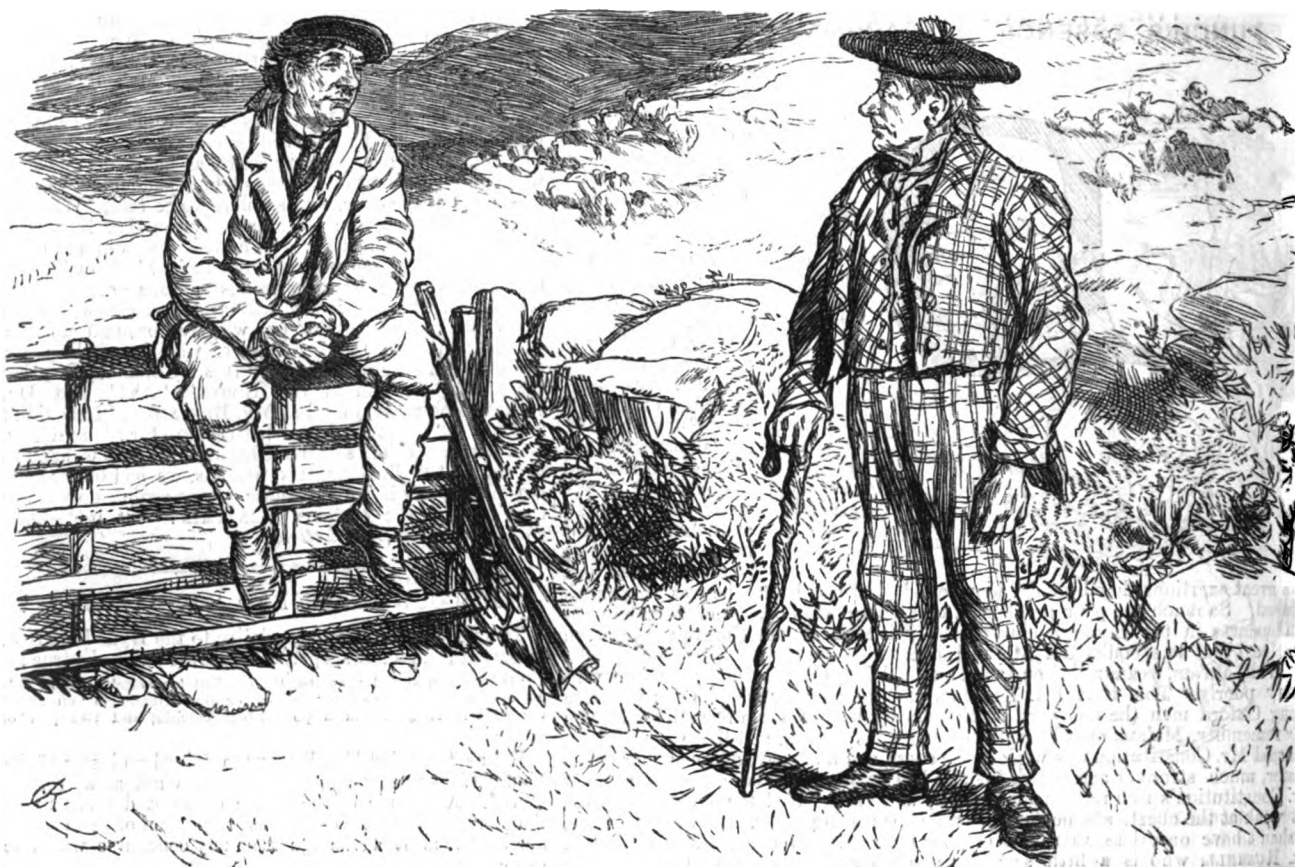
STEADY people have lately been often disgusted at the frequent sight of the word "Suspension," in large capitals, at the head of the list of contents on the advertising boards of the papers which principally circulate among the weak and excitable classes. The other day, however, that word produced, on a second look at it, a pleasant impression. It did not refer to a commercial failure. The announcement commencing with it was found to be "Suspension of Hostilities."

TALLEYRAND IN PARLIAMENT.

It is, or it should be, a saying in the House that "No M.P. is an orator before his reporter."

MUSICAL NOTE.

JUST Published, a Sequel to the affecting Song, "*O ye Tears*," entitled, "*O ye Pocket-handkerchiefs*."



"CANNY."

First North Briton. "T'S A FINE DAY, THIS!" ... Second Ditto. "NO ILL, AVA."
 First North Briton. "YE'LL BE TRAVELLIN'!" ... Second Ditto. "WHEEL, MAYBE I'M NO."
 First North Briton. "GAUN T'ABERDEEN, MAYBE!" ... Second Ditto. "YE'RE NO FAUR AFF 'T!"

[Mutually satisfied, each goes his respective way.]

OUR MILITARY CORRESPONDENT AT MILE END.

MR. PUNCH,—HONOURED SIR,

I HAVE just been reading about that great Battle of Sad'war (that's how I spell it, for there can't be a sadder war) to my great uncle, who is an out-door Chelsea Pensioner, and was a Serjeant-Major.

"What, Sir," said he, charging his pipe, "do you mean to tell me that it was all along of the Proosians being armed with needles that the Austrians was worsted?"

"Needle-guns, Uncle," said I.

"Whitechapel-needle figzigs," returned my Uncle.

"Fired from the hip."

"Hip-hip," said my great uncle, stammering with scorn, "do you think, Sir, that Old Brown Bess, would have let herself down in that way? No, Sir, the worst you can say of her is, that she was a little too skittish and fond of dancing at a ball; but as for needles," he continued smoking very fast, "with a hip-hip—do you call that War, Sir? I call it tailoring—cockney popping at a goose on a common-phoo!"

"But, Uncle, if you cripple your enemy—"

"Cripple my enemy!" said the retired Serjeant-Major, shifting about in his three-cornered chair in a red rage, "would you like to see a regiment of cripples? How can every bullet have its billet with your Whitechapel needle?—(Where's my 'bacca?) Sir, the service is going to the—and what's to become of martial order? How, Sir, can you expect a man in the field to stand upright, when by a little bending of his knees he can give a shot a free passage—eh, Sir? Answer me that—you're a military man."

I reminded him that I was only a militia man.

"Sir," said my Uncle, drawing himself up after a prodigious puff of smoke, "mark my words—we shall have an army of waddlers, Sir. Every corporal will be in himself a hollow square, and it won't be our arms, Sir, but our legs that will carry terror to the foe."

Upon this harrowing picture my Uncle closed his lids, and with a loud sigh went to sleep.

Fearing, Sir, you may do likewise if I don't halt here, allow me to subscribe myself,

Your humble Servant,

GEORGE GOOSESTEP.

A GOOD WORK.

THE Improved Industrial Dwellings Company have recently completed another of their blocks of buildings for the accommodation of London artisans. Every publication that is interested in the welfare of this immense class should do for the Company's project what they do for the dwellings they raise—ventilate it well; and make widely known an undertaking in which all may take a share (yielding, too, a fair profit), without any sacrifice of political principles, although the buildings are divided by a party-wall, and the scheme may be hopefully regarded as a radical cure for some of the plagues of this swarming town.

The Proprietary are not the worst of City Missionaries, engaged, as they are, in a contest which, remembering the name of the Alderman at their head, may be called the Battle of WATERLOW against vice, disease, and manifold misery. Who will not wish him and his comrades many peaceful victories, many gladdening triumphs! Long may "Palmerston Buildings" minister to the comfort and happiness of those for whose use they have been erected!

HYDRAULIC NEWS.—We hear that MR. WALPOLE is about to be raised to the Peerage with the title of LORD WATERSHED.

WHY would it be useless going to an auction where CHANG was? Because he would be sure to be the highest bidder.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



WINDLING away, but doing its duty, Parliament met, for its last complete week, on *Monday*, July 30. The progress of the cholera was the very melancholy subject before the Lords. In the metropolis alone the rate of mortality had doubled, the increase being solely due to this scourge. The Commons, however were doing what they could in the way of legislation for the public health, and, as yet, the Lords had only to speak of atheological remedy, which is applied in an awkward way. The Prayer has, unhappily, become an anachronism, but my Lords the Bishops will doubtless rectify this.

ALDERMAN LAWRENCE demands that Waterloo Bridge shall be opened free, for the benefit of the many who

will be ejected by the clearance for the Temple of Justice. Government had no intentions to announce. Later, it was mentioned that the Architects, who are stated to be fully informed of the requisitions of Law, are to send in their designs by the 15th of December. We recommend as mottoes for the competitors, "*Astrea Redux*," "*The Virgin and the Scales*," "*The Oyster*," "*Fee-Farm*," "*Causes produce Effects*," "*Glorious Uncertainties*," "*Agree with thine Adversary*."

MR. O'BEIRNE was informed by the SECRETARY FOR IRELAND that MR. JOSEPH NAPIER does not believe that his infirmity, deafness, would prejudice public interests, but as the reverse impression has been produced, he declines judicial office. MR. NAPIER's course is so graceful and honourable that *Mr. Punch* scorns to hint that a certain marvellous Cartoon may have had any influence. The picture has evidently not been seen by CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKBURN.

The Weather Office will probably be re-modelled. We mention the announcement chiefly that we may express a hope that the subscription for the family of ADMIRAL FITZROY, who died in doing his duty—and more—to the nation, is still being increased. JOHN BULL is easily stirred to an instant generosity, but his memory is not of the best.

Touching Fortifications, about the true principle whereof we seem to be nearly as much in the dark as ever, it is satisfactory to state that Government abandons a plan for taking £50,000 for the defences of Chatham and Tilbury. At the same time, it would be agreeable to have a few guns mounted in the very pleasant garden of the Rosherville Hotel, as, after a good dinner, under the direction of MRS. WATTS, it would be rather amusing to play upon the passing craft; and these are days when all rational entertainments should be encouraged.

Public Health and Reformatory Schools occupied us until two in the morning, and we had a little Protestant row about Popish sponsors, who are thought to baptise infants, surreptitiously, into the Catholic Church. We hope that they make amends by liberality in regard to apostle spoons and ivory-clad missals.

Tuesday. A Currency Debate. MR. DISRAELI has well remarked in one of his sparkling novels, that the subject of Currency, which most concerns everybody, is the subject, therefore, about which nobody knows or cares anything. He had to sit out a long debate in refutation of his theory. We shall certainly not report the speeches. But with Two Hundred Companies in a state of smash, and with Bank discount at £10 per Cent., it is hard lines for those who have not, like *Mr. Punch*, cellars groaning with gold. The debate was adjourned, like the consideration of a good many payments, just now.

Then we had a Jamaica Debate. Briefly, every humane person deplores the excesses that were committed under martial law, and every just person gives MR. EYRE all credit for the vigour with which he acted, and which saved Jamaica. It is clear that GORDON was a seditious and dangerous person, who might possibly have been hanged

by a regular tribunal, but it is equally clear that he was hanged on insufficient evidence. Several individuals have still to answer to the law in Jamaica, and thus the matter should stand, for the present. MR. RUSSELL GURNEY, who acted so ably as Commissioner in Jamaica, spoke in the debate, and stated that the origin of the rebellion was a general desire by the blacks to become the possessors of lands. For saying this he has, of course, been horribly abused by the Negrophiles, but what better testimony can be had than that of an English Judge, who has heard the evidence? The House rejected all the resolutions proposed by the Jamaica Committee, except one which embodied the expression of regret that all must feel. The Committee threaten to prosecute MR. EYRE, and are touting for subscriptions for the purpose. This will produce a re-action, and MR. EYRE will be presented with a sword of honour. Does the Laureate sing in vain against the falsehood of Extremes?

Wednesday was given to MR. GLADSTONE's Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates. The Government object to it, on principle, but did not oppose the Second Reading, as nothing more is to be done this Session. *Mr. Punch* seldom quotes, in this page, but will call attention to a Sign of the Times. Read these eloquent lines, which refer to the debate:—

"Englishmen know too well the services which the Church has rendered, to wish for her decline. She has given us the finest theological literature in the world; her clergy have in every age been renowned for their scholarship, their eloquence, and their goodness; she has been the home of piety and tolerance, the haven of rest to many a storm-tossed soul; and while culture has, generation after generation, accepted her divine guidance, she has emphatically been the Church of the poor. To maintain the stability of such a Church, no exertion should be spared; and the bulk of the nation have no sympathy with the iconoclasts who assail her with sacrilegious hands. She will retain her hold over the hearts of the people so long as she is adequate to the fulfilment of her office."

You admire both the sentiments and the language. So do we. But whence come they? Not, of course, from the *Record*, for no uncharitable taunt is in them, besides, the phrases will bear parsing. Nor are they from the Defender of the Faith, our friend the *Standard*. They are from the *Daily Telegraph*, an ultra-Liberal organ. Who, in his senses, will say that men have not become more thoughtful and tolerant than their fathers? Would a radical writer have dared to say this to radical readers twenty-five years ago? And you owe the change to the teaching of the First Gentleman of the Universe, *Mr. Punch*. He is not changed—his soul is like a star and dwells apart—but you all are, and you know it. Let us liquor.

In the evening the Lord Mayor feasted the Ministers. Let us say for LORD PHILLIPS that he has not only done all the hospitalities of his office splendidly, but has also done them gracefully, and with such oratory as is too seldom heard from the Fathers of the City. This is not the gratitude which is defined as a lively sense of future favours, as, in the first place, it is a favour on *Mr. Punch's* part to dine with anybody, and, in the second, he accepts no more invitations this season. The Ministers spoke well, having nothing to say, and the Mayor quoted LORD DERBY's *Homer* to his Lordship, which was a neat compliment.

Thursday. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, the Board of Trade, was asked whether anything would be done by Government in case the creditors of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway should come down on the lines and shut out the public. SIR STAFFORD did not think there was any danger. Nor can *Punch* imagine that even creditors would be such asses. But really, if a Company is to have enormous powers, destroy whole suburbs, and get people into a habit of using certain conveyances, protection against creditors should be granted, not for the sake of the speculators, but of the public. Fancy the shock to a Swell, hastily handing his shiny bag to supposed guard, and telling him to put it into a carriage and look the door, as he wanted to smoke, and then, in return for his half-crown, (accepted, of course) hearing from a Sheriff's Officer the words, "Can't do no looking up here, Sir, but if you'll step up to Cursitor Street, I can oblige."

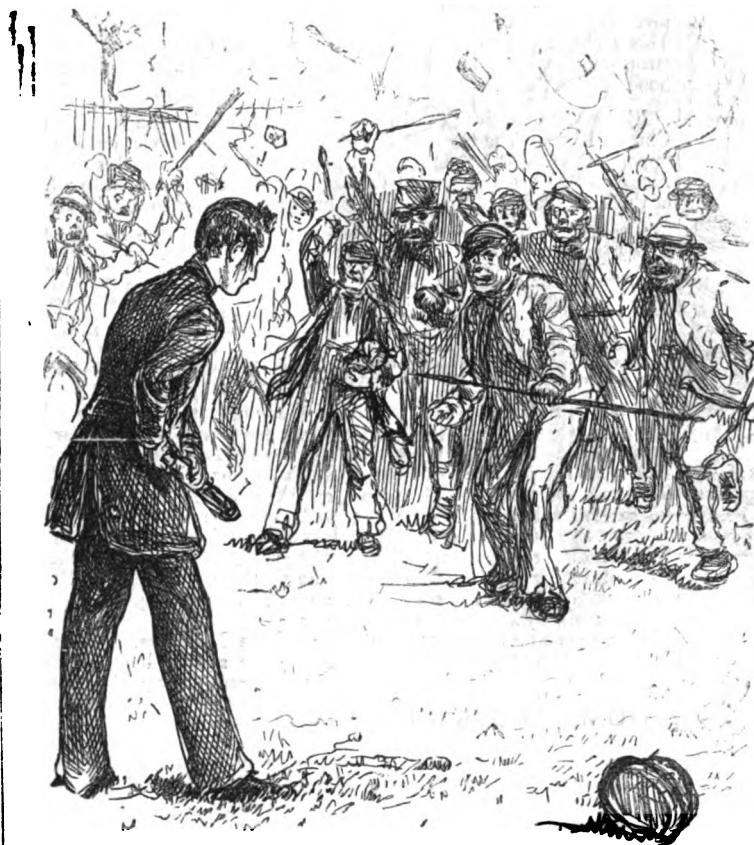
MR. MILL presented a petition complaining of the closing of the Park Gates against the Reform Meeting, and condemning the conduct of the Police. The charges are perfectly distinct, and we regret to see them amalgamated, as *Mr. Punch* has taken great pains to illustrate the difference between the Artisans and the Roughs. The complaint of the former is on a question of law, that of the latter—we are happy to say a well-founded one,—is that their ruffianism received an instalment of the punishment it deserved.

Government asked for leave to continue the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, and it was of course granted. MR. MAGUIRE, MR. O'BEIRNE, and MR. BERNAL OSBORNE made very good speeches, however, and in so far as they affirmed that reform in the Hibernian land-system was needed, *Mr. Punch* is heartily with them. But we can have no mob-law, on either side the Irish Sea. Much Fenian ammunition was seized at "Limerick Prodigious," on the very day of the debate.

Friday. In the Lords there was a little wrangle between LORDS RUSSELL and DERBY about the state of Hyde Park. The public is concerned only with the facts that there is an idea of introducing police

instead of the miserable Keepers, and that at present, and in the year 1866, the Park is officially declared to be habitually unsafe after dark! Ghost of KING ALFRED!

The Commons, afraid of more Currency, got Counted Out, after a debate on the Second Reading of the Extradition Bill (which was carried) and some miscellaneous chat, enlivened by a description from COLONEL SYKES, of the hideous methods in which our allies, the Chinese, torture prisoners to death.



RUFFIANLY POLICEMAN

ABOUT TO PERPETRATE A BRUTAL AND DASTARDLY ASSAULT ON THE PEOPLE.

A WORD FOR A FRIEND.

MR. PUNCH is informed by the *Flâneur* that—

"MR. HEPWORTH DIXON sailed in the *Java*, on Saturday. He goes to Utah and the Salt Lake. QUEEN EMMA, of the Sandwich Isles, sailed in the same vessel."

Just so. But, as SERJEANT BUZFUZ says, "you have not been informed by my learned friend, because it did not come within my learned friend's province to tell you," that the accomplished editor of the *Athenæum* has not become a Mormon, nor has he induced the amiable and royal widow above named to be his companion to the Lake of Salt. MR. HEPWORTH DIXON, whose researches in Palestine have shown that he has that rare and special gift for which travellers "of the writing sort," (as MR. CARLYLE says,) should pray—keenness of observation and fidelity of description, is *en route* to do us all a service by making an impartial inspection of the singularities and pluralities of Mormonism, and his literary character is a guarantee that we shall have from him a narrative in which facts, and not hysterics, will be the staple. We have had all sorts of wild shrieks about Mormonism, and now we may hope for a philosophic diagnosis. While the telegraph charges a dollar per letter, and cigars are a shilling each, it would be wronging ourselves to outstrip our friend MR. HEPWORTH DIXON with electric credentials from ourselves, but we send these lines after him to assure American friends that no hospitable attention which they may show him will be excessive payment, *d'avance*, for the intellectual attention he will bestow on anything else they may show him. Where-with, and all good wishes, we commend him to the Pony Express.

A HISTORICAL PARALLEL.—Why are the sensation articles on the late riots in the *Morning Star* and *Telegraph* like Hyde Park?—Because their railings have fallen flat.

REMEMBER THE GROTTTO.

You have often, no doubt,
Noticed placards about
Which are headed with "PARKINS AND GOTTO,"
Whereunto, any time,
If you're asked for a rhyme,
You may answer, "Remember the Grotto."

Shortly after July,
Children tease passers-by,
In a way the young wretches ought not to;
Every brat whom you meet,
Boy or girl, in the street,
Crying, "Please, Sir, remember the Grotto."

"Grotto! I'll grotto you,"
Roar old gentlemen, who
Say more definite cannot find what to;
"Go along—get you gone!"
But they only keep on
Saying, "Please, Sir, remember the Grotto."

What a nuisance and bore,
To be dunned evermore
By those goblins as though you'd forgot to,
Dread that trial severe,
Once too often a year
When they bid you "Remember the Grotto!"

How they get in your way,
And your progress delay!
One would think 'twas a regular plot to
Make you frantic designed,
Drive you out of your mind,
Importuned to remember the Grotto.

With their oyster-shells pressed
In the front of your chest,
You, distracted, desire the whole lot to
Be off—go to the deuce!
'Tis of not the least use:
They keep on, "Please remember the Grotto."

Interrupting the thread
Of your musing, your head
They confound, by your sides as they trot to
Plague you out of your pence
On that idle pretence,
That appeal to "Remember the Grotto."

'Tis when oysters come in
That this game they begin;
For "an R in the month" 's not their motto;
Oh the maddening pest
Of that constant request—
"O Sir, Please Sir, remember the Grotto!"

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

(During the Long Vacation.)

ALL the Colleges at Cambridge are lying on the backs. Nothing doing. The fountain in Trinity Court, whose work is mere play, has stopped here for this month: in fact stopped up. The Master of Caius was observed the other day at a hairdresser's, from which it is presumed that he was having something done to his locks. The present Government may perhaps wish to add some further emolument to the revenues of this mastership, and may give him a per-centage on river dues; if so, he will style himself Master of Gonville and Quays.

From Oxford, we hear that the Fellows of All Souls propose giving a Long Vacation Ball. It is to be called a *Bene Vestitus's* dance.

The following Classical address was written by a scholar of Oriel to a spring insect:—"Τῷ σίῃ!" You May bee. To finish. What Greek letter would a pompous University Don be most pleased to meet? A kappa. B.A.

A NAME OF SHAME.—Mention a British Admiral, whose ghost must have blushed for his name during the late riots.—SIR HYDE PARKER.



SCENE—PRIVATE BREAKFAST-ROOM, TROSSACHS HOTEL.

Mrs. General Jaunders, United States Army (pointing to Portrait over Fireplace). "KNOW WHO IT IS, GENERAL!"

The General. "AIN'T ANY IDEA! 'SURE TO BE BY SIR JOSHER OR VANDYKE, OR ONE OF THOSE FELLOWS. PERHAPS A LIKENESS OF FITZJAMES, OR SOME OTHER GENTLEMAN IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD!"

THE LOGIC OF THE WAR.

Mr. Punch has not lately devoted much space to the affairs of his Catholic friends, for which omission he has some idea that they will cheerfully accept his apology. But being naturally anxious to ascertain in what way their English organ accounted for the great Protestant victories in Germany (though he was quite sure that a good and sufficient reason for the overthrow of ultra-Catholic arms would be adduced), *Mr. Punch* has referred to his excellent contemporary, *The Tablet*, and of course has not been disappointed. The Catholics of England are told why the heretics have vanquished. Reason No. 1 is this:—

"The official and the military mind in Austria is tainted with a deep-seated aversion to religion: laxity of moral and mental enervation follows as natural consequences. In the present campaign glaring instances of such a state of mind have not failed to show themselves. When, for example, the common soldiers, before going into action were desirous of receiving the sacraments, they were told in many instances by their officers to leave such follies alone. Such taunts told on the mind of the soldier."

Reason the second is this:—

"The Jesuit Fathers sought in vain permission to follow the Catholic soldiers of Austria to the field of battle. Such a permission, granted to the Jesuit Fathers by Protestant Prussia, was refused by the military officials of Austria."

Reason the third, and strongest, is this:—

"The absence on the day of the great pilgrimage to 'Merrahulf' of (with a few notable exceptions) the civil and military authorities. The two theatres, however most notorious in Vienna for scandalous laxity, have been crowded night after night since the outbreak of the war."

"Can we be surprised, therefore," asks *The Tablet*, "that Austria," &c. &c.

To which we reply, with the Irish echo, "Certainly not;" and we trust that Konningratz will long be an awful warning to the Catholic world against military frivolity, the snubbing of Jesuits, and the going to theatres.

OLE DAN WALPOLE.

AIR—"Ole Dan Tucker."

I CAME to town de oder night
I hear a noise, I saw a sight,
De roughs dey all out for a lark,
A rioting and rowing in Hyde Park.
Out ob de way, Ole Dan WALPOLE,
Out ob de way, Ole Dan WALPOLE,
Out ob de way, Ole Dan WALPOLE,
You ain't got de brains for de place in your small pole.

I went across dat Park alone,
I wouldn't ha' done it if I'd known
De roughs were forty-five to one,
Dey stole my watch and away I run.
Out ob de way, &c.

A lady chanced to go dat way,
De brutal mob dey made her pay,
Dey hit her all about de bones
Till she dropped half dead upon de stones.
Out ob de way, &c.

Dis child him pay him rate and tax,
Am dis de why he get dese whacks?
Oh, in dat Park I'd like to see
Massa WALPOLE wallopped instead of me.
Out ob de way, Ole Dan WALPOLE,
Out ob de way, Ole Dan WALPOLE, (bis)
You'd cry out "Police" when dey break your small pole.

WHY did not SIR JOHN THWAITES lay the first stone of the Southern Embankment? Because he got TITE.

A PIECE OF ADVICE TO PRUSSIA.—An advice of peace to Austria.

GREAT BALLAD CONCERT.

PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1866.

THE Programme observed on the closing of the Parliamentary Session having of late years lost its principal attraction, it has been decided, on this occasion, to give a Concert, in which the following eminent *Artistes* (amongst others) will appear:—

THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS.

EARL OF DERBY.

EARL RUSSELL.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

EARL OF CLARENDON.

LORD STANLEY.

MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. WALPOLE.

THE SPEAKER.

DUKE OF ARGYLL.

MR. WHALLEY.

AND

MR. JOHN BRIGHT.

The LORDS COMMISSIONERS will sing "When shall we three meet again."

The LORD CHANCELLOR will sing "Bid me Discourse."

The SPEAKER will sing "In this Old Chair."

EARL RUSSELL will sing "Resignation," and with MR. GLADSTONE, the Duet—"All is lost now."

THE EARL OF DERBY will play a solo on the first fiddle.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON will sing "Do not Mingle."

LORD STANLEY will sing a Parody, entitled "Here's to the Treaty of Eighteen-Fifteen."

MR. GLADSTONE will sing "Oh, Willie! we have missed you," and "We may be Happy yet."

MR. BRIGHT will sing "My own, my Guiding Star."

LORD ELCHO will introduce "The British Volunteer."

THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY will sing "The Irish Emigrant."

MR. WHALLEY will sing "Rome! Rome!"

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL will sing "The Yellow-haired Laddie."

MR. WALPOLE will sing "Tears, idle Tears."

Tears, idle tears—a sweet sensation scene—
Tears at the thought of that Hyde Park affair
Rise in the eye, and trickle down the nose,
In looking on the haughty EDMOND BEALES,
And thinking of the shrubs that are no more.

The LORD CHIEF BARON will sing (assisted by a Chorus of Country voices),
"All among the Barley."

Members of "The Cave" will sing (with glees) "Here in Cool Grot."

AND

BLACK ROD will give "The Message."

The Band of the Adullamites will perform Overtures—by LORD DERBY.

Conductor, MR. DISRAELI.

The Palace will be illuminated—in February.

Grand Display of Fireworks—next Session.

Great Fountains—of Justice, at the particular request of the Irish Members.

Special (Ladies') Trains for the occasion.

Stalls—for Bishops.

Reserved Seats—for Members who have not disclosed what they mean to do next Session.

Tickets to be had at all the Government Offices.

Doors open at One. Performance to commence at Two.

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED IN AID OF THE ROUGHS MARTYRED IN THE PARK.—A Few Cracksmen, 2s. 6d.; Captain and Mrs. Macheath, 5s.; Nine Cads, 4½d.; A Ticket-of-Leave Man, 1s.; Moss Melter, 2s. 6d. (bad); Anti-Bludgeon, 6d.; Three of Nature's Noblemen, 1s. 6d.; Nimming Ned, 6d.; "Cheese It," 4d.; "One who has sworn at the Crank," 8d.; Scarificatus, 1s.; A Fence and his Pals, 2s. 6d.; Armodus and Harrystowjion, 2d.; An Enemy of Coercion, 3s. 6d.; The Artful Dodger, 6d.; Vengeance in due time, in the meantime 2d.; Friends in the Employ of Old Fagin, Esq., 9d.; The Executors of Jonathan Wild, Esq., 5s.; A Poor but Honest Garotter, 6d.; A Vow, One day's Cly-faking, 6s. 4d.; A Foe to Knocks (Knox), 3s.; Seven Glaziers, 7s.; To Defend "Slogging Bill," 4s. 6d.; Anti-Bobby, 1s.; Hindignation, 8d.; Remember Whitehall, 3d.; A Ratcatcher's Daughter, 2s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. Buggins, 1s.; Roughs in Council, 2s.; A Beadle who hates the Police, 1s.; A Returned Convict, 5s.; Cato, 3d.; A Guardian of the Poor, 2s. 6d.; Jimmy Twitcher, 6d.; One who hopes to out-run the Constable, 3s. 6d.; Out on Bail, 6d.; Proceeds of a day's Pot-stealing, 5s. 6d.; A Few Indignant Gents, 1s. 9d.; A Nest of Jail-birds, 3s.; Henemy of Lord Walpole, 6d.; Quashibungo in England, 2s. 6d.; An Exasperated Burglar, 1s. 6d.; A Crimp, 1s.; Friends in Newgate, 3s. 6d.; A Poor Area-Sneak, 2d.; A Reader of the *Morning Star*, 4d.; Four Fenians, a Head-centre's note for two dollars; From a Thieves' Kitchen, 4s. 6d.; Scum that has Boiled over at such Tyranny, 2d.

KING CHOLERA'S RIGHT-HAND MAN.

CLEAR a path for my wheels, whose nave
Is sharp with the cold blue scythe of Death;
My way with good intentions pave;
Offer me incense of wasted breath—
Breath in warning vainly outpoured,
Doomed to scorning from Vestry and Board.

Who at my right hand place shall hold,
As my Prime Minister, Grand Vizier?
Shall it be Filth, Stench, Hunger, or Cold,
Drink, or Despair, or shivering Fear?
None of these!—On my right hand
BUMBLE THE GREAT, as Chief, shall stand.

BUMBLE, whose fool-bells drown the cry
Of the wretches that crouch beneath my wheels
From the plagues that my 'vant couriers fly,
With their "anti-centralisation" peals;
Whose penny-wisdom o'errides the land,
And whose pound-foolishness arms my hand.

'Tis he keeps watch till the hidden Death
Hath driven his mine from sewer to wall,
And the open water-butt's drunk the breath
Of plague that reeks to taste and smell.
'Tis his flabby heart and leaden skull
That keep the rates down and the dead-house full.

Then let our helpful BUMBLE ride
Upon King Cholera's blue right hand,
His Local Self-Government hobby astride,
O'er festering filth, by stagnant strand,
And let each minist'ring cramp and chill
Hail him, mainstay of our royal will!

STEREOSCOPIC VIEW OF A REFORM MEETING.

MR. PUNCH, whose sole object is to ascertain, promulgate, and preach on Truth, has been somewhat puzzled by the perusal of the accounts of the Reform meeting at the Agricultural Hall. The reporters contradicted one another as flatly as sailors in a salvage case, or Irish in any case. His only course seems to be to present two accounts, and leave posterity to reconcile their slight discrepancies.

"The 'Reformers' had another series of 'demonstrations' last night. The 'gatherings' consisted of boys, roughs, and idlers. The banners were generally of the shabbiest description; and the principal flag bore the legend of 'GLADSTONE and Manhood Suffrage.' Although large placards stigmatising the affair as a 'great Donkey show' were hoisted, 'horse play' and rough practical jokes were the order of the evening. A number of enthusiastic Reformers, who had paid half-sovereigns for places on the platform, were disgusted to find that the people had asserted their whole 'sovereign rights' and taken possession without pay. MR. BEALES found no chair left for him to take. After an effort to get a hearing, which was not very successful, MR. MASON JONES was the first speaker, but he, carried away by his own enthusiasm, quite forgot that MR. STUART MILL, M.P., was waiting to follow, and MR. JONES had to be pulled down by the coat tails. Then MR. MILL, of whose speech not a word was audible, gesticulated for some minutes so ludicrously that the mob left off shouting to laugh at his grotesque appearance. The hon. member, who seemed quite bewildered with the hubbub, left in a hurry in order to describe in his place in Parliament this derisive and majestic demonstration of the people. A free fight followed the reporters' table was smashed, and the scene of confusion and merriment which followed must be left for the imagination."

Conservative Report.

"Such an indoor meeting as London itself never before witnessed was held last night in the Agricultural Hall. At least forty thousand must have been present; for not only were the area, the organ-loft, and the side galleries absolutely crowded, but listeners swarmed upon the iron beams and girders of the edifice, and many were festooned along the gigantic ribs which support the roof. The reports describe to us, indeed, a marvellous spectacle. The faces of forty thousand men turned to one point, with one object, silent together, shouting with agreement together, unanimous in cheers that roll like thunder, and in hives that sound like the menace of some monstrous snake. . . . The scene presented by this vast concourse was one which no one who witnessed it will ever forget. Those who are fond of comparing MR. MILL's present position with that which he occupied before he had proved that the greatest living sage was capable of sustaining himself in the turbulent element of popular politics, and of winning from the populace the admiration he had long enjoyed amongst the highly educated of his countrymen, might well have felt a thrill of curious excitement had they seen the distinguished man's colossal reception by this vast assemblage. . . . There never yet was held in the world so great a meeting, and in this datum we are pleased to have the concurrence of a gentleman second to none in his acquaintance with the great mass meetings for which America is celebrated."

Liberal Report.

A Geographical Error.

SEVERAL Correspondents (Grocers) are hereby informed that the Valentin, of which they have heard so much lately, is not the place of that name noted for its rains, but another spot on the Irish Coast famous for its electric Currents.



AN UNEXPECTED TREAT.—THE WHITEBAIT DINNER.

MRS. GAMP. "WHICH WELL I KNOW'D, DEAR BOYS, THE TIME WOULD SOME DAY COME AS YOU'D DINE AGIN AT GRINNIDGE."



FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

NEPTUNE (*The Heavy Father*). "BLESS YE, MY CHILDREN!"

A MAGIC MARRIAGE.



lover, to VALESKA, seventh daughter of the late F. G. HARTZ, of Rensburg. No Cards."

Rarely have so many suggestive matters been condensed into one brief announcement. It will expand, like isinglass. An Astrologer's Marriage. He selects the Church of St. Dunstan, whose magical treatment of the nose of the Enemy was more prompt than polite. He marries a Seventh Daughter, and we know what mystic power resides in a seventh child. He comes from Frankfort, where, in the dark ages, terrible magicians dwelt, and according to the authorities, "laid spells over Germany." Probably he is one of their descendants—the Prussian conquerors had better look out for him, as he may know how to "set the imprisoned angels (and other coins) free." And with a cynical smile, he adds, "No Cards"—he who has but to wink at a card on a salver in London, and the enamelled tablet will, the self-same moment, be found in the card-case of a lady driving up Broadway. No Cards, when his visiting carriage, or *carri de visite*, is a chariot drawn by fiery dragons. We are, in these days, so accustomed to wonders that we give them small heed, but Mr. Punch cannot help noting the Magic Marriage, and wishing supernatural happiness to ALEXIS and VALESKA.

As a rule, Mr. Punch seldom interferes with other people's business. But when people proclaim their domestic arrangements to the world, by means of advertisement, it may be supposed that they wish every notice taken of the same. This appears in the *Times* among the marriages:—

"At St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, ALEXIS HARTZ, of Frankfort, Astro-

THE GODS AND LITTLE FISHES.

OR, WHITEBAIT AT GREENWICH.

Aug. 4, 1866.

OH, ye Gods and little fishes,
On the couches, and the dishes!
Eat, oh Gods, small fish, be eaten,
Place attained and GLADSTONE beaten!
Scarce ye dreamed so soon again,
In the Halls of QUARTERMAINE,
Thus to clear your rival's dishes,
Oh ye Gods, and little fishes!
Jove as DERBY sits serene,
Swift of speech and haught of mien,
Watching with paternal pride
The chaste Dian at his side
In the masculine disguise
Of a STANLEY ware and wise,
Toning down, with sense of awe,
His more jovial papa,
As he marks how, hour by hour,
Waver Europe's scales of power,
With that eye so clear and cold,
Wherewith Dian froze of old
Young Endymion's ardent gaze,
Quenched and quelled in icy rays.
While Minerva and her owl—
But especially the fowl—
Sit, combined, in WALPOLE bland:
See the turn-cock's key at hand,
Wherewith to turn on the rain
Of emotion's ready main.
Wisdom's Goddess could not wear
Look more kind or debonaire:
Nor her owl, in stately speech,
Loftier heights of dulness reach.

See, his conch where Neptune blows
In the Pakingtonian nose;
Fork for trident glad to play,
Delft, for armour-plates, to-day;
REID and COWPER-COLES set by,
Here are other fish to fry!
Mars his blade of Sheffield steel
Plies as burly GENERAL PERL,
Shovelling down the white-bait feast—
Muzzle-loaders, here, at least.
Hercules, his club pared thin;
Changed for lamb's his lion's skin,
In mild GATHORNE HARDY's mould
Dares worse labours than of old—
Bumble's hydra-heads to maim,
Brazen-fronted Boards to tame,
Vestry harpies scare and scout,
Clean the Augean stable out,
Where the bed-ridden pauper lies,
Till in filth he rots and dies.
While in MANNERS, mask'd Apollo
Out-rhymes MARTIN TUPPER hollow,
Leads the Muses and the Graces
Through our Parks and public places;
First appearing, bound in boards,
In Park Lane's reforming hoards;
Bidding the Park flower-knots shine—
Duty quite in Phœbus' line—
And with rhymester's tinsel free
Gilds an "old nobility."*
Indian Bacchus, "with pink eyne,"
Shows in CRANBOURNE saturnine,
Vinous, turn'd acetic, acid,
Bitter tongue and mood unplaced:
India's Council, all amoro,
Gulps its chief's astringent port,
Feels the draughts inflame its blood,
Crustier than from the wood.
See, who last pervades the board,
Of all shapes Protean Lord.
Who shall name his many names!
Who shall sound his various fames?
Great in tactics, tongue, and pen,
Asian mystery to men—
Hermes, Mercury, or Thoth,
Roman, Greek, Egyptian both,
Triple Godhead, free to move,
Realms below, and realms above.
See where this mysterious power,
Masques him for the passing hour,
In the Sphinx-like face and eyes,
Wherein sheltered DRIZZ lies,
Coiled like snake in slumbering ring,
But like snake, with power to spring,
And to strike with tongue and fang;
Where 's the hide but owns the pang,
Where the blood but turns to gall?
As the venom poisons all?
There he sits this Lord of wiles,
Never frowns, but rarely smiles.
Who shall say what projects strain
Supple will and teeming brain?
Who this mystery shall scan,
Square this many-sided man?
Loose who may, crown him the winner
In the Olympians' white-bait dinner.

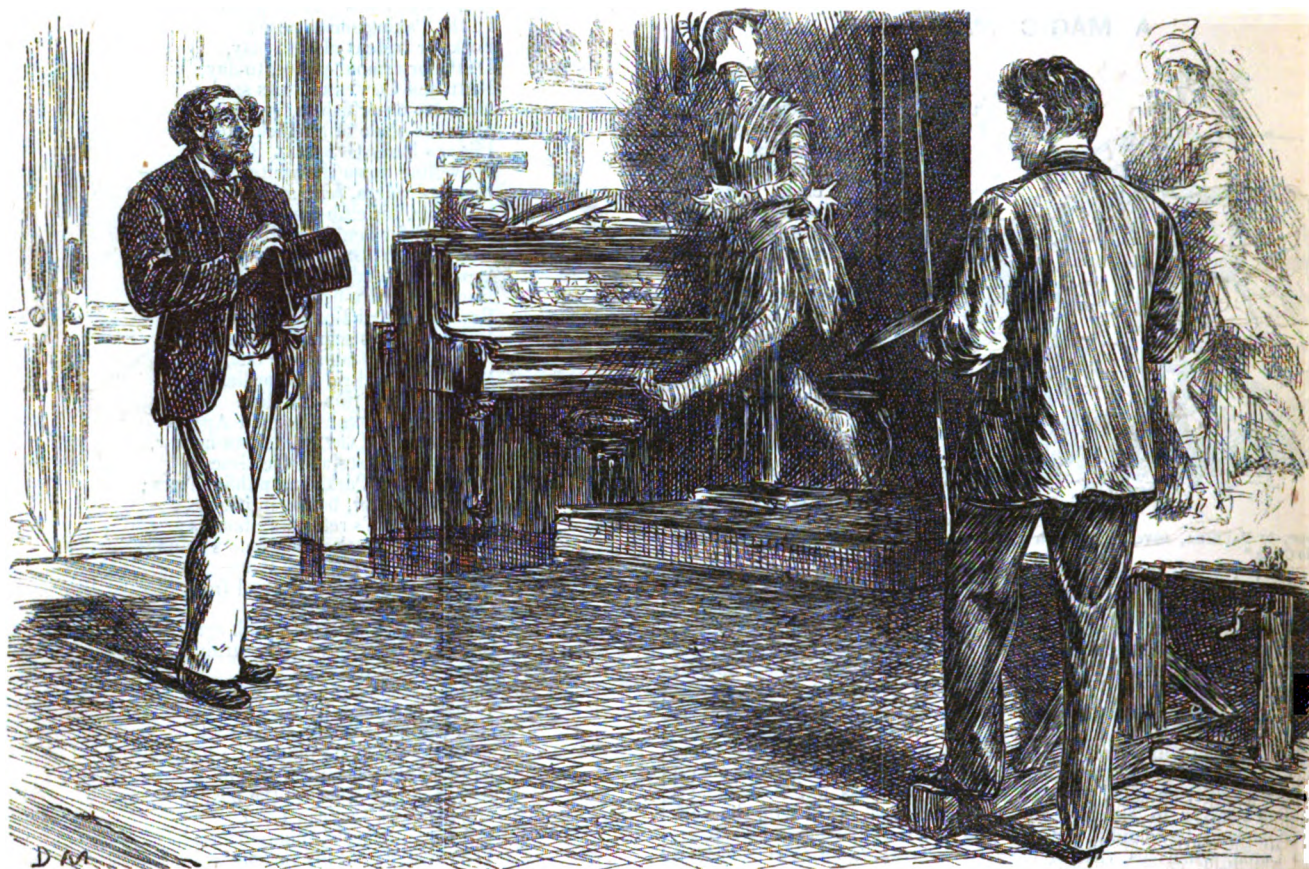
* When shall the world forget those deathless lines,
Where MANNERS rhyme and reason so combines?—
"Let art and science, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility."

How to Become Invisible.

THE gift of invisibility was formerly believed to be procurable by means of fern-seed; but no peculiar power of rendering people invisible resides especially in the seed of fern. Put on any very seedy suit of clothes, and walk about in the streets. You will very soon find that your acquaintance will pass you without seeing you.

A COOL HINT.

WE would suggest to the Purveyors of the Refreshments at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, that they should introduce a new summer beverage, to be called,—MELLONADE.



BEHIND THE SCENES.

Artist. "HULLO, JAKES! How's THIS! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO DO WITHOUT YOU—I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU COULDN'T COME THIS MORNING!"

Model. "SO I DID, SIR! I WAS ENGAGED TO MR. MACMOUGH, TO SIT FOR THE LEGS IN THE DOOK OF HIPSWICH'S PORTRAIT."

Artist. "WELL?"

Model. "WELL, SIR, WHILES I WERE A-SITT'N, THE DOOK HE COME IN QUITE HUNEXPECTED LIKE; AN' WHEN HE SEE ME, HE SAYS HE'D A DEAL SOONER SIT FOR HIS LEGS HISSELF. SO I COME ON STRAIGHT HERE!"

A PICTURE OF INTELLIGENCE.

THE following is a reporter's portrait of a gentleman as he appeared before a coroner's jury charged with murder:—

"The prisoner is of short stature and short build. He has a round bullet head, thick neck, small dark eyes, and peculiarly overhanging beetle brows. His demeanour was throughout dogged and indifferent, but there was nothing in his appearance to indicate an absence of a low order of intellectual faculty."

There is an obscurity in the conclusion of the foregoing extract, perhaps occasioned by a misprint. The statement that the prisoner's demeanour was dogged and indifferent is not clearly qualified by the counterpoised remark, "but there was nothing in his appearance to indicate an absence of a low order of intellectual faculty." Why "but"? Of course there is nothing in the appearance of any one whose demeanour is dogged and indifferent to indicate an absence of a low, as contradistinguished from a high, order of intellectual faculty. It is conceivable that, on the contrary, the presence of a low order of intellectual faculty might be indicated by something in such an one's appearance. But then again a dogged and indifferent demeanour is compatible enough with intellectual faculty of a high order. If we were told that a person's demeanour was dogged and indifferent, but that there was nothing in his appearance to indicate an absence or a low order of intellectual faculty, we should then know that we were given to understand that his appearance, for all his doggedness and indifference of demeanour, did not betoken an absolute idiot or even a very stupid man. Is this the opinion which the physiognomist above quoted intended to express as to the prisoner whose personal characteristics were a round bullet head, thick neck, small dark eyes, and peculiarly overhanging beetle brows? Did he mean to represent the individual of whose appearance such were the distinctive specialties as rather intelligent looking? If so, he is the man to re-edit LAVATER.

AFTER THE BENEFIT.

Mr. Punch. Help yourself, MR. BUCKSTONE.

Mr. Buckstone. Sir, I usually do.

Mr. P. It is well. Now, my dear BUCKSTONE, one word about one word in your speech. Why did you begin by saying that you had "concluded" to close?

Mr. B. So I had, Sir.

Mr. P. Why "concluded"?

Mr. B. The word is sanctioned by Webster.

Mr. P. MR. WEBSTER is an admirable Manager and a personal friend of mine, but what have you to do with the Adelphi?

Mr. B. Bother, I mean WEBSTER, the American dictionary-man.

Mr. P. You supposed yourself to be American?

Mr. B. Certainly, *Our American Cousin*.

Mr. P. I am answered. As Guardian of the British language I was bound to ascertain your meaning. Take another cigar.

Mr. B. I will. (*Does.*)

"What's in a Name?"

THE last new peer, LORD STRATHNAIRN, appears to have been doubtful what title he should assume. A question of no importance, for has not SHAKSPEARE, with his usual prescience, observed, "A Roar by any other name would smell as sweet"?

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

WHAT wonder that the *Kaiser* has succeeded in running down the *Ré d'Italia* at sea! How long has VICTOR-EMMANUEL been running down FRANCIS-JOSEPH on shore?



AN INDEFINITE FLUNKEYISM.

A FASHIONABLE reporter, in his account of a marriage between the son of a peer and the daughter of a baronet, performed by a bishop the other day at a church in Piccadilly, says that after the marriage had been registered, the wedding party adjourned to the house of the bride's papa, "where a sumptuous breakfast awaited them." He omits, however, to state the particulars of the breakfast which he calls sumptuous. He does not tell us whether or no that sumptuous breakfast comprehended any luxuries more expensive than new-laid eggs, ham, cold beef, rashers, and sausages. In the opinion of one who has had experience enough to be a competent critic of wedding-breakfasts in the world of fashion, what things are necessary to constitute a sumptuous breakfast? Doubtless, in relation to the digestive organs, and the nutritive function, a great many unnecessary things. But different people have different ideas of sumptuousness. Skilled workmen of a certain class, in receipt of high wages, have been known habitually to make their breakfast on ducks and port wine. This is a breakfast that would be deemed sumptuous by many a peer. In the course of a legal investigation some time ago, a witness, who had been the familiar cad of a sporting man, employed the word "sumphus" in speaking of certain repasts that had been partaken of by himself and others concerned in the case. Being requested to specify the sort of fare that he considered sumptuous, he named rumpsteaks. This ascetic would probably have esteemed eggs-and-bacon sufficient to constitute a sumptuous breakfast, and have even looked upon that meal as worthy of that epithet if inclusive of bloaters. The majority of poor curates, we may be sure, would account a breakfast comprising hot rolls extravagantly sumptuous, and there is reason to fear that there are too many of them in whose estimation a breakfast would be rendered sumptuous by the addition of butter.



FRESH GAME FOR MR. PUNCH.

WHAT DOES SHE MEAN?

We are not, very often, so utterly helpless as we feel in the presence of this invitation:—

ADVANTAGEOUS to PARENTS.—A Lady who is educating the daughter of a clergyman, formerly head master of a Cathedral School, and now Vicar of a Country Parish, has the privilege of INTRODUCING a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, who will receive a superior education on very liberal terms. Address H. O., &c.

HO, indeed. In fact, we may (and do) say, Ho! ho! But, seriously, what does it mean? The *prima facie* impression is, that the ex-school-master's daughter is a beautiful and wealthy little lady, and that the parents of some eligible little gentleman are invited to secure so desirable a match for their son. The teacher is "privileged" to say this. The word is obscure. It is used by a certain class of religionists when they only mean that they have got a bit of luck. But it may imply that the little lady's papa has authorised the announcement. We are quite at sea in the matter, and to our previous remark, Ho! ho! we are only, as yet, able to add, Hee, hee, and a delicate hint that the advertisement may have attractions for the class whose utterances are akin to Hee haw.

Conversation and Conversion.

WHAT different tastes men have, and what different things men talk about! Some bore you with their talk on the Conversion of the Jews, while others small-bore you by talking of the Conversion of the Enfields. Just now the latter is by far the more usual theme for chatter, and at every public dinner somebody is sure to make a speech upon the subject, and become for half an hour or so a sort of "ENFIELD'S Speaker."

CLASSICAL.

Did the old Romans play billiards? Very possibly they did, to judge from the old saying, "a cue teligisti."

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Happy Thoughts.—I have now hit upon a very happy thought. "Being in need of quiet, in order to commence my great work on 'Typical Developments,' I have found a charming retreat on the banks of the Thames, somewhere about Twickenham, or Teddington, or Richmond, or Kingston, and all that part. Capital fishing here. In punts with a man and worms: average sport, one littlebat in ten hours.

First Happy Day. Charming; perfect quiet. See a man in punt fishing. Asked him how long he had been there? He says, "Three hours." Caught anything? "Nothing." He is quite cheerful. Full of happy thoughts, and commenced my "Typical Developments." In the evening caught an earwig; not a bit frightened of him. *The pincers in an earwig's tail don't bite.*

To bed early. Leave the man fishing; his man with the bait asleep. Been there all day? "Yes." Caught anything? "Nothing." Quite contented.

Second Happy Day. Up early. Same man in punt, still fishing; new man with bait. Ask him how long he has been there? "All night." Caught anything? "Nothing." Not at all irritable. * * * Killed two earwigs in my bath. Sat in my parlour to write.

Before me is my little lawn: at the foot of the lawn runs the river. 9 A.M. I commence my "Typical Developments," and note the fact, keeping by me this journal of observation in case anything turns up. Something has turned up: an earwig. Distracting for a moment, but now defunct. All is peace. I walk down the lawn. Caught anything? "Nothing." His voice is, I fancy, getting weaker. I am meditating, and my soul is rising to sublime heights. * * * A Barge is passing slowly, towed by horses against a strong stream, while the happy bargeman trudges cheerily along; and other happy bargemen, with their wives and children loll lazily on deck. (The fishing punt has suddenly disappeared.) Ah! how easily may we float against the stream of life, if we are towed! How sweet it is to—A Barge has stuck on the shallows.

Scientific Note.—How distinctly water conveys sound. I can hear every word that happy bargeman on the opposite shore says, as if I were at his elbow. He is using language of a fearful description to his horses. The other bargeman has lifted himself up (he was on his back kicking his legs in the air on deck) to remonstrate. His remonstrances are couched in still stronger language, and include the man and the beasts. Woman (his wife I should say) interferes with a view to peacemaking. Her soothing words are more forcible than those of the two men, and include them both with the beasts. The children have also joined in, and are abusing the bargeman (their father, as I gather) on shore. My gardener tells me they'll probably stick here till the tide turns. I ask him if it often happens? He tells me "Oh! it's a great place for barges." My sister and two ladies in the drawing-room (also facing the lawn) have closed their windows. "Typical Developments" shall have a chapter on the "Ideal Bargeman." To write is impossible at present. A request has been forwarded to me from the drawing-room to the effect that I would step in and kill an earwig or two. I stepped in and killed five. Ladies in hysterics. The punt has reappeared: he only put in for more bait. Caught anything? "Nothing." Had a bite. "Once, I think." He is calm, but not in any way triumphant.

Evening. Tide turned. Barge gone. They swore till the last moment. From my lawn I attempted to reason with them. I called them "my good men," and tried to cajole them. Their immediate reply was of an evasive character. I again attempted to reason with them. Out of their next reply I distinguished only one word which was not positively an oath. Even as it stood, apart from its context, it wasn't a nice word, and my negotiations came to an end. Went back to my parlour and killed earwigs.

Night.—Man in punt still fishing. He informs me that he doesn't think this a very good place for sport. Caught anything? "Nothing." He is going somewhere else. I find that I can write at night. No noise. I discover for the first time that I've got a neighbour who looks at the Moon and Jupiter every night through a large telescope. He asks me would I like to step in and see Jupiter? * * * I have stepped in and seen Jupiter (who gave us some difficulty in getting himself into a focus) until my head aches. No writing to-night. During my absence five moths, attracted by the gas-light, and at least a hundred small green flies, have perished miserably on my MS. paper and books. * * * Screams from the ladies' bed-room. Off. * * * Maid servant up!!! Lights!! "Would I mind stepping in and killing an earwig." Bed. I open my window and gaze on the placid stream. Why, there's a punt; and a man in it: fishing. He has returned. Caught anything? "Nothing." Good night. "Good night."

Third Happy Day.—Five earwigs in bath, drowned. Fine day for "Typical Developments." Man and punt gone; at least I don't see them. Commenced Chapter 1st. * * * Dear me! Music on the water. A large barge with a pleasure party. They're dancing the *Lancers*. The gardener says, in reply to my question about the frequent recurrence of these merry-makings, "Oh yes, it's a great place

for pleasure parties and moosic. They comes up in summer about three or four at a time; all a playin' of different toons. Quite gay like. The *Maria Jane* brings up parties every day with a band." The *Maria Jane* is the name of the pleasure barge. Bah! I will overcome this nervousness. I will abstract myself from passing barges and music, and concentrate myself upon—tiddledly tiddledly rum ti tum—that's the bowing figure in the *Lancers*—hang the bowing figure!—Let me concentrate myself upon—with a tiddledly tiddledly rum ti tum. It's difficult to remember the *Lancers*. The barge has passed. Now for "Typical Developments."—"Would I step in and kill an earwig in the work-box." * * * A steamer! I didn't know steamers were allowed here. "Oh yes," the gardener says, "it's a great place for steamers. They brings up school children for feasts." They do with a vengeance; the children are shouting and hollering, their masters and mistresses are issuing orders for landing: thank goodness on the opposite bank. They've got a band, too. "No," the gardener explains, "it's not *their* band I hear, that belongs to the Benefit Societies' Club as has just come up in the other steamer behind." The other steamer! They're dancing the *Lancers*, too. I must concentrate myself; let me see, where was I? "Typical Developments. Chap. 1." Tiddledly tiddledly rum ti tum, with my tiddledly tiddledly rum tum tum and my tiddledly tiddledly, that's the bowing figure, now they're bowing—and finish, yes, tiddledly tiddledly rum ti tum. The *Lancers* is rather fun * * * Good heavens! I find myself unconsciously practising steps and doing a figure. I must concentrate myself.

Afternoon.—Barges and swearing. Pleasure boat with band, and party dancing *Lancers*, for the fourth time. Return of all the boats, steamers and barges; they stop opposite, out of a mistaken complimentary feeling on their part, and play (for a change) the *Lancers*. Tiddledly tiddledly rum ti tum. Becoming a little wild, I dance by myself on the lawn. The maid comes out. "Would I step in and kill an earwig?" With pleasure—bowing figure—and my tiddledly tiddledly rum ti tum.

Night.—The turmoil has all passed. I walk down the lawn and gaze on the calmly flowing river. Is it possible? There is the punt and the man, fishing. He'd been a little higher up. Caught anything? "Nothing." Gardener informs me that people often come out for a week's fishing. I suppose he's come out for a week's fishing. Neighbour over the hedge asks me, "Would I like to have a look at Jupiter?" I say I won't trouble him. He says no trouble, just get the focus, and there you are. He does get the focus, and, consequently, there I am. I leave my "Typical Developments, Chap. 1." * * * Looking through the telescope makes one's head ache. We did have some brandy-and-water. Shan't stop up so late again. Cocks begin to crow here at midnight. It's quite light at midnight. I can't concentrate myself like the man in the punt. Caught anything? "Nothing." Good night. "Good night."

Fourth and Fifth Happy Days.—"Typical Developments, Chap. 1." Man in punt disappeared. *Lancers*, tiddledly tiddledly rum ti tum from 11 A.M. till 2 P.M. School feasts 2 till 5. Earwigs to be killed every other half hour. Cheering from Odd Fellows and Mutual Benevolent Societies. Barges at all hours and strong language. Festive people on opposite shore howling and fighting up till past midnight. Gardener says, "Oh! yes, it's a great place for all that sort of thing." Disturbed in the evening by Jupiter, Saturn and the Moon, which have always got something remarkable the matter with them.

Happy Thought.—I have found a more charming "Retreat" on the banks of the Thames, i.e., to retreat altogether. Have heard of an old Feudal Castle to be let. Shall go there. Moat and remove, put that into "Typical Developments, Chap. 1." We have packed up everything. I open my note book of memoranda to see if I've left anything behind. I walk down the lawn to see if I've left anything behind there. Yes! there he is. The man in the punt, still fishing. He says he's been a little lower down. Any sport? "None." Caught anything here? "Nothing." Good bye. "Good bye." And so I go away and leave him behind.

We Defy Omens.

CERTAINLY we do. Nevertheless it is true that Thirteen Members of the Government sat down to dinner at the LORD MAYOR's table. Another remarkable thing occurred. A Minister, not asked to speak, suddenly jumped up, and in a fervour of graceful enthusiasm, proposed a lady's health. Nothing could be more proper, especially as the health was that of the admirable LADY MAYORESS. But who was this impassioned reveller? Don't take it from us, look at the reports. It was—LORD STANLEY! Has the electric cable turned the Gulf Stream among the icebergs?

FRESH CAUGHT.

WHAT fish is like the beautiful girl who draws your beer for you at the roadside inn? The Bar-belle.

What fish did OLIVER CROMWELL object to in Parliament? The Barbel. How do you know this historically? Because he said, "Take away that barbel."



DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.

Donkey Woman. "THEM 'S FASHIONS, I SUPPOSE! ONE ALL HAIR BEFORE, T'OTHER ALL HAIR BEHIND!"

ON THE RIVER.

I SAT in a punt at Twickenham,
I've sat at Hampton Wick in 'em.
I hate sea boats, I'm sick in 'em—
The man, I, Tom, and Dick in 'em.
Oh, gentles! I've been pickin' 'em
For bait, the man 's been stickin' 'em.
(Cruel!) on hooks with kick in 'em.
The small fish have been lickin' 'em.
And when the hook was quick in 'em,
I with my rod was nickin' 'em,
Up in the air was flickin' 'em.
My feet so cold, kept kickin' 'em.
We'd hampers, with *aspic* in 'em,
Sandwiches made of chicken, 'em
We ate, we'd stone jars thick, in 'em
Good liquor; we pic-nic-ing 'em
Sat: till our necks a rick in 'em
We turned again t'wards Twickenham.
And paid our punts, for tickin' 'em
They don't quite see at Twickenham.

Abortive Attempt to Blow up the Houses of Parliament.

As if the nine pounds of gunpowder, with a slow match attached, found by the police at three o'clock in the morning of last Monday se'nnight in the neighbourhood of the House of Commons, could effect this! The feeble incendiaries who made this childish attempt are hereby warned that the only person licensed to blow up the Houses of Parliament, and all in them, whether Lords or Commons, is *Mr. Punch*, and that this well-deserved duty is religiously performed every week during the Session.

RIDDLE (by a distinguished Haytian).—What Shakspearian character ought to keep a Hotel? *Hotello*.

A NEW ERA FOR THE DRAMA.

By all means let us have Continuations. We do not refer to that portion of the masculine wardrobe which is usually put on before the vest and the coat; far be it from us to assert that the men of England need any advice to eschew Highlanderism. We allude to Continuations of Plays. When an author has invented a series of characters, and has worked out a plot, why should not another author steal his characters, and taking such hints for a second story as he can obtain from the first, put the old lot on the stage? It is much easier than original composition. The experiment has lately been tried, and though the intellectual deficiencies of the second author seem to have caused the result to be a Mull, another effort in the same line may be luckier. We suggest that at Drury Lane Theatre, about to open for the legitimate drama, the novel expedient should be resorted to, and we learn from good authority that another aspiring young dramatist has submitted to MR. CHATTERTON a Continuation of *Othello*. It is called, *The Moor of Venice, or a Year After*. We all know the end of the SHAKSPEARIAN play. *Othello* stabs himself, and falls. The second SHAKSPEARE has supposed, that, owing to a want of anatomical knowledge, *Othello* missed a vital part and slowly recovered. *Iago* is tortured to death before the audience, and *Emilia*, who was but slightly wounded, becomes, of course, a widow, and resolves to marry *Othello*, who, as *Iago* states, had, before the opening of play No. 1, paid her marked attentions. But *Bianca*, who breaks with *Cassio*, on account of his having become a confirmed drunkard, is *Emilia's* rival, and moreover turns out to be an unrecognised daughter of *Brabantio*, by whose death she has become rich. We do not propose to injure the success of the piece by detailing the progress of the plot, but all ends happily, and the grand scene at the end where *Othello*, now Doge of Venice, goes on the "Canal" to perform the celebrated ceremonial of the Marriage of the Waters, will demand all MR. BEVERLEY's best energies to do it justice. The theatrical public may be congratulated on the new device for its entertainment.

WHEN is a crop likely to be deceptive? When 'it is all your rye.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



man, Blackguardian, municipal councillor, beadle, or other obstructive.

MR. J. A. SMITH most properly asked MR. HARDY whether Parliament ought to separate without providing the means of summary interference, where vestries or others should neglect their duty in regard to sanitary measures at this crisis. MR. HARDY promised a large Bill, next year, for dealing with such subjects, hoped that the new Health Act would do good, and distinctly said that Local Authorities were now On Their Trial, and that if they failed, their powers must be transferred. As they certainly *will* fail, we advise that the new Bill be framed on the basis that they have done so.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITH is uneasy about the designs of France or Italy, but LORD STANLEY was unable to make any answer to the question of the honourable and uneasy gentleman. It is a comfort that *semper vigilat in ade Lar, Darbius*.

We agreed with MR. WATKIN that it was inexpedient to talk any more about Currency. MR. GILPIN hoped that the Government would consider the subject deeply during the recess. If it will be of any assistance to MR. DISRAELI, we beg to place at his disposal the information that a Bank Note is nothing but a Mint Certificate, and when we say Mint, we do not mean *Mentha viridis*, usually served up to spoil lamb, but the coin manufactory on Tower Hill.

It is not exactly comforting to be told by SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, Lord of Admiralty, that the Navy is in a most unsatisfactory condition, and that after spending Seventy Millions in Seven years, we have scarcely any ships in Reserve for an emergency. Still, such of us as are unfortunate enough to keep servants know that when a new housemaid comes, the kind soul of Materfamilias is worried out of her with the fresh comer's incessant complaints that not a brush, dust-pan, or duster is serviceable, that the house is in a shocking condition, and that she will have enough to do for a month at least in putting things straight. But go to work, SIR JOHN.

The Indemnity Bill was passed. The law ordains that a lot of oaths shall be taken by all sorts of persons, and by way of illustrating the value it sets on such profane nonsense, it always steps in at the end of a Session with an intimation that if the oaths have not been taken "it is of no consequence." The farce ought to be called the Toors Act.

Also the Extradition Bill was passed. LORD STANLEY had charge of it, and MR. MILL said that if his Lordship were always to be Foreign Secretary, no further security against the mis-use of that law could be wanted, but "as we were not likely to be always so favoured" (do you already hear those cries of "Divide, divide," in a crammed house, at 2 P.M., MR. MILL?) the operation of the measure had better be limited to a year. LORD STANLEY assented.

Tuesday. That discreet and venerated nobleman, LORD WESTMEATH, made complaint to LORD DERBY touching Ritualistic practices. To him the Earl gravely replied, that the business concerned the BISHOP OF LONDON, who was absent, but that such practices were to be deprecated, as mischievous, although no doubt the Church allowed much latitude to her priests. By the way, when the Bishops shall have extinguished the Candles on the Altars, some indignant Ritualist will probably exclaim (if such persons can understand POPE) that the poet's prophecy is fulfilled, and

"Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires."

The Commons met for the last night of debate. MR. WALPOLE vindicated MR. KNOX, the Magistrate, for a judgment which he had given in a Hyde Park riot case, and who had well remarked to a complainer, "Do not blame a constable for a chance blow, but blame those who turned the scum and refuse of the town on its peaceable inhabitants." As *Mr. Punch* has already signified, the feeling of all lovers of order is with the excellent Beak who is so savagely abused by the friends of Roughianism.

There was not much to amuse us, except a hope by MR. AYRTON, when the Public Schools Bill was withdrawn, that we should soon abandon unsuccessful attempts to teach

the classic languages to the Middle Class. Gracious, what a tyrannical and exclusive wish! Shall only the haughty aristocrat read *Horace*, must a man have a coronet ere he can open *Cornelius Nepos*, and shall *Terence* be a shut book to all but the Territorials? The spirit of the age is against such bigotry, and if it is to be practised, *Punch* himself will raise the banner of revolt, and organise a Free Latin League.

Nothing more until *Friday*, when LORD DERBY PROROGUED LORD PALMERSTON'S PARLIAMENT.

Before that operation, some questions were asked, but they were not particularly interesting, and seemed to have been put for the sake of saying something, just as one asks one's third cousin how his wife is, or how he likes his new house. An exception occurred in the case of a query put to LORD STANLEY by SIR GEORGE BOWYER, who demanded whether France were not demanding a cession of territory by Prussia. LORD STANLEY only knew that communications to that effect were going on. So! His IMPERIAL MAJESTY begins to think of "picking up the pieces." We trust that We did not put it into his head.

Our ROYAL MISTRESS said, *ad* LORD CHELMSFORD, That *She*

Was happy to release her Lords and Gentlemen.

Had watched the German War with anxious interest, had not interfered, and hoped that negotiations would produce a lasting peace.

Had all but suppressed Fenianism in Ireland.

Was rejoiced at the loyalty of Canada and the good faith of the United States, in regard to the Fenian nuisance.

Was that the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland could be terminated.

Was much obliged for Supplies.

Regretted the Monetary Pressure. It was not sensibly mitigated, but alarm was subsiding.

Was grateful for the diminution of the Cattle Plague.

Deplored the Visitation of Cholera, had given directions for Prayer, and cordially approved the Legislative remedies that had been provided.

Hoped that the latter would be vigorously carried out.

Rejoiced in the success of the Atlantic Telegraph, and—

Dismissed Parliament with the usual admonition and assurance.

There was no mention of *Mr. Punch* in the speech, but his Royal Lady and he understand one another, and he will only add that Her pleasure in dismissing Parliament is only equalled by his own. *Toby*, is the portmanteau locked? Call a Hansom. Jump in, dog. To the Great Northern Railway. *O rus quando?*

PUNCH.

* See PUNCH, No. 1801.

He and She.

WHEN spooney He, on leaving Her,
Looks, loving, back, and sees
In a white cambric cloud a stir
Made by the passing breeze,
Let him, ere blest with foud belief,
This to himself propose—
Or does she wave her handkerchief?
Or does she blow her nose?

Railway Arrangement.

WE should be happy to be enabled to announce that all the Railway Companies, considering the danger of extortion to which male passengers travelling singly are exposed, have determined on running distinct carriages for unattended females, who will not be permitted to enter any other.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEA.

LET us shout for the Land of the Brave ;
 Let us roar for the Isle of the Free !
 Ne'er shall one foreign foe,
 With the tip of his toe,
 Touch Britannia, the Queen of the Sea.
 Rule Britannia the Queen of the Sea.
 Reign Britannia, the Queen of the Sea.
 She did always, of yore,
 And she shall, evermore,
 Reign Britannia, the Queen of the Sea.

Wooden walls were our bulwarks of old,
 But of iron they now are to be ;
 When our sea-walls we've got,
 Which at present we've not ;
 But Britannia's the Queen of the Sea.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Other nations have navies of steel ;
 Iron-clads we have got two or three.
 Never mind. Who's afraid
 A descent can be made
 On Britannia the Queen of the Sea ?
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Though our souls are with business engrossed,
 Yet ten times seven millions have we
 In experiments spent ;
 Goodness knows how it went :
 But Britannia's the Queen of the Sea.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Railway Members, and Members for Trade,
 Legislation for England decree :
 Parliamentary snobs,
 Have connived at gross jobs :
 Still Britannia's the Queen of the Sea.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Let us hope with all maritime Powers,
 That we still shall contrive to agree,
 Whilst creating a fleet,
 Fit their navies to meet :
 For Britannia, the Queen of the Sea.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

WHO WRITES THE TIME-BOOKS ?

DEAR PUNCH,

You know everybody ; pray do you know the author of the railway time-tables and time-books ? Because, if so, I wish you would just tell him, with my most respectful compliments, that I wish he would be earlier in sending in his "copy" for those interesting works. Trains usually are changed upon the first day of the month, and the time-books as a rule are never ready to be published till the morning of that day. To be of service, then, they clearly should be issued a week earlier, so that one may lay one's plans beforehand for one's journeys, and be saved from the annoyance of arriving at a station just in time to be too late.

I travel a good deal, and have spoilt a splendid temper through the trains which I have missed by not having a time-book, there being none procurable until the day on which the times are altered for the trains. The mysteries of a time-book are not easy to unravel, and on this account alone, if for no other reason, the time-books should be issued considerably before their information is required. Just touch up the talented author who employs his time in writing them, and bid him be in time in telling us the times, and thus save from countless miseries your tormented,

VAGABUNDUS.

Animal Instinct.

THE Sea-Bear has whispered to his friend and Keeper that the grief he feels at the death of the Sea-Cow on its passage to England and the Zoological Gardens (which the Seal broke to him), is not unbearable. The creature is supposed to have been alarmed for the popularity he now enjoys—to have felt it was fishy.

INTERESTING TO SMOKERS.

A NOVEL is announced, called *Brought to Light*. It may be very good. And we know many that are certainly as fit to be made Spills.

A SAND-PIPERS' WHISTLE.

IN its largest type, 'as indeed, befits the terrible occasion, MR. BRIGHT's organ inserts the following frightful announcement from a Correspondent, DR. SANDPIPER, of Kars :—

"I firmly believe that under the present Government the lives of such men as MR. BRIGHT and MR. BEALES are unsafe, and I am confirmed in this belief by sundry observations I hear in society."

Unhappily, we are enabled to confirm the terrors of the writer. We had been disposed to give a contemptuous toleration to the existing Cabinet, which is but temporary, because we think, with the late DUKE OF WELLINGTON, that it is generally the duty of a good citizen to support the QUEEN's Government *de facto*. But we now denounce that Government, and swear to do our utmost for its overthrow. It seeks the lives of BEALES and BRIGHT. We are in possession of facts. LORD DERBY has sworn by St. Joan (a family oath, referring to his ancestress, Joan of Aldithly) that he will eat no pheasant of 1866 until he has received the head of BEALES at Knowsley, carriage paid, and no fee to porter. We need not say what this means, when uttered in the hearing of remorseless sycophants. Several attacks have already been made upon MR. BEALES, and though he has been hitherto providentially unharmed in consequence of the thickness of his skull, who shall say that this will always be proof against the ruffianism of the blood-thirsty scions of aristocracy ? THOMAS A BECKETT fell in the Canterbury Cathedral, and BEALES may be destined to a like fate in the Canterbury Hall. *Uxor ex Ovis*, as MR. GLADSTONE says, may arise, but even if Bones should jump down from among the other Ethiopians, and revenge BEALES in the most sanguinary manner, what atonement is this to a bereaved nation ? But BRIGHT is not destined to succumb to the private vengeance of the haughty Lord of Derby. An impeachment, with a packed majority in the Houses, is to send BRIGHT to the block.

"The House impeach him, Conscience harangues."

Yes, the malice of MR. DISRAELI is at length to be satisfied. His imaginative eye already sees the end, the shouted verdict, the awful sentence, the dreadful array on Tower Hill. He hears the toll of St. Peter ad Vincula. He beholds WILBERFORCE vainly trying to induce the faithful Quaker to give some sign of attachment to the Church of England, if it be only to bless a beadle. He sees WHALLEY, in his Protestant mask, preparing the axe for the deadly enemy of all Jesuitism. He marks ODGER weeping, RODGERS in convulsions, BUBB bellowing for a rescue, and GILL trembling lest his own dark doom be near. Then, with a face calm as young *Alroy's* when led to the stake, the Oriental Minister turns to the savage CAIRNS, and bids him, at the peril of his own life, be sure that the forms of law are duly observed. But the hatred of the tyrants may yet be baffled. We tell them to their cruel faces that their prey may foil them yet. It can do no harm, now, to reveal, that BEALES may pass at any moment through Temple Bar in the disguise of an organ-grinder, and no minion of MAYNE shall detect the patriot ; or that MR. BRIGHT fishes peacefully in a secret salmon-stream while DISRAELI rages and thirsts for his blood. Yet the warning is well given, HUMPHREY of Kars, Correspondent of the *Star*. Well whistled, HUMPHREY SANDPIPER, and the observations we hear in society, touching thee, would well reward thee for thy noble patriotism.

THE EPITAPH OF THE SESSION.

AUGUST 10, 1866.

HERE lies the Session that has ended,
 Whereof "the least said soonest mended."
 It talked a deal about Reform,
 And lashed itself into a storm,
 That nigh wrecked GLADSTONE's reputation,
 Lifted LOWE high, and bored the nation :
 BEALES and his roughs brought 'bout our ears,
 And moved a WALPOLE's pious tears.
 Turned out the measures and the men
 That now we are calling for again :
 And gave us men, who can't pass measures,
 Nor serve our profits or our pleasures.
 Six hundred M.P.'s six months' skill
 It used and hardly passed a Bill.
Sic transit, to the Banks of Styx,
 Session no-Session, Sixty-six !

Tell us, in a Word,

WHEN the Park rascals come—what they ought to get—and who ought to deal with them ?
 Nox—knocks—KNOX.



ETIQUETTE IN KNICKERBOCKERS.

(CECIL TINEYTIMB IS GOING TO SPEND THE HOLIDAYS WITH HIS COUSINS IN THE COUNTRY.)

Mamma. "NOW, THEN, CECIL DEAR, ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU HAVE GOT EVERYTHING THAT YOU WANTED TO TAKE!"

Cecil. "YES, MAMMA. (After thought.) ONLY I WISH YOU WOULD SEND ME SOME VISITING CARDS, WITH 'MR. TINEYTIMB ON THEM, FOR ME TO LEAVE AT HOUSES.'"

THE FLEET OF THE FUTURE.

"THE Fleet of the Future,"—what d'ye mean?
The Fleet that in times to come will be seen,
When the great case of COLES *v.* REED has been tried,
Cupola principle versus broadside;
When we've fought the duel 'twixt plate and gun,
Wood and iron, armour and none;
Between *Monitor* and *Achilles* model,
New-fashioned ram, and old style of noddle;
When all these questions and scores beside,
(That my Lords to come will have to abide)
Are docketed, pigeon-holed, red-tape tied,
The wonderful fleet we then shall see,
Will that "The Fleet of the Future" be?

No, "The Fleet of the Future," whereof this week,
Mr. Punch takes leave his mind to speak,
Is the fleet that as yet we cannot see,
The fleet that is always about to be,
The fleet for which our millions we spend,
To a tune that seems to have no end,
Board after Board, and year after year,
But that never seems a whit more near.
The Fleet that from CLARENCE PAGET is due,
And the wonderful DUKE OF SOMERSET too,
That most egregious "administrator,"
Whose zeal and honesty beat all natur',
But who somehow, though with PAGET to plan,
And STANSFELD and CHILDERS to sum and scan,
With a REED to settle scantling and stuff,
And no JOEY HUMS to cry "Hold enough!"

Has been trying in vain, with all his might,
To bring as the "Fleet of the Future" to light.

When will this "Fleet of the Future" appear?
This twelvemonth, or this time a hundred year?
When Dockyard waste is at an end:
When the Dockyards can show how much they spend;
When we set ship-builders to building of ships,
And overhauling of docks and slips,
Instead of admirals from half-pay,
And naval captains who've had their day,
Nor when after five years' bungling they learn
A little about the vast concern,
Keep turning them out and appointing others,
As ignorant as their naval brothers—
When that sort of child's play ceases to be,
The "Fleet of the Future" hope to see.

Till then, while JOHN BULL, ass-like, bears
His burden with patient back and ears,
Let the Services pile on his shoulders broad
Never so huge and heavy a load;
While he lets Routine lead Common Sense
Through the quicksands of waste, the slough of expense;
While he doffs experience curtly aside,
And snubs suggestion, in asinine pride;
Till he sweeps, with a besom new and stout,
His Admiralty Augean out;
Be it SOMERSET, PAKINGTON, in the chair,
Be it PAGET or LENNOX for *Secrétaire*,
Our Fleet still a "Fleet of the Future" will be,
And England, instead of her ships, at sea.



“THE CRITIC” (SLIGHTLY ALTERED).

TILBURINA. “I SEE THE FLEETS APPROACH—I SEE—”

FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY. “THE BRITISH FLEET THOU CANST NOT SEE—
BECAUSE—IT IS NOT YET IN SIGHT!”

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(Collected in Happy Days.)



URPRISING! I couldn't get that man in a punt out of my head, so I found in my note-book a few mems about fishing. It it there recorded as a—

Happy Thought, that I would stop in a small house near a running stream for a few days, on my road to the Feudal Castle, which is, I hear, to let. There is a meadow between my lodging and the river. It is a fishing village, and the natives generally wear high boots, so as to be ready to go into the water in pursuit of their favourite amusement! and business at any hour. I believe they sleep in their boots.

First Morning,

after breakfast.—Put on my landlord's big boots and walk in the meadow. Man in a small boat fishing; ask him civilly what he's doing. He answers, without taking his eye off his hook, and being disturbed, he answers gruffly, "Dibbling for chub."

I watched him dibbling. Dibbling appears to consist in sitting still in a boat and holding a rod with the line not touching the water. A fish to be caught by dibbling must be a fool, as he has to come four inches nearly out of the water in order to get at the bait. Luxurious fish they must be too! epicures of fish, for the bait is [a bumble, or humble, bee. The moral effect on a Dibbler is to make him uncommonly sulky. All the villagers dabble, and are all more or less sulky.

End of First Hour of watching the man dibbling for Chub.—Man never spoke; no fish. He is still dibbling.

End of Second Hour.—I have been watching him; one chub came to the surface. He wasn't to be dibbled; man still dibbling.

End of Third Hour.—I fancy I've been asleep; the man faded away from me gradually. I am awake, and he is still dibbling for chub.

End of Fourth Hour.—I begin to feel hungry. I ask him if he's going to leave off for luncheon; he shakes his head once, and goes on dibbling. Much dibbling would soon fill Hanwell.

Fifth Hour.—I have had luncheon and sherry; I come down the meadow in the landlord's boots. Man still dibbling; no chub. I think I will amuse him with a joke, which I have prepared at luncheon. I say, jocosely, "What the *dibble* are you doing?" He answers, without taking his eye away from his line, "I'll punch your 'ed, if you ain't quiet." I try to explain that it was only a joke, and beg him not to be angry. He says, "I'll let you know if I'm angry or not;" but he goes on dibbling, and I say no more.

Eighth Hour.—I have been asleep again; it is getting damp. Man still dibbling. I ask him politely if there is any chance of catching a chub to-day. He says, "Not while you sit there chattering." Whereupon I rise (which is more than the fish do) and wish him a very good night. At ten o'clock I notice him in the clear moonlight still dibbling. Up and down the stream there are dibblers. To-morrow I shall dabble.

To-morrow.—I am divided between two suggestions. A man interested in me as far as letting his boat out goes, says, "Go out a dibbling for chub?" The landlord, disinterested, says, "Sniggle." I ask, "Sniggle for chub?" He pities me, and answers, "No, sniggle for eels." So, I am divided: dibbling for chubb, or sniggle for eels: that is the question. The man with a boat settles it, like a Solomon. "Dibble," says he, "by day: sniggle," says he, "by night." That's his idea of life. It gives me an idea for a song. The fisherman's chant:—

Oh! the Fisherman is a happy wight!
He dabbles by day, and he sniggles by night.

He trolls for fish, and he trolls his lay—
He sniggles by night, and he dabbles by day.
Oh, who so merry as he!
On the river or the sea!
Sniggle
Wriggle
Eels, and higgling
Over the price
Of a nice
Slice
Of fish, twice
As much as it ought to be.

Let me request MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN to put a little old English music to this, and if he'll bring a piano on board the gallant punt, I'll sing it for him, anywhere he likes to mention, on the river Thames.

Oh, the Fisherman is a happy man!
He dabbles and sniggles, and fills his can!
With a sharpen'd hook and a sharper eye,
He sniggles and dabbles for what comes by.
Oh, who so merry as he!
On the river or the sea!
Dibbling
Nibbling
Chub, and quibbling
Over the price
Of a nice
Slice
Of fish, twice
As much as it ought to be.

They tell me chub are good eating, when caught by dibbling. The village children are all fed upon it; in fact, I guessed as much, from noting their chubby faces. (N.B. Nobody, here, sees a joke. I try some jokes on the landlord. I tried the song on the landlord; he liked it very much, and demanded it three times. N.B. I've since found out that he's a trifle deaf in *one* ear, and the other has got no notion of tune. He was under the impression that I had been singing *God Save the Queen*.)

Third Day.—In bed: having been out all yesterday dibbling, and all night sniggle. Caught nothing, except (the landlord knows this joke and always laughs at it) a violent cold. I have no books, and no papers. I shall compose my epitaph:—

"Here lies a Sniggle and a Dibbler.
Hooked it at last."

Then a few lines on a Shakespearian model might come in—

To sniggle or to dabble, that's the question!
Whether to bait a hook with worm or bumble,
Or take up arms of any sea, some trouble
To fish, and then home send 'em. To fly—to whip—
To moor and tie my boat up by the end
To any wooden post, or natural rock
We may be near to, on a Preservation
Devoutly to be fished. To fly—to whip—
To whip! perchance two bream;—and there's the chub!

The Doctor has just come in to say my head must be kept cool. He allows me to write this note, and then I must take a soporific. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my dibbling and sniggle! Good night.

Postscriptum. I re-open my dairy (that's rather funny, because I mean "diary") to say that I've been able to go out in the garden in a Bath chair. I asked what I could do to amuse myself for an hour in the Bath chair. The landlord said, "Dabble for trout." What extraordinary lives these people lead! The Boots was out all last night, sniggle. Whether he was successful or not, I do not know, as he was discharged on his return.

Six Years Before, at the Olympic.

MR. PUNCH, who forgets nothing, begs to compliment MR. JOHN OXFORD on a couple of prophetic lines from his pen. They were first uttered by MRS. EMDEN, on the 26th December, 1860, in *Timour the Tartar*:—

"For he who goes, though seemingly in clover,
Too oft to OVEREND, ends in going over."

A CHOP AT THE CHURCH.

THE Irish Church is certainly done for now. On the episcopal throne of Meath, LORD DERBY has seated a BUTCHER. Is the Cathedral dedicated to St. Mary Axe?

THE UNITED STATES.—England and America.

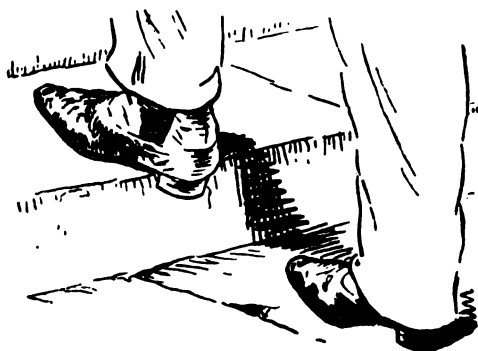
THE SEVEN AGES (IN A NEW STYLE OF ART).



"At first, the Infant"—A BOUNDLESS SENSE OF ENJOYMENT DELICATELY GIVEN IN THE SECOND TOE OF THE RIGHT FOOT.



"And then, the whining Schoolboy, creeping like Snail"—UNDER AN OVERPOWERING SENSE OF UNWILLINGNESS, DELICATELY SHOWN IN THE FORESHORTENING OF THE LEFT HEEL.



"And then the Lover"—NOTABLY PAYING A VISIT TO HIS "MISTRESS," AT HER PAPA'S BELGIAN MANSION. VERY BEAUTIFUL IN THE LINGERING BUT RHYTHMICAL STRIDE THAT FAULTLESSLY INDICATES A SONNET WHOLLY TO "EYE-BROW."



"Then a Soldier"—THE WRINKLES IN HIS RIGHT BOOT MARVELLOUSLY SUGGESTIVE OF "STRANGE OATHS;" THE LEFT ALTOGETHER BETOKENING HIS HONOURABLE JEALOUSY; BOTH FEET MARCHING, FULL OF POWER, AFTER THE "BURBLES REPUTATION" AS FAST AS THEY CAN GO AT QUICK MARCH: THE CHIEF PRACTICAL OUTCOME OF THIS MATTER BEING THE SUBTLE SUGGESTION THAT THE LOVER, FAILING TO ENGAGE THE AFFECTIONS OF HIS LADY, HAS ENLISTED IN THE GRANADIERES.



"Then the Justice"—SUCH "TOPS" AS ONLY DARE BE WORN BY ONE WHOSE "FAIR, ROUND BELLY" IS LINED WITH GOOD CAPON (NOT TO SAY, BEEF AND ALE): WHOSE "EYE SEVERE" MATCHES A FORMAL-OUT MUTTON-CHOP WHISKER. SEE, ALSO, WITH WHAT DELICATE FEELING THE "WISE SAWS" ARE EXPRESSED IN THE SOLE OF THE RIGHT BOOT.



"The Sixth Age shifts into the lean and slippered"—A MOST PATHETIC PICTURE. NOTE HOW THE TURNING OF THE TOES BEARS MASTERLY WITNESS TO THE ONCE MANLY VOICE PIPING AND WHISTLING "IN HIS SOUND." BUT A REAL STROKE OF GENIUS, THE MANIFEST IMPOSSIBILITY OF SUCH SLIPPERS BEING WORN SO DOWN AT HEEL WITHOUT "SPECTACLES ON NOSE."



"Last Some of All"—SAYS EVERYTHING. EXCEPT A FOOT-BATH, WHICH SHAKESPEARE FORGOT TO MENTION.

To a Jolly Young Waterman.

(Advice from an Old Bird.)

Go well forward, and feather your oar
As long as you can; but, when no more
You're able to row, and your oar works o'er,
You'll settle down with pleasure to rest,
If you haven't forgotten to feather your nest.

Ichthyological.

"The LORD CHANCELLOR has conferred the vacant living of St. Margaret Pattens on our excellent sub-editor, the Rev. J. L. FISH, M.A., of Exeter College."—*John Bull*.

A WISE appointment. Long, in sacred togs,
May this good priest read vespers and read matins:
But though we've often seen a Sole in Clogs,
We never saw before a Fish in Pattens.

GRIMALKIN FOR GAROTTERS.

No less than six roughs, two of them garotters, convicted at Manchester Assizes, of robbery with violence, were sentenced the other day by MR. JUSTICE LUSH, to be, in addition to penal servitude, flogged with the cat-o'-nine-tails. Their united terms of slavery amount to thirty-two years, and the sum total of the number of lashes which they were to receive is one hundred and twenty. Before passing sentence on these rascals the learned Judge delivered a few admirable observations, the point of which consisted in the announcement that he should, at the present assizes, as he had done at the last, avail himself of the new powers given him by the statute, of inflicting punishment by the lash in addition to the ordinary terms of imprisonment and penal servitude. He further expressed the opinion, which cannot be too enthusiastically cheered, that it would be the duty of the rest of Her Majesty's Judges to pursue the course he was himself adopting. His Lordship then proceeded to dispose of the gentlemen in the dock, with a discretion whereby, according to the subjoined extract from a police report, which will be regarded by every truly benevolent mind as most agreeable reading—

"Michael Carroll and Aaron Alcock (who had just been convicted of a street robbery) were sentenced to five years' penal servitude each, and two dozen lashes each with the cat-o'-nine-tails.

"Mark Pagan, (convicted of having, with two others not in custody, committed a garotte robbery, leaving the victim insensible)—five years' penal servitude and eighteen lashes.

"Michael John Flaherty, (who had pleaded guilty on two indictments, of having committed two garotte robberies on successive days, 12th and 18th February)—seven years' penal servitude and eighteen lashes.

"Peter Kelly and William Wright, (robbery with violence)—five years' penal servitude and eighteen lashes."

Among the judicious remarks with which MR. JUSTICE LUSH prefaced his dictation of these excellent arrangements for the defence of the community, was the proposition that—"The object of punishment was not so much to inflict pain on the criminal as to deter others from committing offences of a like character." Just so. Not so much. Still the object of such punishment as that of flogging, administered to a garotter, is very much indeed to inflict pain on the criminal. The garotter is, in general, unfortunately devoid of "the heart that can feel for another." He possesses, however, a skin that can feel for himself. Therein, to restrain him from the repetition of cruelty, it is necessary to make him feel very acutely. If there is in his nature any degree of latent sympathy, inactive from want of imagination, it can be stimulated to due activity only by a whipping which will give him considerable pain. All that pain is economy of pain; of so much pain as it saves respectable people from suffering by brutal violence.

The ruffians sentenced to the lash by JUDGE LUSH have received their discipline in the presence of several of the prison officials and visiting Justices. In one or two cases the effect was excellent. But it would have been more excellent had there been also present several foot-pads. The flagellation of a garotter should always be witnessed by as many convicts as the place of punishment will hold, together with all the roughs that can be got, by a distribution of tickets, to come and see their fellow-man undergo the degrading punishment of the scourge, unfortunately necessary with a view to their own instruction, and, if possible, to render him gentle and good.

Some out of the six scoundrels whipped at Manchester, being pachydermatous, made a show of bravado. To preclude this in future, let all such offenders be sentenced to be flogged two or three times.

CELEBRITY FOR SAMUEL, BROTHERS.

The subjoined announcement has gone the round of the papers:—

"NEW MEDICAL CLUB.—A new Club is to be established for the medical profession. It is to be called 'The Sydenham,' in honour of the celebrated Physician of the time of CHARLES THE FIRST."

The intended Medical Club had much better be called "The Harvey." The discoverer of the circulation of the blood is the most celebrated physician of the time of CHARLES THE FIRST, or of any subsequent reign. HARVEY is a greater name than SYDENHAM, and though it is associated with a popular sauce as well as with a grand physiological discovery, it is not prejudiced by a disadvantage so ludicrous as that of association with a puff and a pair of trousers. As sure as fate, if the new Medical Club is named "The Sydenham," it will be nicknamed "The Seventeen-six."

Private Telegram.

(Came to hand at 85, Fleet Street.)

I've got all my guns ready, and am quite prepared for the shooting season.

Paris: L. N.

NARROW ESCAPE.—A Fire Escape.

LA MER DE GLACE.

"—— Vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto."—HORACE.
"CARVING TO GLASS."—TIMES.

WHEN Dædalus to Icarus gave
(Dreaming the sea should be no more
A barrier between shore and shore)
Wings for his flight across the wave,

Fair Science, weak in infancy,
Gave the Adventurer only fame;
He sank, and dying left the name
Icarian to the glassy wave.

The centuries unrolled, until
The full-armed Goddess now appears,
Grown wise beneath the weight of years,
And strong with a diviner will.

Another Dædalus comes, to join
Two worlds in one with magic chain;
The golden age is come again;
Peace moves along the ætæic line.

Peace comes, that shall no longer pass;
And all the world, with loud acclaim,
Old ocean hails with happier name,
The sea of peace, the Sea of GLASS.

"THE ENGLISH NEVER SHALL REIGN IN FRANCE."

(Communicated.)

UNHAPPY France! Unhappy Emperor!

The words, or some like them, have been read before, but it is the destiny of history to repeat itself, with variations.

We also repeat Unhappy France, Unhappy Emperor!

Both lie prostrate. Who shall lift them up? Not all the Emperor's horses and all the Emperor's men.

The *Courier du Dimanche* has been suppressed.

It was—alas that we write in the past tense—an admirable journal. It was read chiefly by the educated classes in this our beloved France. Among its writers have been—we accept the enumeration of the British radical print, *L'Etendard*—the leading men of the French press—JULES SIMON, PRINCE DE BROGLIE, J. DE LASTEYRIE, DUVERGIER DE HAURANNE, VICTOR COUSIN, COUNT D'HAUSSONVILLE, JOHN LEMOINNE, EUGÈNE PELLETAN, ST. MARC GIRARDIN, J. J. WEISS, EDOUARD HERVÉ, ALFRED ASSOLANT, ALPHONSE KARR, and many others whose names are not known in England, though enjoying a high reputation here.

It is suppressed. M. DE LAVALETTE reports to the Emperor, and NAPOLEON, by the Grace of God and the National Will Emperor of the French, considers, and crushes.

Even to down-trodden France some pretence of a national reason must be given by the Emperor of the National Will. We are told of an article by PRÉVOST PARADOL, insulting France by representing her as spoliated, beaten, stupified, and degraded by recent events of war.

PRÉVOST PARADOL is a profound thinker, a brilliant wit, and a true Frenchman. Such men do not slander their country. The pretext is infamously transparent.

Here is the paragraph in the article of M. PARADOL, which has brought suppression to the *Courier*, and the true humiliation to France, her Sovereign, and her Press:—

"Our birds of prey are already croaking with delight at the news of the disturbances in London—a riotous multitude, a few policemen beaten, gates pulled down, a fool trying in vain to restrain the mob he has himself excited, and reduced to say, according to custom—'I must follow them, as I am their chief!' What a delightful spectacle for those whom the too uniform spectacle of the freedom and prosperity of England annoys as a reproach, or haunts as remorse."

Whom does M. PARADOL mean by his Fool?

It is not for us to say.

But the *Courier* of the 29th July had scarcely been received in the Refrom Clubb, in Picadilli, when a telegram flashed to the Tuileries—

One Beales, colleague of Bright, denounces the Vile Caitiff of the *Courier*, and demands vengeance.

Messages are carefully delivered to the Tuileries. DE LAVALETTE, the Emperor by the national will, the suppression, are but the logical consequences of that flash.

One BEALES reigns in France as in England.

Unhappy France! Unhappy Emperor!

EDMOND ABOO.

THE FASTEST THING GOING.—A Hunting Watch.



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 1.

MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES PREPARES FOR A SKETCHING EXPEDITION IN THE HIGHLANDS. LEAVING THE BEATEN TRACK, SHE WILL ESTABLISH HERSELF IN SOME REMOTE FARMHOUSE WHERE SHE CAN FIND READY ACCESS TO FINE SCENERY AND QUIET OPPORTUNITIES FOR PRACTISING HER ART. SHE SUPERINTENDS THE PACKING UP OF A FEW NECESSARIES. (To be Continued.)

SONG IN PENAL SERVITUDE.

I'm a Rough, I'm a Rough as practised the garotte.
Has for me and Reform I've ad that ot and ot.
The effects on the back ow I still feels 'em smart;
But I ope that the lesson has gone to my art.

I've been whipped, I've been whipped! Eighteen lashes I took,
And didn't I find it a treat with a ook!
Eighteen cuts with the Cat was than hever a knife:
Never spent a ten minutes so bad in my life!

Some the Chaplain's dewout exhortations don't touch,
But the blest cat-o'-nine-tails I feels werry much;
And, with all due respect to the Reverend Gent,
My conversion I owes to that there instrument.

Wen my five years is up—now I knows wot is pain—
Whosoever I robs I'll from wilence abstain!
I've been whipped, I've been whipped; I've been chastened,
yer see,
Hand the Cat to repentance is all wot brought me.

Which way the Cat should Jump.

SEVERAL scoundrel Garotters have been soundly and properly flogged at Manchester. As one of MR. DICKENS'S ladies remarks, "Their owls was horgans," and organs which, we hope, will intimate to the garotting world generally that society is pleased to see the cat jump in such a direction.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.—We believe that it was simply for the sake of making a bad pun, that somebody the other day reported there had been a brush near to Lake Como.

OUR WOODEN WALLS.

CAN anybody tell us of what use are all the obsolete old wooden yellow hulks, which lie rotting at Sheerness and our other naval dock-yards? They are clearly not kept floating for any warlike purpose, for in these days of rams and ironclads they are both harmless and defenceless. The *Miantonomoh* could sink them with a couple of shots apiece, and then steam away unhurt by all the broadsides they could blaze at her. What it yearly costs to paint them, and keep them at their moorings, is more than we can guess; but it is clearly a waste of money to let all this *inutile lignum* lie rotting in our harbours, when it might be sold for firewood, and so return a few pounds of the thousands it has cost. Will somebody in Parliament just ask why our old hulks are kept afloat when useless for any warlike end? We have no doubt a good answer to this question can be given: but we know that *ex quo vis ligno non fit Mercurius*, and wooden heads are sometimes connected with the management of England's wooden walls.

More Justice for Ireland.

JUSTICE, whose fillet slipped of late
Down over both her ears;
Now bends her back beneath the weight
Of five-and-eighty years.

AN UNPLEASANT REMINDER.

If the tiresome street-children beg any of the Members of the late Government to "Remember the Grotto," how painfully their words must force them to Remember the Cave!

EVIDENT.—With what material ought the Needle Rifles to be loaded? Gun cotton, of course.



WHAT WITH EIGHT PER CENT. DISCOUNT AND NOBODY IN TOWN, OUR "BUS" CONDUCTOR CAN TAKE IT EASY!

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

WE have received numerous inquiries about the Vacation Judge in Chambers. Our Legal Young Man has undertaken to give our readers all the necessary information.

The Vacation Judge is the only Judge left in town during Vacation. He is the "last rose of Summer left blooming alone, all his pleasant companions are faded and gone."

It is, generally speaking, a punishment (the only one which can be inflicted upon so high a legal functionary) for bad behaviour during term time, and is, evidently, the very opposite of College Rustication.

His duties are light, but this is small compensation for the long imprisonment. He spends his time in starting imaginary objections, in taking notes of ideal cases, in making speeches to himself before the looking-glass, and in summing-up!

When tired of this, he plays leap-frog with the chairs, and dashes his wig.

After luncheon, he amuses himself by playing on a small comb through a piece of brown paper. Smoking is strictly prohibited in Chambers, but his Lordship is not unsuccessful in keeping on the windy side of the law by putting his head out of window in order to enjoy the fragrant Havannah. At seven o'clock his dinner is brought to him, and after that he is allowed one turn on a barrel-organ. At ten o'clock he sings a little thing of SIR ROUNDELL PALMER'S composition, and retires gracefully to his couch, which has been prepared for him at an earlier hour.

Anybody may look in and see the Vacation Judge, on payment of a small fee to the clerk in the outer office. The Vacation Judge is quite quiet, and will talk to a visitor through the bars of his window, or through the keyhole of his chamber-door, with much playfulness and good temper.

Give him a joke to crack, and he will evince his gratitude in his own peculiar fashion.

Such, for the instruction of your readers, is the amount of information which I can give you about the Vacation Judge.

EXTRAORDINARY HUMILITY.—There is, among the Ritualist party, an Anglo-Catholic curate of extraordinary sanctity, who is so humble that whenever he writes in the first person, he employs a small i.

SONG OF THE GROUSE.

ATR—"Ye Mariners of Spain."

YE Members of each House,
Now resting on your oars,
Go shoot the savoury grouse,
That are lying on the Moors :
Ye gillies, brawny built,
Large if the bags should be,
Oh, great your master's guilt,
If they don't send birds to me.

The singers sing their last,
The theatres close their doors ;
Oh, take the train marked fast,
For your shootings on the Moors :
The Country and the Sea,
Bronze every cheek but mine,
The last man doomed to be,
Beside the Serpentine.

Breech-load, breech-load your guns,
And make amazing scores ;
Oh, think not of your duns—
Forget them on the Moors :
Mine is a hapless fate,
To stay, the season over—
Your boxes I'll await,
And then be off to Dover ;
One word I'll only say,
To my friends on shooting tours—
Be sure the carriage pay,
For it's heavy—from the Moors.

Cookery and Coffee.

SOMEHOW, although we are of course the cleverest people in the world, the French contrive to beat us in the making of clear coffee. When an English cook attempts to serve you "*café noir*," as he is sure to call it, he sends you up a drink that is quite thick enough to eat ; in fact, you may quite literally call it *café gnaw*.

REASONS WHY LADIES SHOULD NOT SHOP ON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

BECAUSE it is tantalising to young men who are fond of the river to be handling watered silks.

Because it is hard on young men and women who would like to be at the Crystal Palace, listening to music, to have their attention confined to lutestring, and their thoughts busy with band-boxes.

Because it would be a pleasure to see the cheeks of the girls in the cloak department mantle with the glow of health (fast colours).

Because it is better for young men, who are cricketers, to be minding the bails of their wickets than the bales of their employers, and far more agreeable to them to take part in a "tie" (both sides alike) than to tie a scarf.

Because the shop-walkers may occasionally prefer a country lane to a *crêpe laine*.

Because it is pleasanter to be shown English meadows than to be showing "Sicilian lawns."

Because if you detain young women "matching," you may prevent them making a good match elsewhere.

Because it is aggravating to young men who are Rifle Volunteers to be answering questions about shot silks, giving replies concerning drills and producing "Garibaldi's" for inspection.

Because too much of the shop may in the end bring on counterpains.

Because if it is to be all work and no play, any idea of enjoyment in life becomes mere—*illusion*.

Our Army Reserves.

IN days when Royal despotism was possible in this country, the British Public was always traditionally jealous of a Standing Army. This is no longer the case ; and now the desire of the British Public is that the British Army shall be kept up to the mark of defensive efficiency, lest our Standing Army should prove, in time of need, running army.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

WHAT town in Bohemia does a boy name when he asks his father to help him write portions of his holiday task ? Par-du-bitz.

THE FOOLERIES OF FASHION.



HERE are many feminine fools in the world! To whom but fools, for instance, can the following be addressed?—

TO THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.—Miss T., thirty years lady's maid in the highest circles of England, Paris, and Spain, will forward on receipt of thirty stamps, full directions in the new and beautiful art of getting up the face and eyes in the most brilliant style, with other recipes for the toilet, standing unrivalled. Address, Miss T., Vanity Fair, Boothia Felix.

This advertisement we quote verbatim, merely cancelling the name and changing the address. We see it every week in a journal of high standing, which has doubtless circulation among the "highest circles." By implication it would seem from the mention of those circles that the "art of getting up the face and eyes" is practised in their midst. However this may be, the advertisement must pay, or it would no longer be paid for; and we therefore feel quite justified in our extremely unpolite and barbarous assumption that there are feminine fools existing, even in high life. Surely no one but a fool would wish to ruin her complexion with disfiguring cosmetics, and blind her eyes most probably by smearing them with paint.

Surely no one but a fool would waste a score and half of stamps in learning how to make herself more ugly than by nature she may happen to be made. The art of getting up the face and eyes can never make a woman "beautiful;" on the contrary, indeed, it can only make her hideous to men of any taste. As far as a mere

face goes, what a man likes in a woman's face is something nice to look at and something clean to kiss; and he about as soon would think of kissing his cook's dredging-box as a face bedewed and plastered with pearl-powder and paint.

WHITEBAIT AND WISDOM.

"Siz," quoth a sweet ingenuous youth,
Whose blue eyes beam'd with ardent truth;
"How is it, spurning sumptuous dishes,
That great men dine on little fishes?"

"My son, great men have child-like dreams,
They love to sport in shallow streams;
Where myriads are quickly netted
With twine, hard tugs have never fretted.
The finny tribe to homely bread
By gracious Ministers are wed.
Who in that union doubtless see,
Things not reveal'd to you and me.
Then lemon's acid juices serve
To rouse of taste the latent nerve;
Apt emblem of those adverse powers
Express'd in Opposition scours,
And wanting which, ev'n place might fail
In relish, and prove flat and stale,
For gentlemen who sit at ease.
Delight to see a skilful squeeze,
And find in friends much comfort, since
We feel no pain when others wince."

Your question's answer'd now, my child,
The Politician said, and smiled.

Foreign News.

THESE is some truth in the report that MR. GUNTER has been elected King of Iceland.

The Palace has, it is said, already been fitted up for him, and all the Spoons of the First Royal Refrigerators are out every morning exercising.

An artificial lake is to be made, in the grounds of Strawberry water.

The footmen will wear powdered sugar on their heads.

The only qualification for the Court Balls will be a written guarantee for the guest being a nice person.

IMPROVEMENT AND EVICTION.

THE Americans talk of having improved Red Indians from off the face of the earth. The authorities directing our civic improvements might also boast that they have improved poor people out of the slums, if in so doing they had not improved them out of house and home; which is an improvement hardly to be boasted of.

On Monday last, in the Sheriff's Court, before the Common Serjeant, more than twenty ejectment summonses were brought against inhabitants of Lower Union Court, Holborn Hill, who had received notice to quit, in order that their dwellings might be improved off the face of that locality. Their time was up: they had not gone. What had they to say for themselves? A young labourer said:—

"If I am turned out, I do not know where I can go. I have a wife and three children, and have walked many miles looking for a place. I cannot afford to give much rent, and now that the cholera is much about people will not take us. There is another thing too. I work for the Sewers' Commissioners, and of course people will object to my brooms."

No doubt, if he had walked westward he would have found the "Clarendon" and the "Alexandra" hotels, as well as every other public-house, open to him, on payment for accommodation. Upon that condition, perhaps, the people ministering at those establishments would not even have objected to his brooms. Of course, a public-house in the neighbourhood of Holborn would be more eligible for a scavenger. But, having a wife and three children, and earning, probably, eight or nine shillings a week, he would have found every neighbouring public-house practically closed against him as completely as any such other and superior public-houses as those above-named.

All that the learned Judge could say was, that "he was very sorry for the defendant, but he must go out in ten days," and to the remonstrance of an elderly man, who asked where could they go if they could find no places, he could only reply that he "confessed that all this was very painful, but the law must be carried out." He could neither help the unfortunate defendants nor himself.

Well, to be sure, the law of ejectment must be carried out; but could not a law of provision for the ejected be carried in? Could there not be introduced among the statutes an Act obliging authorities who preside over improvements to provide house-room for the helpless people whose habitations they improve out of the way? The landlord whose houses are taken gets his compensation; if the tenants receive not theirs there may be sauce for gander in this matter, but there is negation of sauce for goose; sauce being understood to mean justice.

The Common Serjeant humanely expressed a hope that sufficient and suitable habitations would before long be provided for the labouring population of London; but while the bricks-and-mortar are in preparation the houseless may perish. They would then be improved off the face of the earth: but this would be no improvement to survivors, on whom, by causing a scarcity of sweeps, scavengers, and other labourers of that description, it would entail the expense of higher wages for their labour. It will be a saving of money to save the victims of improvement.

Lovers' Logic.

Edwin. You see, dearest, a fellow can't exist without his heart, and, as you happen to have mine, of course I can't exist without you.

Angelina. O you absurd creature!

BREAKDOWN OF THE BARBAROUS LINE.

THE London, Chatham and Dover Railway has defaced the City with its girder-bridges. Its expensive disfigurements of London have ended in insolvency. Vandalism does not pay.

INFORMATION WANTED.—"A Meat Salesman" writes to say he hears there is a book called *The Goblin Market*, and wishes to know whether it refers to Leadenhall or Newgate.

FAIR GAME.—Black Cock.

RIVER SPORTS.

(From our Colwell-Hatchney Correspondent.)



Walking Matches, Boxing Matches, and matches which will not strike even on the box. Our gala day was when we had a Grand Regatta.

The Hanney Collegers challenged the students of Colwell-Hatchney, on the water, on the following terms. A match between the rival Eights in the Dormitory, for a hundred a-year a side, payable in toothpicks. We settled that no racing boat should be permitted to carry more than twelve inside, and one out to oblige a lady. Fore-cabins in outriggers to be charged extra. Having determined this, the bills were soon out. They were headed—

GRAND REGATTA.

(Extra Night.)

The Eleven of Hanney (with a boat) v. The Twenty-two of Colwell Hatchney (on shore).

Umpires and Vampires in attendance. Stewards of the Course, with brandy, &c. White to Mate in Eight Moves.

Half-price at Nine. Outriggers in Bonnets not admitted.

The Tide will be taken at ten o'clock precisely. On reaching St. Paul's the BAND OF THE FIRST ROYAL MARINE PARADE, Brighton, seated in Bath Chairs, will howl a Serenade. A Deputation from the Parent Society will then swim round the Aisle, and be washed by the Dean and Chapter, who have kindly given their Soap gratuitously on this occasion.

Admission to the Grand Stand by Iced Tickets, which can only be obtained by villainy from the Master of the Ceremonies. No Cards. Friends at a distance will please to receive this intimation, and look through a telescope. Every Visitor must be provided with a knife, fork, spoon, fire-ball, cone, towel, and a small piece of blanc-mange.

This placard attracted many who otherwise would have stopped in bed with their boots on.

The Start.—On rapping the Starter's knuckles sharply, he dropped the flag, and the first boat got out of the reach of the stones as quickly as possible. The Stroke went in head over heels, and was fished out by the Humane Society, who had driven down in their drags. On re-appearing he was put on the kitchen hob, until dry.

The Hanney Eleven (with one professional invalid) came down to the Post with their celebrated war-dance and hoops. They rowed three strokes, and then boarded the Colwell-Hatchney boat. The Twenty-two (with a steam-engine) were sulky, and wouldn't play at Pirates. We shan't speak to them again.

Casualties.—A young man in the bows who refused to give his name, speechless. An elderly gentleman who would get underneath the rudder and stop the boat, pulsation stopped: and somebody else, knocked in by one of our fellows, just to make up three; not found on our going to press, so went without him.

The Second Heat.—80 to 1 in the shade, taken and off. This was a sculling match, and came off, as usual, in the scullery. Prize, the Boiled Globules, and a bag of last year's muffins. The winner to save his stakes.

Third Race.—Present Colwell-Hatchneyites v. Absent Dittos. The latter easy victors. The measles were caught, first ball. Prize, a knock on the head with a gong; taken and offered.

THE SCULLS.

The Colwell Champion (not out, luckily) Box.
The Hatchney Pet Coz.
The Hanney Conqueror Mrs. Bouncer.

The Hatchney Pet got hold of the Colwell Champion's scull, and would have scalped him, but that he was a little out of practice. The umpire, however, interfered, and was immediately scalped. Being released, the Colwell Champion got away cleverly, and hid in the boat-house among the black-beetles. The Hatchney Pet rowing up and down everywhere to find him, until he was tired, when he went to bed, and the Pet coming out, carefully and judiciously, was adjudged the victor. The Hanney Conqueror, having mistaken the day, was seen rowing about in the offing, but without any palpable results. He was brought to with a twenty-four pounder.

I have presented myself with a testimonial, as a mark of respect, steam, and fervent perspiration, and then on we went again.

CANOE RACE.

THE COLWELL COCKYWAX v. ANY TWO OF HANNEY.

Any Two of Hanney got into the Cockywx's Canoe, with a view to tickling his legs and preventing him from rowing, but the Colwell man had been beforehand with them, and having secreted himself in the state cabin, cut his way through the keel. It was fair for all. They have not been seen since.

We then stormed the Ran-dan, and finally blew it up. Hooray!

There was a capital Double Punting Match, and it was most exciting to see both the fellows in the punt trying to get hold of the pole. We must protest, in the name of true sport, against secreting fire-irons about one's person. Fair play is one of the brightest jewels in the British crown, and so forth; but it is a great pity to have recourse to a poker, or skovel, or even the tongs, when a neat little life-preserver would do equally as well, and a revolver better. Let us hear no more of these petty quarrels.

One man alone returned to Colwell Hatchney Seminary uninjured, and he owned that he had spent a very happy and rational day in a neighbouring cellar. *Floreat Colwellia-Hatchneia*, and we won't go home till morning.

"I WILL STAND BY MY FRIEND."

NIGHTLY ENCORED.

(Copyright.)

I WILL stand by my friend if he's got an umbrella,
Which perhaps he will share, if unwilling to lend,
Nor sceptical be (like JUDÆUS APPELLA)
Of finding my gain in the hand of a friend.
O yes, I'll stand by him, while slaty clouds cluster,
And elements threaten their rage to expend,
And when the fierce rain-storm comes down in a Buster,
How sweet at that moment to stand by my friend!

I'll stand by my friend, if he's dressed out in Sweldom,
And I look as seedy as any old Jew,
In greasified *paletot*, hat brushed very seldom,
And waistcoat that hardly was decent when new.
I'll stand by my friend, folks will see us together,
And half of his lustre on me shall descend;
Is Friendship a Name? If it's not, in bad weather,
Or queer looking toilette, I'll stand by my friend.

An Incomparable Paving Material.

ACCORDING TO MR. SEELBY'S statement, the truth of which is admitted in effect by SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, some of the dockyards are paved with the best cold-blast iron, worth more than £5 a ton. "My Lords," now that attention had been drawn to the value of this costly paving, will no doubt replace it by some less expensive material. We should recommend them to lay down in lieu of these pigs of ballast, the pig-heads of the different departments of the Admiralty, which, to judge by their administration, must be about the densest and most impenetrable material ever employed for such a purpose.

Bumble to Hardy!

(On a recent throw over.)

Kiss me, HARDY! Cut FARNALL adrift;
To Infirmary inquiries cry "starn-all!"
If our wards be *Infernos*, (see HART),
Inquiries there should be "In-farnall."

HINT TO HOUSEMAIDS.—How to destroy flies—Encourage spiders.



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

"WHY SPEND THREEPENCE? WHY NOT TAKE IN THE 'TIMES' FOR AN HOUR EVERY DAY, AS WE DO?"

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S REVOKE.

I WAS nibbling my pen to a point
For satirical excoriation,
On the EMPEROR'S nose out of joint
In his project of rectification.
When on BISMARCK he made the demand,
Growing out of the new situation;
"Come, what are *you* going to stand,
If I stand this new Prussification?"

'Twas a theme so prolific of hints
For cheap satire about "abnegation;"
"Making war for ideas," and squints
At Savoy and Nice annexation.
The two thieves, one with hand on the swag,
'Tother eager for participation,
In hopes to crow down with his brag
His fellow-thief's huge exultation!

But, I thought, is it wise to ignore
The more generous interpretation
Of the motives for shrinking from war
Of Europe's two Lords of Creation?
Is it well to presume while they preach
Truth and Right, and the Hopes of a nation,
They hold these but as figures of speech,
For diplomacy's cool calculation?

Must our satire still level these men
With the lowest and least of their station,
In conception of duty and ken,
Of right and wrong's tangled relation?
Must we give them no credit for sense
Of the shame of bare-faced spoliation;
And the waste of blood, not to say pence,
That may follow on "rectification?"

No; let's laugh with a good-natured laugh,
At Louis' imagined vexation;
And let fly our time-honoured chaff
At the French cock's aroused indignation.
But let's be just e'en in our joke,
And give credit for some penetration,
To him who knows how to revoke,
Though he go without "rectification."

WANTED, A BISMARCK.

JUDY knows, and *Toby* too—plumpest of pugs—that *Punch* has no love for despotism abroad or at home. Yet there are seasons when in no splenetic mood, but with a pensive and chastened indignation, he feels as if a little "paternal government," assuming that those terms are synonymous with promptitude vigour and pressure—would not be altogether distasteful to him. The seasons in question are—

1. When a friend with an earnest heart describes his walk through a sick pauper-ward, until he himself became faint with horror, *Mr. Punch*, looking around for some responsible supervisor, exclaims, "Wanted, a BISMARCK."

2. When *Mr. Punch* is reminded of tanks, cisterns, bins and butts, for miles along a tainted shore being overlooked by a mythical Inspector of Nuisances instead of being looked into, he in his utter bewilderment is tempted to exclaim, "Wanted, a BISMARCK."

3. When a Correspondent writes of perils encountered in his scamper not over American prairies, but through Hyde Park of regal fame, and dismally relates how he was hustled, robbed and maimed on that privileged plain by Anglo-Saxon savages, *Mr. Punch*, raising his solemn eyes to the imperturbable Woods and Forests, says, with a despairing sigh, "Wanted, a BISMARCK."

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

"A CITY CLERK" wishes to know what profit is made on the transaction, when Parliament is prorogued "by Commission."



PEACE—AND NO PIECES !

BISMARCK. "PARDON, MON AMI; BUT WE REALLY CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO PICK UP ANYTHING HERE."
NAP (*the Chiffonnier*). "PRAY, DON'T MENTION IT, M'SIEU! IT'S NOT OF THE SLIGHTEST CONSEQUENCE."

HARDY HOOD-WINKED.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GATHORNE HARDY, from his place in the House of Commons, lately told us, in allusion to the treatment of sick paupers in the London Union-houses, that "Local Self-Government" was on its trial. And so JOHN BULL feels it ought to be; and asks nothing better than to see BUMBLE hauled up at the bar of public opinion whenever a *prima facie* case is made out against him for inhumanity to our sick and suffering, paupers though they be. But MR. HARDY's notions about the mode of trial, the judges, and the verdicts, in these cases, seem to differ from JOHN BULL's as much as from those of his predecessor in office.

We have lately seen BUMBLE arraigned on some rather remarkable cases of alleged cruelties and neglects of the sick in the Paddington, Rotherhithe, and Strand Unions, in which MR. FARNALL conducted the case for his clients—who sued *in forma pauperis*—while the President of the Poor-Law Board (then the RIGHT HON. C. P. VILLIERS) sat as judge, and (as the inquiry was public, and very fully reported) the British public was empaneled as jury. The Judge has not yet, we believe, pronounced sentence, but we violate no secret when we say that the jury have made up their minds as to the verdict, and that it is against BUMBLE on all the counts—"Guilty of the grossest inhumanity, stupidity, and neglect of duty"—accompanied, certainly, by no recommendation to mercy; but if by anything, by a suggestion of as much extra whipping as the law allows. But now it seems from what we hear that MR. HARDY's notions of bringing BUMBLE to trial on some even graver charges still hanging over his head, are altogether different from those of his predecessor. BUMBLE, if he must be brought to trial, is to appear before a jury of BUMBLES, with one of the BUMBLE family to prosecute, and another to pronounce sentence—MR. HARDY sitting merely as official assessor, to ratify the BUMBLE verdict and sentence. We need hardly add that the result hitherto has been, and may in all future cases be expected to be, a triumphant "Not Guilty," and a general whitewashing, by all the BUMBLES concerned, of their respected relative and very humble servant in the dock. When we state that the scene of the alleged offences in the first case thus tried was Shoreditch Workhouse, and that among the charges on which the accused was put to his purgation, were the following agreeable little "counts"—

"That a patient was tied in a chair for hours barely clad, and that he was repeatedly beaten; that foul substances were forced into his mouth as a punishment for his dirtiness, and, being ejected, were again forced upon him; that another patient was tied, beaten, and kicked and laid upon the stones and denied water to drink,"

it will be admitted that the 'case is no joke, except to the BUMBLES, who can get fun out of even such grave materials as mesenteric disease and starvation—so they be among paupers.

But if MR. HARDY's notion of putting Local Self-Government on its trial, comes to this—to refer to the Guardians all inquiries into the grossest alleged misconduct of their own paid officers—misconduct which, by implication, involves the Guardians themselves—we can hardly doubt that all the trials will result, as this Shoreditch one has resulted, in a triumphant acquittal of the accused on all the main counts in the indictment. In the name of JOHN BULL, MR. PUNCH is instructed to move for a new trial in the Shoreditch case—for a trial in which no BUMBLE shall be allowed to take part, except as witness or accused, instead of being invited, as MR. HARDY seems disposed to invite them, to occupy both the seat of counsel for the defence, the jurymen's box, and the Judge's chair, to the exclusion of more competent, unbiased, and disinterested agents of authority and ministers of justice. If the farce of the Shoreditch inquiry be repeated by the new President of the Poor-Law Board, it will be a case not only of hardi-hood, but of "HARDY hood-winked;" and we need hardly add, that for a head of the Poor-Law Board to wink at such infamies and abuses, is only the first step towards having that head removed to make way for a better.

CASES FOR THE CAT.

THE worst of our legislative system is, that if a law is found to want mending in August, we are obliged to wait before we can get it mended till February. For instance, now, there is the statute relative to robbery with violence. A case occurred the other day at the Middlesex Sessions, showing that Act, excellent as far as it reaches, not to reach far enough; but there will be no procuring the requisite enlargement of it for the next six or seven months. Three fellows, described in the Assize report as "determined looking ruffians," and as "a sample of the roughs who frequent Lisson Grove," were indicted for a murderous assault upon CHARLES AMES, a butcher in that neighbourhood. They had stolen some meat from AMES's shop and made off with it; and on his following them, and taxing them with the theft, they all three set upon him in the manner thus detailed by the prosecutor, whose statement was confirmed by other evidence:—

"BLAKE struck him twice on the face, while SHEEN (who is a powerful fellow) struck him several violent blows immediately behind the ear. They threw him

down, and CAIN jumped upon him. The prosecutor struggled to his feet again, when CAIN put his leg round that of the prosecutor, throwing him violently to the ground and breaking his leg in two places. The other prisoners were all this time striking and kicking him in the ribs, and other parts of his body."

Having been convicted of this outrage, MESSRS. SHEEN, BLAKE, AND CAIN were sentenced by DEPUTY-ASSISTANT-JUDGE PAYNE to such punishment as the law enabled him to award them. MR. SHEEN was consigned to five, MR. BLAKE to seven years' penal servitude. MR. CAIN got off with two years' imprisonment and hard labour. The reason why they were not, in addition, condemned to be severely whipped, doubtless was because they were indicted merely for assault, not for robbery accompanied with violence, and whipping cheer appears to have been only provided for assault in connection with robbery. It is very desirable that judges should have the power to prescribe the cat-o'-nine-tails in all cases of ferocious outrage. For ruffians who have broken a man's leg in two places no punishment can be considered complete unless, for part of it, they have their backs scored in several. Corporal punishment for brutal violence is payment in kind. The administration of knotted whiplcord would probably be also found preventive of wife-swallowing, or jumping and stamping performed by a savage on his wife with the advantage of hob-nailed ankle-jacks. Moreover, it is likely that, if by a murderous assault every ruffian incurred the visitation of the lash, considerably fewer murders would be committed. To this result nobody could possibly object but MR. CALCRAFT, whose income it would reduce. If, indeed, that gentleman were younger, the loss might be made up to him by employment in the application of the scourge which would supersede the noose. But, unfortunately, MR. CALCRAFT is somewhat advanced in life, and his arm cannot now have that very great muscular power the fullest possible exertion of which is necessary on the part of an executioner when he whips a garrotter, or any other brute who has been guilty of a cruel assault.

MR. WALPOLE'S "TEARS, IDLE TEARS."

WE have been requested from so many quarters to give the rest of the beautiful version of "*Tears, Idle Tears*," by the RIGHT HON. S. W., of which we printed the first stanza only in our penultimate number, that we have obtained the right honourable gentleman's consent to the reprinting of that stanza, and the printing of the others for the first time.

Tears, idle tears—a sweet sensation scene—
Tears at the thought of that Hyde Park air
Rise in the eye, and trickle down the nose,
In looking on the haughty EDMOND BEALES,
And thinking of the shrubs that are no more.

Fresh, as the first greens glittering for sale,
Brought by the vans up from their garden world,
Sere, as the last that linger on a stall,
Whose stock has not been cleared at lower'd charge,
So fresh, so sere, the shrubs that are no more!

Ah sad and strange, as in dark summer dawns,
The stern "move on" of half-awakened blues
To park-tramps' ears, when upon park-tramps' eyes
Is slowly turned the bulls'-eye's glittering glare,
So sad, so strange, the cads that rob no more!

Dear as remembered hisses to the roughs,
And sweet as those by baffled BEALES arranged
For me from angry Leaguers, dear and sweet,
With lessons fraught, though source of deep regret,
MAYNE force, Hyde Park, and rails that are no more!

WANTED IRON WALLS.

THE Shoemaker's Wife, as everybody knows, is always the worst shod woman in the parish. In like manner the Shipbuilder's Wife appears to be the worst off in the world for ships.

All the maritime nations of the earth are armed with iron-clads, designed by, or after, COWPER COLES, and mostly built in British Dockyards. This country, apparently, is actually behind every other as to naval armaments; being even in the rear of Brasil. BRITANNIA supplies the world with ships of war in plenty, and is stinted of them herself. But while CRISPINA's lack of shoes is thrift, BRITANNIA's deficiency of ships is extravagance. It has cost her seventy million pounds.

A silk purse is not to be manufactured with the ear of a certain female pachyderm. Neither are iron walls to be made out of wooden heads.

HOMAGE TO SUCCESS.—BISMARCK is a man to be envied by dramatic authors: his tragedy has succeeded.

A MUSICAL PHENOMENON.

Of all the curiosities of literature, quite as curious as any are the singular announcements which one finds in any newspaper connected with the stage. The following is a sample of the oddities of language one is certain there to see:—

WANTED, a LEADING VIOLIN; must be Double-handed; for a First class Portable Theatre. Salary sure. Open all the year round.

Double-handed swords were common in old times, as double-bladed penknives are common with us now; but where are we to find a double-handed violin. Perhaps two spirit-hands might manage to take hold of one fiddle, while a third might scrape away upon it with the bow. But out of spirit-land a violin is always held by one hand only, and it puzzles us to think what the requirement of two hands for it can possibly here mean. If anybody told us upon entering a theatre that we probably should hear a double-handed fiddle, we think we should make answer, "O pooh, nonsense, fiddle-de-dee!"

Branded.

THE Austrians, anticipating speedy withdrawal from Venice, are stated to be robbing the Venetian libraries and archives of their most valuable treasures. They may hope thus to prove their title to be considered Men of Letters, but then it can only be in the sense implied in the Latin phrase, "men of three letters"—F. U. R.; or, adopting the English equivalents, "men of five letters"—T. H. I. E. F."

THE SOAKER'S PARADISE.—Dropmore.



NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE.

"I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULD NOT ENJOY MYSELF A LITTLE ON SUNDAY—I WORK HARD ENOUGH ALL THE WEEK!"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Happy Thought.—To take that Old Feudal Castle which is to be let for one month, to see how I like it. I have written about it, and the answer is "two months, with the shooting." I may certainly note it down as a happy thought that I have agreed to the terms, including the shooting. The next thing is a gun. I must ask what sort of guns are used now. That'll do in a week or two; I think I'll get a WHITWORTH, or a needle.

Happy Thought.—To pack up at once and leave the dithering and sniggering country. * * [Besides my portmanteaus I carry a rug, an umbrella, a fishing-rod, a stick, a great coat, and a writing-case.] * * Having done so, I am overtaken, on my road, by the boots with a Telegram, (I find I had forgotten to tip the Boots), to say that the present family are going to stop in the Feudal Castle for a fortnight longer; so I must defer my tenancy. I don't think I can return and dither. A happy thought just at this time occurred to a friend, whom I met at the Popham Road Station. He said, "Come down with me to Boodels," the name of his little place in the country, "and we'll have some fun." I said, "With pleasure, what fun?" He replied, "Oh, lots of things: drag the pond." I saw that he was enthusiastic upon the subject, so I rubbed my hands, clapped them together, and cried, "Capital—the very thing: nothing I should enjoy more—by all means, drag the pond." We will be off by this train. My friend, who appears much troubled at the loss of a watch-key, here asks "What's the exact time?" I put down my rod, my umbrella, rug, great coat, and writing-case, unbutton my frock-coat, and tell him "2.15." Just as I'm doing this he sees the station clock, and begs pardon for having troubled me. I say, "Oh, no matter," and button up my frock-coat again.

(N.B. As I find that at the end of a day it is difficult to keep my diary of "Happy Thoughts" satisfactorily, I now take down jottings as I go along. My friends think that I am collecting materials for my great work on "Typical Developments," which I commenced in Twickenhamshire. I smile, and say, "Ah!")

Old MERRIVAL, whom I haven't seen for ever so long, says, "Hallo! you here?"—as if, in the ordinary course of things, he had expected to meet somebody else. I answer candidly, though without much point, "Yes, here I am!" He says, "Well, and how have you been this long time?"—by which he means an interval of ten years. I give him a condensed report, and reply, "Oh, pretty well, thanks!" and ask him how *he's* been, in a tone which might convey the notion that I shouldn't be surprised at hearing that he had had the measles, scarlet

fever, hooping-cough, chicken-pox, and a series of minor illnesses. He answers carelessly, looking out of the window, "Oh, much the same as ever," and I haven't an idea what he means. After a pause, during which Old MERRIVAL regards with curiosity my friend from Boodels, who is fast asleep, with his leg over the arm of the seat, looking like the letter "V" in a quaint vignette, I hit upon a

Happy Thought.—I ask after his brother TOMMY, who went into the Army.

My friend says, "Haven't you heard?" I reply "No," pleasantly, expecting to find TOMMY made a Lieutenant-General. It turns out that the mention of TOMMY is unpleasant: he has not been heard of since he went out to hunt alligators in a bush. I wish I'd not been so confidently inquisitive. A damp has fallen on our spirits.

Old MERRIVAL presently attempts a change in the conversation by inquiring where I'm going. I tell him "Boodels." He says, "Oh! where they had the fever so bad at the beginning of the year." I inform him that "I don't think *that's* Boodels." He says, "Oh, I'm wrong. Boodels is where all those burglaries took place. By the way," he adds, musingly, "they've never caught the fellows." I pretend to attribute no importance to the news, but I don't like it. I tell him, in order to show him that Boodels is not entirely given up to burglary, that "we're going to have some fun there." He says, as I did, "What fun?" I reply, as if that *was* something like a joke, "Drag the pond." He doesn't seem to take much account of this, and rather snubs my notion of pleasure by remarking, inquiringly, "Slightly slow work, isn't it?" I reply, sticking up for it, "Oh, no! capital fun." The train stops at Hincham, and he gets out. He says, from the platform, "Very glad to have seen you again." I return, "so am I him." He adds, as a happy thought, just as the train is moving, "If you're coming by this way at any time, look us up, will you?" I answer that I'll be *sure* to do so, and wonder how he'd like me to look him up at 1 a.m. He nods, and adds, "Don't forget!" I say (with my head out of window), "I won't." He turns away, and shows his ticket to the station-master, with whom I see him, the next second, in conversation, and then we leave each other for another ten years. This idea tending to melancholy, I shake off the remembrance of MERRIVAL, and begin to doze. Hereupon, my friend of Boodels wakes up, and says, "Hallo! where are we, eh?" being under the impression that we've passed the station. He informs me that he has been asleep. He wants now to know the *exact* time. I rouse myself with much trouble, and tell him, adding, that I am now going to follow his example, and doze. He says, "You can't; we're just there." Whereupon I shake myself, fold up my rug, exchange my travelling cap for my hat, take down

with considerable difficulty, my umbrella, stick, and fishing-rod from the net above, strap up my writing-case, stuff my newspapers inconveniently into my great-coat pocket—

Happy Thought.—I must learn the art of folding a newspaper into a portable form—

I button up my frock-coat, and, having forgotten what time I said it was just now, unbutton it to look at my watch, rebutton it, place my writing-case, umbrella, fishing-rod, and so forth, on the seat, in order to put on my gloves, take all the newspapers out of my great-coat pockets, in order to find my gloves, which, however, are in the breast-pocket of my frock-coat, where I had put them in mistake for my pocket-handkerchief, button my coat for the third time, put on my gloves, take my writing-case and rug, fishing-rod, and umbrella in my hands again, my great-coat over my arm, and sit as if meditating a sudden spring out of the carriage-window on the first opportunity, when friend from Boodles, who has suddenly found his watch-key, wants to know "the exact time." I pretend to guess it. He says, "No! do look, as I want to set my watch." I lay down, for the third time, my rod, umbrella, stick, writing-case, rug, and great-coat, and unbutton my frock-coat, also for the third time, take out my watch, and tell him "3:30," with perhaps a little irritability of manner. He doesn't say "Thank you!" but sets to work winding up his watch. By the time I have my umbrella, great-coat, rod, writing-case, rug, and stick, in my hands, and on my arms, for the fourth time (it seems the fiftieth), he inquires, "Did I say 3:30 or 3:36?" I reply, "3:30; but that now it may be 3:35." He puts his watch to his ear, looks at it, appears satisfied, and pockets it. The train stops opposite a small platform. Low, flat country all round. "Boodels?" I ask. No; it's where they take the tickets.

Take the tickets? Oh, that entails laying down my umbrella, stick, writing-case, fishing-rod and rug for the fifth time, unbuttoning my coat and feeling for the ticket. Ultimately, after much anxiety, I find it, with my latch-key, which appear, both together, to have made a hole for themselves in my waistcoat pocket, and gone on a burrowing excursion into the lining. Thank goodness, I get rid of the ticket at last. Not at all: the man only snips it with a pair of champagne-wire clippers, and goes on. It appears that we are half-an-hour from Boodles. I won't put my ticket into my waistcoat pocket again, because of the nuisance of unbuttoning, &c. The question is, for such a short time, is it worth while to undo one's rug, exchange hat for travelling cap, take off my gloves, unbutton one's coat for the sixth time, and be comfortable? I get as far as taking off my gloves, when my friend says, "It's no good doing that, we're just there." So it is. We are before our time. Boodles at last; and what the deuce I've done with my ticket, since it was snipped, I'm hanged if I know. Friend says, "you put it into your waistcoat pocket again." I am

positive I did not. I unbutton my coat for the seventh time and don't find it. My friend is more positive than ever that it's in my waistcoat pocket. I unbutton again for the eighth time, and find it with my watch. How it got there I don't know, as I assure the guard and my friend, "I never by any chance put a ticket in my watch-pocket."

Happy Thought.—To have a separate pocket made for tickets. But where?

Happy Thought.—To have separate pockets made for everything.

Happy Thought.—That here we are at Boodles. Friend's groom not here. Friend wants to know the exact time. I refer him (being buttoned up myself) to his own watch. He says, "It's stopped again, he can't make it out." I have just put down my fishing-rod, umbrella, writing-case and rug on the platform, and am unbuttoning my coat, when friend says, "Oh, don't bother, here's the Station-master will tell us," who does so, and I button up my coat for the eighth time.

The groom arrives, with pony trap. The groom says while we're driving that the pond can't be dragged before the day after to-morrow. My friend is satisfied. So am I. So's the groom. I say to the groom, affably, who is sitting with his arms folded regarding the country superciliously, "It's good fun dragging a pond, eh?" He answers shortly, "Yes, Sir," as if he thought I was taking a liberty in addressing him.

Happy Thought.—Always ingratiate yourself with servants: talk to grooms about horses, if you can. Here we are at Boodles. It turns out on arriving at the House, that the time at Boodles is different from either London time or railway time, and, therefore, just as I am going up-stairs to my room, my friend asks me for the exact time. I place my rug, umbrella, coat, fishing-rod, stick, and writing-case on the hall table for the tenth and last time, and tell him 4:30. Whereupon he goes off and sets the big clock in the hall, the musical clock on the stairs, the little clock in the dining-room, the time-pieces in the bedrooms, while the butler disappears, and is heard telling the cook all about it, when a whirling noise comes from the pantry and the kitchen. The Groom goes off to set the clock over the stable door; the Gardener walks down to the sun-dial; the Footman returns looking at his own watch. I follow him up-stairs to my room. Before he is out of the room I find myself asking him the time, and referring to my own watch. He should say (diffidently) that it's "about twenty minutes to five." I correct him, and give him the exact time. He withdraws thankfully, and I remain standing opposite the window, meditatively, with my watch in my hand, ready to give anyone the exact time.*** Knock at the door: "Dinner is at half-past six to-day." Very well, thank you. "Could I give Master the exact time, as his watch 'ave stop again."

Happy Thought.—I send him the watch bodily; and calmly commence dressing for my first dinner at Boodles.

SANITARY HONOURS.



ROM the success of his African travel CAPTAIN GRANT has been deservedly appointed a Companion of the Bath. After travelling in Africa, a Companionship of the Bath may be acceptable; although, in general, one would rather have a bath to one's self. It had been inaccurately stated that the dignity conferred on CAPTAIN GRANT was that of Commander of the Bath; a title which would not have been more than the due of a distinguished explorer, but might, perhaps, with a more special propriety be given to MR. JOHN SIMON, with corresponding authority to enforce the Order of the Bath on everybody constituting himself a nuisance by the neglect of ablution. The sanitary

state of society would be greatly improved if there were Commanders of the Bath who could command all such persons to bathe.

To the foregoing remarks it is sufficient to add, that there is a mistake in the supposition that the uniform of the Knights of the Bath is an ordinary bathing dress.

THE HEIGHT OF INDUSTRY.—We know a girl so industrious that when she has nothing else to do she knits her brows.

CALUMNY ON THE CORPORATION.

AT a Special Court of Aldermen the other day a complaint was made by MR. ALDERMAN GUTTLE, of disrespectful language applied in the *Pall Mall Gazette* to the Corporation and the LORD MAYOR. The worthy Alderman said with the permission of the Court he would read out the passage which he considered objectionable. It was as follows:—"It is by no means a satisfactory thing that the eating of luxurious feasts should be habitually looked up to as the *summum bonum* of human life by that numerous body whose apex is the Lord Mayor of London." He defied the writer of that passage to bring forward the shadow of proof that any sum had been boned by the respectable body on which he (the writer) cast the imputation of looking to a *summum bonum* in connection with eating and drinking; and he (ALDERMAN GUTTLE) should like to know what he (the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*) meant by calling the LORD MAYOR an apex. The LORD MAYOR OF LONDON was no more an apex than the writer who termed him one, and if London's Chief Magistrate was an apex, he would not hesitate to say the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was another. The observations of the worthy Alderman were ordered to be recorded in the minutes.

A Blue Look-out.

MR. GLAISHER has discovered a "blue fog" at Greenwich, which he thinks may be connected with the cholera. From all we could ever learn on the subject, "blue funk" is a more probable predisposing cause of cholera than "blue fog."

ADVICE TO THE TORIES WHO WANT A "GOOD CRY."—Apply to the Home Secretary.



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 2.

SETTLED IN HER COUNTRY LODGINGS, LAVINIA FINDS SHE HAS FORGOTTEN HER BATH, BUT HER INGENUITY ENABLES HER TO OVERCOME THE DIFFICULTY BY DEVELOPING THE RESOURCES OF THE PLACE.

THE POPE TO THE MEMBER FOR PETERBOROUGH.

Son in the faith right well beloved, health and benediction,
Whilst Our paternal heart is torn to tatters with affliction,
Of thy most zealous labours on our part, a true narration,
Hath, through Our ears into Our breast, poured balm of consolation.

We hear that thou, with wondrous art, as of a mime or actor,
Dost feign thyself of Catholics a most absurd detractor,
And dost, the faithful, as it were, so kick at and bray after,
That on the name of Protestant thou bringest scorn and laughter.

Thy simulation is, we learn with no small joy, so thorough,
That it hath won for Peter's see the seat of Peterborough;
Whereof, deluded by thy skill, the heretics demented
Imagine by a heretic in thee they're represented.

In Parliament thou never dost omit to seize occasion
Whereby thou mayst discredit thy so well assumed persuasion
By calumnies prodigious of our creed and practice, founded,
In semblance, on mendacity or ignorance unbounded.

So that the House of Commons, for thy great apparent folly,
When thou wouldst speak, deriding thee, is wont to cry, "Sing,
WHALLEY!"

And, what is most desirable, suspicion is excited
That with great Protestant great fool is commonly united.

Moreover, what with too much praise, indeed, We cannot mention,
From real scandals to Our Church averted is attention;
And certain ridicule awaits the impious endeavour
To interfere with Us and Ours in any way whatever.

Go on, then, persevering, with a constancy unshaken,
By British worldly wise ones for true Protestant mistaken.
We send thee, for devoting to Our service, as a jester
That gift of thine, a portion of the nose of St. Silvester.

For filial buffoonery the further to reward thee,
We absolution-plenary for everything accord thee,
On thy reciting after Mass thrice *Ave*; first confessing:
And lastly, We impart to thee Our Apostolic blessing.

DANCING DINNERS.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Post* says that, at Anjou, about the period of the Craon races, "a ball and several *dîners dansants* are spoken of, to be given by the COUNTESS ALBERT DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD in her beautiful château in *la Poterie*." We had often before heard of a "*thé dansant*," but a "*dîner dansant*" is something new. Of course the legs of mutton do not dance at a *dîner dansant* any more than the muffins do at a *thé*. A *dîner dansant* seems a very questionable species of hop. Who but a young lady, or a very young man, would ever dance directly after dinner, having really dined? At least, no prudent person would venture on a waltz, recollecting what *Stéphano* says: "Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant." We wonder whether the guests of the COUNTESS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD in *la Poterie* danced, at or after their dancing dinner, amongst the dishes of their fair hostess, as Scotchmen dance between swords, and some people between eggs, which would do for a *déjeuner dansant*.

There is a light in which a dance round a vessel containing food appropriate for a certain class of consumers, may be regarded as having been somewhat of a *dîner dansant*.

"Lost to Sight, to Memory Dear!"

AFTER the Admiralty has spent twelve millions yearly on our Navy, Our first Lord of the Admiralty declares he has no ships. Instead of calling our men of war, as we have done, "our invincibles," at present we should speak with greater truth of them as "our invisibles."

WHAT THE GERMAN BUND IS.—Moribund.

STUDIES OF EXPRESSION.



UNCH,—My illustrations to SHAKESPEARE'S *Seven Ages* have evidently thrown such a burst of new light upon the hidden meanings of the Immortal Bard, that I send you a few Studies of Expression applied to the present day. They will doubtless revolutionise Art before the first Monday in May 'Sixty-seven.

They relate to an invitation given by JACK PUGSBY, owner of the yacht *Whipster*, to his club friend and general acquaintance FREDERICK PHIPSON, Esq., who, abandoning that WORK for which he is so famous in the "General Utility Office" at Whitehall, indulges in the PLAY of leaving off early, and walking to the Waterloo terminus; but, on his way down suffering

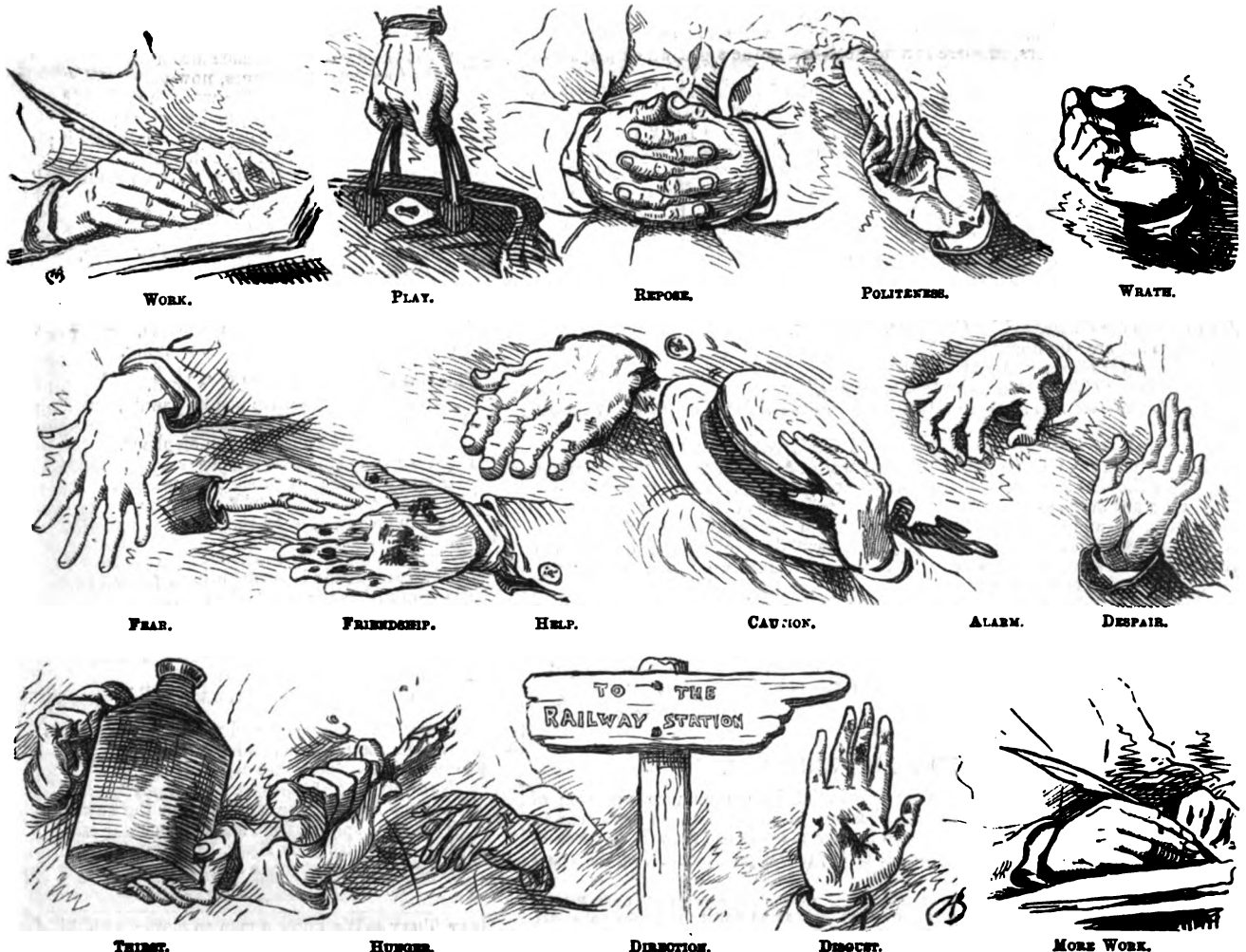
untold agonies from the REPOSE and snore of an elderly stout gentleman with a pretty niece, he revenges himself upon the sleeper by conversing with the young lady, to whom he shows marked POLITENESS when attempting to hand her from the carriage on their arrival at Southampton; but the WRATH of the disagreeable Uncle produces an abject sense of FEAR in PHIPSON, which is but imperfectly allayed by the appearance of JACK PUGSBY, whose tarry hand he feels obliged to shake in a spirit of true FRIENDSHIP. The ready HELP afforded him by the first mate in handing him on to the *Whipster* is however very distressing to him, and the CAUTION which he shows when vainly trying to hold his straw hat on his head in a stiff gale, foretells his ALARM on their shipping a sea, but the DESPAIR into which he sinks when, while making himself useful in preparing the midday meal, he misses his footing and pitches knives, forks, glass and crockery overboard at "one fell swoop" is something not to be depicted at all.

So that as his THIRST can only be quenched out of a two gallon stone bottle, and HUNGER is but barely appeased by gnawing a mutton bone, he lands at the first place they "put in" to, and seeking DIRECTION from a friendly post, takes the Express back to town, especially filled with DISGUST at the ineffaceable marks of Tar upon his delicate hand—much worse than PUGSBY'S—and which offers a long standing excuse against further exhibitions of MORE WORK.

Believe (or disbelieve if you like) me to remain,

Ever faithfully,

YOUR ARTIST REDUCED TO EXTREMITIES.



THE SEAT OF WAR.

From our own Special Correspondent.



Now I am in the Seat of War. Every one is sitting down now, and there is no fighting. The army was at one time sitting down before a town, but it got up again. You don't perhaps understand these deep military phrases. Have you received all my letters? I don't think so, as no circular notes have arrived for me. But another time don't send out such fellows as your Military and

Naval Correspondents on both sides. They waylay my letters, make use of my name, and then (here I specially allude to the chap with the Austrian army) point me out as a good mark for the enemy on every possible occasion. I've had several very narrow escapes. However, I nearly succeeded in getting your Austrian Military Correspondent hanged as a spy. I don't know why they didn't do it; they promised me they would. There's no trusting those Austrians. Praps they've shot him. I haven't heard any report to that effect. If they have, that will be one off your staff, and you can give me the extra salary.

The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH wrote to BISMARCK the other day,—but perhaps I am hardly justified in breaking a confidence. The Prussians have a new weapon called the needle-gun, it has proved very serviceable during the recent war. I have (being, you will be ashamed to hear, in want of funds) invented a new rifle, myself, which has given, as far as the *drawing* goes, a great deal of satisfaction to the Prussian Generals. It is so constructed as to be capable of being fired while running away; and in time of peace, or in bivouac, it will serve as an admirable amusement for the soldiers, as there is a musical box in the stock which plays two tunes.

They now treat me very well: they didn't. Out of politeness they offered me a front place in the last battle, which however I thought it politic to decline with thanks, as you used to do all my articles over forty words. I think I shall settle here for good. If you don't send me out those circular notes I shall be obliged to. Since I have been out campaigning I have learnt to play the drum, and a little of the *lila*. I intend bringing them home, and giving "An Evening with the Prussian Army" by way of an entertainment. I think it will be very good, my only regret being that I'm not a ventriloquist, or else I'd have pretended to hold a dialogue with an Austrian up the chimney, and an Italian down in the cellar. This style. "Hallo!"

My Voice up the Chimney (faintly). Hallo!

Myself. Who are you?

My Voice up the Chimney. I'm GENERAL BENEDEK.

Myself. What are you doing there?

My Voice up the Chimney. What's that to you?

My Voice in the Cellar. Don't you talk to that fellow.

Myself (to audience). Why there's GARIBALDI in the cellar. (To him.) What did you say?

My Voice (as Garibaldi, in the cellar). I said don't you talk to that fellow.

And so forth. Then a drum and fife solo by way of refreshment. If they imprison me again (as they did before), I'll take the opportunity of practising ventriloquism. I can't write any more, as I think they've come to imprison me.

They have. I write you this in a hurry. I am being dragged off to prison. It's all through that Austrian Military Correspondent of yours, of whom I borrowed a small sum, and he won't wait for payment until we return to England. Such are the chances of war.

To-day in the glittering camp: to-morrow in the prison cell; or to-morrow in the glittering camp, and the day after that in the prison cell. Hush, 'tis the night watch. I don't mind being imprisoned in the way of business; as I shall make a capital entertainment out of it on my return, with wigs and appearing as somebody else. Adieu: Don't forget the circular notes. Yours, &c.,

THEOCHMORTON S.

A LOT SOLD AT MANCHESTER.

A SAD disappointment was inconsiderately inflicted on a numerous portion of the British Public the other day at Manchester. A man had been sentenced to be hanged. His execution was appointed to take place at the New Bailey Prison on the 18th of August. For some reason or other, it was postponed. Let the *Times* relate what ensued:—

"The postponement of the execution was unknown to great numbers of people up to Friday, and on that evening many persons from a distance took their stand under the prison walls with a view, by remaining there all night, of securing a favourable position from which to witness the spectacle, and many lingered about some hours, unwilling to believe when told that the

execution had been postponed, although they could see no drop or other signs of preparation on the part of the prison authorities."

What a shame! How cruel to create hopes only to mock them! The prison authorities of Manchester ought to have advertised the postponement of the tragedy which they had announced. A placard, notifying the alteration, received on, should have been posted outside the prison. If the delay had arisen from CALCRAFT's indisposition a medical certificate to that effect ought to have been published. No doubt when the Manager of the New Bailey next appears on the stage of that institution, he will be hissed. It was too bad of him to allow an anxious crowd of spectators to remain half the night, casting their longing and lingering looks on the prison walls, without so much as a drop to comfort them.

GROVE AND HIS ELEPHANT;

OR, ON NEST QUE LE PREMIER PAS QUI GOÛTE.

GROVE, Q.C., high installed in the chair
Of the wise men assembled at Nottingham,
Surveys Earth and Heaven, Sea and Air,
By Science's metres and bounds plotting 'em.
Pokes his fingers well under Earth's crust,
Explores our dirt-pie's darkest corner,
Pulls Geology's plums from their dust—
Philosophy's "little JACK HORNER!"

Treads, serene, æther's luminous field,
With an eye above fancies or fallacies;
Tastes the metals in Phœbus' own shield,
And puts star-light through spectrum-analysis.
Identifies heat, electricity,
Reviews the Magnetical Forces;
Shows the Universe in its simplicity—
Call, *plus* power of so many horses.

Till we ask, with a GROVE in the van,
What the dickens is science afraid of,
Thanks to spectra and forces, now man
Has quite settled what the world's made of?
We know matter and force and no more;
For that ghost—a first cause—we have laid it;
But the bore is, the world is still there,
And weak people will still ask, "who made it?"

Not content with cell-matter and force,
"Quærens par solum et nobile,"
Awe-struck noodles, a-gaze at earth's course,
Will insist on some great "primum mobile."
So GROVE, Q.C., to these noodles bends,
(After all, they're more sinned 'gainst than sinning)
And having knocked off nature's ends,
Condescends to discuss her beginning.

This nut e'en to GROVE, Q.C.'s hard,
(However his primitive cell he vaunt),
But still he, by way of trump card,
Tries his hand at creating an elephant.
From a cell he supposes it grew
Under pressure, by process Darwinian.
That there is a *cell* here may be true—
Is 't in elephant, or in opinion?

We can readily fancy the shock
Of a ready-made elephant bringing
His trunk from the heart of a rock,
Or his tusks from a hollow-tree wringing;
But would it less shock (what we're urging
Will disgust GROVE, Q.C., we know well)
To witness the monster emerging
From the round of the primitive cell?

No—to Heaven's might and what from it springs
No GROVE, Q.C., man's heart can easily:
In heaven and earth there are things
Not dreamt of in Grovian philosophy.
Folks will scarce leave old lights for the new
That your spectra from sun or from star win;
Nor believe with poor Topsy, they Grew,
Like an Elephant made à la DARWIN.

BEAT THAT.—We know a man so clever with his lathe
that he can even turn a deaf ear.

PUNCH'S AUTOGRAPH SALES.

IN accordance with a previous notification, *Mr. Punch* proceeds to offer a Specimen Page of a Great Catalogue of Autographs which he proposes to sell to a discriminating public. He warrants every item to be a genuine portion of the Correspondence with which he is favoured. No reduction, and Post-office Orders to be made payable to DOUGLAS TOWN, Esq. 85, Fleet Street.

1. Letter suggesting a Cartoon which the writer "is sure would take." BISMARCK is to be shown conquering Germany, in the distance JOHNSON reconstructing America, and MAXIMILIAN making his escape to the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. BRITANNIA (or the QUEEN) seated on a throne in front, saying to EARL RUSSELL "Rest and be thankful," while LORD DERBY represses MR. BRIGHT, and JOHN BULL is pouring large sums of money into boxes inscribed "London Hospital," "Convalescent Asylum," "Children's Excursions," and the like. If there is room, introduces various other nations looking enviously at England. 5s.

2. Letter in a lady's hand-writing, enclosing seventeen verses beginning as follows:—

"A CAUTION TO LADIES.

"He bids me forget the day we met
And also the place of our meeting
I must think no more of the days of yore
And dare not remember his greeting

"He bids me forget that I ever let
My affections centre in him
Though I care for no other be they friend or brother
And I never will try to forget him

"When I cease to live I'll cease to give
My warmest affections to him
But I think even than I should feel a pang
When reading my heart from him." 2d.

3. Very Interesting Note, with Epigram:—

MY DEAR PUNCH,

I forward you a sentiment on the completion of the Atlantic Telegraph:—

"May the cable that joins us one to another,
Be the Siamese's band binding Brother to Brother." 2d.

4. Long Letter from a Bristol Idiot, abusing *Mr. Punch* for his "Dirty Radicalism." 2d.

5. Long Letter from a Southampton Idiot, abusing *Mr. Punch* for his "Brutal Toryism." 2d.
(or the two for threepence.)

6. Letter, with name and address, enclosing four jokes which the author has copied from the *Facetiae* in a country newspaper, and for which he begs "a few stamps" may be sent as encouragement. N.B. Two of the jokes are good. 1s.

7. Letter with Verses beginning thus:—

"THE MIANTONOMOH.

"Now listen, my children, if you care to know,
What they say of the ship called the *Miantonomoh*.
She came from the New World in this year '66,
And has thrown old JOHN BULL straightway into a 'fix.'" 6d.

8. A Lot of Letters (seventeen at least) asking why Austria's resistance to Prussia was foolish, and answering, "Because it was needle-less (needless)." 1s.

9. Letter from a Scotch correspondent (nine sides) requesting *Mr. Punch* to state his reasons for not inserting the gentleman's previous communications, to give him advice as to the best means by which he can "educate himself into a popular writer," and to state what "remuneration" *Mr. Punch* offers as an inducement to that labour. Also asking "rules for the preparation of MSS. for the press, and hints as to the etiquette of communication with editors and publishers." (Scarce, we should think). 6d.

10. Envelope enclosing this, which we make no sort of pretension to understand:—

"IMPORTANT TO NAUTICAL MEN.—The best light for the Binnacle.—Stearine Candles" 1d.

11. Verses (one folio page), on MR. EYRE, by a Negrophile. The following specimen will recommend them:—

"Military and Naval acts do appear
Both prompt, smart, and judicious
Though Martial law was we very much fear
Rather stringent on those men seditious

"To practise punishment, of so cruel a kind
As flogging and other depravity
No excuse could the Commissioners find
For such a great want of humanity." 8d.

12. Letter from an enraptured Scotch Bridegroom who has just married a lovely Irish young lady "of stately bearing and brilliant accomplishments," and who has put a pretty conjugal dialogue (too pretty for a cold-hearted world) into verse. 6d.

13. Envelope with this gem of wit:—

"The following occurred to me yesterday: What is the latest optical delusion.—The eye (high) Church." 6d.

14. Letter with another Negrophilist reference to MR. EYRE:—

"MOTTO FOR SOUTHAMPTON.

"Shall freedom and legality expire—
Arise ye Plebs and glut your EYRE." 1s.

15. Letter with a Reform epigram:—

The most steadfast member of the Reform League—MR. HOLLY GAK!

(N.B. If this is by Mr. H. O. himself, he had better call and claim it.

16. Commencement of Letter, remarkable for the propriety with which the writer approaches The Presence. He is so polite that we regret he is not equally witty:—

"Suffer me to lay these trifles at your footstool, with the hope they may meet your approval, as encouragement sometimes begets improvement." 3d.

17. Letter, with very long poem beginning—

"Dear Mr. Punch,
I sat at lunch
And wondered why you wore a lunch,
'Why, it must be,'
My wife says she,
'Because he's son to Mother Punch.'" 1s.

18. Letter from Liverpool, with the newest thing out:—

"A selfish class—Fishmongers (sell-fish)." 1d.

19. Epigram, remarkable for its elegance and lucidity:—

"GREASE AND GRACE

"When, grinned at by a man whose face
Is strange, you bows to sate 'im use,
Your vague salutes lack sadly grace;
But, O! if you pomatum use,
Or any oil, beware do than,
Of ever to a fair dresser
Attempting to take hat off, when
You have just left your hairdresser!" 3d.

20. Frightfully damaging onslaught on the POPE:—

"ACROSTIC.

"Pray, who swindles men most of their 'pences'
Of all, who overreach their senses?
Positively he, who selling 'indulgences'
Ever thus victimises 'under false pretences.'" 4d.

21. Letter from a Ritualist Clergyman, stating that "it would give him sincere pleasure to beat *Mr. Punch* within an inch of his life" (Anonymous). 2d.



A BOY WHO DOESN'T READ THE PAPERS.

Emily. "Oh, Lizzy, Willie would drink out of your aquarium, and he has been and swallowed a lizard!"

DRESS AND DISCOUNT.

(A Mermaid's Sea-side Song.)

By the sad sea waves,
I listen while they moan . . .
And Papa with visage glum
Sighs, with them, groan for groan.
What the wild waves were saying,
Or what their moaning meant,
I can't say, but Pa's sighing
Sounded like "Ten per cent.!"

When one comes down to Ramsgate
And its salubrious bay,
One expects Mas to be lively,
And Pa's gracious, if not gay:
But Mamma's in *such* a humour,
And Pa gives his temper vent,
Asking, "*who's* to make things pleasant,
With cash at ten per cent.?"

If one hints at bonnets labelled
"In plain figures," Oh—so nice!—
Or sweet things in muslin going
At an awful sacrifice,
Ma nudges and looks grumpy,
And Pa "won't have money spent!
How is a man to make it,
With cash at ten per cent.?"

So we've cut off pony chaises,
And come down to donkey-chairs,
And we're mending our old Houbigants,
Not sporting nice new pairs:
We're poked up on a second floor,
And out like frights we're sent,

And when we sulk, Pa says "It is
All cash at ten per cent.!"

And here, in last year's jackets,
We list the organ chimes,
And there's Pa sitting sulky,
As usual, o'er the *Times*.
No—I declare he's smiling—
And hark . . . such an event!
"Huzza, girls . . . for new bonnets,
Cash down to seven per cent.!"

THE BENEFITS OF BUDDHISM.

CERTAIN Members of the Church Militant are, like some military officers, particularly particular in the matter of their clothes. What an army of martyrs they probably would think themselves if their wardrobe were restricted, as among the Buddhists, thus:—

"No Buddhist priest is allowed more than one set of robes, consisting of three pieces, the dimensions not to exceed a specified length, and, when new, the cloth must be disfigured with mud, or otherwise, before he puts it on."

If this be really so, instead of calling them the Buddhists, one might, with a bad cold, speak of them as the Muddhists. And if one were not afraid of being indicted as a pickpocket for making such a pun, one might say that the Hindoos exacted in their clergymen considerable hindoo-rance. Moreover, having but one suit of clothes must be a little awkward in any change of climate; and we should fear that if cold weather came the Buddhist rites of worship included that of Shiva.

Conundrum for Convocation.

A REVEREND gentleman, the Canon of a Cathedral, had his pocket picked. Why was this Canon like an Armstrong Gun? Of course, because he was rifled.



A SEA-SIDE RIDDLE.

BLANCHET. "WHAT CAN IT BE THAT MAKES PAPA SO JOILY THIS MORNING, FLO?"
FLO. "CAN'T IMAGINE; AND HE ACTUALLY SAID SOMETHING ABOUT NEW BONNETS! ISN'T IT AWFULLY KIND?"

"FORBIDDING TO MARRY."



HERE, young ladies, what do you say to this? A letter, addressed by a CELIBATE to the *Church Times*, contains a piteous expression of regret that the patrons of church livings will do nothing to prevent marriages among the clergy. But there is balm in Columbia yet. The Celibate would fain—

"Make a suggestion. There is a Celibate Society existing amongst our clergy already. Why not affiliate to it Clergymen who, though married, feel that the other is the better way; Ladies, married and unmarried. The former undertaking not to perform the marriage ceremony for any priest (unless legally compelled), or even to be present at his wedding; the latter, if mothers, promising to refuse their consent to any clerical suitors for their daughters, and the daughters giving the like pledge for themselves.

A CELIBATE."

We repeat, young ladies, what do you say to this? Manly young persons, what say you, also, to this monk? *Punch* leaves the matter to you, only offering the suggestion that the creature's name expresses his nature—A *clergy* life.

But, perhaps he has sold the *Church Times*. Let us hope so, though the fact would prove that there are souls to whom such trash is acceptable.

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,

You prob'ly didn't meet my uncle WILYIM when he was on these shores. I judge so from the fact that his pursuits wasn't literary. Commerce, which it has been trooly observed by a statesman, or somebody, is the foundation stone onto which a nation's greatness rests—glorious Commerce, was UNCLE WILYIM's fort. He sold soap. It smelt pretty, and readily commended two pents a cake. I'm the only literary man in our family. It is too, I once had a dear cuzzan who wrote 28 versis onto "A Child who nearly Died of the Measles, O!" but as he injudiciously introduced a chorious at the end of each stanza, the parents didn't like it at all. The father in particler wept afresh, assaulted my cuzzan, and said he never felt so ridiclous in his intire life. The onhappy result was that my cuzzan abandoned poetry forever, and went back to sheemakin, a shattered man.

My UNCLE WILYIM disposed of his soap and returned to his native land with a very exolted opinyn of the British public. "It is a edycated community," said he; "they're a intellectual peple. In one small village alone I sold 50 cakes of soap, inooludin barronial halls, where they offered me a ducal coronet, but I said no—give it to the poor." This was the way UNCLE WILYIM went on. He told us, however, some stories that was rather too much to be easily swallard. In fact, my UNCLE WILYIM was not a emblem of trooth. He retired some years ago on a hansum compentency derived from the insurance-money he received on a rather shaky skooner he owned, and which turned up while lym at a wharf one night, the cargo havin fortintly been remoooved the day afore the disastriss calamty occourd. UNCLE WILYIM said it was one of the most sing'lar things he ever heard of; and, after collectin the insurance-money, he bust into a flood of tears, and retired to his farm in Pennsylvania. He was my uncle by marriage only. I do not say that he wasn't a honest man. I simply say that if you have a uncle, and bitter experence tells you it is more profittable in a peccoony pint of view to put pewter spoons instid of silver ones onto the table when that uncle dines with you in a frenly way—I simply say, there is sumthun wrong in our social sistim, which calls loudly for reform.

I rived on these shores at Liverpool, and proceeded at once to London. I stopt at the Washington Hotel in Liverpool, because it was named in honour of a countryman of mine who didn't get his living by makin' mistakes, and whose mem'ry is dear to civilised peple all over the world, because he was gentle and good as well as trooly great. We read in Histry of any number of great individooals, but how few of 'em, alas! should we want to take home to supper with us? Among

others, I would call your attention to ALEXANDER THE GREAT, who conkerd the world, and wept because he couldn't do it sum more, and then took to gin-and-seltzer, gettin' tight every day afore dinner with the most disgustin' reg'larity, causin' his parunts to regret they hadn't 'prenticed him in his early youth to a biskit-baker, or some other oocupation of a peaceful and quiet character. I say, therefore, to the great men now livin' (you could put 'em all into Hyde Park, by the way, and still leave room for a large and respectable concourse of rioters)—be good. I say to that gifted but bald-headed Prooshun, BISMARCK, be good and gentle in your hour of triumph. I always am. I admit that our lines is different, BISMARCK's and mine; but the same glo'rus principle is involved. I am a exhibitor of startlin' curiosits, wax works, snaix, etsetry, ("either of whom," as a *American* statesman whose name I ain't at liberty to mention for peritential resins, as he expects to be a candidate for a prom'ent offiss, and hence doesn't wish to excite the rage and jelisy of other showmen—"either of whom is wuth dubble the price of admission"); I say I am a exhibitor of startlin' curiosits, and I also have my hours of triump, but I try to be good in 'em. If you say, "Ah, yes, but also your hours of grief and misfortin;" I answer, it is too, and you prob'ly refer to the circumstances of my hirin' a young man of dissypated habits to fix hisself up as a A real Cannibal from New Zeelan, and when I was simply tellin the audience that he was the most feroshus Chamibal of his tribe, and that, alone and unassisted, he had et sev'ril of our fellow-countrymen, and that he had at one time even contemplated eatin his *Uncle Thomas* on his mother's side, as well as other near and dear relatives,—when I was makin' these simple statements, the mis'ble young man said I was a lyer, and knockt me off the platform. Not quite satisfied with this, he came and trod hevely on me, and as he was a very musculer person and wore remarkable thick boots, I knew at once that a canary bird wasn't walkin' over me.

I admit that my ambition overlapt hisself in this instans, and I've been very careful ever since to dem square with the public. If I was the public I should insist on squariness, tho' I shouldn't do as a portion of my audience did on the occasion just mentioned, which they was emplyed in smn naberin' coal mince. "As you hasn't got no more Cannibals to show us, old man," said one of 'em, who seemed to be a kind of leader among 'em—a tall dis'greeble sheemakin—"as you seem to be out of Cannibals, we'll sorter look round here and fix things. Them wax figgers of yours want washin'." There's Napoleon Bonyparte and Julius Caesar—they must have a bath, with which coarse and brutal remark he imitated the shrill war-whoop of the western savage, and, assisted by his infamous coal-heaven companyins, he threw all my wax-work into the river, and let my wild bears loose to pray on a peaceful and inoffensive agricultooral community.

Leavin Liverpool (I'm goin' back there, tho'—I want to see the Docks, which I heard spoken of at least once while I was there) I cum to London in a 1st class car, passin' the time very agreeable in discussin, with a countryman of mine, the celebrated Schleswig-Holstein question. We took that int'resting question up and carefully traced it from the time it commenced being so, down to the present day, when my countryman, at the close of a four hours' anaymated debate, said he didn't know anything about it himself, and he wanted to know if I did. I told him that I did not. He's at Ramsgate now, and I am to write him when I feel like givin him two days in which to discuss the question of negro slavery in America. But now I do not feel like it.

London at last, and I'm stoppin at the Greenlian tavern. I like the lan'lord very much indeed. He had fallen into a few trifling errors in regard to America—he was under the impression, for instance, that we et hay over there, and had horns growin out of the back part of our heads—but his chops and beer is ekal to any I ever partook. You must cum and see me, and bring the boys. I'm told that GARRICK used to cum here, but I'm growin skeptical about GARRICK's far'orit taverns. I've had over 500 public-houses pinted out to me where GARRICK went. I was indoooced one night, by a select comp'ny of Britons, to visit sum 25 public-houses, and they confidentially told me that GARRICK used to go to each one of 'em. Also, DR. JOHNSON. This won't do, you know.

May be I've ramblad a bit in this communycation—I'll try and be more collected in my next, and meanwhile, b'lieve me Trooly Yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

A Hint to President Johnson.

By a telegram from America we are sorry to learn that—

"MR. DAVIS's health is rapidly declin'g. His counsel is still endeavouring to obtain his release on bail."

Would it not be creditable to forestall Death in granting the captive a happy release?

COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS.

GORDON Jamaica's JOHN BRIGHT call'st thou, SLACK?
The men are different as white and black.



A DELICATE HINT.

Kate (looking at the Wrong Cousin through her glasses reversed). "OH, JOHN, HOW FUNNY! YOU LOOK SO NICE SUCH A LONG WAY OFF!"
Right Cousin. "AW—JUST SO."

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

A Happy Literary and Scientific Evening at Boodels on the night before dragging the pond.—Dined with BOODELS (of Boodels) alone. Nothing so conducive to Happy Thoughts as a good dinner. Had it. BOODELS (to whom I have imparted the fact of my being engaged upon my grand work entitled *Typical Developments*) says, "Well, old boy, I'm glad to have an evening together. We'll have a regular literary and scientific conversation. Hey?" I say, "By all means!" and we adjourn, it being a little chilly outside, to the study. BOODELS (of Boodels) is a bachelor, and enjoys literary ease. He says that I shall be perfectly quiet here, no one shall disturb me, and that I can get on with my work on *Typical Whatshisnames* (being corrected, he says yes, he means "Developments") as fast as I like. He adds, that there'll be lots of fun besides. I find he means dragging the pond. I say, out of compliment to him, that I am looking forward to this; and he seems pleased. He lights a cigar, and we then enjoy literary conversation—that is, I read to him my manuscript materials for my work. Just as I am commencing, he asks me for the *exact* time, as at nine o'clock he has a friend coming in. I tell him it's past that now, whereupon he says, "Perhaps he won't come: it's only MILBURN, who lives in the next place; he won't disturb us," and finishes by asking me to "go on, old fellow!" I go on, accordingly.

Happy Thought.—It's a rare thing to find any one possessed of the faculty of appreciation. BOODELS has it. BOODELS is a very good fellow. I don't know any one for whom I would do more than I would for BOODELS. There are very few to whom I'd read my manuscript materials for *Typical Developments*—very few; but I don't mind reading them to BOODELS. It isn't every one to whom I'd say, "Now, my dear fellow, pray tell me any fault that strikes you: do." But I say it to BOODELS, because BOODELS is not a fool.

9h. 5m. P.M.—*Note.* I shall time myself in reading this first chapter. Now. *Typical Developments*, Book I., Chap. I. In the earliest—BOODELS stops me. I have asked him to stop me whenever anything strikes him. Something has struck him. "Why do I call it *Typical Developments*?" Why? Well, because,—in fact,—I explain, that

opens up a large question. He will see, I inform him, as I go on. He says, "Oh, I only asked." I thank him for asking, and tell him that that's exactly what I want him to do. He replies, "Yes, he thought I liked that." I say, "Yes, I do." The lamp wants trimming, and BOODELS rings for the butler. There is silence for a few moments, because one can't read while a butler is trimming a lamp. The butler says "he thinks that'll do now, Sir." BOODELS says, "Yes, that'll do." I say, "Oh, yes, that'll do capitally" (N.B. Always be on good terms with the butler), and, the butler having retired, I recommence. "Typi—"

Happy Thought.—Must time the reading. Let's see. 9:30 P.M. "*Typical Developments*, Book I., Chap. I. In the earliest" (correct this with pencil to "very earliest") "In the very earliest—" BOODELS pushes a cigar towards me without speaking. No, thank you, not while reading. "In the very earliest—" I don't know: yes, I will just light a cigar. Let's see the *exact* time—9:37. Now we begin fairly.

"In the very earliest and darkest ages of our ancient earth—"

Happy Thought.—Stop, to alter "ancient" to "old" with a pencil. Read it to BOODELS. "Ages of our old earth." How does he like it? He is dubious. If he doesn't like it, why not say so. Well, he thinks he *doesn't* like it. "Ancient's" better? I ask. On the whole, yes, he thinks "ancient's" better.

Happy Thought.—Alter "old" to "ancient" with a pencil. I respect BOODELS because he speaks his mind; if he doesn't like a thing, he says so. "Won't I," he asks, "have a pen and ink?" No, thanks! I'd better. Well, then, I will. If I'd known that this would have entailed ringing for the butler, who had to fill the inkstand and find a pen, I'd have been perfectly satisfied as I was with the pencil.

"Now, then, old fellow, fire away!" says BOODELS, who is lighting another cigar. Mine is out. "Better light it," says BOODELS, "it's more sociable." Well, then, I will. No matches. Bell. Butler: who explains that he told JAMES, the footman, to see that the box was filled every Thursday. Bell. Footman: corroborates butler, but says, "ANNE must have taken 'em away by mistake when she cleared." Explanation satisfactory. Matches are produced. Butler remains

(officially—who the deuce wants to have his cigar lighted by a butler?) to light the cigars. Butler leaves us. "Fine weeds, them, eh?" says BOODELS. They are. "Fire away, old boy, will you?" says BOODELS, as if I'd been making the interruptions.

Exact time, 9.50. BOODELS doesn't think MILBURN will drop in at this time. "However, if he does," he explains again, "he needn't disturb us." He *needs* it, but it's very probable that, if he comes, he will. "Fire away, old fellow! it's getting late."

9.57.—I am firing away. "In the very earliest and darkest ages of our ancient earth, before even the grand primeval forests—" BOODELS interrupts me, and says that comes from LONGFELLOW. I protest. He says, "No, no, you're right: I was thinking of something else. Go on." I go on—"the grand primeval forests could boast the promise of an incipient bud—" BOODELS (who is a little too captious sometimes) wants to know "what I mean by 'forests boast the promise?' Why 'boast'?" I tell him he'll see as we go on. He returns, "All right: fire away!"

I shirk "boast," and continue—"an incipient bud, there existed in the inexhaustible self-inexhausting Possible, innumerable types—" Here BOODELS suggests what a capital idea it would be for me to give a Public Reading. Safe to do. Take enormously.

Happy Thought.—To give a Public Reading. What of? I can't help asking, though. "Wouldn't it, p'raps, be a little slow?" BOODELS, on consideration, says, "Yes, it might be, without a piano; but, of course, I'd have a piano; and a panorama; or, he's got it, wigs!" "Wigs," he thinks, would make the thing go first-rate. "I might, he fancies, give it here, in the large room at the inn, and see how it went." I object, "Oh, no, that wouldn't do." BOODELS is serious, "He can't see—why not?" Well, because—"Well never mind; fire away, old boy." I fire away. *Exact time, 10.15.*—"Innumerable Possible, innumerable types." I've got it.—"Innumerable types, of which the first generating ideas having a bearing upon"—Here MILBURN dropped in. With an eyeglass and a pipe. He's afraid he disturbs us. "Not in the least," from BOODELS. "Oh no, not at all; not the slightest," from me. What'll he take? Well, nothing, thanks; he's only just dined. "Tea?" Are we going to have tea? "Always have tea now," says BOODELS. "You'll have tea" (to me). Of course, just the thing. "And we'll read afterwards, eh." Bell. Butler. Orders. BOODELS explains to MILBURN that I was reading my work on *Typical Developments* to him. MILBURN says, "O yes, very nice. Yes," as if it was jam, and goes on to observe that "he'd only come round to know about dragging the pond." Bell. Butler. Butler uncertain as to to-morrow's arrangements. Footman with tea. Difficulties with window-shutters between footman and butler. Complicated by the assistance of BOODELS. Further complications arising from MILBURN "lending a hand." Departure of butler and footman. We sit down. MILBURN's afraid he's disturbed us; would I go on with the "*Biblical Elephants*." (This fellow's a fool. Biblical elephants! Idiot.) I correct him. He laughs stupidly, and says it would have been funny if it had been elephants. BOODELS says, "Yes, it would." (N.B. I am astonished at BOODELS.) I remark, that, I fear my paper won't much interest him (meaning the man with eye-glass, MILBURN). He replies, "Oh yes, it will. Jolly. He likes being read to like winking." He seems a hearty fellow, after all. Shall I begin where I left off? or from the beginning? MILBURN replies, "Let's have all we can for the money: the beginning." Very well. "In the very earliest and darkest ages of"—MILBURN begs my pardon one moment. Has BOODELS heard that the niggers are at the Inn to-morrow, the CHRISTY'S, or something, with an entertainment. He tells us the word "darkest" in my MS. had put it into his head. He begs pardon, will I go on, as he must be off soon.—"ages of our ancient earth, before even—" Butler, without being called, with footman to clear away. Then footman alone with the chamber candles.

Eleven o'clock. "Not eleven?" says MILBURN. BOODELS had no idea it was so late. "Past eleven, Sir," observes the butler. BOODELS refers to me for the *exact time*. I say "11.10." MILBURN, through his eyeglass, "makes it," he says, "11.15." The footman, at the door, appeals to the hall clock, which "as struck just as he came in." We all go to the hall. MILBURN says, "Ah, he makes it 11.17." We all make it our own time, and MILBURN says he supposes he'll hear in the morning about dragging the pond. P'raps he'll drop in. Not into the pond. "Ha! ha!" (Hate a fellow who laughs at his own jokes.) Good night! good night! "Nuisance to be interrupted," says BOODELS, going up-stairs. "I'm very much interested in it. Good night!"

Happy Thought.—I'll go to my room, and read it over to myself with a view to corrections. Now

11.45.—A knock at my door. BOODELS, in a dressing-gown. "Come to hear some more *Typical Developments*?" I ask, smiling. No. With some diffidence he produces a manuscript, and tells me he wants my opinion on a little thing of his own—a—in fact—poem, which he thinks of sending to the *Piccadilly Literary Magazine*. Of course, I shall be delighted. Didn't know he wrote? "Oh, yes, often." It isn't long, I suppose? "Oh, no—merely thrown off."

12.—Middle of his reading. (N.B. I never *can* follow poetry when I hear it read to me for the first time.)

12.15.—Still reading. (Note. That last line rather pretty.) Still reading. I've lost the thread.

12.45.—Still reading. I've asked him to "read those last few lines over again," in order to show that I am interested.

1 A.M.—Still reading. He is my host.

1.20.—Still reading. I say something feebly about that's not being quite so good as the last. I make this note, too. I don't know what I'm saying.

2.—I think he's begun another. I don't recollect him finishing the other.

3.—He says, reproachfully, "Why, you're asleep!" I reply, "No, no! merely just closing my eyes." He wants to know which I like the best. It appears he's read *some* of his little compositions. I say, "I don't quite know; I think the third's the best," and get into bed. He observes, "Ah, you can't judge all at once: you must hear them again. Good night, old boy!" And the *same* time is 3.30. Oh, my head!

THE BAKERS.

Come, bother all politics, Tory and Whig,
With those of our friend MR. BRIGHT, the bold Quaker.
Come, join in a chorus—who won't is a prig—
A chorus of honour to SAMUEL WHITE BAKER!

We once had a school of Lake Poets, it's true,
But what were those bards to our African Labor?
He acted Romance and proud Poetry too,
And so let us fill up a health to S. BAKER.

His wife, the brave Lady, comes into the toast,
(*Was perhaps ever-beld among niggers to take her*)
'Tis hard to decide which to honour the most,
The high-couraged bride or her Benedick BAKER.

She stood by his side in the perilous hour,
No storms could fright her, no menaces shake her,
And Hungary well may be proud of the flower
That's worn at the heart of the chivalrous BAKER.

They gained the great basin of mystical Nile,
But fighting their passage there, acre by acre;
What eye does not light and what lip does not smile,
When we find at The Sources our Bride and her BAKER?

Our QUEEN, and God bless her, has made him a Knight,
Of a better She never has yet been a maker;
Nor ever were spurs won in gallantest fight,
More nobly than those at the heels of S. BAKER.

Three cheers for the Knight and the Lady so brave,
If Echo's asleep let us lustily wake her;
For none are more worthy of shout and of stave,
Than the Two who emble the old name of BAKER.

COURT ENGLISH.

THERE used to be a peculiar style of penmanship called "Court-hand." We have now a peculiar style of writing, which ought to be called "Court English." As an example of it, we quote from the *Court Circular* announcing the QUEEN'S arrival at Windsor from Osborne:—

"HER MAJESTY still adheres to mourning attire."

Is this Court English for "the QUEEN still wears mourning?" Or are we to understand by "The QUEEN adhering to her attire," that her attire adheres to the QUEEN, and that this is, after all, only an announcement in Jenkinese that the QUEEN has set an example to the ladies by giving up Crinoline?

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH'S FIRST BABY.

WE read in the *Times* of the 16th August, that on the 11th August there was born, at New York, a son unto ALEXANDER BARRET, Esq., of Lancaster Gate, London.

York and Lancaster baby, how proud you must be,
And what a remarkable baby you are!

ALEXANDER of Greece would have cried to foresee
Time and space conquered thus by his namesake, your Par.
Punch drinks to the health of the Infantine BARRET,
Pa, Ma, Nurse, and household, from kitchen to garret.

JUDY.

"It is remarkable," says a critic, "that BLIND TOM, whose sole Idea is music, is an Idiot." Why remarkable? That critic does not go among musical people.



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 3.

HAVING SECURED A MODEL FOR "THE FLOCKS" IN HER PICTURE OF "CATTLE LIFTING"—

LETTER FROM A LADY.

DEAR SIR,

I do not trouble myself much about politics, of course. They seem to be a tolerably harmless, if not very quiet amusement for grown-up boys. If they meant anything serious, I suppose that they would be taken up seriously by the Government. In the meantime, if it entertains my husband and other women's husbands to chatter and clatter over them while they finish their claret, I do not know that there is any objection. Men must be amused.

But mischief is often done by meddling with what people do not understand; and though I am not at all fond of seeing myself in print (except in the lists of our parochial charities), I must ask you to let me say that MR. MILL and his friends have been at this work.

Having to stay in town when every decent person is out of it (I will not intrude reasons which might cause *just* shame on a certain face), I thought that I would order in coals, which I naturally supposed would be cheaper at this time of year. To my astonishment and disgust, I found that the price was higher than in last spring.

"What does that mean?" said I to the agent, who is a very civil man.

"Well, M'm," he said, "the fact is, that gentlemen in Parliament chose to raise an alarm that the coals of the country were being exhausted, and the coalowners took the hint, and raised the prices, and, what's more, I don't believe we shall see them down again."

Now, *Mr. Punch*, I call this beyond a joke. It is always so when men meddle. As sure as fate, when I hear that any tax has been taken off in the Budget, I know that the article will be charged more in my little red books, and so it always is. That is natural. But that Members of Parliament should go and raise an alarm, and make war, as I may say, upon the family coalskuttle, is rather too bad, and I hope that MR. MILL and all the scientific men who have been talking nonsense, as if coals would't last our time, will find their skuttles full of slates all through the winter. I wish you would make a picture of this, and oblige

Your obedient Servant,

MATERFAMILIAS.

ADMIRALTY ACCOUNTS.

AIR—"A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sail."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A COOKED Sheet that is queer to see,
Where items follow fast;
So much for hull, so much for sail—
So much for rope and mast.
'Tis much too much to last, my boys!
Strange things, 'twixt you and me—
A trusty wight has brought to light,
Down at the Admiralty.

"Now for a fair and true account!"

CHARLES SEELY he did cry:
The First Lord raised an awful breeze,
And mounted the horse high.
He mounted the horse high, my boys,
But a fig for SIR JOHN P.
We'll know how much our ships have cost,
Spite of the Admiralty.

There's tempest in the public mind,
The fleet's beneath a cloud:
And hark the murmurs, Admirals!
The people grumble loud.
The people grumble loud, my boys!
That gold should wasted be
On ships as useless as the Lords
Who rule the Admiralty.

THE TUNE THE HUNGRY COW DINED OFF.

If a Cow were hungry, what air of MEYERBERG's would she think of singing? *Grâce pour moi.*

THE PHILOSOPHERS OF NOTTINGHAM.



Fools say Philosophy tends but to ossify
Hearts, and teach people amusement to shun?
Stuff, and her worshippers mustn't be cross if I
Show her High Priesthood as figures of fun.
*We've been to Nottingham, spotting 'em, potting 'em,
Sketching away with the patience of Job;
Down in a picture you see we've been jolting 'em,
Each an Elhardo atop of his globe.*

There's the bold President: nothing irrelevant
Comes from that learned and thoughtful Q.C.,
Only you notice we've left out his Elephant
Growing a trunk from the trunk of a tree.
Something the President calls continuity
Furnishes Grove with his magical key;
Certain old writers, of some ingenuity,
"Didn't know everything down in Judee."
We've been to Nottingham, &c.

There's the kind friend of adventurous travellers,
RODERICK VICH MURCHISON, ho, ieroe,
Secrets now known had had fewer unravellers,
But for the aid that induced them to go.
Here is a gentleman dancing in glory,
That's MR. HUXLEY a playing the bones,
Here stands before ye American MAURY
Blowing the storms to appropriate zones.
We've been to Nottingham, &c.

Here's MR. FAIRBAIRN; how bombs in the air
burn,
And rifles hit hardest, his fate was to hear,
He knows better things, and in days when we
dare burn
War's gory stories, his name will be dear.
He who'd a flam say in presence of RAMSAY.
A topper might get from that hammer of Thor;
He's read every stratum 'twixt Jedburgh and
Jhamsi,
And knows every hill from Mont Blanc to
Mam Tor.
And we've been to Nottingham, &c.

MR. CROOKES, for a frolic, dispenses Carbolic,
Drawn from the deepest of chemistry's wells,
Until MR. ODING, afraid of the colic,
Requests that his friend discontinue his smells.
O'er Europe and Asia the brave MR. GLAISHER
Glides calm, his balloon being charged with
Blue Mist,
While TYNDALL, whose honours are safe from
erasure,
Rides the biggest of teapots believed to exist.
And we've been to Nottingham, &c.

Binocular BREWSTER, how gallantly you stir
When aught's to be done for obtaining "More
Light,"
Fame reads out your name by its own brilliant
lustre,
Nor needs those large glasses in aid of hersight.
And what is this last apparition so splendid?
'Tis HUGGINS the starry, who's perched on
the sun:
With which blaze of glory our triumph is ended—
Now say if Philosophy isn't good fun?
For we've been to Nottingham, &c.

AN INSECTIVOROUS TRIBE.

SERVANTS, in London and its suburbs, have often much to complain of the black beetles which infest kitchens, and, let masters and mistresses bear in mind, larders also. To get rid of these coleopterous nuisances, many housekeepers are wont to engage a hedgehog, in addition to their domestics. Now, sometimes these object to the company of their prickly companion. The subjoined extract from a leading article in the *Daily Telegraph* indicates a possibility of exterminating black beetles, cockroaches, and any other such intruders into our abodes by the simple aid of servants who are themselves insectivorous:—

"MR. POSTON, the agent of the United States Minister of the Interior, tells us that, having been requested by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington to collect for scientific purposes all the bats, snakes, insects, rats, rabbits, birds, beetles, fish, grasshoppers, and horned frogs in Arizona, he found, on arriving there, that none of those animals were left, the Indians having converted them all into food."

And we call these people savages!—so far in advance, as they are, or the consumers of shrimps, prawns, and turtle, in utilising esculent forms of reptile life, and other inferior organisations. It is true that they had been deprived of better sustenance than the horned frogs, and the other things above enumerated, by the failure of the customary fertilising inundation of the Colorado River, but there can be no doubt that they ate their snakes with all the appetite that a serpent can be devoured with by a mongoose. If some of these Arizona Indians could be imported into this country, and put into livery (which would become them), they might be employed down-stairs in the twofold capacity of footman and hedgehog. And when they had eaten up all the beetles, and rats and mice, then they might be turned into the garden to destroy the slugs and snails, and worms, and woodhobs, and the like. Only they would have to be told to let the toads and frogs alone, because these creatures are not only harmless but useful; for they kill flies, and in Paris toads are now fetching a high price, being sold to be put into cucumber and melon frames for that purpose.

THE SPITEFUL CLUB.



URING the Recess, a select party of un-choice spirits, who are compelled to remain in London when all the rest of the world (except two millions and three quarters) is out of it, have formed themselves into an association for the purpose of revenging themselves. This is found to be rather refreshing. The union is called The Spiteful Club. They dine together, and in lieu of the ordinary false toasts and humbug, they devote glasses to sentiments of which we have been favoured with a

specimen, which was brought us by a surly member simply because it is against the rules of the S.C. to reveal any of the proceedings.

The QUEEN, and may we have a long and heavy Rain.

Absent Friends, and may they keep so.

Bad Weather to all Tourists.

The Health of Brigands, Custom House Officers, Hotel Keepers, and other enemies to Travellers.

Late Trains and No Beds.

Nick Pick the day for the Pic-Nic.

Any Excursion, and may it be as dull as WORDSWORTH'S.

Walking Tourists, and may their pleasure be Walker.

Pegs in the Heels of Pedestrians.

Cross Roads for Cross Travellers.

May the Finger-post of Direction always want an Arm.

Servants left in Charge, and their Ticket-of-Leave Men.

May Lodging-keepers remember that their year, like that of Mercury (God of Thieves) has only Three Months.

"The Earwig, the Midge, and the Bedroom B,
Never forgetting the gladsome Flea."

May the Letters awaiting our absent Enemies be as disagreeable as their best Friends could wish.

We have pleasure in annexing the Seal of the Spiteful Club. The figure is from the "scarified" Cathedral of a City over which a Party is said to look hatefully, and he glares, as in old days, at the signs of Pilgrimage.

PAROCHIAL HIGH ART.

WE are happy in being able to announce that the directors of the School of Design intend to offer prizes for the best pictures suitable to adorn the walls of workhouses, with a view to elevate the conceptions of their inmates above the realities of Union life. For that purpose engravings from the pictures will be made for the parishes whose guardians may be disposed to purchase them, since the ratepayers can hardly be expected to stand frescoes. Two distinguished artists are already at work on paintings for the decoration of our chief parochial institutions. The subject of one is the assistance rendered to the man who fell among thieves, and a guardian of the Shoreditch Union is sitting for the *Good Samaritan*. That of the other is *Alfred Dividing his Loaf with the Beggars*; the model for ALFRED being a Beadle in his official costume.

A FACT AND A FICTION AT BOULOGNE.

THE other day at Boulogne-sur-Mer the Cathedral of Notre Dame of that ilk was consecrated with great solemnity. This church has been erected in celebration of the arrival, in the port of Boulogne, A.D. 636, of a boat without pilot or sail, and of course without steam, enveloped in a mysterious light, and containing for its sole crew a wooden image of the Madonna and Child. During the great French Revolution this miraculous image is said to have been destroyed by the *sans culottes*. This, however, is incredible. There can, of course, be no doubt about the arrival of the image, by superhuman impulse, in Boulogne Harbour in 636. But it cannot have been destroyed in 1793. A miraculous image is quite capable of holding its own, and this one, if it had submitted to be smashed to pieces, would have put itself together again. It will turn up.

THE TWO G'S.

Two big G's (not capital)
Constantly do quarrel!
Each G. calling 'tother G.
"Impotent," "immoral,"
"Penny-wise," "pound-foolish,"
"Shirking," "shilly-shally,"
"Muffish," "mindless," "mulish,"
"Dawdling," "dilly-dally"—
Central G. and Local G.,
Each upon its mettle;
Its teeth doth set, for a duet,
A la Pot and Kettle.

"Look at your self-Government!"
(Central G. shrieks shrilly),
"Paupers squalid in their dirt—
Starving o'er their skilly.
Casual wards like hells on earth,
Filth and immorality;
Sick rooms, to make devils' mirth,
Suffering and brutality.
Guardians who, the rates to save,
Sacrifice the pauper:
Human kindness roused to rave,
Duty drugged to torpor."

"Yah! just look in at Whitehall"—
(Local G. may crow for 't)
"Seventy millions in a haul,
Deuce a fleet to show for 't.
Muffs for Lords and meddlers,
Doing and undoing;
Peculating pedlers,
Screwing and unscrewing.
While official dinners,
Calm the Board partakes of—
And old Dockyard sinners,
Cash make ducks and drakes of."

"*You're a nice 'un, You are!*"
(Central G.'s retort is)
"Humbug and Hypocrisy,
Vestrydom's support is!
Jobbery in large concerns,
Snobbery in small ones;
A tail of pigmy lick-spittles
Toadying the tall ones!
Public interest defied—
Private ends regarded;
Modest merit thrust aside,
Blatant brass rewarded!"

"Look at home, Sir, if you please,"
(Is Local G.'s defiance),
"At the Public Offices,
Where idlesse is a science.
Business hampered in its course
With a red-tape tangle;
Fair claims, in official course,
Met but with a wrangle.
Only civil when you're crost,
Only sharp in shirking,
At the maximum of cost,
The minimum of working."

So they jar, this brace of G's,
Tort and retort urging;
While BRITANNIA'S busy bees,
Round the hive are surging.
Little rocking—so the row
Breaks not labours sunny,—
Question who shall take, or how,
Toll of wax and honey—
Still they toil, while both the G's
When they've had their scold out,
Boldly dip among the bees,
And bale their tax of gold out.

In Bankruptcy.

AN Insolvent Dairyman complained that his only persecuting creditor was his Dun Cow.

An Asylum for Lunatic Creditors would find an appropriate site at Duns-inane.

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

You 'LL be glad to learn that I've made a good impression onto the mind of the lan'lord of the Greenlion tavern. He made a speech about me last night. Risin' in the bar he spoke as follers, there bein over 20 individooals present: "This North American has been a inmate of my 'ouse over two weeks, yit he hasn't made no attempt to scalp any member of my fam'ly. He hasn't broke no cups or sassers, or furnitur of any kind. (*Hear, hear.*) I find I can trust him with lited candles. He eats his wittles with a knife and a fork. Peple of this kind should be encourridged. I purpose 'is 'elth!" (*Loud 'plaus.*)

What could I do but modestly get up and express a fervint hope that the Atlantic Cable would bind the two countries still more closely together? The lan'lord said my speech was full of orig'nality, but his idee was the old stage coach was more safer, and he tho't peple would indors that opinyin in doo time.

I'm gettin' on excedin' well in London. I see now, however, that I made a mistake in orderin' my close afore I left home. The trooth is the taler in our little villige owed me f'r a pig and I didn't see any other way of gettin' my pay. Ten years ago these close would no doubt have been fash'n'ble, and perhaps they would be ekally sim'lar ten years hens. But now they're diff'rently. The taler said he know'd they was all right, because he had a brother in Wales who kept him informed about London fashions reg'lar. This was a infam'us falshood. But as the ballad says (which I heard a gen'l'man in a new soot of black close and white kid gloves sing t'other night), Never don't let us Despise a Man because he wears a Ragged Coat! I don't know as we do, by the way, tho' we gen'rally get out of his way pretty rapid; prob'ly on account of the pity which tears our bosoms for his onhappy condition.

This last remark is a sirkastic and wither'in thrust at them blotid peple who live in gildid saloons. I tho't I'd explain my meanin' to you. I frekently have to explain the meanin' of my remarks. I know one man—and he's a man of varied 'complishments—who often reads my articles over 20 times afore he can make anythin' of 'em at all. Our skoolmaster to home says this is a peccolilarity of geneusy. My wife says it is a peccolilarity of infernal nonsens. She's a excedin' practycal woman. I luv her muchly, however, and humer her little ways. It's a recklis falshood that she henpecks me, and the young man in our naberhood who said to me one evenin', as I was mistenin' my diafram with a gentle cocktail at the villige tavun—who said to me in these very langwidge. "Go home, old man, unless you desires to have another teapot throwd at you by B. J.," prob'ly regrets havin said so. I said, "Betsy Jane is my wife's front name, gentle yooth, and I permits no person to alood to her as B. J. outside of the family circle, of which I am it principally myself. Your other observations I scorn and disgust, and I must polish you off." He was a able-bodied young man, and, remoovin his coat, he inquired if I wanted to be ground to powder? I said, Yes: if there was a Powder-grindist handy, nothin would 'ford me greater pleasure, when he struck me a painful blow into my right eye, causin' me to make a rapid retreat into the fire-place. I hadn't no idee that the enemy was so well organised. But I rallied and went for him, in a rayther vigris stile for my time of life. His parunts lived near by, and I will simply state 15 minits had only elapet after the first act, when he was carrid home on a shutter. His mama met the solum procession at the door, and after keersfully looking her orispring over, she said, "My son, I see how it is distinc'tually. You've been foolin' round a Trashin Masheen. You went in at the place where they put the grain in, cum out with the straw, and you got up into the thingamyjig, and let the hosses tred on you, didn't you, my son?" The pen of no livin Orthur could describe that disornit young man's sittywation more clearer. But I was sorry for him, and I went and nussed him till he got well. His reg'lar original father being absent to the war, I told him I'd be a father to him myself. He smilt a sickly smile, and said I'd already been wuss than two fathers to him.

I will here obsarve that fitin orter be allus avided, exoept in extreem cases. My principle is, if a man smites me on the right cheek I'll turn my left to him, prob'ly; but if he insinooates that my gran'mother wasn't all right, I'll punch his hed. But fitin is mis'ble bismies, gen'rally speakin, and whenever any enterprisin countryman of mine cums over here to scoop up a Briton in the prize ring I'm allus excessively tickled when he gets scooped hisself, which it is a sad faak has thus far been the case—my only sorer bein' that t'other feller wasn't scooped likewise. It's diff'rently with scullin boats, which is a manly sport, and I can only explain Mr. HAMIL's resunt defeat in this country on the grounds that he wasn't used to British water. I hope this explanation will be entirely satisfact'ry to all.

As I remarked afore, I'm gettin' on well. I'm aware that I'm in the great metrop'lis of the world, and it doesn't make me onhappy to admit the fact. A man is a ass who dispoits it. That's all that ails him. I know there is sum peple who cum over here and snap and snarl 'bout this and that: I know one man who says it is a shame and a disgrace that St. Paul's Church isn't a older ediffis; he says it should be years and even ages older than it is; but I decline to hold

myself responsible for the conduct of this idyit simply because he's my countryman. I spose every civ'ised land is endowed with its full share of gibberin' idyits, and it can't be helpt—leastways I can't think of any effectooal plan of helpin' it.

I'm a little sorry you've got politics over here, but I shall not diskuss 'em with nobody. Tear me to peaces with wild omnibus hosses, and I won't diskuss 'em. I've had quite enuff of 'em at home, thank you. I was at Birmingham t'other night, and went to the great meetin' for a few minits. I hadn't been in the hall long when a stern lookin' artisan said to me,

"You ar from Wales?"

No, I told him I didn't think I was. A hidgyis tho't flasht over me. It was of that onprincipled taler, and I said, "Has my clothin' a Welch appearance?"

"Not by no means," he answered, and then he said, "And what is your opinyin of the present crisis?"

I said, "I don't zackly know. Have you got it very bad?"

He replied, "Sir, it is sweepin' over England like the Cymoon of the Desert!"

"Wall," I said, "let it sweep!"

He ceased me by the arm and said, "Let us glance at hist'ry. It is now some two thousand years—"

"Is it, indeed?" I replied.

"Listin!" he fiercely cried; "it is only a little over two thousand years since—"

"Oh, bother!" I remarkt, "let us go out and git some beer."

"No, Sir. I want no gross and sensual beer. I'll not move from this spot till I can vote. Who ar you?"

I handed him my card, which, in addition to my name, contains a elabrit description of my show. "Now, Sir," I proudly said, "you know me?"

"I sollumly swear," he sternly replied, "that I never heard of you, or your show, in my life!"

"And this man," I cried bitterly, "calls hisself a intelligent man, and thinks he orter be allowed to vote! What a holler mockery!"

I've no objection to ev'ry intelligent man votin' if he wants to. It's a pleasant amousement, no doubt; but there is those whose igrance is so dense and loathsum that they shouldn't be trustid with a ballit any more'n one of my trained serpunt should be trusted with a child to play with.

I went to the station with a view of returnin' to town on the cars. "This way, Sir," said the guard; "here you ar," and he pinto to a first-class carriage, the sole ockepant of which was a rayther preposessin' female of about 30 summers.

"No, I thank you," I earnestly replied, "I prefer to walk."

I am, dear Sir,

Very respectivly yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

OFF TO THE SEA.

AIR—"Over the Sea."

"Off to the Sea! off to the Sea!"

Hear what a coaxing wife whispered to me—

"Off to the Sea! off to the Sea!"

Dearest, you're working too long:

Then, CHARLES, CHARLES, CHARLES,

Let's all go together,

This warm Autumn weather,

For, CHARLES, CHARLES, CHARLES,

The children are not looking strong."

So it's off to the Sea! off to the Sea!

Hear what a cunning wife whispered to me—

"Off to the Sea! off to the Sea!"

Somebody's working too long."

Off to the Sea! off to the Sea!

Tickets the clerk has just given to me,

Off to the Sea! off to the Sea!

Now then for Ramsgate once more.

There we'll bathe, bathe, bathe,

And hear the waves roar

On its populous shore;

There we'll boat, boat, boat,

And saunter in straw-hats along.

So, it's off to the Sea! off to the Sea!

Hear what a wily wife whispers to me—

"Off to the Sea! off to the Sea!"

CHARLIE, you're going once more."

FOUND.—The individual who was lost in thought has since been discovered in a brown study.



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 4.

—THE MODEL PROVES REFRACTORY !

THE BRUMMAGEM ROUGH TO THE TOTNESS
RESPECTABLE.

COME down, Respectability—

Come down out of that gig, Sir ;

At Yarmouth, Reigate, Totness,

We've seen you run your rig, Sir.

You're a nice chap, you are, to scoff

At radical and rough, Sir ;

Pitch left and right into JOHN BRIGHT,

And middle-class rights puff, Sir.

Whose hands are dirtiest, yours or mine ?

Which of our dirties is cleanest ?

Which bows down at the lowest shrine,

Which of our means is meanest ?

I may be too fond of big words,

Better big words than bribes, Sir :

Are Demagogues much fouler birds

Than Pharisees and Scribes, Sir ?

Your ten-pound shop, your smooth brush'd crop,

Your broad-cloth and your beaver,

Be't ne'er so wide, won't serve to hide

Bribe-giver or receiver.

Town after town, shame hunts you down,

Dirty, dirt-eating varmin'ts,

Upsets your gig, and inside out

Alike turns masks and garments.

Let honest folk, who crane or croak,

For fear of us, the millions—

Say which they'd sooner trust, the coach

To drive, or ride postillions ?

Fellows like these, who buy and sell

Constituents like cattle,

Or the sort we trust, p'raps too well,

In our cause to do battle ?

"I THINK, HERE BE TRUTHS."

ENGLAND'S Mission is to tell the truth to all sorts of people. Her sons are seldom deficient in the will and the courage necessary to this end. We think that a stronger evidence of the fact has seldom been given than on a recent occasion by the Italian Special Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. All his senses outraged by the atrocious uncleanness of an inn at Bergamo, MR. SALA expressed his opinions to the landlord. This fellow—

"Was insolent enough to tell me that the incredibly horrible nature of his domestic arrangements was thought good enough for Italians, and *pari passu* ought to suit English people. But I told him that his inn could not have been intended for Italians, whom I respected as a noble and intelligent people, seeing that his house was fit only for skunks and swine, of whom I added, by way of a compliment, he was one. Whereat he looked as though he would have stabbed me, but ultimately subsided into a kitchen."

As PETER PINDAR said, when his satires on KING GEORGE THE THIRD were thought rather too emphatic, "It is of no use whipping pigs with velvet." There be also hostelryes, nearer home, in which, *non obstante* the cant about the perfection of British inns, and in defiance of the hack quotation from SHENSTONE, some such mild remonstrance might not be undeserved. But it is desirable that the administrator should be prepared with the British fist to back up the British criticism. We speak as those who have been bitten, overcharged, cheated, and insulted, and who have read the above extract with a vengeful pleasure.

The Medical Officer's Friend.

We understand that the Surgeons of the United Kingdom contemplate getting up a subscription for a testimonial, as valuable as they can afford, to be offered to the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, in acknowledgment of the earnest and successful efforts which his Royal Highness has ever made to uphold the position and maintain the rights of medical officers, and altogether to promote, as highly as possible, the efficiency of the Medical Department of the British Army.



THE BRUMMAGEM FRANKENSTEIN.

JOHN BRIGHT. "I HAVE NO FE-FE-FEAR OF MA-MANHOOD SUFFRAGE!"—*Mr. Bright's Speech at Birmingham.*

THE NEW PAUL PRY.



FOR some inscrutable reason, our leading comedians think their *curriculum* incomplete until they have played *Paul Pry*. They regard this as a bending of the Bow of Uliston. The play is a stupid one, ill-constructed, without defined characters, and may fairly be called a long and bad farce. But it has prescriptive title to its place on the stage, and the appearance of a new *Paul Pry*, therefore, is a theatrical event to be chronicled. MR. TOOLE has come forth in the part, and Mr. *Punch* has attended the performance. His high opinion of the actor in question is upon record, and is confirmed by his *Paul Pry*. MR. TOOLE is a true artist, and has brought a true artist's mind to bear upon the character which LISTON created, and which REEVE, BUCKSTONE, and WRIGHT have rendered more and more difficult for a successor who desires to give an original reading. The incon-

ceivable stolidity of MR. TOOLE's *Paul Pry*, who never for a second becoming suspicious that he is either impudent, intrusive, or injudicious, elevates the absurdity of the part into a coherent conception. His "hope I don't intrude" is the merest form, seldom introduced, never insisted on as an apology—it is nothing more than the yours faithfully in a letter. Other actors have made it a catch phrase for the galleries, MR. TOOLE knows nothing of intrusion. His art is, perhaps best displayed in the very last scene, where secrets and blunders crowd on him until he can only hover about and revel silently, or with an occasional irrepressible outcry, in the wealth of revelations. He is thoroughly LISTONIAN in this

scene. MR. TOOLE will therefore accept our gratulation on having done so much with a task we should never have set him. A word for MRS. MELLON, who merits more words than we can afford, for her admirable *Phoebe*, who never ceases, for a single moment, to be the genius of the scene, and often makes us forget its absurdity, and another word for MISS GODSALL, for playing *Eliza* so lovingly, and for looking so loveable. This young lady is wonderfully like the bewitching *Widow Wadman* in MR. FRITH's last picture.

We also mention a farce, *Keep your Door Locked*, which would not need mention but for its affording MR. TOOLE an opportunity of indulging in the wildest extravagance of comic agony, and for MRS. BILLINGTON's looking admirably, and making an effective part out of materials which it were gross flattery to call scanty. And O, MISS FURTADO, in *Helen*! If we were not *Punch* we would be *Paris*.

A STORY ABOUT SPURGEON.

(To the Editor of *Punch*.)

SIR,

You are not the only person to whom idiotisms are sent under the name of jokes. Of course, the subjoined statement, in the *South London Press*, cannot be serious:—

"MR. C. H. SPURGEON has just notified, on smart pink paper, to a member of his flock, that he discourages as much as possible the practice of returning thanks to God after child-birth, by any of his congregation, since in most cases it is merely an absurd superstitious practice!"

The purport of the note above imputed to MR. SPURGEON is evidently as impossible as its colour. But MR. SPURGEON is a man of common sense, and I can conceive an observation to have been made by him that afforded an infinitesimally partial basis for the foregoing tale. Perhaps he remarked, on occasion, that he wondered that people should return thanks for children, and not for other afflictions. I am, Sir, what the females of my acquaintance call a horrid brute, Your humble Servant,

ANTI-BABY.

Re-Organisation of the Army.

WHO has not observed, with disgust, the dirty shabby uniforms of our militiamen? This part of the British Army is sometimes called the raw militia. Of course the militiamen will be always raw till they are properly dressed.

THE WORST OF BRIBERY.

O WILLIAM, what wrong, is there, dearest, in Bribery?
I think it all Phariseeism and Scribery
What's put in the papers about the objection
Against paying money to gain an election.

At Yarmouth, suppose the four thousand pounds, taken
For votes on the side of SIR WHATSHISNAME LACON
Had out of his own pocket come in reality:
Why, what would that prove but his true liberality?

A man that will give so much must be sincere,
Although those who get it may spend it in beer;
He must have the good of his country at heart
More dearly than I should wish you, for my part.

And all that to lead such a hardworking life!
I'm glad I'm no Member of Parliament's wife,
So many long nights with her husband home late
By having been kept at a nasty debate!

What reasons can working men have for their votes?
None better, that I see, than gold or bank-notes.
And so let them choose, independent and free.
I hope when you vote you'll be guided by me.

There's my old piano—and I want a new;
And how could you vote with a warthier view?
When people will bribe you to serve you, what plan
Is like being bribed for a family man?

What say you? To business the rogues have an eye,
And votes, but to serve their own purposes, buy—
Their railways and other concerns to make pay:
So much the more sensible candidates they!

Why not? For example, on lucre intent
Such Members let hundreds of millions be spent
On armaments, yet we've no navy to show
That's fit to resist any maritime foe.

Oh, dear! And so this once impregnable shore
Is safe from a horrid invasion no more!
Oh, dreadful! If that is in any way due
To bribery, hang bribed and bribers all too!

Intelligence for the Army.

AMONGST other questions relative to the British Army, a Correspondent of the *Times* asks, "Can any scheme be devised for attracting into the Army the abler instead of the less able young men from our public schools? Yes. The scheme of giving the more able young men commissions, instead of leaving them to be bought by those others who have more money than brains. Who, possessing a sufficiency of the former, would adopt a profession exposing the latter to be blown out, unless he were a fool? Whereas there are plenty of men well endowed with cerebral substance, who are willing enough to risk it for adequate pay; for without money what are brains? Only the pay must be adequate."

The Revised Barrister.

"*Times* stands aghast amid his awful rush" to behold what hath been done unto BEALES, M.A. But it takes something from the national guilt that BEALES has only been sacked, not beheaded—that it is not his head that has been doomed to the block, but only his wig.

U.S. SHOWING A Y.Z.—The Americans, weary of the faction-struggle after the great fight, are endeavouring to arrange matters by means of a well-organised Convention. For the first time, we congratulate a nation on Conventionalism.



ON THE BOULOGNE PIER.

(TWO ASIDES.)

Young England. "RUMMY STYLE OF 'AT!" La Jeune France. "DRÔLE DE CHAPEAU!"

A METEOROLOGIST IN A MIST.

At a meeting of the British Association the other day, according to a report of the proceedings:—

"MR. GLAISHER explained some particulars with regard to the blue or cholera mist, and stated that its peculiar feature was, that where the mist was most dense, at that place there was no cholera."

With all deference to a gentleman of MR. GLAISHER'S scientific altitude—which has amounted to five miles above the height ever reached by any other philosopher, we would ask whether the mist which is most dense where there is no cholera should not be rather named an anti-cholera mist. Surely it can only be called a cholera mist in such wise as *Bottom* said his dream should be called *Bottom's Dream*, because it had no bottom.

Nimmo Nos Impune Lacessit.

THE tiniest vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic is on view in the Crystal Palace. We mention this to add that MR. NIMMO has made a similar arrangement for the *Great Eastern*, which will be exhibited there on her return.

AN Author-friend of ours says that all the elegant Cookery-books talk about the Still Room. He only wishes that his adored family would allow *him* such a room.

WHY is St. Paul's like a pillar letter-box? Because there's no collection on Sundays.

MOVEABLE FEASTS.—"Baked Tatars all hot!"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

At Boodels. The morning after the literary conversation already recorded. Second day at Boodels. 6:30 A.M. exact time.—It's wonderful to me how BOODELS (of Boodels) manages to get up at half-past six in the morning, after going to bed at 3:20. He *does* do it, with a horn too, which he comes to my bedside and blows (his idea of hearty fun!), and with dogs, which he brings into one's room. I didn't see the animals last night; now I do. I don't like them—at least in my bedroom. There's one Skye, a black-and-tan, a pug, and an undecided terrier. He explains that two of 'em always sleep in his room, and he then makes them jump on my bed.

Happy Thought.—Always lock your bedroom door, on account of sleep-walkers. I recollect a story of a monk stabbing a mattress, and somebody going mad afterwards, which shows how necessary it is to lock the door of your cell. At all events, it keeps out any one with a horn, and dogs.

6:35.—BOODELS says (while dogs are scampering about), "Lovely morning, old boy," and pulls up my blinds. I like to find out it's a lovely morning for myself, and pull up my own blinds, or else I get a headache. The undecided terrier and the pug are growling at what they can see of me above the counterpane. I try (playfully, of course, because BOODELS is my host) to kick them off, but they only snap at my toes. BOODELS says, "They think they're rats. Ah, they're as sensible as Christians, when they know you." They don't know me, however, and go on taking my toes for rats.

6:35 to 6:45.—BOODELS says, "We'll have a little air, eh?" and opens both windows. He says, "There, that's better." I reply, "Yes, that's better," and turn on my side, trying to imagine, by shutting my eyes, that BOODELS, with dogs, is not in the room.

Happy Thought (made in my note-book suddenly under the clothes. Always have note-book under my pillow, while collecting materials.) "Poodles" rhymes to "BOODELS."

He then says, examining his horn, "This is how they get you up in Switzerland;" and then he blows it, by way of illustration. He says, "That wouldn't come in badly in an entertainment, would it?" He suggests that it would come in capitally when I give a public reading. At this point, the voice of JAMES, the footman, summons the dogs below. Rush—scamper—rush—avalanche of dogs heard tumbling down stairs.

BOODELS says, "JAMES always feeds 'em." I reply, sleepily, "Very kind." BOODELS says, "What?" I answer, rather louder, that "it's very kind," and keep my eyes shut. BOODELS won't take a hint. He

goes on—"Look at this horn! ain't it a rum 'un?" and I am obliged to open my eyes again. I ask him, feebly, "where he got it?" BOODELS says, "What?" (I begin to think he's deaf.) And I have to repeat, "Where did you get it?" He then begins a story about a fellow in Switzerland, who, &c., which I lose about the middle, and am recalled to consciousness by his shaking the pillow, and saying, "Hi! Hi! You're asleep!" I explain, as if hurt by the insinuation, "No, only thinking." Whereupon BOODELS says, "Ought to *think* about getting up." [This is what he calls being happy at a repartee. I find he rather prides himself on this.] "Breakfast in half-an-hour?" I say, "Yes, in half-an-hour," lazily. He is silent for a minute. I doze. He then says, "What?" And I repeat, more lazily, to show him I've no idea of getting up yet awhile, "Yes, in half-an-hour." BOODELS goes away. I doze. He reappears, to ask me some question which begins, "Oh, do you think that—" But he changes his mind, and says, "Ah, well, it doesn't matter!" adding, in a tone of remonstrance, "You're not getting up!" and disappears again, leaving, as I afterwards found, the door open.

I doze * * * * Something in my room. I look, inquiringly, over the side of the bed. A bulldog, alone! White, with bandy legs, a black muzzle, and showing his teeth: what a fancier, I believe, would call a beauty. Don't know how to treat bulldogs. Wish BOODELS would shut the door when he goes out. I look at the dog. The dog doesn't stir, but twitches his nostrils up and down. I *never* saw a dog do that before. I say to myself, in order to inspirit myself, "He can't make me out." I really don't like to get up while he's there.

Happy Thought.—To keep my eye on him, sternly. He keeps his more sternly on me. Failure.

Happy Thought.—To pat the bed-clothes and say "Poor old boy, then! Did um, a poor old fellow, then! a leetle mannikin, then; a poo! little chappy man, then"—and other endearing expressions: his eye still on me unflinchingly. Then in a laudatory tone, "He was a fine dog then, he was!" and encouragingly, "Old boy, then! old fellow!" His eye is mistrustful; bull-dogs never growl when they're going to fly at you: he doesn't growl.

Happy Thought.—If you hit a bulldog over the front legs, he's done. If not, I suppose you're done. [This for my chapter, in *Typical Developments*, on "Nature's Defences."] If you wound a lion in his fore paw, he'll come up to you. On second thought, p'raps, he'd come up to you if you didn't. Bulldogs always spring at your throat. If in bed, you can avoid that by getting under the clothes.

Happy Thought.—One ought always to have a bell by the bed in case of robbers, and a pistol.

7.45. The dog has been here for a quarter of an hour and I can't get up. WILLKS, the butler, appears with my clothes and hot water. The dog welcomes him—so do I, gratefully. He says, "Got Grip up here with you, Sir? He don't often make friends with strangers." I say, without explanation, "Fine dog that," as if I'd had him brought to my room to be admired. WILLKS, the butler, informs me that "Master wouldn't take forty pounds for that dog, Sir," and I say, with surprise, "Wouldn't he?" Butler repeats, "No, Sir, not forty pounds—he's been offered thirty." Whereupon, finding I've been on a wrong tack (N.B. Never be on a wrong tack with the butler), I observe, knowingly, as if I was making a bargain, "Ah, I should have thought about thirty—not more, though." Butler says, "Yes, Sir, Master could get that," and I answer positively, "Oh, yes, of course," which impresses the butler with the notion that I'd give it myself any day of the week. Think the butler likes me better after this.

I calculate upon getting ten minutes more in bed. "What's the exact time?" The butler has a watch, and is ready. "8.10." "Exact?" "Exact." "Then" (by way of a further delay) "bring my clothes, please." They are here. "Oh, well," (last attempt,) "my boots." Been here some time. Then I *must* get up, that's all. That is all, and I get up. Breakfast. MILBURN has sent in to know if we drag the pond to-day. BOODELS consults WILLKS "What does he say, eh?" WILLKS consults the footman, and the footman says, the gardener has been to see a man in the village about it, and it can't be managed to-day. All the dogs are at breakfast, whining for bits.

Happy Thought.—Politely to feed strange dogs. Specially the bulldog. Terrier still vicious. BOODELS says, "Oh, he'll soon know you." I hope he will: I hate a dog who follows you, and then flies at your legs. BOODELS says, "Well, if we don't drag the pond, you'd like to get on with your work, eh?" With *Typical Developments*? Certainly: very much. BOODELS is fond of literature, and says that I can go to my room, and shan't be disturbed all day. I observe, I should like to get to work at once. Just 9.30: capital time. I show him that I can do a good deal to Chapter One between 9.30 and 1. He is glad to hear it; and I tell him that, if he likes, I'll read what I've done to him in the evening. He says "he should like that." I say, "I won't, if it bores you." He answers, "Bore me! I should be delighted!" I tell him I like reading out loud to an appreciative friend, because he can give advice. He says, "Yes," rather quickly, and proposes one turn, just as far as the pond, before I sit down to work. I think I ought to get to work: but how far is the pond? "Not a hundred yards, or so." Very well; just one turn, and then in. "With a cigar?" Well, p'raps, a very mild cigar. We are at the garden door.

9.40.—Excellent time. Still at the garden door. The butler and the footman have been looking for BOODELS' little stick with a notch in it. BOODELS says "It's very extraordinary they can't leave that stick alone." That being found (in BOODELS' bed-room, by the way), we

want the matches. Butler thought they were in the study. Footman (who is followed everywhere by all the dogs while clearing away) recollects seeing them there last night. Thinks ANNE, the housemaid, must have taken them. Will ask her. BOODELS says, "It's very extraordinary they can't leave the matches alone." ANNE, from a distance—voice only heard—says "she ain't touched them ever since they were put back last night." Being appealed to before the footman and butler, I say, "I think I recollect them in the study,"—trying to corroborate everybody. Subsequently, WILLKS finds them in BOODELS' bed-room.

10.—Now, then, for *one* turn, and then in to work hard at my MS. WILLKS asks BOODELS, "Will he speak to the cook about dinner?" "Oh, yes," BOODELS answers, "or you won't get any dinner." This to me good-humouredly. I laugh (stupid joke, really), and say, "Well, make haste!" While he's away, I think of the first sentence I'll write when I get in, so as not to waste time. "In the very earliest and darkest ages of our ancient earth—" when BOODELS comes back quickly, to hear if I like turbot. Yes, I don't care. Because there's a man come with turbot. "One can't get," he explains, "fish regularly in the country." I answer, "Oh, anything." He says "I'd better come and see the turbot. He's no judge." I protest, "No more am I." But he thinks, at all events, I'd better see 'em. I assent, "Very well." He says, "What?" (He must be deaf sometimes.) I explain that I only said "Very well." We go to the turbot man. The cook is already there. We are joined by the butler. The footman looks in. BOODELS asks him "if he thinks they're good." He replies, "Yes, Sir, looks very nice," and refers to the butler. The butler is a little uncertain at first, but decides for the turbot. I say, "Yes, I think very nice." The housemaid, passing by, stops for a moment with her broom, and says nothing. Cook feels them, and weighs them in her hand. We are all silent, meditating. Turbot settled on. When I get back to the hall, it is 10.45. BOODELS says, "Now, one turn to the pond, and back, just to freshen you up." I say, "Very well, and then I *must* get to work."

Happy Thought.—While walking I needn't waste time: make notes.

N.B. For the benefit of note-takers, I insert this. Always make your notes as full as possible; if not, much trouble is caused. Thus, with my notes, when I came in—

First Valuable Note in Book.—"Snails—why—who"—What the dickens was it I thought about snails? Snails, let me see. Quarter of an hour lost over this: give it up. Try next valuable note—"Ogygia—seen—Philip—but wasn't." Ogygia: what was it made me think of that? PHILIP! I recollect saying something about PHILIP, very good, to BOODELS. He laughed: that was the thing, he said, ought to be in some magazine. Can't remember it. Try next valuable note: "Floreate hues—Firkins—why not?" Can't make it out.

Happy Thought.—Always to make full notes in future.

A NEW WORD.



ONOURED PUNCH.—You are so profound an authority on the English language that I hasten to ask you to solve a difficulty for me. I have discovered a new Word, or rather a Word which must have a new meaning. This latter you must help me to.

I lunched, the other day, with three friends at a pleasant hotel in Berkshire. The repast was good, the waiters were exceptionally civil, and I make no complaint of the bill, which I subjoin:—

Luncheon.	8s. 3d.
Ale	1 0
Soda & Brandy	2 0
Attendance	1 6

13 9

The waiter, to whom I handed a sovereign, brought me the proper change, and I concluded that we had now nothing more to do except light our cigars and ascend our carriage.

But the waiter lingered close to me. I am not vain, but I thought that he might have found out my name, and that he wished to tell his grandchildren's children that he had spoken to a contributor of yours. I therefore indulged him by assuming an abstracted air, that he might stamp my fine features in his memory.

Having allowed him time for this operation, I turned to my change, which was lying on the plate, and as I took it up I observed that his gaze was upon it. He kept close by my side.

"Attendance is charged, I see," I remarked, putting the money into my pocket.

"Yes, Sir," he said with a watery smile, "but we get nothing by it."

"I fail to apprehend you," I returned. "Attendance I understand to mean charge for service. I am charged for service, and you ask me for additional guerdon"—or words to that effect; for, like LORD MACAULAY, I always put the best language into the mouth of my favourite, who happens in this case to be myself.

"Yes, Sir, but we get none of that eighteen-pence."

"Then I am to pay a waiter twice over?"

"We get none of that, Sir," he replied, with some iteration but undisturbed meekness.

If I gave him anything more, I will not mention it, lest he be required to render it up. That trifle is dismissed from my mind, and I come to this inquiry, Mr. Punch, "What does the word Attendance mean?"

Until this problem shall be solved, I shall refresh myself and friends at some other Hotel than that at which I am charged for service and the waiters tout for extra gratuity on the plea I have stated. Also, I remain (lolling in town)

Yours respectfully,

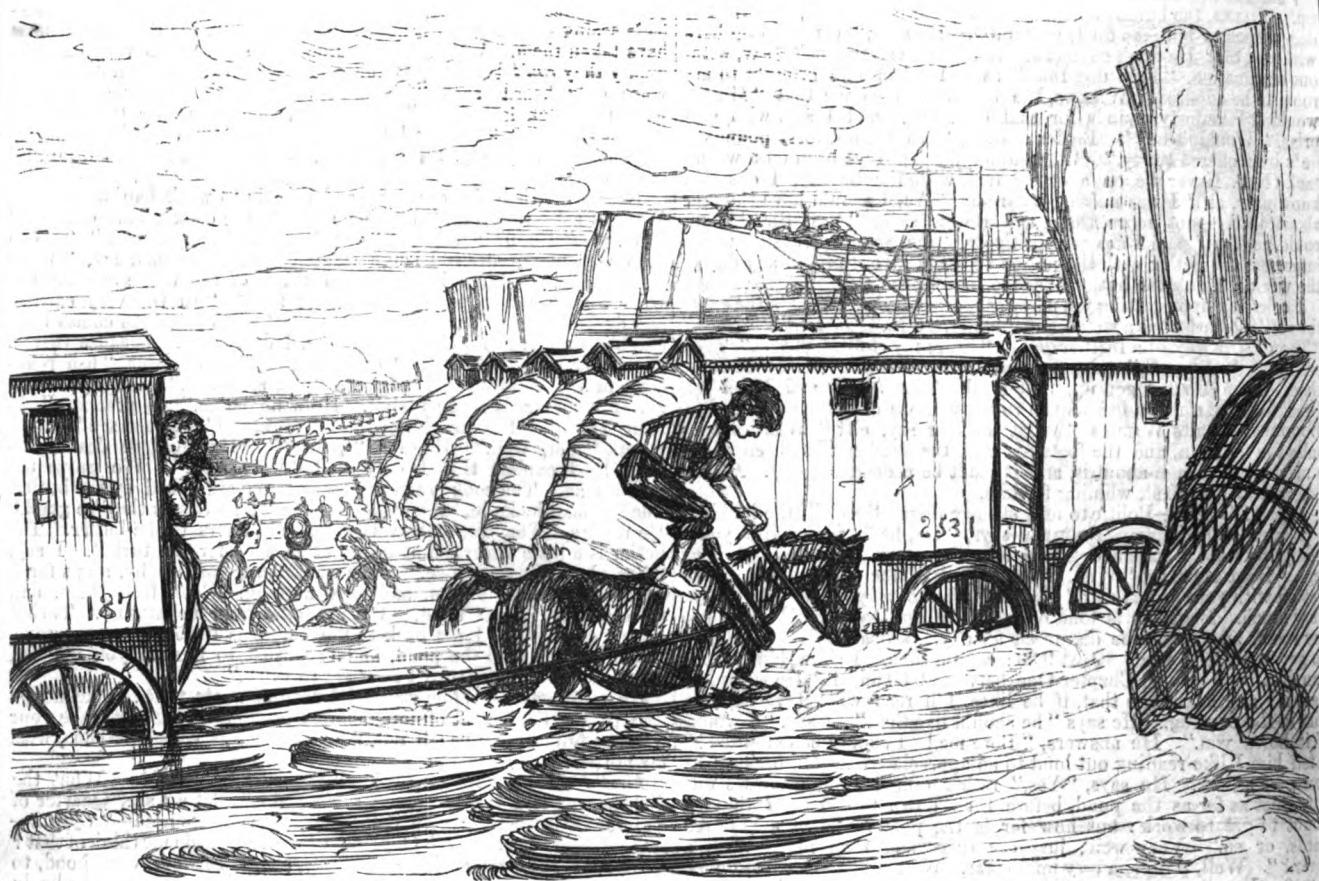
Regent's Park.

LOLLIUS URBIVUS.

A Settler for a Smoker.

A PRETTY young Americaness, whose Christian name is ANNA, on receiving a cigar from a young gentleman who had not pluck enough to say he wished to marry her, twirled it playfully beneath her nose, and, looking archly at him, popped the question thus—"Have-Anna?"

WHAT A NAME FOR A SENATOR.—"DOOLITTLE!"



THE WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.

MISS ETHEL (AT THE DOOR OF THE BATHING-MACHINE) IS, WE REGRET TO SAY, THINKING LESS OF THE IMPOSING SCENE THAN OF THE TREACHERY OF CHARLES, MARIA, AND LAURA, WHO ARE ALL INVISIBLE TO US, BUT WHOM SHE SEES BUT TOO DISTINCTLY, GOING OFF IN A BOAT TO FISH, IN VIOLATION OF THEIR PROMISE TO WAIT FOR HER. SHE POSITIVELY HATES THE LITTLE EQUESTRIAN WHO HAS NEGLECTED HER INCESSANT CRIES FOR THE HORSE, AND ALTOGETHER WE FEAR HER BATHE TO-DAY WILL DO HER LITTLE GOOD.

LADIES' LABOUR AND THE POOR.

"WHAT shall I do with my money?" is a question one sees advertised, and a question which most people have small trouble in answering; for most people find the needful expenses of their living are quite enough to swallow up what money they can earn. Some people, however, have some money they can spare, and which from time to time they feel desirous to invest. Now, there are few better investments than judicious works of charity, which are sure to bear good interest both in this world and the next. Such, for instance, are the works of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, which is urgently in need of an addition to its funds. [N.B. 8, Pont Street, Belgrave Square, is where the money should be sent.]

The chief aim of this Society is to help the poor to live in cleanliness and health, and teach them to appreciate the value of clean dwellings, clean habits, and clean dress. It also aims to give them some good lessons in economy, and teach them to avoid the extravagance of finery, and to try by careful cookery to prevent the waste of food. Now that the black cholera and pallid death are knocking at our doors, how great is the good done by a Society like this! By the labours of the ladies who undertake its management, and the money of subscribers entrusted to its care, it visits our sick poor, and distributes soap and flannels, brooms and disinfecting fluids, in the neighbourhoods in need of them. It calls remedial notice to the misery and sickness caused by crowded overworking, and saves poor girls from stitching all day long in stifling rooms. It provides a home for servants when they are out of place, and teaches mothers how to nurse, and their daughters how to cook. Moreover, Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, just listen to this further information, if you please:—

"The Committee have sent out during the last five seasons one thousand three hundred and fifty-eight parties of the poorest children in London, from the Ragged Schools, &c., into the Parks, for fresh air and healthful recreation, providing toys, and where the parents cannot afford it, giving a slice of bread to be eaten in the

Parks. Paying guides, who are generally the masters and mistresses of the schools, to conduct the children to the Parks, and keep them there three or four hours, twice in each week, during the summer months, in each year. Thus, ninety-one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two poor children have been benefited in health and spirits."

Just think what it must be to live a little child in London, and have nothing but the pavement and the gutter for a play-ground! And just think that there are thousands of poor children now in London, who, but for the kind helping hand of charity to lead them, would never have the pleasure of a gambol in the parks! Just think, too, how much freer would the pavements be for walking on, were the little ones who cluster there more frequently conveyed to fitter places for their play! And then just read, and ponder on the following appeal:—

"Funds are urgently required to carry on the work. The Committee closed their financial year with £18 in hand. This season the Lectures have been stopped. Next season the Park Parties must be stopped, unless this appeal is responded to."

If cheques be not sent in, forthwith, a check is put to sending out poor children for fresh air. Well, our City friends inform us that, although the Bank has recently reduced its rate of discount, money still is tight. But we trust that there are people, who will set loose their purse-strings, and if only from politeness give aid to these good ladies in doing their good work.

Sporting Extraordinary.

The following story is told of a gentleman well known in sporting circles. Being mounted on his thorough-bred hunter, on which he had backed himself to take any thing, he rode up to an unfurnished five-storied house, and took it. Both horse and rider returned home in perfect safety.

WHERE does a Sailor go when he wants to pawn his watch?—To a Water-spout.



THE RITUAL MOVEMENT.

THE REVEREND AUGUSTINE COPE, OUR HIGH CHURCH CLERGYMAN, HAS ORDERED A SET OF VESTMENTS. HIS PRETTY COUSINS WAYLAY THE PARCEL, AND DRESS THEMSELVES UP IN ORDER TO ASTONISH MR. AUGUSTINE. THE REVEREND YOUNG GENTLEMAN IS "GRIEVED TO FIND THAT THEY HAVE NO RESPECT FOR SOLEMN THINGS."

PUNCH ON THE LOW WIRE,

AND GLASS ON THE HIGH ROPES.

THERE is an ancient Joe that tells
How once an Irish steward,
Let fall the tea-pot overboard,
One morning when it blew hard.

He to the Skipper went forthwith
And popped this question flying—
"Captain dear, can a thing be lost
When ye know where it's lyin'?"

"No! you Blest fool!" the Captain roared;
"Ah, thin!" quoth PAT, quite gay—
"Sorrah the pot's lost, 'tis, I know,
At bottom of the say."

Time was this seemed an Irish bull,
But now its breed is crost;
What lies at bottom of the sea,
Henceforward, is *not* lost.

In Neptune's bosom, three miles deep,
On Mid-Atlantic's floor;
Lay of the wire of sixty-five,
A thousand miles and more.

And when GLASS spoke of catching it,
The world laughed, by direction:
"GLASS must be cracked; must be a Glass
With no power of reflection!"

"Mrs. GLASSE writes—'first, catch your hare,'
Then dished it for table;

But Mr. GLASS, unlike *Madame*,
Forgets 'First, catch your cable.'

"Suppose it caught, to lift that weight
From that depth perpendicular!
"Ridiculous" can't be compared,
Or, we'd ask, 'What's ridiculous?'"

So when three ships, with three-mile lines,
For this strange catch went fishing,
They'd little of BULL's faith or hope,
Tho' much of his good-wishing.

When, lo, this deep-sea fishing proved
An easy business quite:
Scarce a day passed but every ship
Got, at the least, one *bight*.

Hooked, raised, hauled in from ocean's bed,
Spliced, sheathed with hempen thrum;
The wire, for all its sleep profound,
Proved neither dead nor dumb!

All the year, in Valentia's Bay,
An anxious watch they kept;
And they that watched, though far away,
Heard it talk, as it slept,

Broken, unmeaning sounds, but now
It uttered sense again;
Spoke all the better, for the long
Deep snooze that it had ta'en.

Till of Atlantic shares (that seemed
Drowned deep in Neptune's cup),
As of Atlantic engineers,
You may say "They've picked up."

Heaven speed them past all fear and doubt!
 May GLASS and CANNING win:
 And find that all this "paying out,"
 Brings us much "hauling in."

And sure the cable *should* succeed,
 If the best-trained excel,
 For everybody must admit
 It's been brought up so well!

What HORACE of the sea has said
 Of the sea's lord say we—
 That "perucidior vitro" none,
 "Brighter than Glass" can be.

With CANNING, THOMPSON, and the rest,
 This long fight's brunt that bore,
 Higher he stands, a cable's length,
 Than e'er GLASS stood before.

And so we drink his health in *Punch*!
 Round let this "wines heel" pass;
 And if the modest man ask why,
 Bid him—"Look in the Glass!"

A NEWSAUM AT EDINBURGH.



Two Poets, in two different ages born, did England and the United States adorn. One of them is a LONGFELLOW, and the other was a short fellow. The latter, whose poetical altitude is in inverse proportion to his bodily stature, has told us that there are persons who:—

"Die, and endow a college or a cat."

But perhaps the little nightingale of Twickenham never contemplated the possible existence of people who live and endow cats. Rapt into future time, bards may foresee many things, but the eye of MR. POPE, however prophetic, probably never fell upon the subjoined paragraph in the *Weekly Dispatch*:—

"Some tender-hearted people in Edinburgh have recently established a home for cats, which may have been abandoned by their owners. As it is considered that the existing laws afford no protection to poor puss, it has been suggested that the name and address of every person guilty of the atrocity of turning their cats into the street shall be published to the world without regard of rank, position, or profession."

The founders of a home for houseless cats would doubtless be inclined to go farther than the infliction of mere exposure on any wretch convicted of trying to turn a cat out-of-doors. They would perhaps even be inclined to doom, if they could, such a barbarous person to a visitation of the cat with a plurality of tails. But actually to perpetrate the barbarity of turning a cat out-of-doors is practically impossible. Cats may be shut out of the house, but they always come back again, and if people attempt to starve them out, they steal. Moreover, anybody capable of turning a cat into the street would also be capable of killing it, and would prefer that more certain way of getting rid of the cat.

Deserted dogs can be distinguished easily enough, but the recognition of a deserted cat must be a matter of some difficulty. Suppose the necessary officers of a Cats' Home were commissioned to "comprehend all vagrom" cats, and did so, they would deprive many an old lady of a cherished darling abroad on a mere excursion. Their employment, by the way, would be hazardous, involving many perilous adventures on the tiles, and particularly the risk of getting mistaken for burglars and taken up, or perhaps shot. The tender-hearted founders of a home for cats may, however, in some measure realise

their amiable purpose by saving kittens from being drowned, and thus preventing the crime of catulicide, which, there is reason to believe, is on the increase.

What sort of creatures can those be who conceived the foundation of a home for cats? Doubtless a sort actuated by a strong affection for their fellow creatures. It is not perhaps too much to surmise that they are what in language more familiar than respectful is called a set of old tabbies. Accordingly they may be considered to evince a great love of their species, and whatever may be thought of their heads there can be no question that they are endowed with feline hearts.

PARSIMONY AND POTATOES.

WHERE is the reverend gentleman, who once created a sensation by saying that the Irish rejoiced in potatoes? If still in the land of the living, he must surely be the author of the annexed advertisement in the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*:—

WANTED, by a Clergyman in the Country, the DUTY of a small Agricultural Parish (population 100) performed for Six Months from the present time. Duty being very light, the Advertiser offers only a large furnished house and garden with potatoes. One female servant left in the house. Neighbourhood very healthy.—Apply to R. M., &c., &c., Devizes, Wilts.

It has been said that culinary skill in general may be measured by ability to cook a potato. If that is true, and the one female servant left in the house above advertised, to cook the potatoes which are to constitute its occupant's stipend, can cook them well, she will be up to cooking anything else, in case he can afford to find himself in meat, and is not content to rejoice in potatoes. Perhaps it is that, as able to cook a potato, therefore as a good cook, therefore as a valuable woman, she is mentioned as part of the consideration proposed in lieu of money.

But an offer of potatoes for pay can only be addressed to a curate out of place, whom the high price of butcher's meat has compelled to be a vegetarian. However, many potatoes are kidneys. There is the walnut-leaf kidney, the ash-leaf kidney, the Lancashire kidney, and a kidney which is a genuine kidney, although it is named the fluke kidney. There are also red-nosed kidneys, though they are scarce now, like red-nosed Rectors.

Now the one servant left in the house may be competent to devil this sort of kidneys for the poor person whom hunger may constrain to accept a very light duty for a very small remuneration, and then it may be possible for him to rejoice in potatoes exceedingly. But as to the reverend advertiser for a potato-fed curate, though the proprietor of a garden, he can be no gardener, because, as MR. BERNAL OSBORNE might say, he does not know the difference between potatoes and salary.

TEMPERANCE AND COOKERY.

MAN has been defined to be an animal that cooks; and a man who is content to eat his food uncooked may be deemed to be degraded to the level of the beasts. Yet Englishmen in general know nothing about cookery, and even in the present era of enlightenment are satisfied with dining upon underdone potatoes and a bit of half-raw beef. In England food is mostly but half-cooked in the kitchen, and the culinary process is imperfectly continued by the agency of drink. An Englishman when dining lights a spirit lamp inside him, and imbibes sufficient alcohol to cook and partly make digestible the viands he consumes. Such cookery, however, must always be imperfect, and must lead to indigestion and the evils in its train. Hence one often hears an Englishman complaining of dyspepsia, and one finds the English journals teeming with advertisements of medicines for the stomach-ache and biliary complaints.

Moreover, lighting inward spirit lamps tempts people to intemperance, and men who find a drop of brandy needful for their comfort are tempted not infrequently to take a drop too much. Instead, then, of denouncing the vice of insobriety, our teetotallers should preach against the evils of bad cookery, and endeavour to persuade people to pledge their word of honour not to put up with bad cooks. On the plea that men are tempted to habits of intemperance by having ill-cooked viands given them to eat, let a national appeal be made to Englishmen in general no longer to submit to eat their dinners badly dressed. Not merely health but wealth is wasted by bad cookery, and any Englishman with sense enough to take the pledge against it would soon find himself improved both in his person and his purse.

Possible Publications.

(For the coming Month.)

SHORTLY to appear *Your Goose, and How to Cook It a Thousand Different Ways*, by the Authoress of *Fish, and How to Cook It in One Hundred Different Ways*.

Three Loo, its Rules and Pools, by the Author of *The Three Louises*.

THE BARK CALLED ST. PETER'S, IN EXTREMIS.



WE-STRICKEN, silent,
though not mine
her creed,
I watched the angry
agony of Rome.
Heard her proud
prelates cry in
their sore need,
While Kings turned
from her, to that
crying dumb.

I marked the props
struck down, one
after one,
That still sustained
her show of
earthly pride:
Saw the time-serv-
ing swarms for
shelter run,
Fearing a ruin, as
her empire, wide.

Throne after throne
of Kings who put
their trust
In him, who held
her throne and
triple crown,

I saw, some slowly crumbling into dust,
Some with a swift destruction toppled down.

"*Urbi et orbi!*" that wide blessing hailed
Once by a kneeling and believing world,
By cold doubt sapped, by open scoff assailed;
Her bolts unhurtful, save to those that hurled.

I saw young giants, looking, in amaze,
At swaddling clothes their infancy had worn,
But bid to don those swathes of other days,
Flushing in wrath, or laughing loud in scorn.

I thought is this the throne they deigned to fill,
HILDEBRAND, LEO, JULIUS—chiefs of men!—

Who excommunicated Kings at will,
Tamed brutes with brain, and made sword slay to
pen?

Is this sore-shattered craft, St. Peter's bark,
That hath braved storms of eighteen hundred years,
To go down now, dry-rotted, in the dark,
Its pilot doting, its crew crazed with fears?

Can this inglorious end be the doomed close
Of so much glory?—this foul stink and snuff
Set of a star that to the zenith rose,
The sun's vicegerent, for earth sun enough?

So pondering I slept, and saw, in dreams,
The calm unwrinkled brow of one that bore
The keys of Heaven, and in his eye such beams
As draw knees earthwards and raise hands for prayer.

He walked upon the sea with feet secure,
And I that saw the bark which bore his name
So high to sink, deemed that to make secure
Her leaks, and save her crew, St. Peter came.

So wondered sore to see him pass her by
And from their crying a deaf ear incline:
As one who should say—"It is an alien cry:
The ship may bear my name—'tis none of mine.

"Look to its gold and gauds, smirch'd though they be,
Its crown'd poop, towering masts, and stately side!
Is this the fishing-boat of Galilee?
This argosy, this wreck of pomp and pride?

"St. Peter's hand will guide St. Peter's bark,
And if that bark the Church for freight must bear,
'Twill float, be sure, though storm-clouds gather dark,
Seas rave and rend, and thunder shakes the air.

"But for this huge, cross-key'd, tiara'd hulk,
Sink it or swim, 'tis no concern of mine.
A cock-boat there *may* be aboard its bulk,
Sea-worthy, let them launch that on the brine.

"And cut loose from the rotten ribs that now
Are drinking death in at a hundred seams,
While that crown'd figure-head that forms her prow,
Settles down slow, and the scared deck-watch screams."

PROFESSIONAL LOVE-LETTER.

From MR. ALFRED PYE, *Professed Man Cook*, to MISS MARTHA BROWNING.

WHAT a stew I was in all Friday, when no letter came from my PATTY! Everything went wrong. I made a hash of one of my *entrées*, and the *chef*, who guessed the cause of my confusion, roasted me so that at last I boiled over, and gave him rather a tart answer, for, as you know, I am at times a little too peppery. Thy sweet note, when it *did* arrive, made all right. I believe I was quite foolish, and went capering about with delight. And then I cooled down, and composed a new *soufflé*. So you see I do not fritter away *all* my time, whatever those malicious people who are so ready to carp at me may think.

You say you always like to know where I go in an evening. Well, I went to the TROTTERS last night, and FANNY played the accompaniment, and I sang—how it made me think of you!—"Good-bye, Sweetbread, good-bye!" (How absurd! Do you see what I have written instead of "*Sweetheart*"? All the force of habit. It will remind you of that night at Cookham, when we were the top couple in the supper quadrille, and I shouted, "Now, Side-dishes, begin!" and everybody roared except a certain young lady, who looked a trifle vexed. Don't you remember that Spring? You must, because the young potatoes were so small.)

Your *protégé*, PETER, goes on famously. He's a broth of a boy, not a pickle, like many lads of his age, and yet he won't stand being sauced, as he calls it. He and I nearly got parted at the station, for the crowd was very great after the races—in fact, a regular jam. It rained hard when we reached Sandwich, and I got dripping wet, for I had forgotten my waterproof, and there was not a cab to be had. But now the weather has changed again, and we are half baked. A broiling sun and not a puff of wind.

There was no one in the train I knew. Some small fry stuffing buns all the way, and opposite me a girl who had her hair crimped just like yours, and wore exactly the same sort of scalloped jacket. A raw young man with her, evidently quite spooney; and they larded their

talk with rather too many "loves" and "dears" for my taste, for you know we are never tender in public. It grated so on my ear, that at last I made some harmless joke to try and stop it, but Mademoiselle, who spoke in that mincing way you detest, turtled up, so I held my tongue all the rest of the way, and amused myself with looking at your *carte*, and concocting one of my own for our great dinner on the 29th, for the *chef* has gone to Spithead, and left all to me. And now, my duck, not to mince matters, when I have got that off my mind (if the dinner is only as well dressed as you, it will do), you must fix the day. I am quite unsettled. I cannot concentrate my thoughts on my gravies as I ought, and my desserts are anything but meritorious. All your fault, Miss. You are as slippery as an eel. I must have it all arranged when I come up to the City next week. I have some business in the Poultry, but shall slip away as soon as I can, and bring your mother the potted grouse and chutney. ("Cunning man," I hear you say, "he wants to curry favour with Mamma.") And you will do what I ask? Where shall we go for our wedding trip?—Strasbourg, Turkey, Cayenne, Westphalia, Worcestershire? Perhaps I think most of coming back to the little house which I know somebody will always keep in apple-pie order, and of covers for two; and I shall admire the pretty filbert-nails while she peels my nuts, and we will both give up our flirtations, mere *entremets*, and sit down soberly to enjoy that substantial *pièce de résistance*—Matrimony. Do you like the *menu*? Then, my lamb, say "yes" to—
Your own

ALFRED.

P.S. I know my temper is rather short, but then think of my crust! And it speaks well for me that I would rather be roasted fifty times, than buttered once. I do hate flummery, certainly.

A Standing Nuisance.

WHEN an M.P. takes his seat he is called a sitting Member. But before he can sit, it is needful that he stand. At such places as Toynes, or Lancaster, or Yarmouth, the first question to a Candidate is "What are you going to stand?"



NAPOLEON TITWILLOW, Esq., HIS BETTY, THE TWINS (WASHINGTON AND LUCRETIA), AND THEIR RESPECTIVE NURSES (ANN AND SARAH), "ONG ROOT POOR BULLOIN-SEWER-MAIR."

[Betty and the Nursemaids are prostrate: Mr. N. T. is on the verge of prostration himself, and wishes to goodness the Twins were prostrate also.]

NO QUACK NEED APPLY.

THE subjoined advertisement lately appeared in one of the penny papers:—

DIPLOMA (Medical) to be DISPOSED OF, at a bargain. Address, &c.

This announcement attests the high respectability of the cheap but well-conducted journal that gave it insertion. That journal, no doubt, has a large circulation amongst archæologists and collectors of biographical relics. The medical diploma, advertised as above, is, of course, the diploma of HARVEY, SYDENHAM, JOHN HUNTER, or some other eminent physician or surgeon of a past age. It must be intended to meet the eye of a medical gentleman who would like to possess a memorial of an or-



ON LANDING, N. T.'s GALLANTRY RECEIVES A SHOCK. HE POLITELY OFFERS TO "PORTY SAY BAGGARGE LWEE-MAYM;" BUT THE LADY IN CHARGE THEREOF EXPRESSES HER PERFECT READINESS TO "PORTER LUI-MEME" INTO THE BARGAIN.

nament of his profession, and cannot possibly be addressed to a rogue desirous of practising under the mask of a sham diploma. If it were, the newspaper in which it was published might as well admit advertisements of jemmies, centre-bits, skeleton-keys, machinery for coining, and forged bank-notes.

Justice to Scotland.

We have heard that there has been difficulty in settling the question how to arrange a Scottish Valhalla. Scotch theology stops the way. But could not something be done by giving eminent Scotchmen *an iche* in the Temple of Fame?

THE MERCHANT'S PATRON SAINT.—St. Ledger.



BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

HON. MEMBER (*on Terrace of Parliament Palace*). "O, YOU HORRID DIRTY OLD RIVER!"

FATHER THAMES. "DON'T YOU TALK, MISTER WHATSYERNAME! WHICH OF US HAS THE CLEANER HANDS, I WONDER?"

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,

It is now some two weeks since a rayther strange lookin man engaged 'partments at the Greenlion. He stated he was from the celebrated United States, but beyond this he said nothin. He seem'd to prefer sollyfood. He remained mostly in his room, and whenever he did show hisself he walkt in a moody and morose manner in the garding, with his hed bowed down and his arms foldid across his breast. He reminded me sumwhat of the celebrated but onhappy *Mr. Haller*, in the cheerful play of *The Stranger*. This man puzzled me. I'd been puzzled afore several times, but never so severally as now. Mine Ost of the Greenlion said I must interrogate this strange bein, who claimed to be my countryman. "He hasn't called for a drop of beer since he's been in this ere Ouse," said the landlord. "I look to you," he added, "to clear up this dark, this orful mistry!"

I wringed the lan'lord's honest hand, and told him to consider the mistry cleared up.

I gained axes to the misterus bein's room, and by talkin sweet to him for a few minits, I found out who he was. Then returnin to the lan'lord, who was nervisly pacin up and down the bar, I said,

"Sweet ROLANDO, don't tremble no more! I've torn the marsk from the hawty stranger's face, and dived into the recesses of his inmost sole! He's a Trans-Mejim!"

I'd been to the Beefanham theatre the previs evenin, and probly the drammer I saw affected me, because I'm not in the habit of goin on as per above. I like the Beefanham theatre very much indeed, because there a enthoosiastic lover of the theatre like myself can unite the legitimit drammer with fish. Thus, while your enraptured soul drinks in the lorfly and noble sentences of the gifted artists, you can eat a biled mack'rill jest as comfor'ly as in your own house. I felt constrained, however, to tell a fond mother who sot immegitly behind me, and who was accompanied by a gin bottle and a young infant—I felt constrained to tell that mother, when her infant playfully mingled a rayther oily mack'rill with the little hair which is left on my vener'ble hed, that I had a bottle of scented hair oil at home, which on the whole I tho't I preferred to that which her orispring was greasin me with. This riled the excellent female, and she said, "Git out! You never was a infank yourself, I spose! Oh no! You was too good to be a infank you was! You slid into the world all ready grow'd, didn't you! Git out!" "No, Madam," I replied, "I too was once a infant! I was a luvly child. People used to come in large and enthoosiastic crowds from all parts of the country to see me, I was such a sweet and intel'gent infant. The excitement was so intens, in fact, that a extra hotel was startid in the town to accommodate the people who thronged to my cradle." Havin finished these troothful statemints, I smilt sweetly on the worthy female. She said, "Drat you, what do you come a-chaffin me for," and the estymible woman was really gettin furis, when I mollified her by praisin her child, and by axin pardin for all I'd said. "This little gal," I observed, "this surprisingly luvly gal—" when the mother said, "It's t'other soot is he, Sir: it's a boy." "Wall," I said, "then this little boy, whose eye is like a eagle a-soarin proudly in the azure sky, will someday be a man, if he don't choke hisself to death in childhood's sunny hours with a smelt or a bloater, or some other drefful calamity. How sublime the tho't, my dear Madam, that this infant as you fondle on your knee on this night, may grow up into a free and independent citizen, whose vote will be worth from ten to fifteen pounds, accordin as suffrages may range at that joyus perid!"

Let us now return, jentle reader, to the lan'lord of the Greenlion, who we left in the bar in a state of anxiety and perspire. Rubbin his hot face with a red hankercher, he said, "Is the strange bein a American?"

"He is."

"A Gen'ral?"

"No."

"A Colonial?"

"No."

"A Major?"

"Not a Major."

"A Captin?"

"He is not."

"A lieutenant?"

"Not even that."

"Then," said the lan'lord of the Greenlion, "you ar deceived! He is no countryman of yours."

"Why not?" I said.

"I will tell you, Sir," said the lan'lord. "My son-in-law is employed in a bankin house where ev'ry American as comes to these shores goes to git his drafts cashed, and he says that not one has arrived on these shores darin the last 18 months as wasn't a Gen'ral, a Colonial, a Major, a Captin, or a lieutenant! This man, as I said afore, has deceived you! He's a impostuer!"

I reeled into a chair. For a minit I was speechlis. 'At length I mar-

merd, "Alars! I fear it is too troo! Even I was a Captin of the Home Gards."

"To be sure," said the lan'lord; "you all do it, over there."

"Wall," I said, "whatever nation this person belongs to, 'we may as well go and hear him lectur this evenin. He is one of these spirit fellers—he is a Trans-Mejim, and when he slings hisself into a trans state, he says the sperrits of departed great men talk through him. He says that to-night sev'ril em'nent persons will speak through him—among others, CROMWELL."

"And this MR. CROMWELL—is he dead?" said the lan'lord.

I told him that OLIVER was no more.

"It's a umbug," said the lan'lord; to which I replied that we'd best go and see, and we went. We was late, on accounts of the lan'lord's extensiv acquaintans with the public house keepers along the road, and the hall was some two miles distant, but we got there at last. The hall was about half full, and the Mejim was just then assumin' to be BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, who was speakin about the Atlantic Cable.

He said the Cable was really a merrytorious affair, and that messages could be sent to America, and there was no doubt about their gettin there in the course of a week or two, which he said was a beautiful idear, and much quicker than by steamer or canal-boat. It struck me that if this was FRANKLIN a spiritoal life hadn't improved the old gentleman's intellects particly.

The audians was mostly composed of rayther pale peple, whose eyes I tho't rolled round in a somewhat wild manner. But they was well-behaved, and the females kept saying, "How beautiful! What a surblime thing it is," et cetry, et cetry. Among the females was one who was a fair and rosy young woman. She sot on the same seat we did, and the lan'lord of the Greenlion, whose frekant intervooos with other lan'lords that evenin had been too much for him, fastened his left eye on the fair and rosy young person, and smilin lovinly upon her, said, "You may give me, my dear, four-penny-worth of gin—cold gin. I take it cold, because—"

"There was cries of "Silence! Shame! Put him out! the Skoffer!"

"Ain't we at the Spotted Boar?" the lan'lord hoarsely whisperd.

"No," I answerd, "It's another kind of bore. Lis'en. CROMWELL is goin' to speak through our inspired fren, now."

"Is he?" said the lan'lord—"is he? Wall, I've suthin to say, also. Was this CROMWELL a licensed vittler?"

"Not that I ever heard," I anserd.

"I'm sorry for that," said the lan'lord with a sigh; "but you think he was a man who would wish to see licensed vittlers respected in their rights?"

"No doubt."

"Wall," said the lan'lord, jest you keep a eye on me." Then risin to his feet he said, in a somewhat husky yet tol'bly distink voice,

"MR. CRUMBELL!"

"CROMWELL!" I cried.

"Yes, MR. CROMWELL: that's the man I mean, MR. CROMBLE! won't you please advise that gen'l man who you're talkin through; won't you advise 'im during your elekant speech to settle his bill at my 'ouse to-night, MR. CRUMBLES," said the lan'lord, glarin' savigely round on the peple, "because if he don't, there'll be a punched 'ed to be seen at the Greenlion, where I don't want no more of this everlastin nonsens. I'll talk through 'im! Here's a sperrit!" said the lan'lord, a smile once more beamin on his face, "which will talk through him like a Dutch father! I'm the sperrit for you, young feller!" "You're a healthy old sperret," I remarkt; and then I saw the necessity of gettin him out of the hall. The wimin was yellin and screamin, and the men was hollerin' perlice. A perliceman really came and collerd my fat fren. "It's only a fit, SIR RICHARD," I said. I always call the perlice SIR RICHARD. It pleases them to think I'm the victim of a delosion; and they always treat me perlately. This one did, certinly, for he let us go. We saw no more of the Trans-Mejim.

It's diffikilt, of course, to say how long these noosances will be allowed to prow round. I should say, however, if pressed for a anser that they will prob'ly continer on jest about as long as they can find peple to lis'en to 'em. Am I right?

Yours, faithful,

ARTEMUS WARD.

Teaching the Young Idea How to Shoot.

THE New Latin Primer abounds in hard words which "no fellah can be expected to understand," and which must be utterly unintelligible to a small boy. According to that distinguished scholar, DR. KENNEDY, this Primer "must be viewed as the final result of much consultation." Haven't too many cooks spoiled the broth? But, now that breech-loaders have come into use, is it not time for all Primers to be converted?

WHAT'S FUN TO YOU IS DEATH TO US.

WHAT is that which a London Tradesman takes with pleasure, and a Russian-Serf with pain?—An outing.



PLEASANT FOR CIGARS AT TENPENCE.

Costermonger (to his navigating friend). "HERE YOU ARE, BILL; THIS IS THE SMOKE CARRIAGE."

A COURT OF APPEAL FROM ASSES.

POOR plodding JOHN BULL sadly labours
To do some things done by his neighbours;
To match their battalions
Of fighting rascallions,
And cope with their rifles and sabres;

To play the piano and fiddle;
In Art his position is middle;
A statue he never
To make should endeavour,
But give up the thing as a riddle.

He could once well manage finances:
There, now, his superior France is,
As witness his troubles
Through bursting of bubbles,
And monstrous and reckless advances.

But still his belief and firm trust is
One point, which concede him you must, is
His claim to be reckoned
To nobody second
In administration of justice.

Judicial spite, vengeance, or fury,
Or prejudice, calm and secure, he
Sets quite at defiance,
A steadfast reliance
Reposing on trial by Jury.

Oh, fond is that cherished delusion!
How often, in stupid confusion,
Twelve fools lay together
Their thick heads of leather,
And come to a foregone conclusion!

Their verdict, which dooms men unduly,
The Home Office can, very truly,
Reverse if it chooses;
But oft it refuses,
As WALPOLE the Weeper did newly.

To quash an unjust condemnation,
Of French law in late imitation,
Why can't our law-makers
(They're not all wisecracs)
Establish a Court of Cassation?

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Happy Thought.—I find that, generally speaking, materials for the lives of remarkable men are found in their pocket-books. Shall use pocket-books in future. By the way, MILBURN spoils BOODELS. I regret it, but he does. BOODELS used to sit for hours either listening to me reading my manuscripts to him, or enjoying my conversation. Now he doesn't, and has taken to personal remarks, which he calls repartee (hate it), and he and MILBURN play at *Clown* and *Pantaloons* in the passage. It's really waste of life and talents. * * * Talking of that, let me get to work.

11 o'clock, A.M.—By the *exact* time, which I have just given BOODELS from the top of the stairs. Ought to have begun at nine. Good room for writing my *Typical Developments* in. View of a lawn. No noise. BOODELS said I should be undisturbed, and quite alone. I like that in BOODELS: he is considerate, when he sees you are in earnest. Delightful morning: just enough breeze to cause a sigh through the trees. N.B. Mustn't forget "breeze" and "trees" when I write a serenade. [Mentioned this idea, subsequently, on a lovely moonlight night, to MILBURN, who immediately made a hideous grimace, and said, "Yah! yah! yah! Ho!" with a sort of steam-engine whistle, "Nigger! are you dar? Bolly golly black man, boo!" and then he and BOODELS both laughed. What at? I pitied them. BOODELS is really losing all sense of poetry. MILBURN said that my saying "serenade" had suggested the Ethiopian Serenaders to him.]

To work. "*Typical Developments*, Book I., Volume I., Chapter 1, 1st Section, Paragraph 1. In the very earliest and darkest ages of our ancient earth, before even the grand primeval forests could boast the promise of an incipient bud, there existed in the inexhaustible self-inexhausting Possible, innumerable types, of which the first generative ideas having a bearing upon the forms of the Future, were at that moment in too embryotic a condition for beneficial production." Good. I think that's *good*—very good. I'm getting into the swing. My ideas flow. Paragraph, No. 2. Now. "Man at once

possible and impossi—" Knock at the door: nuisance: pretend not to hear it. "And impossi—" Knock. "Come in," I say, very pleasantly. It is WILLKS, the butler, diffidently. "Oh, Sir, Master thinks he left his cigar-case here." I haven't seen it, and I don't rise to look. The butler says, "No, he don't see it," begs pardon, and retires. I hear BOODELS on the landing, saying, "It's very odd they can't leave my cigar-case alone!" The slightest interruption gets you out of the swing of ideas. I must try back again. "Man at once possible and—" Knock at the door. "Come in." BOODELS puts his head in, and sings, "Who's dat a knocking at de door?" as if that placed the interruption in a more sociable point of view. It only reminds me of that idiot, MILBURN. I think MILBURN copies BOODELS, or BOODELS MILBURN. Whichever it is, I hate an imitation. However, he explains that "he wouldn't disturb me without knocking first," as if he'd have disturbed me more by not knocking. I look as pleasant as possible; "he wants my advice," he says. I am flattered; though if he didn't come to me, his old friend, for advice in a difficult matter, to whom should he go? Not MILBURN. He commences by asking, "How are you getting on, eh?" and I answer, "Oh, pretty well," when WILLKS returns with the cigar-case, which has, it appears, been (as usual) found in BOODELS' bedroom. As BOODELS after this seems inclined to wander, I bring him back to the point by asking "what he was going to say to me?" BOODELS waits a minute, looking out of window, and then says, "What?" (He is getting deaf. If he gets very deaf, I shall go away.) I repeat my question. He replies, "Oh, yes; look here. Do you think I ought to give the man who came about dragging the pond a shilling, or not?" I try to interest myself in the question. "Well," I say, dubiously, "What's he done?" "Well," explains BOODELS, "he hasn't exactly done much; but he's been up to the pond, and examined it, and so forth, you know." I say, decisively, to show that I'm a man of business, "Oh, yes, give him a shilling," and take up my pen again, by way of a hint to BOODELS. "It's rather too much to give him, eh, for merely looking at a pond?" objects BOODELS. I return, settling to write again, "Oh, no!" as if I generally gave double that sum. "What?" says BOODELS. (He

must be deaf.) I explain that I only said, "Oh, no." "Oh, no! What?" he asks, rather testily. I think he's in a nasty temper: you never know a man well till you stay with him. *Happy Thought* that. I lay down my pen. "Well," I explain, mildly, because it's no use having a row with BOODELS about this confounded pond, "I mean if the man has come to—or if he merely—why—that is, if the fellow—I own I am wandering. BOODELS notices it, and says, with some tinge of annoyance in his tone, "I came to ask your advice; I really thought you might have attended to me for one minute. You can't be so busy as all that." I feel hurt. Some people are easily moved to tears. A little more, and I should be moved to tears. As he is going out of the door (he's hurt, too), he turns back, somewhat mollified, and asks me, "I say, if I give him a shilling, to-morrow, when he comes with the net, it will do, eh?" I say, enthusiastically, "Yes, that'll do—the very thing!" which only elicits from BOODELS a "What?" and I have to repeat, encouragingly, "Yes, that's the idea! A shilling to-morrow—capital!" BOODELS leaves me, and as he does so I feel a sort of pity for BOODELS, I don't know why, and then become sensible of a beast of a fly on my neck. Bother! Missed him! By the way, when you do miss a fly, can't you hurt your ear tremendously! It's a buzzing fly. I'll get a book, and smash him. * * * I have got a book, but I haven't smashed him; at least, I don't think so. * * * I hate uncertainty as to whether you've killed an insect, or not. They turn up afterwards with three legs and one wing—a sort of Chelsea pensioner of an insect—in uncomfortable places. Think I had him there. No. Had the ink, though. That'll be a nuisance. Ink always hangs about the side of your little finger, and smears itself all about your papers after you think it's all been dried up with care. Bless it, inked my light trousers conspicuously. Inked my wristband. Inked everything within reach. Brute of a fly!

Paragraph, No. 2. "Man at once possible and impossible"—let me see—"man at once poss—" knock at the door; I wish I could abstract myself. Knock again: appearance of BOODELS' head. "Only me, SAMBO!" says BOODELS. (What a fool BOODELS is getting; but I laugh, because he's my host; I shouldn't if it was that donkey MILBURN. For my part I don't believe that black people go about laughing "yah yah," and asking each other riddles and "gibbing 'em up" like BOODELS and MILBURN do; or else where are the Missionaries? *Happy Thought* that.) BOODELS comes in and says kindly and seriously, "I wouldn't disturb you, old boy, without first knocking, 'cos I know how busy you are." I thank him, and say it doesn't matter. "It's very near luncheon time," says BOODELS. Good heavens! and I've only written six lines. It appears that he came up to tell me this, and to ask if I'd like to lunch later, say at two. By all means. "What?" asks BOODELS. (How provoking it is to hear a fellow always saying "what?") I explain that I only said, "Yes, by all means," and add inadvertently "as the old DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE used to say in Church." "Oh, what's that?" inquires BOODELS, and I have to tell him the story, beginning "Oh, it was only that the old Duke once," &c., and it doesn't come out well after all; besides, when I've finished, it appears that BOODELS knew it, only he thought it was something else.

Happy Thought.—To get up a few stories to tell well. Makes you popular in country houses. I find that everyone knows this one about the old DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. WILKES the butler announces Mr. MILBURN and another gentleman down-stairs, just when BOODELS had begun to recollect a story. Lucky, very. "Who is the other gentleman?" He didn't catch the name, but Mr. MILBURN has come to see about the pond. BOODELS wonders "who the other fellow is," and leaves me, reminding me, "lunch at two." Thank goodness for the next hour, if there is an hour,—no, three-quarters—I shall be at peace.

Let me get into the swing again: now then. Read over first few lines. * * * Good. Now: Paragraph 2. "Man, at once possible and impossible, was by his original destination." Odd sound, now, as if people were creeping about on tip-toe outside my door. It is impossible to write when you've a nervous feeling of people hovering about you. Let me abstract myself. "Man at once possible—" Knock at the door. "Come in." A tall gentleman appears in a shooting suit, with very long light beard, reddish moustachios and a slouching white hat in his hand. With him, BOODELS. I have never seen the tall gentleman before: I rise. BOODELS apologises: "I told Captain," name I don't catch, "that we mustn't disturb you, but he said as he's going away almost immediately" (by the way, he was here the whole afternoon and then missed his train) he'd like to—" Here BOODELS looks at the Captain, and that gentleman evidently feeling that his opportunity has been thrust upon him rather too suddenly, pulls at his moustache, and says with a short, jerky, nervous laugh, "Ya-ya, ya-as, ya, ya." Not unlike that MILBURN's boasted negro delineations, only that it's natural. "You-ar-don't-r-remember me?" No, I don't remember him. I try to, feeling that I ought to remember him. I smile and shake my head. I haven't even the faintest recollection. He is somewhat taken aback by this non-recognition; I don't wonder at it, seeing that I hear, afterwards, how when he thought I was

miles away, he had exclaimed on hearing my name, "Know him! I should think so. Ah, I should like to see him again." He looks at me, almost imploringly. BOODELS looks anyhow, and the tall man says, half defiantly, "My name's CAWKER." His face bothered me, but his face and his name together have knocked me over.

Feeling that something hearty is expected of me, I say, radiantly, "Oh, of course, CAWKER! How are you?" In fact, I am very nearly overdoing it upon the spot, and calling him Old CAWKER. We shake hands heartily, and, I suppose, to myself, that, in the course of conversation, he'll let out where the dickens I've seen him before. CAWKER laughs very nervously, "Ya-a-a—haven't-a-a—seen you far"—(he puts a for o very often, I notice, but this doesn't recall him to my memory)—"far an age." Then he laughs, and so does BOODELS. Why? I answer, steadily, "No, not since—" and I leave him to fill up the blank, which he does, unsatisfactorily, with a laugh. There we stop. After awhile, CAPTAIN CAWKER, who has been staring at my papers, says cleverly, "Writing something, eh?" and laughs. I reply, that I am writing something, "Yes." He answers, "Ah, ya-a-as—not much in my line, writing." I say, "No? Indeed?" Battering, to give him the idea that he might do it if he liked. BOODELS comes to the rescue. It appears CAWKER and I were schoolfellows. Ah, I know now. He used to be hated, and called "SNOBBY" CAWKER, but I don't remind him of this. "You're so altered," I tell him. "Ya-a-a-as," he returns, conceitedly, stroking his red moustache, "Ya-a-a-as. You're not. I recollect him," (here he turns to BOODELS, and talks of me) "at school." Here I begin to be interested. "He was a little, short, pudgy, fat fellow, all suetty." I am obliged to laugh; but when he's gone, I'll tell BOODELS that we used to call him "Snobby" CAWKER at school. I wish I hadn't said he was altered.

BOODELS cuts in. "Well, come along, we mustn't delay you." CAWKER (who is a Captain, too! Snobby CAWKER a Captain! how the Army must be going down!) says, "Ya-as—leave him to his writing, ya-a-as," and laughs. I feel as if I will give up writing there and then, and be transported for merely one kick at CAWKER. BOODELS wants CAWKER to come and take a turn before lunch.

Happy Thought.—As I haven't been able to get on with *Typical Developments* this morning, I'll pretend to go to bed early, and work to-night. And as I only came here to see a little life, that is, I mean, see the pond dragged, if it isn't dragged the day after to-morrow, I go. Luncheon bell.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

AIR—"Britannia's the Pride of the Ocean."

BRITANNIA's the pride of the Ocean,
The home of the brave and the free;
But Yankees it seems have a notion,
That we're much greater fools than we be.
Two men and a dog crossed the briny,
Of course we believe it, we do;
In a boat of two tons, vessel tiny,
And they called it *The Red, White and Blue!*
And they called, &c., (*La Chorus*).

In spite of the caviller's malice,
In spite of the doubts on her thrown;
It is now at the Crystal Palace,
And "seeing is believing" you'll own.
Their dog's tale is lost, a sad thing this!
But the men with their craft remain, two.
So to the Marines let us sing this
New song of the Red, White and Blue.
Here's the Craft of the Red, White and Blue,
Here's the Craft of the Red, White and Blue.
So to the Marines we'll go and sing this,
New song of the Red, White and Blue.

Painful Parallel.

A New book, by a clever author, is announced, with the title, *Lost Among the Wild Men*. A cynical friend of ours, who is obliged to stay in London, and see a good deal of his humble relations, declares that he can write a more affecting autobiography, to be called *Found Among the Tame Men*.

SYMBOLISM.

"WESTMINSTER ABBEY," as DEAN STANLEY may have wittily observed the other day, "has been undergoing one small Alter-ation." It is, indeed, a piece of beautiful symbolism that the new altar-piece, of our Christian Cathedral should be executed in Mosaic.

THE LANCASTERIAN SYSTEM.—Bribery.



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 5.

OVERCOME BY FATIGUE AND EXCITEMENT, SHE HAS SLEPT PROFOUNDLY, BUT TOWARDS MORNING SUFFERED SEVERELY FROM NIGHTMARE. ON AWAKING, SHE FINDS HER MODEL WHERE SHE LEAST EXPECTED IT!

PRUSSIAN POT AND HANOVERIAN KETTLE.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA is advertising "Stolen Goods" in the shape of a list of the bonds, bills, notes, and securities which KING GEORGE OF HANOVER carried off in his flight from his dominions, and giving notice that payment of them is suspended. We have heard of Kings putting themselves in the *Gazette*—as conquerors, if not as bankrupts: but this is the first instance on record, we should suppose, of one monarch putting another into the *Hue and Cry*. KING GEORGE declares that he has a right to his capital, and his interest besides; and so he means to keep the money. He may plausibly contend that he has as much right to do Hanover out of bonds, as Prussia has to do Hanover into 'em. If it comes to the question of stealing (as between KING G. and KING W.)—well, we should observe that there is a good deal to be said on both sides.

Regiments on the Run.

THE *Army and Navy Gazette* contains the following announcement:—

"**RUNNING DRILL.**—We are at last, we believe, about to adopt the 'running drill;' not too soon, considering how long the Continental armies have used it."

There would be a great necessity for Running Drill if the British Army could escape from better organised and better armed foreign troops by running. If we keep behind Continental nations in the art of war, we can only expect to flee before them in battle. Let us run a-head of them in the race of military improvement, and then Running Drill will avail us, on occasion, by enabling us to run after them.

Science and Smoke.

At the imminent meeting of the Social Science Congress, according to announcement, "DR. ANGUS SMITH will discuss the evils produced by the non-consumption of smoke." The learned Lecturer might suggest that railway companies could, in a great measure, remedy these evils by the establishment of smoking-carriages.

CHRONOLOGY IN CLERKENWELL.

A GRATIFYING proof of the progress which education has made among the masses was afforded in a remark made by one of them the other evening at the meeting held on Clerkenwell Green to denounce MR. EYRE. One of the orators, though professing himself a Republican, said the QUEEN was "the best Sovereign the country had had since ALFRED THE GREAT." For this concession he was reprehended by another speaker, because it was going so far back as the time of ALFRED THE GREAT—a period of "about two centuries ago." A parallel passage to this occurs in *Tristram Shandy*:—

"'They are SOCRATES's children,' said my Uncle Toby. . . . 'He has been dead a hundred years ago,' replied my mother.'"

The critical democrat in the concourse on Clerkenwell Green was evidently a humourist and had read STERNE.

Impossible.

A NEW addition to MADAME TUSSAUD's is BISMARCK—

Fancy BISMARCK—wax!
Fancy BISMARCK—a model!

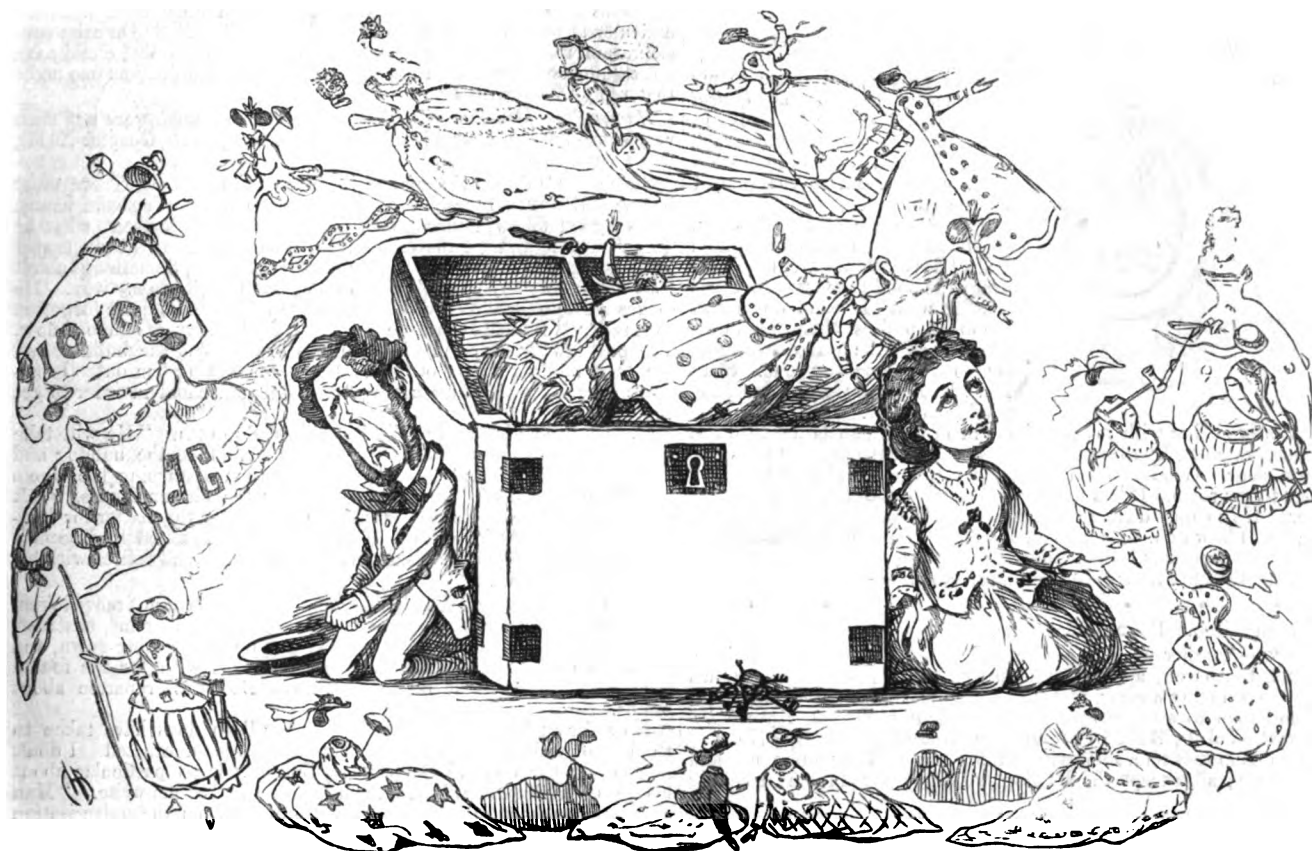
EMPHATICALLY THE BEST.

On the Latin Primer question we have only to remark, that accent the first syllable, and you get in "A Grinder of Small Boys" the best Latin Primer.

A DARK NIGHT.

At the Olympic Theatre the pieces for one evening were *Othello* and *The Gentleman in Black*. Surely for "and" read "or."

MAJOR PALLISER'S POUNDERS.—The day of red-hot shot has departed. Their place is now supplied by chilled projectiles.



MRS. LADYBIRD'S LUGGAGE.

MY MOTHER BIDS ME FIND AN HEIR.

AIR—"My Mother bids me Bind my Hair."

My Mother bids me find an heir,
And give up Cousin HUGH,
Who came so often to the Square—
Poor cornet—Horse Guards Blue.
"For why," she cries, "A younger Son,
While plainer girls win peers,
Alas! Another Season's done,
And still you're all Miss VERES."

The *Post* announces he has gone
To shoot and stalk the deer;
I canter through the lanes alone,
And wish it was next year:
And as I draw the amber thread
His slippers to adorn,
No novel that I ever read
Had heroine so forlorn.

PROFESSIONAL LOVE-LETTER.

From MR. NORMAN DORMER, Architect and Surveyor, to Miss CAROLINE TOWER.

MY PRECIOUS,

PITY me who must stay and fret in London, while you are enjoying yourself at Broadstairs. How I long to be there, surveying the ocean by your side, and tracing your dear name on the sands! But fate and a father have placed a barrier between us. So I pace up and down before the old house in T— Square, and look up at a certain dormitory on the second story—in no state of elevation you may be sure—and make plans for the future, and build castles in the air, and try to forget that my designs on your heart appear ridiculous to your Papa, whose estimate of me I am aware is not in excess. For can I forget what he said that wet Saturday afternoon in the back drawing-room, when I tendered myself to him as a son-in-law, and the

tender was not accepted? After telling him that it was the summit, the pinnacle of my ambition to win you as my wife, did he not answer that he considered I ought not to aspire to your hand until the statement of my pecuniary means (as he worded it) was more satisfactory, and, meanwhile, requested me to discontinue my pointed attentions? Never until you bid me. Only be firm, and the difficulties now in our way will but serve to cement us more closely together; only be true and I will wait patiently for that day which shall put the coping-stone to my happiness. I build upon every word, every look, every smile I can call to mind. You *will* write and assure me there is no foundation for the report of another and more fortunate competitor, but that I still fill the same niche in your affections I ever did? For, CAROLINE, were I to hear you were an "engaged" Tower, I could not survive the blow. I should stab myself with my compasses in the back office.

But away with such gloomy fears. Let me picture her to myself. How plumb she stands! How arch she looks! What a beam in her eye! What a graceful curve in her neck! What an exquisitely chiselled nose! What a brick of a girl altogether! I must stop in my specification, or you will think there is something wrong in my upper story, and not give credence to a word I say.

I have just been calling on your sister, and saw your little pe POPPY, who talked in her pretty *Early English* about "TANT TARRY." AUNT SARAH was there, staying the day, looking as mediæval as ever and with her hair dressed in the usual Decorated style. She hinted that you were imperious, and that any man who married you must make up his mind (grim joke) to fetch and Carry at your bidding. And then you were so ambitious! The wisacre! why, I will leave no stone unturned to get on in my profession if you will only be constant. I will be the architect of my own fortunes—your love the keystone of my prosperity. The columns of every newspaper shall record my success; every Capital in Europe shall know my name. She did no unthing me a bit, and the shafts of her ridicule fell harmless; although she made an allusion to "dumpy" men, which I knew was levelled at me, and sneered at married life as very pretty for a time, but the stucco soon fell off. Poor AUNT SARAH! I left her sitting up quiff perpendicular with that everlasting work which she is always herring boning. And now, CARRY darling—oh, dear! I am wanted about something in our designs for the new Law Courts, and have only time to sign myself,

Your own, till Domesday, NORMAN.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(My stay at Boodels comes to an abrupt termination.)



N this evening I will retire to my room early, to work at *Typical Developments*, Chap. I., Book I., Volume I., Section I., Paragraph No. 2. I feel that if I don't do it now, while I am in the vein, I never shall.

9'30.—We are alone, BOODELS (of Boodels) and I, in the study. I shall leave BOODELS, unless he drags the pond to-morrow, because that's what I came down for. BOODELS praises MILBURN in his absence, as if he was disparaging me. I don't like the tone. Shall leave BOODELS unless he drags the pond to-morrow.

I am now sitting with my note-book in my hand, so as not to waste my time, watching BOODELS. BOODELS is apparently going to sleep in his arm-chair. Good. When BOODELS is asleep, I shall retire very quietly to my room. It's a bad habit, that of BOODELS', sleeping after dinner. He is only dozing; if I move, he'll wake. I'll pretend to read; but I'll watch. I am going to think, so as not to waste time. Can't fix my thoughts. Something flits through my brain about Mesopotamia,—then fire-irons,—then cockles,—then—

I've been asleep. BOODELS has gone.

11 P.M.—Another evening passed, and no *Typical Developments* done. WILLKS, the butler, appears with my bed candle, and says that his master is smoking a cigar, up-stairs. I'll just say "good night" to him, and then to work—to work in the silent night—at *Typical Developments*, Vol. I., Book I., Section I., Chapter I., Paragraph No. 2.

I find BOODELS on a sofa, with all his dogs. They jump up, and bark at me; all, except the bulldog, who creeps round me, smelling my calves.

This noise makes BOODELS quite lively. He says, Oh, don't go to bed yet. I plead "work." He says, "Bring it in here." Shan't I disturb him? "Not in the least: he'd like it; wants to hear how I'm getting on." I like BOODELS when you've got him alone; he's himself then. Evil MILBURNS corrupt good BOODELS. I think of this while I fetch my MS. My paper is spread out: pens, ink, all ready.

My last sentence where I left off commences, "Man at once possible and impossible—" I stick there. BOODELS is petting the dogs, and it distracts me. Seeing that it has this effect, BOODELS considerably tells the dogs to lie down, and then he smokes solemnly. Somehow, this distracts me more than ever. I feel a strong desire to talk. I must get myself into the swing. Would BOODELS mind my reading aloud just to get myself into the swing? "No; he'd like it immensely."

Happy Thought.—Always try to interest your host.

I tell him that I consider him as representing a section of the public, and I should like to have his opinion. "Candidly?" he asks. "Candidly," I answer, "as a friend." He says, "Very well; fire away." I fire away. I read what I've done. * * * Well, how does he like it? "Candidly?" he asks. Yes, of course. Well, then, he doesn't like it at all. He doesn't set up for a judge, he admits. I should think not. BOODELS a judge of this sort of thing! Good heavens! I tell him that I don't think he understands it. He answers, rather tetchily, "Very likely not." I ask what passage he finds fault with? He answers that "he dislikes the idea." I say, "Hang it! dislike the idea! That's confoundedly illogical." He replies, that "he's not a logician; and if he'd known I would have got so angry on hearing an honest opinion, why—" "Angry! No, dash it! I'm not angry; because there's nothing I like to hear better than an honest opinion; but I mean to say that if he dislikes this of mine, why, he wouldn't care about BUCKLE'S *History of Civilisation*, or DARWIN'S 'Book'." (I forget the name, so I call it "book"), "or HUME, or JEREMY BENTHAM," (I like saying "JEREMY," it sounds familiar), "or the old metaphysical writers" (I think this will shake him a little), "or, in fact, any of those fellows." I didn't want to say "fellows," feeling that it rather lowered the tone of my argument. BOODELS rejoins, sharply, "Good heavens! you don't mean to say you put yourself on a par with DARWIN, and BUCKLE, and BENTHAM!" I don't say I do. He says, "What?" I repeat, loudly, "I don't say I do." He takes me up—he is very nasty to-night, "Do, indeed! I should think not." He adds, "that he doesn't know what I mean by *Typical Developments*, and he supposes that I don't, either." I repress myself—he is my host—and luckily recollecting a repartee of SHERIDAN'S, or some one's, which I've used successfully on several occasions, I say, with quiet satire, "My dear fellow, I can't find you books and brains, too."

Having said it, it strikes me that I hadn't got the repartee quite right. BOODELS returns, "Find brains for me! You must have sufficient difficulty in providing yourself with that article." [N.B. On calm consideration, this is such an evident reply that I don't think I could have got my repartee right. If I did say it right, why didn't some one make that reply to SHERIDAN?]

Happy Thought.—The wits of whom we hear so much were not such very sharp fellows, after all. For *Typical Developments*, Chapter XIII., when I get to it.]

Silence. Can't see the answer to BOODELS' repartee. There must be one. BOODELS takes his candle to go to bed. We shake hands. He's a good fellow, after all, only he oughtn't to talk about what he doesn't understand. I regret, to myself, while shaking hands, that I can't think of an answer to BOODELS' repartee. Something about "his not having any brains" would do it, but I can't see my way. He makes a discovery. We've been talking so much, he's quite forgotten to ring for WILLKS to take the dogs away. All servants in bed now. The pug always sleeps in his (BOODELS') room, but the bulldog and the terrier ought to be outside. I propose letting 'em out. It appears we can't without disturbing the entire household in order to get the keys.

A happy thought, as he calls it, strikes BOODELS. "He will take the pug and the terrier to his room, and I shall take the bulldog and the skye to mine." He says, "it's better than disturbing the whole household." I don't think so, but, under the circumstances, won't make an objection. I hope the bulldog will settle the matter for himself, by refusing to follow me. This difficulty is obviated by BOODELS carrying him. BOODELS wishes me "good night," and retires with his pug and the terrier.

12'30.—I am alone. The bulldog and the skye have not moved from the door. The skye is sniffing, and the bull is watching me, mistrustfully. I'll take no notice of them, but put on my dressing-gown, and sit down to write. While brushing my hair, I wish, for the fourth time, that I'd thought of an answer to BOODELS' repartee about brains.

Now, for an hour's quiet work. * * * Both dogs have taken to sniffing, or whining, alternately. This'll drive me distracted. I don't like to turn them out in the passage, BOODELS is so particular about his dogs. Perhaps they'll tire themselves out. Let me write. "Man at once possible and impossible, took his origin from the pulverisation of hitherto conflicting natural particles. Man was developed, slowly, among the ruins of a mammoth world, to rule the brute creation, to make the tawny lion bend before his iron will, to—" That infernal bulldog has got on the bed; just on the part where the sheet is turned down—in fact, where I get in. He is disposing himself for sleep. If the bulldog sleeps there, I don't. I'll wait till he's asleep, and shake him off suddenly. I'll bide my time. Let me see. "Man—to rule—to make the tawny lion bend before his iron will, to—subdue, by the mesmeric authority of his intelligent eye, the stupendous elephant, the" (leave a blank for a good epithet here), "rhinoceros, the untamed denizen of the primeval jungle, the—" The bulldog is asleep. I approach the bed on tiptoe. He knows it, the beast; and growls, without taking the trouble to open his eyes! I retire to my chair. How am I to get into bed?

Happy Thought.—To open the door. Hang BOODELS, I can't help it if he likes it or not; they must go into the passage. I shall leave this to-morrow. * * * The scheme has succeeded—they've gone. In the distance I hear them scratching at BOODELS' door and whining. To bed—turn the key. * * * Savage knock: BOODELS in a rage: why the deuce I can't keep the dogs. Row: I won't open the door. Wish for the fifth time that I could think of an answer to his repartee about brains: it would have just come in now. I shall certainly go to-morrow: BOODELS is rude.

Next Morning.—First post: two letters. In consequence of my not deciding to take the Old Feudal Castle with the shooting, the landlord has let it, and the shooting, separately, to a Mr. WYNSFORD, and another party. I know WYNSFORD: will write to him. A Feudal Castle must be so calm and retired. And then the moat and the bastions! charming. The other letter is from Mrs. PLYTE FRASER. An invitation to Furze Lodge. "We shall be so delighted to see you, and I dare say you will be able to pick up some character here: our neighbourhood abounds in curiosities." Clever woman. After all, one must have female society. To see much of BOODELS and MILBURN, CAWKER, and dogs has a very deteriorating effect on one's mind. I'll accept Mrs. FRASER'S note, at once: in fact, telegraph, and go to-day.

Happy Thought.—Tip the butler: he's really been very civil, so has the footman. So has everyone: tip everyone. Difficult thing to do neatly. One ought to make some pretence about it: say, for instance, to the butler, "Here's half a sovereign for you to buy ribbons," or shoes, or neckties, or something. I have tipped them—awkwardly, I'm aware: they took it condescendingly. BOODELS is sulky to-day; MILBURN looks in to know about dragging the pond; BOODELS don't know. I should like to try SHERIDAN'S repartee on MILBURN, and see what he says. The Fly has come. BOODELS doesn't say he'll be

glad to see me again. MILBURN makes an ass of himself by pretending to embrace me and then cry bitterly.

Happy Thought.—Never ask a friend's opinion on one's original MS. Leads to difficulties.

Happy Thought in Railway Carriage.—I've thought of the answer to BOONBRIE's repartee. When he said that about "my not being able to find him in brains," I ought to have said, "Brains! don't talk of what you know nothing about." That would have done him; I wish I was quicker at thinking of these things. I must practise repartee.

Happy Thought.—Having nothing to do in the carriage, I'll begin practising repartee with myself, in my note-book.

Let's suppose cases. 1st *Hypothesis.* Some one says to me "What a fool you are!" Now, what's the repartee for that? I don't know what I should say exactly. There must be an answer to it of some sort. To return "Not such a fool as you are," sounds rather weak; at least it isn't the brilliant style of repartee that I want to have at my fingers' ends. I'll try it on somebody presently, and see what he says. Better try it on a boy; some sharp lad, not too big.

Suppose another. 2d *Hypothesis.* Some one says to me, "Why you've got no more brains than a cat." What should I reply to that. Something about "cat." I don't quite see what, but that's the line of thought for the repartee to that. Odd, how slow I am at this sort of thing: I must practise.

Happy Thought.—As I can't see any little boy, I'll try "What a fool you are" on some sharp-looking railway porter, just as we're moving away from the next station. *** Now *** I have tried it: I thought we were moving on, but we were only taking on fresh carriages or something, and came back to the same place. The man, a herculean porter, was at my window again in a second, very angry. "If I'd come out there" (he meant on the platform) "he'd show me if he was a fool or not." He got quite a crowd round the door. I couldn't give him a shilling because everyone was looking. The station-master came up for my name and address. I tried to explain that it was merely a sort of witticism, but the Policeman, with the station-master, said it was wilfully provoking an assault. The porter wouldn't take an apology. I have left my card. This doesn't help me with repartees: I must think 'em out for myself.

London Terminus.—To another station on my road to Mrs. FRASER'S. Repartee with cabman about fare. Cabman had the best of it in strong language. He finished up by crying out, at the top of his voice, "Call yourself a man! Why, I'm blanked if I ain't seen a better man than you made out of blanky tea-leaves!" There was a shout of laughter from every one at this, and he drove off before I could get up a repartee. There must be one to this. I'll get a good one, and be ready with it. Off by train again.

MUSICAL ADULTERATION.



MUSICAL ADULTERATION AS EVERYTHING that we eat and drink now-a-days is, excepting eggs perhaps, where will the mania for adulteration stop? We breakfast off adulterated tea and bread and butter, we have adulterated soup and beer and jelly at our dinner, with our dessert we get a head-ache from adulterated wine, and after it they serve us adulterated coffee. Then the bed on which we toss and tumble in the pangs of indigestion is stuffed, we may discover, with adulterated feathers, and finally,

the doctor whom we send for in the morning makes up his prescription with adulterated drugs. Nor is our palate the only part attacked. We wear upon our backs adulterated coats, and adulterated silk is the material of our neckcloths. Our linen is washed weekly with adulterated soap, and our boots are daily polished, not with brilliant EVERETT'S—but with adulterated blacking. Half of what we read is written in adulterated English, scraps of French and Latin being needlessly lugged in; adulterated pictures are vamped up for our eyes, while our ears are sorely tried with adulterated music.

Musical adulteration is performed in this wise. Somebody without the brains to write an air himself lays hold of one composed by some more gifted writer. This he twists and turns about, first in one key, then another, putting what should be the treble in the bass, now whispering the tune in the softest of pianos, and then thundering it forth in the noisiest of fortes, keeping up the while a hop-and-skip-and-jump accompaniment, which so effectually disguises the melody in treatment that they who know it best can with difficulty recognise it. All its beauties are disfigured, distorted and destroyed, and a simple charming air becomes a complex piece of senseless jingle-jangle. When his work is published, the adulterator calls it a "Theme with Variations;" and if he have a name for the concoction of such rubbish, thousands of pianos will be thumped with the poor tune until it is supplanted by some newer "composition."

What wonder that when girls are taught to practise stuff like this they lose all taste for music, and buy whatever trash their teachers choose to foist upon them? Playing brainless music is as weakening to the mind as reading senseless novels, and for the health of female intellects there ought to be a social Act of Parliament to stop it. If the pains young ladies take in learning how to knock a tune about on the piano were devoted to such works as those of MENDELSSOHN and BEETHOVEN, their minds as well as fingers would in some measure be stretched, and their time would be by no means unprofitably spent.

There is a real pleasure in striving to interpret and give a proper utterance to the thoughts of great musicians, and both the player and the hearers may be benefited by them. But in studying a fashionable "air with variations," not mind but merely mechanism is the thing required, and all the player aims at is dexterity of fingers. Instead of giving admiration to these musical gymnastics on account of the agility and skill which are displayed in them, nine people out of ten who have the benefit of hearing them must think it a great pity that so much time has been wasted on what gives so little pleasure when it is achieved. Watch the faces in a drawing-room when MISS THUMPINGTON performs one of these acrobatic *morceaux*, and you will see the shade of boredom spreading as she plays, and that every one will look relieved and happy when she finishes. "The Battle of Prague"—or *Plague*—was bad enough to have to listen to, but these "airs with variations" are infinitely worse; for one can't help feeling savage that the themes of a great master should be put to such a use. For all who have a hand in this adulterated music (whether they be writers, publishers, or players) *Punch* wishes that a Cave of Trophonius were handy, whence Silence might be prayed to take all sound out of their works. Blondinism on pianos is a misuse of dexterity; and as for giving any praise because adulterated music is difficult to play, *Punch* inclines with DR. JOHNSON to wish it were impossible.

SOVEREIGN ALLEY.

As down in Sovereign Alley
For "sugar" I did go,
Admiring of the gutters
Which in that alley flow,

I there did meet a voter,
And unto him did say,
"Beest thee engaged on either side?
Come tell me now, I pray."

I ben't engaged on either side,
I solemnly declare;
For I've took this here one's money,
And means to vote that there.

BEAR AND EAGLE.

ACCORDING to a telegram which arrived the other day from St. Petersburg, at a farewell banquet lately given at that capital in honour of the United States Embassy, PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF made a speech wherein he expressed his confidence in the permanent duration of a good understanding between North America and Russia, and said, in addition:—"This good understanding is neither a danger nor a menace to other nations, and is dictated neither by ambitious or covert designs." Of course the Prince made this declaration with profound gravity. If a Russian dinner is always a *dîner à la Russe*, at which the guests are served by attendants, of course the American Ambassador had no opportunity of saying, "Shall I help you to Turkey?" and enabling the Russian diplomatist to reply, "Thank you—perhaps you would like to take Canada."

SERIOUS WORK ON BREACH-LOADERS.—The Needle Gun; or, Bismarck's Call to the Unconverted.



BAIN DE MER.

THE TITWILLOWS TAKE A "BANG DY FAMEEL," OR FAMILY BATH. THEY MEET SOME TABLE-D'HÔTE ACQUAINTANCES, CONSISTING OF AN "ANCIENT COLONEL OF CAVALRY IN RETREAT," AND HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER, WHO OFFER TO TEACH THEM THE PRINCIPLES OF NATATION. MRS. T. DOESN'T LIKE IT AT ALL.

THE LAUGH OF THE LEFT-BEHIND ONE.

THEY wouldn't let me have my leave,
Sec, under-sec, head-clerks and all,
Claimed choice of times, left me to grieve
An August and September thrall!

They had their country-house invites,
Their moors or stubbles, yachts or streams,
Their little tours, their foreign sights,
And I was left to dream my dreams—

To dream of pleasure out of town,
And wake to toil, from ten till four;
Doomed civil-servant of the Crown,
Upon a Whitehall second-floor!

With everybody out of town,
And nothing even in the *Times*
To keep the weary yawning down,
From ten's curs'd stroke to four's glad chimes.

"Happy that sec, and under-sec,
Thrice happy those chief clerks"—methought—
"Let loose from office work and check,
To catch Time flying, kill him, caught!"

"And miserable me! still doomed
In London's desert lone to pine;
Cabined and cribbed, red-taped and roomed,
With scarce a Club whereat to dine;

"In all the painters are let loose,
From attic high to area low,
And one small room serves every use—
'There's nobody in town, you know!'

"The houses where my cards I drop—
Each house that's good for feed or ball—
Close shuttered from ground floor to top,
Stare blankly at me, one and all!

"The Park a waste—the swells withdrawn—
The chignons fled from Rotten Row;
Like swallows with the summer gone,
To happier fields than I may know."

So, left behind, I dreamed of joy
For them, of dreariness for me,
And deemed my draught without alloy—
The bitterest bitters that could be.

When lo, the weather has come down
As my avenger! Day by day,
I mark the sky's forbidding frown,
I hear the rain that rains away.

I think, "Now, if they're off to shoot,
How precious wet through they will be!
If yachting, soaked from head to foot,
And such a devil of a sea!"

"If on the moors, the grouse won't lie
In this delightful wind and wet;
In stubbles, old birds will be shy,
And half the young 'uns drowned, I bet.

"And it is just the same, I'm glad
To hear, for those abroad that roam:
The weather is so jolly bad
The tourists are all coming home!

And so I smile, and fold my wraps,
And bless the fate that shapes our ends,
And serves out egotistic chaps
Who take their leaves before their friends!



SPORT IN EARNEST.

HEAD-KARPER PUNCH. "YOU REALLY MUSTN'T SHOOT WITH THE OLD MUZZLE-LOADER, MR. BULL. THIS IS THE GUN FOR YOU, SIR—THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY!"

WORKMEN IN POSSESSION.

O YE who are out on the mountains and moors,
Released from all business, remote from all bores,
How well you are off were you only aware!—
As long as you can, wise ones, stay where you are.

Repose in the lap of content far away,
Until you can't sponge any longer, or pay;
Nor homeward return from the game and the grouse,
At least ere the workmen are out of your house.

Poor wretch, whom necessity calls back to Town,
When there his abode he finds turned upside down,
The carpets all up, walls of paper laid bare;
The premises all undergoing repair!

Doors, balusters, passage, with paint are all wet
Your coatsleeves beameared in the first place you get;
Size mingled with turpentine, grateful perfume
Exhaling, with fragrance pervades every room.

Lo, buckets and pails in your way all about:
Steps standing within, doors and ladders without,
Here scattered are paint-pots and brushes, and slabs,
There, stuck in the corners, of putty lie dabs,

There's trampling of highlows about naked floors,
Loud talking, and laughing, and banging of doors;
Continual hammering vexes your ear,
And ever at eve the men ask you for beer.

You sleep where you can, and your bed-room must do
For sitting-room, study and library too,
Your papers a chaos, your books strewn around,
In heaps, on the chest of drawers, table, or ground.

A looking-glass smashed may your fury provoke,
Perhaps a rude fist your barometer broke:
Some damage or loss, more or less you are sure,
When workmen dismantle your house, to endure.

Discomfort, distraction! The wealthy how blest
With leisure to flee and ascend alpine crest!
The time and the money they're able to spare,
Escape smell of paint and breathe fresh mountain air.

But, scaling a slope with a footing like glass,
To make a false step and slip down a crevasse,
In what a position the climber would be!
One not to be envied, now even, by me.

TOASTED CHEESE.

"TALHAIARN," of Llanfair, Abergelle, North Wales, has written to the *Times* a letter in vindication of the Eisteddfod, with special regard to the Welsh language and Welsh music. He omits to notice the testimony to both which the divine WILLIAMS (of Welsh extraction evidently) puts into the mouth of *Hoteur*:—

"Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
By'r lady, he's a good musician."

If Welsh is particularly a language of humour and harmony, the best thing the Eisteddfod could do to effect its objects would be to establish in this metropolis a Welsh Comic Opera. There can be no doubt that a Welsh Opera might be very comic even though meant to be serious. An overture performed by an orchestra consisting of Welsh Harps, however, if possible, would be novel. Hitherto the great Welsh composers have had no theatre for the display of their genius.

"The intention," says TALHAIARN, "of the Eisteddfod is to cultivate poetry and music, art and science." Another object of Welsh nationality might be the cultivation of that excellent vegetable the leek, which TALHAIARN, like his compatriot *Pluellen*, taking up the cudgel on behalf of his country, might compel English *Pistols* to eat, washing it down with *crw*: a liquor in which we shall ever be happy to drink "Success to the Cymri." Another toast we would propose is that of cheese; and the Eisteddfod might profitably turn its attention to the development of the Welsh rabbit.

NO WONDER.

THERE is a deficient supply of seamen for the Merchant Navy. Can we be surprised when we consider the Scurvy treatment they receive?

TOO MUCH LEARNING.

If a Pupil wants a good deal for his, or her, or friends' money, let him matriculate at the London Academy of Music. See here:—

THE LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC, St. James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly.

Principal—PROF. WYLDE, Mus. Doc.

Harmony and Composition—DR. WYLDE.

Pianoforte—DR. WYLDE, HERR HENSLE, and MR. J. F. BARNETT.

Italian Singing—SIGNOR GARCIA, LABLACHE, GILARDONI, and SCHIRA.

Harp—MM. OBBERTHUR & T. H. WRIGHT; Night Reading, HERR GANZ.

Organ—MR. GEORGE COOPER.

Harmonium—M. LEMMENS.

Concertina—SIG. REGONDI.

Violin—HERR JANZA.

Violoncello—M. PAQUE.

Italian—SIG. MAGGIONI.

French—M. TOUBRIER.

Department—M. PETIT.

A Lady-Superintendent and Governess.

THE NEXT TERM COMMENCES Oct. 1st. The Academy is for amateurs and professional students, ladies and gentlemen. Students residing at a distance can receive all their lessons on one day.

Fourteen branches of knowledge taught and nineteen masters to teach them. So far so good and very excellent. But the point to which we would draw attention is this—"Students residing at a distance can receive all their lessons on one day." We suppose the students would come up to town, and not have their lessons given them by telegraph. The Italian singing lesson with SIGNOR GARCIA, LABLACHE, GILARDONI, and SCHIRA at one end of the wire and the pupil at the other would be an amusing novelty. M. PETIT would perhaps find more difficulty in adapting his lessons on Department to telegraphic communications. But as we said before, of course the Pupil comes up to town, fresh from the country to be touched up in these fourteen departments of useful knowledge by the nineteen paid professors. Perhaps they will be all waiting in the hall to receive him or her. DR. WYLDE first with music-paper and pens; HERR HENSLE carrying a pianoforte, with J. F. BARNETT inside. The Italian professors singing a quartette, accompanied by the harp-players OBBERTHUR and WRIGHT; while apart from the rest in a corner will be seated at a small table, with a patent safety lamp, if necessary, HERR GANZ reading something at sight.

Say he or she arrives at 9 o'clock in the morning.

First hour, 9-10.—DR. WYLDE Harmony and Composition.

Second hour, 10-11.—Pianoforte, DR. WYLDE again (*pin lento*), HERR HENSLE (*agitato*), J. F. BARNETT (*furioso, pomposo*).

Third hour, 11-12.—Italian singing without pianoforte-players for a change. SIGNOR GARCIA first. SIGNOR LABLACHE who doesn't quite approve of SIGNOR GARCIA's method. Then SIGNOR GILARDONI, who doesn't think much of either of them; and SIGNOR SCHIRA who is unteaching what has gone before when the lesson concludes. Five minutes allowed for refreshment, and the Lady-Superintendent brings in a supply of wet towels and snuff; or, if for a lady, eau de Cologne.

Fourth hour, 12-1.—Harp; Pupil comes up smiling, but a little shaky. MM. OBBERTHUR and WRIGHT show their separate ways of playing. Pupil grateful, but wandering.

Fifth hour, 1-2.—When pupil would have lunch, if at home. Lesson on Organ, by MR. GEORGE COOPER. Pupil glad to play on it with his or her feet. Pupil wants to smoke the organ pipes; matches removed by MR. COOPER.

Sixth hour, 2-3.—M. LEMMENS on Harmonium. Pupil won't let him get off harmonium. Altercation; introduction of a New Poker. End of the harmonium.

Seventh hour, 3-4.—SIGNOR REGONDI arrives with Concertina; Pupil violent. SIGNOR REGONDI leaves without Concertina.

Eighth hour, 4-5.—HERR JANZA comes to teach violin; Pupil plays Concertina to him. Lady-Superintendent telegraphs for police.

Ninth hour, 5-6.—M. PAQUE looks in at the door, and just shows the top of his violoncello. Pupil flies at him; end of ninth lesson. Pupil knocked on the head by a friend. Pupil asleep; better.

Tenth hour, 6-7.—SIGNOR MAGGIONI hears Pupil translate the first scene of an Italian opera, "Oh, heavens! 'tis he! Shameless one!"

Eleventh hour, 7-8.—French lesson. M. TOUBRIER enters and says, "Commevoopertyvoo." Pupil says, "Trabang Myshoo," and dances round him.

Twelfth hour, 8-9.—M. PETIT to teach department. Walks with Pupil up and down the room. Pupil carries him pick-a-back suddenly. Finally, M. PETIT undertakes to see him, or her, carefully back again to the country, say as far as Colwell-Hatchney, where for the future this highly educated person will reside.

Gazette Extraordinary.

As some old friends have been grumbling at SIR SAMUEL BAKER being only made a Knight, and not getting a Baronetcy, Mr. Punch has had to compromise the matter with HER MAJESTY. LADY BAKER will be at once raised to the peerage, made a Peeress in her own right, and will take the title of "The Lady of the Lake."



SEASONABLE LUXURY.

Old Gent (disgusted). "HERE, WAITER! HERE'S A—HERE'S A—A—CATERPILLAR IN THIS CHOP!"

Waiter (stippanily). "YESSIR. ABOUT THE TIME O' YEAR FOR 'EM JUST NOW, SIR!"

THE MEETING OF THE WINES.

A HIGHLY-PRICED Meeting of established old Wines was recently held at The Green Seal in Cork Street, called together to consider their present position and future prospects. OLD PORT, who met with a most cordial reception, presided, and opened the proceedings by remarking that he and his fellow-decanter felt it to be their duty, in the privacy of their particular bins, and the seclusion of their own saw-dust, they had long and soberly discussed. Born in the year '20, he was of an age to remember the good old drinking times, and the contrast between their convivialities and the effeminate sobriety of the modern mahogany often racked him with anguish, and caused him to pipe his eye in secret sorrow. But they had not met by the dozen to whine over this sad change, although he feared the doctrines of those amiable fanatics, the teetotallers, (*hisses and confusion*), were being rapidly imbibed by all classes, even by the very top crust of society, for only the other day he was disturbed by hearing that a nobleman of high rank regaled his guests with—ginger cordial. (*Here a shudder of horror ran through the whole wine-party.*) No, it was not a selfish motive that had induced them to exchange the calm quiet of the cellar for the heat and ferment of the platform, for they had made a pretty good thing out of the British public, and would have been satisfied to rest tranquil in their ancestral cobwebs; but a regard for the nerves, the temper, the digestive apparatus, the internal mechanism of the human frame compelled them to warn the nation against those low-priced and pernicious compositions with which the kingdom was now flooded, boldly placarded as Port and Sherry in the windows of every grocer, confectioner, and licensed victualler, until they, the long-descended wines of genuine foreign extraction, were ashamed of their names and vintages. The veteran PORT, whose remarks were hailed with a storm of applause, and heeltaps, concluded by calling on his friend, Excellent SHERRY, to address the Meeting.

Excellent SHERRY, in his natural dry manner, lamented the decay of

A VOICE AMONG THE BRAES.

(Lines by a Lady Tourist.)

O' EDWARD, O mine own!
Those echoes wake again;
I love to hear that trumpet tone,
Arouse this lovely glen.

There's Scotland's prickly flower,
With bloom of purple blue;
It bids defiance to the power
Of all the world but Thee!

And thou hast borne me here,
In solitude profound;
To pour thy voice into mine ear—
Repeat the charming sound!

Behold yon crystal lake!
Come, bear me to its brink.
My EDWARD there his thirst may slake,
Though he is choice of drink.

Would I, if to proceed,
Thou, EDWARD, should'st decline,
With cruel hand enforce thy speed?
Oh never, EDWARD, mine!

I'd feed thee, cheer thee, try
Persuasion's patient ways.
O EDWARD, lift thy voice on high
Once more among the braes!

All my Eye.

RESPECTING the late well-known astronomer, M. HERMAN GOLDSCHMIDT, newspapers declare that:—

"Though only an amateur in the science, he had discovered the telescopic planets, and his only instrument was a common opera-glass."

Surely not a common opera-glass. The opera-glass must have been an uncommon one. A common opera-glass will not render telescopic planets visible to an astronomer, and can only enable him to make observations on certain histrionic Stars.

"THE MASTER OF THE HORSE."—Lord Lyon's owner.

the golden age, protested against others making a butt of him, declared he was done brown, and solemnly assured his brother bottles that he frequently turned pale at the thought of the stuff consumed under his name, especially by ladies and the humbler clergy, to whose consciences and digestions he made a most impressive appeal. He closed by saying that he had a great regard for his poor relation, MARSALA, but must entreat him not to suffer himself to be handed round (along with sweet biscuits) as SHERRY.

[At this pint in the proceedings the venerable MADEIRA was introduced, having just arrived from a long voyage, and placed in his decanter with every mark of respect.]

CLARET said he had drunk in every word that had been dropped, and thought no respectable wine ought any longer to bottle up his wrath at the indignities he was exposed to; but though somewhat corky and inclined to pour forth his grievances, in humble imitation of the forbearance of their exhilarating Cheerman he should only say, as to much of the Lafitte in circulation, that he felt disposed to laugh it to scorn; and of the Médoc he met with in society, one word would express his opinion—mediocre. He must add that he had no connection with the fluid he saw ticketed at 1s. a bottle. (*Sensation.*)

CHAMPAGNE, who could no longer be kept in, was up the instant CLARET resumed his jug, and indulged in some sparkling allusions to the common gooseberry and familiar rhubarb. He was followed by MOSELLE and HOCK, who both rose together, as they found it impossible to be still any longer, but being slightly elevated the Cheerman put them down. The bottles then broke up, and things took a convivial turn.

Amongst the company we noticed VIN DE GRAVE (looking very serious), TOKAY (with an Imperial), BURGUNDY white with rage, which he could hardly gulp down, HERMITAGE in a retired corner, MOUNTAIN hampered with TENT, and CHABLIS, who protested against the practice of servants calling him Shabby.

Several Greek, Hungarian and Sicilian wines were unable to obtain admission.

THE VETERAN IN WOODSTOCK WORKHOUSE.



Y HERCULES, Mr. Punch, *Nil admirari* is no motto of mine. I could only adopt it by construing your friend "Q. H. F." in a very literal sense. Could one admire nothing, as girls and babies laugh at nothing, that, indeed, would be something to make and keep one happy. Nay, it is not easy to conceive greater happiness than that of being constantly in a state of admiration with nothing at all to admire. This would be like a perpetual enjoyment of all the pleasures of the table without turtle, or venison, or tripe. It would correspond to an everlasting state of beer *minus* beer, and apart from anything else like Chateau d'Yquem. But man cannot enjoy empty dishes. Nonsense won't do for mutton. As I want something to eat, so I want something to admire. I

esteem the capability of 'admiring answerable to a good appetite. Therefore, I systematically admire everything that I can. I am always finding some fresh object of admiration, and what I now see chiefly to admire is the condition of the British Army and Navy in general, but particularly, (with a letter I have recently read in the *Times* before me), the self-sacrifice of the British soldier.

Even you, Sir, were once a baby; so was DR. JOHNSON. Well, *Mr. Punch*, in early days, both of you were perhaps occasionally exasperated by nursemaids reciting, in the thought that they were diverting you, certain doggerel amœbiæ, beginning with—

"Who comes here?"
"A Grenadier."
"What do you want?"
"A pot of beer."

Experience, however, sometimes discovers a pertinence in (the idiotisms of the nursery which may afford delight. There is, Sir, now a soldier in the Woodstock Union Workhouse, one JOSEPH OLIVER, whose case appears to have been contemplated by the prophetic bard that originally composed the lines above quoted, doubtless in a state of clairvoyance. The Chaplain of that Union, who is also Master of the Woodstock Grammar School, gives us, in the *Times*, a short speech, of the sort which the military pauper, an old Waterloo man, is in the habit of delivering to those who sympathise with him under the circumstances in which he has been suffered, in his destitute old age, to place himself by a grateful country. According to the reverend gentleman:—

He says, "I feel I am fast going down hill, but I could eat better and suffer less pain if I could have something lighter to eat. I don't think I've eat an allowance of cheese these three weeks. If I could but have half-a-pint of beer a day it would be everything to me. I could do with that and my bread, and should be contented. I hope I am as happy as anybody can be in a workhouse, but I never knowed any body stop in as could get out. Oh, how glad should I be to have liberty once more!"

This old soldier, it is true, was not a grenadier in the limited meaning of the word. He fought at Waterloo in the 95th Rifles, now the Rifle Brigade. But a Rifleman, is, to all intents and purposes a British Grenadier, as contemplated in the song which asserts the incomparability of CONON, LYSANDER, and all the other valiant heroes to that one. Nor does this veteran in the grey uniform demand a pot of beer in the pot-house sense of the word. That, as you and I, and MORLEY, and SAM POPE, and LAWSON know, is a quart. The British Grenadier in the workhouse limits his request to a pot of beer in what we will call the workhouse sense of the word. He asks for only half-a-pint of beer a-day; a pot so named rhetorically, part for the whole, a parochial pot, a union pot of beer. If the old man who in youth adventured to pour out his blood like water at Waterloo, could now get a small measure of beer poured out for himself, "it would be everything to him." He was ever a good soldier. At Waterloo he "followed LORD HILL up three times within pistol-shot of BONEY's platform;" and after the fight was over he saved two lives. He is now aged 74 years, the last six of which he has spent in the workhouse, an example to its other inmates. After seven years' service, he had left the Army, and remained in his native village, working in the Stonesfield slate-quarries till he was nearly blind. The parish then allowed him out-door relief to the amount of half-a-crown and a loaf a week; but, since this

allowance, however generous for the needy people of Woodstock, was one "as I couldn't," he said, "live honest on," he was obliged to enter the institution wherein he now abides, sighing, "Oh, how glad I should be to have liberty once more!" and vainly craving half-a-pint of beer.

Small beer indeed, *Mr. Punch*, ought not that country to think of itself which permits its veterans to implore half-a-pint of swipes in vain? But now, don't you admire, like me, the self-sacrifice performed by the British soldier in entering the service of a country that will let him want half-a-pint of beer in his old age? Don't you, Sir, also admire this treatment of British soldiers, and don't you unspeakably admire the magnitude of our Army, which, notwithstanding such usage, is kept up to a strength not less, perhaps, than one-fifth of the force that would be necessary for any serious attempt to resist invasion? All this is very admirable, certainly. Of course, we cannot, for one moment, entertain the fear that too hard trial of the self-sacrificing spirit of our voluntary soldiers will one day end in the alternative of a conscription, or no Army at all. There is one thing more, *Mr. Punch*, that cannot but greatly excite your admiration, as it does mine. That is the vast military expenditure of a nation so frugal that it cannot afford an old soldier half-a-pint of beer. "For Heaven's sake a pot of your smallest ale!" How much longer shall JOSEPH OLIVER be permitted to remain ineffectually uttering that piteous entreaty of

CHRISTOPHER SLY?

GOOD AND SAFE WOMEN.

MR. PUNCH,

I've no patience with the fuss that is being made by those stupid papers about bribery. Of course, if a man really thinks he ought to vote on one side, and takes money to go and vote on the other, he doesn't do what is quite right, unless he has claims upon him that he ought to consider before everything; but how often is it the case that he has any idea which is the right side and which is the wrong? I'll be bound to say not ninety-nine times in a hundred, nor so much, scarcely ever. Nobody knows what a woman has to go through with a large family, and for a man in that situation, unless he is very well off, not to vote for whoever will pay the most, I think it positively wicked. It's a shame that women have no votes. Why not Womanhood Suffrage as well as Manhood Suffrage? I know what I would do with a suffrage I could get a hundred and fifty pounds by, or even ten.

But whether women have votes or no there is one thing I know, they could do much better than men, I mean managing the bribery, which I am sure there is no wrong in, or why do men laugh and joke about it, if they think it serious? I have heard them talk of a great briber years ago—I mean the briber lived many years ago—whose name was FRAIL. Who was it said "frailty thy name is woman"? meaning to be satirical, but I'm confident any woman would be much better than FRAIL at electioneering. We should be able to coax the voters in a way men can't, and get their votes at a much more reasonable rate, which would be a great save. What was that story of the butcher, I think, who let the beautiful Duchess of Whereabouts have his vote in favour of her candidate for a kiss? Only if the butcher's wife had known, she would have taken care that her husband shouldn't have been such a fool.

And besides, the women could do all the bribery among themselves, and that would prevent the money being spent at the public-house instead of in new dresses for the children, and paying the bills which run up in no time to a degree which is perfectly dreadful, and I'm sure it's always best to pay all the tradesmen as soon as you can, or else they put down all sorts of things you never had, and as to giving evidence before Commissions like Great Yarmouth, I should like to see how much they would get out of one who would only just like to be

THE WOMAN IN THE MOON.

P.S. It's the best plan always to send the money to the voter's wife, like the four sovereigns at Reigate done up in the starch.

THE LESSON OF THE LEGER.

WHAT Reform of the House were so thorough,
Could we manage with man as with horse;
And do in each county and borough,
What's been done on the Doncaster Course.

Our M.P.'s we might safely rely on,
And e'en household suffrage might bolt,
Could our polls show the famed British Lion,
Always beating the *Bribery* Colt!

* The name under which *Savannah* first ran.

Telegrams (from Leicester Square).

THE Mutilated Statue is as well as can be expected. In consequence of the inclemency of the weather at night, another coat of paint has been ordered for him.



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 6.

LAVINIA ARRIVES AT A WATERFALL, AND ASKS ITS NAME. THE SHEPHERD (NOT UNDERSTANDING ENGLISH) INFORMS HER IN GAELIC THAT IT IS CALLED (AS LAVINIA SUPPOSES) "VICHAROOBASHALLOCHOGGILNABO." LAVINIA THINKS IT A VERY PRETTY NAME.

FEMININE SUPREMACY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

BEING a *lady*, I of course but very seldom read the newspapers. Politics and such stuff are all very well for *men*, but there is little in a paper that is interesting to women, except perhaps the *murders* and the *fashions*, and the *breach of promise* cases. The other day, however, I chanced to see a letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, written by a lady upon quite a lady's subject, namely that of the employment of a charitable sisterhood for "such works as hospital nursing, teaching in schools, and visiting the poor."

Having a *husband* to manage, as well as five small children, I have, you may imagine, as much work as I can do, and have scarce a *moment's* leisure for visiting rich people even, and naturally none at all for visiting the *poor*. But I thoroughly agree with the writer of the letter that very much good may be done by a charitable sisterhood; and though, being a true Britoness, I think that nothing, except *bonnets*, should be copied from the Continent, I quite admit with her that foreigners might give us a few vastly useful hints upon this *interesting* work. But I do not at all agree with her in stating as an axiom that—

"Every woman wishes for a beaten and familiar path to walk in. Whether rightly or wrongly, the most highly educated women are generally the most ready to feel and urge the impropriety of any unnecessary singularity, or anything like a disregard of public opinion, or even of custom, in their own sex."

"Unnecessary singularity"—I abominate most heartily, as I have often told my husband when scolding him because he *meanly* will persist in keeping for my use a merely *one-horse* vehicle, while nearly all *my* friends are accustomed to a *pair*. But I deny that "every woman wishes for a beaten path to walk in," for I am very sure that most of us now much prefer to *ride*. Nor do I admit that women always feel inclined to comply with public custom. For instance, it is customary for a wife to make a promise that she will *obey* her husband, but I see no "impropriety" in her not keeping her word. And this leads me to another foolish statement in the letter, which I utterly dispute—

"Every woman likes to be ruled, and prefers that her ruler should not be of her own sex."

"Likes to be ruled" indeed! What stuff and nonsense, to be sure! I have no patience with the woman—if it really *be* a woman, which I'm half inclined to doubt. It's just the style of language that men *very often* use, when, cowards that they are, they try to make a woman fancy she was born—poor thing!—with brains inferior to their own. Before I married him, my husband sometimes talked in this way about the "*weaker*" sex. But I soon showed him that *some* women were quite as strong as men, and indeed a little stronger, both in mind and body too. The precious "*lords of the creation*," as they delight to call themselves, often find out that they have to give in to the *ladies*. "Like to be ruled," do we? Well, if this really *be* the *rule*, there are plenty of *exceptions* to it, and among them you may reckon,

Sir, your very humble Servant,

GRIFFINA GREYMARE, *née* PRANCER.

P.S. Pray does *Mrs. Judy* like being ruled by you? * If so, poor thing, I pity her!

* Yes, Madam, she does: for she is a true woman. And can do without your pity, thank you.—Printer's Angel.

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

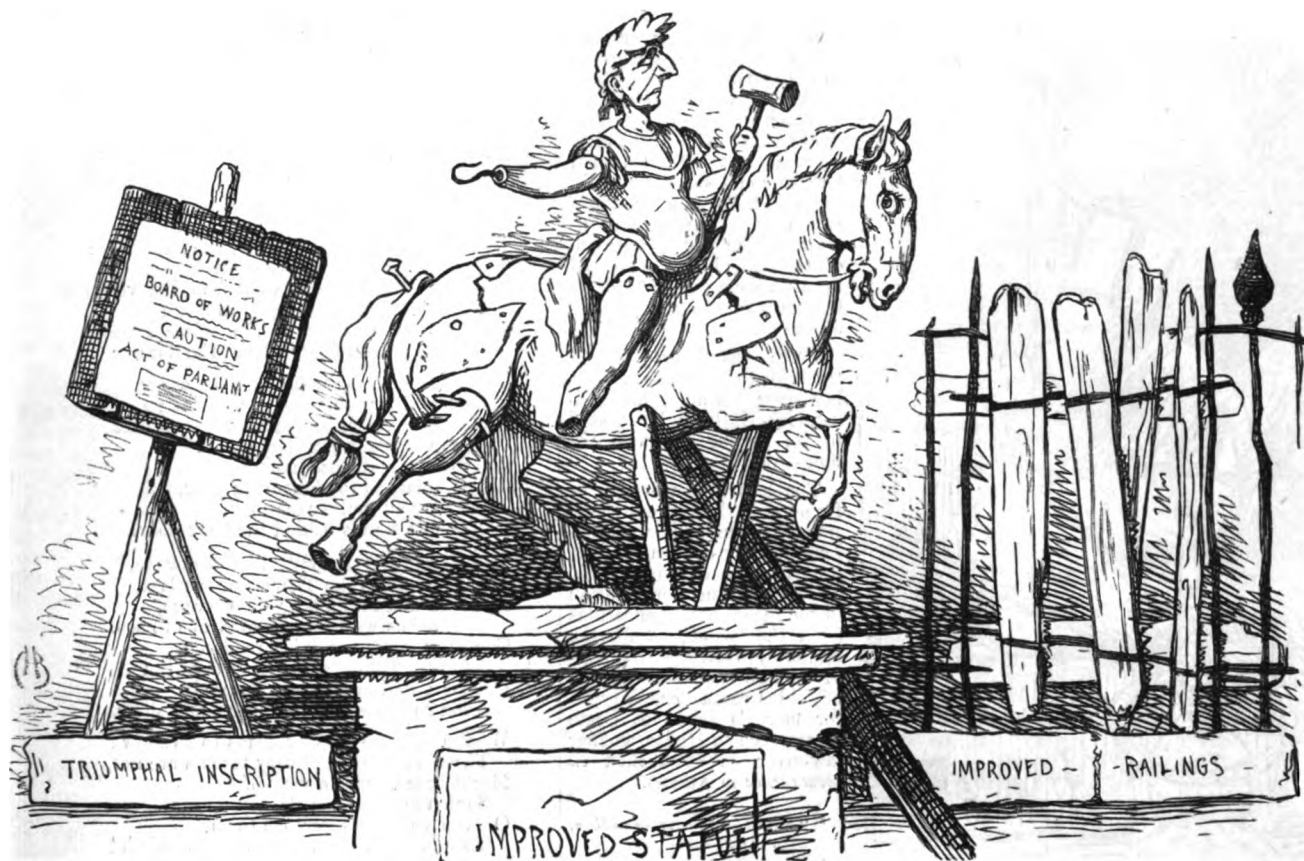
SAID ANGELINA to her EDWIN, as they looked through an old glee-book, "EDWIN, dearest, pray what is the meaning of the line—

"Unnumbered surges grace the foaming coast?"

Serge, you know, is woollen stuff, like my bathing dress, you know. But one don't spell it with a "u," you know."

Said EDWIN, "M sure I don't know. P'raps it's a misprint. Fellow very likely wrote it down at Ramsgate. Tried to count the bathers there, and found he couldn't do it."

INCURABLE.—There's a man in Middlesex with such a bad memory that he constantly forgets himself.



HINTS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF LEICESTER SQUARE.

BY THE ARTIST WHO WHITWASHED THE STATUE.

A GOOD OLD ATROCITY.

Not long ago a man, suspected of murder, committed suicide. A coroner's jury returned him *jelo de se*. With reference to this case, the *Times* states that "a memorial is about to be presented to the Crown that the claims to the property of the deceased may be waived by HER MAJESTY for the benefit of the children." Of course the claims of HER MAJESTY will be waived. But how is it that the law which punishes the widows and orphans of suicides for a crime committed principally against themselves, has been allowed to survive the laws that burned witches and disembowelled traitors alive? The present punishment of wilful suicide is no less barbarous than that which was appointed for treason and witchcraft, and much more unreasonable; for the persons who were burnt or eviscerated were the witches and traitors, and not their relations. When the law in regard to self-murder was altered, the Legislature did away with the least absurd and least brutal part of it only. They abolished the burial in cross-roads, and transfixion with a stake, of senseless corpses, and they retained the infliction of beggary on innocent survivors.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD.

WHAT slipslop! ladies, "educated" ladies even, write! See, here is a queer specimen:—

BRIGHTON.—A lady of education, having a luxurious HOME (for the first time) is desirous of meeting with an elderly gentleman and his wife, or two ladies to join the family table (if slightly invalided not objected to).

For whom, we wonder, does this lady intend the covert taunt that it is "for the first time" that her home is now luxurious? And what advantage can there be to her in mentioning the fact? Of course she cannot mean to say it is her table which is "slightly invalided;" but after having boasted about her education, she might as well have taken the pains to write correctly the half-score words of English her advertisement required.

A CULINARY QUESTION.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I UNDERSTAND there is nothing you don't know, from comets to cookery. Will you help me in a little difficulty? I am sure you will. BERNARD and I have not been long married—indeed, we have only just returned from our wedding tour—and I am most anxious to have everything very nice for him for breakfast before he goes to the office. Now, I hear there is a book called *A Century of Potting*, and I want to know whether it tells you how meat, and game, and fish have been potted for the last hundred years, or only gives a hundred receipts for doing veal, and grouse, and lobster, and other good things, like the books that instruct you how to cook eggs, or apples, or rabbits in three hundred and sixty-five different ways?

Tell me this, and I will have anything potted for you that you like to choose, from peacock to partridge, from salmon to shrimps, and sent to your address, *carriage paid*.

Ever yours, BERTHA.

[Mr. Punch would have been delighted to answer this note, and receive the promised dainties, but unfortunately BERTHA, accustomed he supposes, to sign her letters to BERNARD as above, has forgotten to give either her surname or address. Mr. Punch, therefore, can only recommend her to look carefully into the works of the learned POTTER.]

A SMILE FOR THE SERIOUS.

RESPECTING a deceased clergyman, who was a leader of the Ritualists, the *Church and State Review* says:—

"It is intended that his friends—and they are legion—shall pay their tribute to his memory by completing the work which he loved best."

Very good; but what a name is Legion for the friends of any Clergyman to give themselves and each other! Legion, as the *Church and State Review* knows, is a noun of multitude, signifying many. Many what? Has our Ritualistic contemporary never considered who they were whose mouthpiece, on a certain occasion, named them Legion? The adoption of that word by a party of High Churchmen will no doubt be what is vulgarly called nuts for the opposite party.

CRETÂ NOTANDA.



RETE, it is reported, has recently been the scene of an action between Greeks and Turks, in which 40,000 are said to have been engaged on either side. The probability is, that not 10,000 armed Greeks could be collected in the island. This sort of *canard* shows that one element at least of the old reputation of the island, as expressed in a famous verse* of a Cretan poet has [not yet] disappeared.

Crete was famous in old times for three things, a great law-giver (Minos), an intricate labyrinth, and the skill of its inhabitants with the long-bow.

The labyrinth may still be found—in Hellenico-Cretan politics: the skill with the long-bow has been equally long lived, and is being laid under vigorous contribution in the recent communications from the island; as for the famous law-giver,—if he survives, like the other features of old Cretan celebrity,—for mercy's sake let Crete be annexed to Hellas, and her law-giver be established on permanence in Athens.

* "Κρητες ου ψιδιων, ούνα θήλια, γυρναγες άρπυιαι."

"The Cretans were over liars, nasty brutes, lazy gorbollies."

BUTTS IN THE BACK SETTLEMENTS.

THERE are butts upon Wimbledon Common,
Where riflemen practice pursue;
That of neighbouring Sheen there are some on:
There are butts upon Wormholt Scrubbs too.
Such butts, in most suitable spaces,
Are stationed all over the land,
And those butts are in just the right places:
Where they are it is well they should stand.

There are butts among men, who, by folly,
Themselves make the targets of wit;
Those butts yield good sport; they are jolly:
They never feel when they are hit.
And some butts are butts but from the weakness
Which obliges them insult to bear;
They are schooled in the virtue of meekness
By the bullies to snub them who dare.

There are other butts holding the water,
Reserved for some people to drink;
Stuff that qualifies thousands for slaughter
Who victims to pestilence sink.
In crowded and close habitations,
The homes of the labouring poor,
Absorbing all foul emanations,
The butt stands behind the back door.

Its contents, at the best, filtered sewage,
Such drink as the Thames or the Lea,
Have worked into a horrible brewage,
That teems with things wondrous to see.
Confervæ replete with 'tis rendered,
And fungus-like growths, in brief time,
Infusoria, and insects, engendered
Amid rotten wood, rank ooze, and slime.

What a mixture for Christians to swallow!
These butts, though they targets are not,
Might breed, for the shaft of Apollo,
Such a mark as the Python he shot.
O parochial rulers, remove them,
To some monster before they give birth!
O ye vestries and guardians, improve them,
At once, off the face of the earth!

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(In the intermediate state between BOODELS' and FRASER'S.)

At the London Terminus.—Chopford is the station for Furze Lodge or Cottage, or Furze Heath Lodge or Cottage. I've lost the address, but recollect that whatever else it is or isn't, it's certainly *Furze* something or other.

Happy Thought.—To buy a little book for addresses only, and keep it in my pocket. Or have a pocket made for it. That reminds me I was going to have a special pocket made for railway tickets.

Luggage to be labelled "Chopford" immediately. Porter says it's no good labelling it immediately, as the train doesn't go for two hours. It appears that only the very slowest trains, which have nothing better to do, stop at Chopford. But I say, "There's one at twelve." "Was one at twelve," he corrects me, adding, that "if he'd a known as I was going by the Chopford train when I was talking to the cabman, he'd a told me as there warn't time to spare." It was trying; that confounded repartee lost me the train. A policeman says, affably, "Late, sir! Very unfortunate, sir. There's a nice refreshment-room for waitin' in, Sir," and he offers to conduct me thither. I know what he means. He wants a glass of beer. I hate such sycophancy. I reply, sternly, "No. I don't want the infernal refreshment-room. I want the train." A Hansom cabman (impudent fellows those Hansom cabmen, because they're so high up), says, jocosely, "Have a ride, Sir? it'll cool your temper." I should like to have had something ready for that. That's what I want—ready wit. I must get some ready. Good subject, by the way, for a chapter in *Typical Developments*, Book VI., Vol. III., Ch. X., Part I., when I come to it; heading, "*Ready Wit. Its Origin. In Use among the Ancients. Examples in Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Life.*"

Happy Thought.—Might compile a small Handbook of Repartees for Travellers. 'Twould make a most useful pocket companion, with marginal references to *Typical Developments*.

Happy Thought.—I'll have plenty of marginal references in my book. I like them. I'll arrange this Handbook of Repartees alphabetically. Thus, A: What comes under A? Armourer. Well, there you are, repartee for an armourer. Also (so as to be quite fair), repartee to be said to an armourer. B. What's B? Baker. Butcher. Repartee for

baker or to baker; ditto for butcher or to butcher. C stands for Cook. Capital little manual for cooks and housekeepers in conversation with tradesmen. There might be permutations and combinations with bakers and butchers and cooks. This opens up a large subject. Will try a little book specially for notes on repartees: to put in my pocket. Might have a pocket made on purpose for it: also for railway tickets, and addresses.

Nearly two hours to wait at the Terminus. My life seems to be cast among railway officials. Dull work waiting: no man with a note-book can be dull: I am, though. I might as well have remained at Boodels as waste my time here. Perhaps, if I had stopped, he'd have dragged the pond. On second thoughts, it was better to come away when I did. Never stop too long at a friend's, or they won't regret your leaving. I dare say BOODELS misses me. Don't know, though; dare say he doesn't. I think he'd miss me if it wasn't for MILBURN: MILBURN's an ass. Time goes very slowly at a station.

Happy Thought on seeing the Bookstall.—One can pick up a great deal of knowledge from desultory reading. Take out the last new books as if you were going to buy them; read a page here and there. You can get an idea of most of them in ten minutes; at least, enough for ordinary conversation. For instance, when MRS. FRASER, who reads everything (well-informed woman, MRS. FRASER), says to me "have you read *Felix Holt*?" I am able to reply, "Well, I've not had time to go right through it," having, in point of fact, read not more than three pages in the first volume, in consequence of the stall-keeper's becoming rather annoyed at my taking down ten books one after another without buying. I shan't tell MRS. FRASER this. Some one at dinner will suppose that "Of course, you've read SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S book," and I am enabled to reply, "Well, um, not all of it," as if I'd only got one chapter more to finish. This is an age of cheap literature. Mine is, perhaps, the cheapest form of acquiring superficial knowledge. Go and see a train off. They won't let me on to the platform, without a ticket. * * * Been doing nothing for the last quarter of an hour. Go and see a train come in: might pick up character. Can't: too much noise. Back to bookstall. Man objects to my taking any more volumes down, and suggests his terms of subscription. I have not pacified him by the purchase of a penny paper. Dull work even with a note-book.

Happy Thought.—I don't know much about locomotives. Will go

and talk to a stoker. I walk up (having eluded the official, at the wicket, on the pretence of seeing a friend off by this train) to an engine. On it are two dirty men: I don't know which is the stoker. Say, the dirtier. Good idea to open the conversation by making some remark about steam. I say to him, "It's a wonderful invention." One grins at me, and the other winks, knowingly. Odd, this levity in stokers; that is, if they're both stokers. Whistle—shriek: they are off. The train passes me. I feel inclined to wave my hand to the passengers. A funny man in the second-class nods familiarly to me and says, "How's the Missus, and the shop, eh?" Guards on platform laugh: I've nothing to say. A repartee ought to have flashed out of my mouth, like an electric spark: but it didn't. Gone—I am lonely again. The Guards are telling other Guards what the second-class men said to me: they enjoy it—I don't. Wish I was at Boodels.*** Been doing nothing for another quarter of an hour. Other trains starting and arriving. I will take some luncheon. Inspecting the refreshment counter, I note pork pies whole, pork pies in halves, flies, pork pies, in quarters, with parsley, Bath buns, plain buns, more flies, ham sandwiches, two blue-bottles, acidulated drops (who refresh themselves with acidulated drops?) cuts of chicken and sprigs of parsley, flies, salad in little plates, pickled something in the fish line, cakes with currants, crowds of flies. Indecision.*** Wasted another quarter of an hour. Young women behind the counter sewing, and stopping to giggle. More indecision, resulting in my asking for an Abernethy biscuit: this leads to a request for ginger-beer.

Both together lead me to wish that I hadn't asked for either. I should think they keep their ginger-beer near an oven.*** Another quarter of an hour gone. I wish I'd stopped at Boodels. At all events, being here insures me against all hurry and bustle when my train does start. It suddenly occurs to me that I've never been inside St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. There's another three-quarters of

an hour good. Which shall I go to? One ought to see these things.*** Perhaps I'd better leave it for another day. Indecision. The comfort is, that here I am in plenty of time for my Chopford train.*** Another quarter of an hour gone. Horrid ginger-beer that was.*** I suddenly find that it's just ten minutes to two, when my Chopford train starts. Hurry. Get my luggage. As much rushing about as if I'd only just arrived, and was late. Porter fetches somebody else's luggage out of the Parcels' Room. Rush to the train. In the carriage with five other people. Guard looks in. "All here for Pennington and Tutcombe?" I correct him, rather funnily, I think, "I am 'all here' for Chopford." His reply is startling—"The Chopford train's on the other side." I am conscious of not coming out of the carriage wall. I wish I hadn't been funny at first; or wish I could have kept it up when getting out, so that the people might miss me when I'd gone! One ought to have good things ready for these occasions. Must get some up.

At last fairly off for Chopford. After all it's just as well I didn't sleep at Boodels. Horrid ginger-beer that was. BOODELS used to give us capital luncheons. I rather enjoyed myself at Boodels. It's impossible to make notes in a train. On referring to some I made the other day, all the letters appear to be "w's" and "y's" straggling about. I'll get my MSS. out of my desk and look over them. "Man at once possible and impossible." Vol. I., Book I., Section I., Ch. I., Paragraph No. 2.*** I'm tired: never *can* sleep in a train.*** Am awoke by somebody getting in. He begs pardon for disturbing me. I say, "Oh, not at all." Shriek—whistle: on we go. "Beautiful country, this," observes my companion: I assent, and ask where we are. He replies, "This is all the Chopford country." Lucky I awoke. "The next station is Chopford?" I inquire. "Oh, no," he answers, "where we stopped just now. I got in at Chopford."

Confound it, I wish to goodness I'd stopped at Boodels.

LOLLIUS IN BOLOGNA;

OR, BOULOGNE UPON THE SEA.



T which place, Mr. Punch, I have been tarrying certain days.

If not to my own profit, to that of my host at the Hotel. Likewise of money-changers, vendors of rubbish, keepers of tables for games, proprietors of warm and cold baths, confectioners, market women, drivers of carriages, priests, beggars, tobacco-nists, porters, and the great French nation generally.

I have read many French newspapers. I approve, and therefore imitate the Gallic custom of breaking up an article into many small

sentences, which may be read with ease and understood with promptitude.

Not that I have anything new to say of Bologna, now Boulogne. That would be difficult, unless one tried to say something good of it, and that would be unrighteous.

Nor can I speak well of certain of my fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen, in regard to their sojourn at Bologna, now Boulogne, except that some of the latter, being excessively lovely, inspire the envy and hatred of the French ladies. Moreover, the foolish saying that a Frenchwoman dresses better than an Englishwoman is utterly smashed and destroyed when we behold them in company. Whether it be a merit to be victress in such a *little*, judge ye who pay the milliner.

Some of my countrymen, who are possibly not Cads, behave as such. They omit the customary and wholesome courtesies of France.

They shout to one another in public rooms.

They put their booted feet on velvet seats designed for ladies.

They wear, at dinner, dresses which they would not dare to wear in England.

They stare vulgarly at ladies, and remark on ancles revealed by the sea-breezes.

They sit in vulgar attitudes at the play, and as they would not do at the Adelphi or Haymarket.

They grin at the priests and the female Religious.

They speak loudly in the Cathedral, and walk noisily during worship. There are better ways of demonstrating Protestantism.

Against my lovely and beloved countrywomen I will raise no voice, but I will gently whisper:

Why do you encourage your male friends to make you chatter aloud while the musicians at the Etablissement are playing so admirably?

Why do you go to the balls, refuse to dance, and sit laughing at the dancers?

Why—nay, I will tell you what I *saw*.

There came to the Etablissement three English Females, and as they entered, the courteous official asked whether they were subscribers.

"O yes, yes," said one lady, hastily.

"Madame subscribes," said the official; "but do the other ladies?"

"Yes, yes," repeated the lady, with a heightened colour, and hastening onwards with her friends.

He was too polite to stop them.

When they were in the room, they laughed, as having done a clever thing.

Not one was a subscriber. They had saved three francs—two shillings and sixpence.

But then they had told twelve lies—the leader telling four and the others consenting, and they had cheated the Etablissement.

Was this worthy of the British Lioness?

I hear that male Cads do this, much, and even boast at the hotels that they "never pay at the dashed place."

I apprise the French nation that English ladies and gentlemen do not do these things, but would rejoice to see the perpetrators brought to confusion and shame.

Boulogne hath evil smell, as of old.

It hath been afflicted with a pestilence, whereof I speak only that the authorities may learn wisdom.

Why do they humbug, instead of telling, English fashion, the exact truth? Do they think to keep visitors by trying secrecy. These learn from every tradesman in the town something which may not be truth, but which is nearer truth than the official stories. Then they take fright and bolt, to the delight of my friend, the Mayor of Folkestone, and Bologna, now Boulogne, howls at the flight of liberal guests.

Fifteen francs is more than I would give for a kitten; nevertheless, those sweet things in the cages are angelic kittens.

The pictures in the Cathedral are abominable Art. I did not see the aged crypt, and I hereby inform the excellent Bishop that the reason why the Church of Rome lost my franc was that the crypt-keeper had gone away to dinner. "To his wife," said my witty friend, KIKIUS DELINEATOR, "in fact, he is a *Cryptofame*." You lack Greek to understand this—I am unaware, Mr. Punch, whether you have Greek.

I do not know why no French window shuts close, but I do know that the rain (invading my chamber on one of many nights of tempest), has utterly ruined my best trousers.

I love *meringues*. They are very good in Bologna.

DIDON *dina*, *dit-on*, *du dos d'un dodu dindon*.

You have had the contents of my Bolonian diary. *Agréez, &c.*

LOLLIUS URBICUS.



I HONI SOIT," &c.

ANN AND SARAH SEE SOME FISHWOMEN "CLOTHED THAT INDELICATE THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE KNOCKED THEM DOWN WITH A FEATHER!"

THE WAR BLACKSMITH.

(After LONGFELLOW.)

UNDER its sulphurous canopy
Old Vulcan's smithy stands,
And Vulcan, grown a man of war,
Has so much on his hands,
That stocks run low, and files but show
War-orders and demands.

His Cyclops when he needed most,
Off every Cyclops ran:
For why should not a Cyclops do
As another working-man,
And take the time when trade is brisk
To insist on all he can?

So every day and all day long
Poor Vulcan's sweat must flow,
Toiling for Europe's sovereigns,
And still the orders grow
For breech-loaders, and armour-plates,
Steel-shot and chilled also.

With Chassepots for the EMPEROR
(O'er Dreyeses they've the pull),
With Remingtons for Austria,
And Sniders for JOHN BULL,
Balls, Cochrane's, Mountstorms, Henries,
His hands may well be full!

Meanwhile the EMPEROR writes to us,
And bids us be good boys:
It does one good to hear him preach,
And see how he enjoys
The shift of weights that trim the Powers
For Europe's equipoise.

How glad he is that Prussia comes
So strong out of the row,
That Italy Venetia gains—
Via France, all allow:
Proving "whatever is, is best"—
At all events *just now*.

And when France sulks that East and South
Her neighbours' power increases,
He hints, 'tis not from *every* smash
She can "pick up the pieces,"
While Peace is Peace, although it brings
No Savoy's, and no Nices.

Some say 'tis like the voice that once
Wiled EVE in Paradise:
But it preaches so delightfully,
And gives such good advice,
Bidding France arm, because she's sure
Of peace at any price.

So Vulcan all his toil and stock
Must on War's tasks bestow,
And iron, good for spade and share
For sword and gun must go:
For before this the EMPEROR's word
Has been a word and blow.

Then let us thank the EMPEROR
For the lesson he has taught,
That it is in the forge of War
The arms of Peace are wrought:
And if we haven't breech-loaders,
Breech-loaders must be bought.

A PROTESTANT MUSICAL MOTTO.—No *pot-pourri*!



VULCAN'S BEST CUSTOMER.

PAGE. "NOT MUCH DOING, I SUPPOSE, MR. VULCAN?"

VULCAN. "DOING! THANKS TO YOU, MISS, I'VE A MOST MORE WORK THAN I CAN MANAGE."

Armour-plates
 1,000,000 tons
 Chasepot guns
 300,000
 Torque Needle gun
 500,000
 Snider Enfield
 250,000
 Palliser's
 chilled shot
 Krupp's Steel Cannon
 MONITORS
 ARMSTRONG

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,

I've been lingerin by the Tomb of the lamentid SHAKSPEARE.

It is a success.

I do not hes'tate to pronounce it as such.

You may make any use of this opinion that you see fit. If you think its publication will subswerve the cause of litteratoor, you may publicate it.

I told my wife BETSY when I left home that I should go to the birthplace of the orthur of *Othello* and other Plays. She said that as long as I kept out of Newgate she didn't care where I went. "But," I said, "don't you know he was the greatest Poit that ever lived? Not one of these[common poets, like that young idyit who writes verses to our daughter, about the Roses as growses, and the Breezes as blowses—but a Boss Poit—also a philosopher, also a man who knew a great deal about everything."

She was packing my things at the time, and the only answer she made[was to]ask me if I was goin to carry both of my red flannel night caps.

Yes. I've been to Stratford onto the Avon, the birthplace of SHAKSPEARE. MR. S. is now no more. He's been dead over three hundred (300) years. The peple[of his native town are] justly proud of him. They cherish his mem'ry, and them as sell picturs of his birthplace, &c., make it profitible cherishin it. Almost everybody buys a pictur to put into their Albion.

As I stood gazin on the spot where SHAKSPEARE is s'posed to have fell down on the ice and hurt himself when a boy, (this spot cannot be bought—the town authorities say it shall never be taken from Stratford) I wondered if three hundred years hence picturs of my birthplace will be in demand? Will the peple of my native town be proud of me in three hundred years? I guess they won't short of that time, because they say the fat man weighin 1000 pounds which I exhibited there[was] stuffed out with pillers and cushions, which he said one very hot day in July, "Oh bother, I can't stand this," and commence[ed] pullin the pillers out from under his weskit, and heavin 'em at the audience. I never[saw a]man lose flesh so fast in my life. The audience said I was a pretty[man] to come chiselin my own townsmen in that way. I said, "Do not be angry, feller-citizens. I exhibited him simply as a work of art. I simply wished to show you that a man could grow fat without the aid of cod-liver oil." But they wouldn't listen to me. They are a low and grovelin set of peple, who excite a feelin of loathin in every breast[where] lofty emotions and original ideas have a bidin place.

I stopped at Leamington a few minits on my way to Stratford onto the Avon, and a very beautiful town it is. I went into a shoe shop to make a purchis, and as I entered I saw over the door those dear familiar words, "By Appointment: H.R.H.;" and I said to the man, "Squire, excuse me, but this is too much. I have seen in London four hundred[boot and shoe shops by] Appointment: H.R.H.; and now you're at it. It is simply ompossible that the Prince can wear 400 pairs of boots. "Don't tell me," I said, in a voice choked with emotion—"Oh, do not tell me that you also make boots for him. Say slippers—say that you mend a boot now and then for him; but do not tell me that you make 'em reg'lar for him."

The man smilt, and said I didn't understand these things. He said I perhaps had not noticed in London that dealers in all sorts of articles was By Appointment. I said, "Oh, *kads* I? Then a sudden thought flasht over me. "I have it!" I said. "When the Prince walks through a street, he no doubt looks at the shop windows."

The man said, "No doubt."

"And the enterprisin tradesman," I continnerd, "the moment the Prince gets out of sight, rushes frantically and has a tin sign painted, By Appointment, H.R.H. ! It is a beautiful, a great idee !"

I then bought a pair of shoe strings, and wringin the shopman's honest hand, I started for the Tomb of SHAKSPEARE in a hired fly. It lookt, however, more like a spider.

"And this," I said, as I stood in the old church-yard at Stratford, beside a tomb-stone, "this marks the spot where lies WILLIAM W. SHAKSPEARE. Alars! and this is the spot where—"

"You've got the wrong grave," said a man—a worthy villager: "SHAKSPEARE is buried inside the church."

"Oh," I said, "a boy told me this was it." The boy larfed and put the shillin I'd given him into his left eye in a inglorious manner, and commence[ed] movin backwards towards the street.

I pursood and captered him, and after talkin to him a spell in a skarcastic stile, I let him went.

The old church was damp and chill. It was rainin. The only persons there when I entered was a fine bluff old gentleman, who was talkin in an excited manner to a fashnibly dressed young man. "No, ERNEST MONTRESSER," the old gentleman said, "it is idle to pursue this subject no further. You can never marry my daughter. You were seen last Monday in Piccadilly without a umbreller! I said then, as I say now, any young man as ventures out in a uncertain climit like this without a umbreller, lacks foresight, caution, strength of mind and stability: and he is not a proper person to intrust a daughter's happiness to."

I slapt the old gentleman on the shoulder, and I said, "You're right! You're one of those kind of men, you are—"

He wheeled suddenly round, and in an indignant voice, said, "Go way—go way! This is a privit intervoo."

I didn't stop to enrich the old gentleman's mind with my conversation. I sort of inferred that he wasn't inclined to listen to me, and so I went on. But he was right about the umbreller. I'm really delighted with this grand old country, Mr. *Punch*, but you must admit that it does rain rayther numerously here. Whether this is owing to a monerkl form of gov'ment or not, I leave all candid and onprejudiced persons to say.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born in Stratford in 1564. All the commentaters, Shaksperian scholars, etsetry, are agreed on this, which is about the only thing they are agreed on in regard to him, except that his mantle hasn't fallen onto any poet or dramatist hard enough to hurt said poet or dramatist much. And there is no doubt if these commentaters and persons continner investigatin SHAKSPEARE's career, we shall not, in doo time, know anything about it at all. When a mere lad little WILLIAM attended the Grammer School, because, as he said, the Grammer School wouldn't attend him. This remarkable remark, comin from one so young and inexperunced, set peple to thinkin there might be somethin in this lad. He subsequently wrote *Hamlet* and *George Barnwell*. When his kind teacher went to London to accept a position in the offices of the Metropolitan Railway, little WILLIAM was chosen by his fellow pupils to deliver a farewell address. "Go on, Sir," he said, "in a glorius career. Be like a eagle, and soar, and the soarer you get the more we shall all be gratified! That's so."

My young readers, who wish to know about SHAKSPEARE, better get these vallyable remarks framed.

I returned to the hotel. Meetin a young married couple, they asked me if I could direct them to the hotel which WASHINGTON IRVING used to keep?

"I've understood that he was onsuccesful as a lanlord," said the lady.

"We've understood," said the young man, "that he busted up."

I told 'em I was a stranger, and hurried away. They were from my country, and ondoubtedly represented a thrifty Ile well somewhere in Pennsylvany. It's a common thing, by the way, for a old farmer in Pennsylvany to wake up some mornin and find ile squirtin all around his back yard. He sells out for 'normous price, and his children put on gorgeous harness and start on a tower to astonish peple. They succeed in doin it. Meantime the Ile it squirts and squirts, and Time rolls on. Let it roll.

A very nice old town is Stratford, and a capital inn is the Red Horse. Every admirer of the great S. must go there once certinly; and to say one isn't a admirer of him, is equivlent to sayin one has jest about brains enough to become a efficient tinker.

Some kind person has sent me CHAWCER's *Poems*. MR. C. had talent, but he couldn't spel. No man has a right to be a literary man unless he knows how to spel. It is a pity that CHAWCER, who had genevys, was so uneducated. He's the wuss speller I know of.

I guess I'm through, and so I lay down the pen, which is more mightier than the sword, but which I'm fraid would stand a rayther slim chance beside the needle gun.

Adoo! adoo!

ARTEMUS WARD.

TURTLE SONG.

AIR—"Sweet and Low."

CLEAR and thick, thick and clear,

Turtle from over the sea;

Cheer, cheer, esculent cheer,

Turtle from tropical sea!

Onwards the hurrying waiters steer,

Plate after plate soon disappear—

Calipash and calipee—

When my City friends, when my witty friends, feed.

East and west, east and west,

Doctor will come to you soon;

Vest, vest, snow-white vest,

Pangs will be under you soon:

Doctor will come to prescribe for the guest,

Eating his turtle now with zest

Under the civic moon—

Pause, my witty friends, pause, my City friends, pause.

Uncommon Impudence.

THE passengers in a first-class railway carriage, on arriving at the terminus, were addressed by the guard with the customary request:—"Gentlemen, show your tickets." Among them there was one man rather showily attired. He produced a ticket-of-leave.



A CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE.

West-End Man (addressing, as he supposes, *Intelligent Mechanic*). "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE MOORGATE STREET STATION?"

Seedy Party. "MO'RGATE STREET STATION, SIR! STRAIGHT ON, SIR, JUST TURNIN' T' THE RIGHT, AND IT'S JUST OPPOSITE. AND NOW, YOU'VE INTERDOCKED THE SUBJECT, SIR, IF YOU COULD ASSIST ME WITH A TRIFLE, SIR, WHICH I'VE 'AD NOTHIN' TO EAT SINCE LAST FRIDAY——"

[*West-End Man* not having an answer ready, forks out, and exits.]

INFORMATION FOR THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.

THERE has appeared a little narrative in the *Daily Telegraph* which concerns the dangerous classes. It is to the effect that a riot nearly occurred the other day at Chatham Convict Prison, in consequence of the change lately made in the quantity and nature of the food supplied to the criminals confined there. One Sunday, as soon as dinner was served, several of those rascals began to behave in a mutinous manner. Before their example could be followed by the rest of the villains, they were promptly seized, ironed, and hurried off to the solitary cells. Finally, twelve of them "underwent corporal punishment," and will be reduced to a lower class, in which they will be curtailed of all the "privileges" which they had "enjoyed" before.

It is desirable that thieves and ruffians should be let know that if they get into gaol, they will there be restricted to diet which is unsatisfactory in quantity and distasteful in quality, that, should they dare to murmur at their coarse and low diet, they will be soundly flogged, and that, after having "undergone corporal punishment" they will be reduced to a state more uncomfortable than that which they previously "enjoyed"—in the sense in which invalids are said to "enjoy ill health." They will be deprived of even all the enjoyment compatible with hard labour and hard fare. The paragraph whence the foregoing particulars are derived should be reprinted for gratuitous distribution by the police, and it should be posted about in all places where it is likely to meet the eyes of the rascality. For the especial benefit of the "R. & W. Imp." class, the text should be accompanied with an illustration, which would render it the more edifying—a woodcut representing the convict mutineers "undergoing corporal punishment."

Telegrams (from Leicester Square).

THE Statue is still here. He can't get off his horse until he has a new pair of legs; or, at all events, one leg to go on with.

TOILERS OF THE SEE.—Underpaid Curates.

"THESE BE BRAVE 'ORTS."—*Fluellen*.

OR, TWO READINGS OF HISTORY—ARCHBISHOP MANNING'S AND MR. PUNCH'S.

SAFE, beyond power of banning,
Still rides St. Peter's boat,
If bold words and stout *Manning*,
Can keep the craft afloat.

The Archbishop of Westminster,
Ex-Anglican divine.
Proclaims St. Peter's blest minster
An ark that from the brine

Of Revolution's ocean
Shall the tiara save,
And for a world's devotion
Yet lift it o'er the wave.

Let but our MANNING get a
Due douche of myth and mystery,
His eyes, with his beretta,
Blind to the facts of history,

He'll prove you nought is meeter
Than that a throne be given,
To him who from St. Peter
Derives the keys of Heaven.

"Holy Church stands on *free* stone:
A Crown its Head must wear:
This of the arch is key-stone
That props St. Peter's chair."

If so, one needs must wonder
How Peter's chair could stand,
The years that Papal thunder
Came from a subject's hand.

Those centuries imperial
With POPe at Emperor's side,
Earth's moral and material
Dominion to divide.

Ages when crown and sceptre
And cross held each their sway:
And the Church wisely kept her
Her own great part to play.

Not meddling with men's bodies,
When she their souls could rule;
Nor leaving heights where God is,
To mount a monarch's stool.

To him who looks at history
Without a Manning glass,
Nor in the name of mystery,
Writes himself down an ass,

One lesson seems fair written
From CONSTANTINE his day,
From big Rome to small Britain,
From Cadiz to Cathay,

That contact of the sceptre
The cross has but defiled:
Sworn pupil turned preceptor
And strong man sunk to child.

Put strength in rule of weakness,
Shewn great things dwarf'd to small:
Mock Majesty, mock meekness,
God's servant, Mammon's thrall.

Roman Nursery Rhyme.

HOLY poly POPeY,
Was he going to slope, eh?
Come, stay at home,
Still Bishop of Rome,
Holy poly POPeY.

PARTRIDGE'S SONG IN SEPTEMBER.—"I would I weren't a Bird."

THE LOVER'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.



THE world once upon a time was indebted to Mr. Punch for his Complete Letter-writer, which, it is needless to remind that world, has ever since been its manual for epistolary compilation. Therein the Merchant, the Bishop, the Statesman, the Shopkeeper, the Lover, could find a guide and a familiar friend. There were samples of all sorts, colours,

and sizes, fitting every hand better than the finest Parisian kid. In such a volume, of course, particular attention could not be given to the various individual cases included under any one head, therefore the appearance of a small red-covered book entitled *The Lover's Correspondent*, has not in any way taken Mr. Punch by surprise. On the contrary he has long expected such a production, and it has come at last. Much, however, as this little work has achieved, it yet falls short of being a Complete Lover's Manual "in all matters relating to Courtship and Matrimony." It is no disparagement of the book to say that it is an Incomplete Letter Writer, for the complementary suggestions which Mr. Punch, by the hands of his ready writer, intends to throw in, can only be appreciated after a careful perusal of the volume in question. With this slight, but necessary, preface Mr. Punch will now offer to the letter-writing public, a few elegant specimens of such a style as will, if happily imitated by even the very dullest lovers, speedily lead to a termination eminently satisfactory to all parties concerned.

LETTER I.—From a Gentleman to a Lady he has only seen once, when he was mounting to the knife-board of a Brompton omnibus.

Madam or Miss, 19, Bucklebury Walk.

The first glimpse that you caught of me the other day must have been when I was half way up on my road to the top of the public conveyance, which had the inexpressible delight of carrying you as far as it is legally allowed, "all the way," for the small sum of one-third of a shilling; that is, Madam or Miss, you would have seen me, or part of me, if you had then cast your sparkling glances in the direction of my boots, which I now remember, with regret, were more or less sprinkled with the murky mud, for which the streets of our metropolis are so famous.

But, Madam, or Miss, I had seen you; and, in one second, the telescopic dart of Cupid the God of Love had pierced through to my heart. Feeble must necessarily be any description of the sudden shock, which, together with that occasioned by the onward movement of the vehicle, caused me to fall forwards and clutch with the desperation of a drowning man at the legs and umbrellas of my fellow-passengers. Did you not, Madame, or Miss, feel a sympathy with me during the journey? I sat above you, having selected a seat just over the spot where I knew your beautiful head was. Yes, Madam, or Miss, there was, as the Poet has observed—

A sweet little Cherub who sat up aloft
To keep watch for the life—"

of the lady of his heart. Did you not notice a gentle tapping against the window-pane at your back? 'Twas caused by the cane of your devoted admirer, and was meant to convey the intelligence that he was ever thinking of Thee. Ah! Madam, or Miss—

"Ever of Thee, I'm fondly dreaming
"Thy gentle heart my (I forget what, exactly) can cheer."

As that lovely song says, which, no doubt, you sing. Prompted by this impulse, I ascertained your name from the Postman, who, a few moments after your arrival at your own portals, which were shut in my face by an untutored maiden, brought a letter to the house. Now, Madam, or Miss, I offer you my hand, and trust that you will deign to send me a few words of reply, by way of encouragement to such an ardent lover as is

Your Impassioned Slave,

AUGUSTUS DU GOSLING.

To Mrs., or Miss Dash, 19, Knittington Villas, Brompton.

Reply to the former (slightly unfavourable).

From CAPTAIN DASH, 19, Knittington Villas, to MR. AUG. DU GOSLING.

Sir,—You are a conceited snob, and an impudent, impertinent low blackguard of a puppy. If I find another letter of yours here, or catch

you in the neighbourhood, I'll give you the soundest hiding you've had for many a long day.

DASH. (*Late Bengal Light Blue.*)

LETTER II.—From a Small Tradesman, who has fallen in love with a casual customer, supposed by him to be nothing less than a Countess in her own right.

To MRS. or MISS STARLING, 150, Belgrave Square.

Honoured Maddam or Respected Miss,

Yours to hand and note contents which was a postoffice order for the sum expended in groceries and such like. As my house has no rival competitors in this same line of business which your image has not neither in my bosom. I trust you will not deem the pursuit of commerce incompatible with refined sentiments, &c. When I handed you them currents the last time as you was making your few purchases did you not notice a something in my eye as pertended more than an ordinary transaction? If you counted them on returning to your homicide* you would perceive the quantity to be increased by six more than can be in an ordinary way obtained for 2½d. This I hope you saw, also, in the green and black teas, and the lump; if you will honour me some other time by counting your lumps you will find that I helps you as I loves you, very good measure over and above. Should this communication appear sudden and abrupt, consider that I am writing it on my counter under very distracting circumstances. I offer you my hand and my heart and you can look over my ledger and the books, at any time, to see the increasing extent of my very prosperous business. Thanking you, honoured Madam, or Respected Miss, for past favours and hoping for a continuation of the same, and to deserve them for the future, though you may be far above my lot of life, but am ambitious to perspire to your exalted station, which will never make any deference in my regards as to you Honoured Madam or Respected Miss, though you were an Empress or a daughter of a Lord, I finish this present with a few saline words as may be found appropriate to the circumstances, in a cracker which was returned as having no sweet inside of it:—

"I love you Miss with my whole heart,
Why should you and I for ever part."

Which is my sentiments to a tea, and hoping they leave you as this does me at present I remain

{Honoured Madam, or Respected Miss, your fond adorrrer,

Mogg & Co.'s Tea Warehouse.

JOHN MOGG.

Eliza Street, Pimlico.

Answer (favourable) to the above.

From MISS STARLING, 150, Belgrave Square (supposed to have been the Countess.)

My Dear MR. MOGG,

I have receive your amabel letter and shall hav much pleshur in continering the akaintans so formd. My time out is nex Sundry night for evnin Church which I will met you by the pillow post where this is post too do not be impunkshal, or after all you have ben an say to me in your litter I shal die, I no I shal, til I see you at that our 5½ nex Sundry.

Your luvving

SUSAN ANNE.

P.S. I did feel you skeesun my hand but fund no more currents than arakt for. The potry was buferful.

* Small tradesman for Domicile.

SHOCKING BRUTALITY.

MR. PUNCH,

SOMEBODY, I believe, has lately thought fit to publish a compilation of the sayings of celebrated authors in the praise and dispraise of "lovely woman." I have not seen that work. I do not wish to see it, but all well-regulated female minds will agree with me when I venture to assert that it contains nothing so atrocious as what I am about to introduce to you.

In a report of the proceedings of the Commission sitting to inquire into the purity, or otherwise, of the Electors of the Borough of Totnes, one of the Commissioners was a MR. BERE, and he was examining a witness called CHAPPLE:—

"MR. BERE. Did you tell any human being about your coming here to-day?

"WITNESS. Human being? No, Sir."

Should not MR. BERE have been satisfied? I say, emphatically, Yes. But he fiendishly proceeds:—

"MR. BERE. Did you not tell your wife?

"WITNESS. Yes, Sir."

Let us hope, Mr. Punch, for the sake of that unhappy witness, that Mrs. C. is not a highly-developed strong-minded female, but that she is small in stature, and of an angelic temperament.

You may, or may not, just as you please, consider me a misogynist, but I have much pleasure in subscribing myself, A BACHELOR.



MISS LAVINIA BROWNJONES.—No. 7.

A BRIGHT IDEA STRIKES THE SHEPHERD, AND BEFORE LAVINIA CAN REMONSTRATE, HE TRANSPORTS HER, IN THE USUAL MANNER, TO THE OTHER SIDE.

THE POPE A PERFECT CURE.

SOMETHING like a miracle has at last really occurred at Rome. It is attested by the *Morning Post* in the following statement:—

"THE POPE'S HEALTH RESTORED BY DU BARRY'S FOOD, THE REVALENTA ARABICA.—Cure, No. 68,413. Rome, July 21, 1866. The health of the Holy Father is excellent, especially since abandoning all other remedies, he has lived entirely on Du Barry's Food, and his Holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly.—*Gazette*."

Fancy the POPE figuring in DU BARRY'S list of cases as "Cure, No. 68,413." Think of Pío Nono brought down to "No." But what does DR. CUMMING make out of "No. 68,413?" That "No," at any rate is not the number of the Beast.

We shall perhaps shortly see published, in the form of an advertisement, an Allocution delivered by the Holy Father to the assembled Cardinals on the virtues of the Revalenta Arabica Food. The statement that "his Holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly" bears internal evidence of authenticity. It is clearly the Sovereign Pontiff's own declaration put in the third person singular. Of course when the POPE declared that he could not praise the excellent food which had cured him too highly, his negation of ability so to extol it was stated in the first person plural. The expression used by the Successor of St. Peter was *non possumus*. In this point we recognise the difference between a genuine announcement and a puff. No doubt the POPE is justly represented in the paragraph above quoted as a Cure, though of course not in the grotesque sense wherein that term is vulgarly applied to Guy Fawkes. Nevertheless the idea of Infallibility cured by an infallible remedy is like that of Newcastle receiving a cargo of coals.

Very Natural.

COUNT BISMARCK is said to be suffering from neuralgia in the left leg.

Well he may be, considering his late enormous strides in the way of annexation.

THE PIRATES OF THE PRESS.

It has been said that imitation is the truest form of flattery; and, as some people like flattery, there may possibly be persons who are fond of being imitated. But sometimes imitation sinks into thievish roguery, as in the case of a forged signature at the bottom of a cheque. Similar knavery is practised by tradespeople who fraudulently copy a trade mark, or closely imitate the title of some celebrated firm, that thereby the unwary may be tempted to their shop. In the *Times* the other day MESSRS. GEORGE J. COCKERELL & Co. drew notice to this fraud, and *Punch* sees sufficient reason to echo their complaint:—

"Our name and peculiar style of business are copied and traded upon under every possible variation, and advertisements most insidiously framed in imitation of advertisements of our own are constantly appearing in the columns of the most influential journals."

"Our case only represents many others of the same nature in other trades as well as the coal trade."

Messieurs, you are right. Even *Punch* has not escaped these fraudulent attacks. Plagiarists have done their worst to copy *Punch* in his shape and outward semblance. One may be certain that their pages must be filled, for in one sense there is sure to be no scarcity of "copy."

The Militia and the Line.

WITH reference to re-organisation of the Militia, an officer in that force suggests, in a letter to a contemporary, "that the promotions should be taken entirely from the Colonels and Lord-lieutenants, and placed in the hands of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, or some other competent officer of the line." There is partial wisdom in this suggestion. It is certainly desirable that promotions in the militia should be placed in the hands of some competent officer of the line.

NATIONAL COLOURS (FOR GERMANY).

PRUSSIAN-BLUE v. Red, Black and Gold superseded.



CONVOLVULUS SEASIDEIENSIS.

"THIS DELICATE ANNUAL HAS BEEN SEEN IN GREAT ABUNDANCE THIS AUTUMN ALL ROUND THE COAST. IT FLOURISHES BEST IN EXPOSED SITUATIONS, AND DURING INCLEMENT, WINDY WEATHER."—*Vide "Jolly Gardeners' Chronicle."*

A DEBATE OF THE FUTURE.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT. Monday, June 21, 1876.

THE House met at four o'clock. It being the Hebrew Chaplain's turn to read prayers, that ceremony was performed by the Rev. DR. ADLER, whose magnificent intonation excited much admiration.

Petitions being no longer presented since the Manufacture of those articles was suppressed, the SPEAKER, the RIGHT HON. S. H. WALPOLE, who had been unanimously elected for his great knowledge of Parliamentary practice and for his affable and hydraulic manners, called for any Questions which Members desired to put.

In answer to LORD STANLEY, SIR JOHN BRIGHT said that he was furnishing the British Army as rapidly as possible with the new fulminating powder, and as War Minister he was glad to say that he believed the novel invention would be most destructive, though, of course, as a Member of the Cabinet, he trusted the war would be avoided.

In answer to LORD JOHN MANNERS, SIR ERNEST JONES (the Solicitor-General) said that it was the intention of Government to prosecute the persons who had held a riotous political meeting on Shakspeare Hill (late Primrose Hill) and had destroyed the oak. He regretted that Conservatives should so misconduct themselves, but they must be taught to respect the law. (*Cheers.*)

In answer to MR. WHALLEY, SIR GOLDWIN SMITH (the Home Secretary) said that the endowment of the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland was working exceedingly well, and that Her Majesty's Government was not inclined to disturb existing arrangements.

On the orders of the day being taken, LORD CRANBORNE moved the Second Reading of the Bill for giving votes to Paupers in Workhouses.

MR. ODGERS moved that the Bill be read a second time that day six months. He condemned the revolutionary conduct of the Tory party. The franchise had been made quite extensive enough by the Reform Act of 1867, and he should oppose any endeavour to give political power to those who were notoriously unfit for its exercise. To have

A SHOOTING QUEEN.

The *Post* lately contained the announcement following:

"The KING and QUEEN of DENMARK are expected to arrive at Marlborough House in the course of the ensuing week, from Denmark. Their Majesties will remain a fortnight in London, after which they go to Sandringham for pheasant shooting."

What, both of them? So it seems that the QUEEN of DENMARK is a sportswoman. As such we hope that she will set an example in pheasant shooting; go out and kill pheasants fairly, and give no countenance to slaughtering them in a battue.

LAY OF A LOAFER.

I WISH I were a King,
But one without a throne;
A heavy Crown is not the thing
I wish to call my own.
'Tis not a reigning *Res*
That I would wish to be:
I'd rather have prefixed an "ex"
Unto my Majesty.

Let me, a King *sans* care,
Retired from business, dwell,
First having taken dashed good care
My nest to feather well.
Ye Sovereigns dispossessed,
Italian, German too,
Three meals a day, and perfect rest,
Oh, how I envy you!

Figures of Fact and Figures of Speech.

We don't know any Manchester Demonstration so conclusive as the *Manchester Guardian's* Demonstration that the ground on which the open-air League Meeting was held in that city, could not possibly have contained more than 50,000 people, packed as close as human beings can be packed, and that it did not, as a matter of fact, contain half that number on that particular occasion. So, between the *Star's* 130,000 and the *Telegraph's* 40,000, if we split the difference, we shall still be enormously above the mark in gauging the Manchester assemblage by the League's sole standard—numbers.

become a pauper implied, in the majority of cases, either indolence incapacity, or immorality, and either of these conditions disqualified a man from using a vote rightly.

GENERAL FEEL said that the honourable Member talked cussed nonsense. (*Order, order.*) Well, he withdrew the expression, and would substitute unimaginable bosh. Many persons had become paupers from no fault of their own, but from the working of a system which they desired to be able to alter. The Honourable Member had no sense of religion, or he would not speak in that way of the poor. Many of them were very jolly chaps.

MR. BEALES said that this might be so, but jollity was not, *per se* a qualification for electoral rights. Gravity and sobriety were better claims. The course of the so-called Conservative party reflected little credit upon them, and they would not be allowed to overthrow our venerated institutions. LORD DISRAELI had said in the House of Lords (*Order, order*)—in another place, that we were "drifting into oligarchy." It was perfectly untrue, but oligarchy was better than anarchy, and he for one would be no Anacharsis.

LORD JOHN MANNERS said that when the PREMIER was simply LORD AMBERLEY he had used very different language from that of his present subordinates and supporters, but ever since he had taken his seat beside his venerable father, as a peer of the realm, he had hidden a true liberality in his gilded coronet. Even EARL GLADSTONE had more advanced views, and he wished that noble Earl were in the Cabinet, instead of confusing himself with translating CONFUCIUS.

MR. BUBB deprecated personalities, which he observed always came from the aristocracy. EARL GLADSTONE had done enough when, as Governor-General of India, he had re-arranged the finances of the Empire in such a way as to make India prosperous, and provide for the speedy extinction of the National debt, which was now inconceivable.

GENERAL BROWNLOW KNOX said he did not care much about the Bill, but as an old and veteran soldier he would ask the Secretary of War why he refused votes to Chelsea and Greenwich pensioners.

SIR JOHN BRIGHT replied that he wished the honourable and gallant Member would talk only of what he understood, though at the cost

the House being deprived of his oratory in almost every debate. The Army—and he would add, the Navy, taking leave to say what his honourable friend the First Lord, (MR. ROXBURGH,) would say much better, were among the noblest of professions, but fighting had nothing to do with voting. Besides, a pension compelled its holder to support the system that gave it, and therefore he had gladly carried the Bill disfranchising every pensioner, high and low. This Bill was of a revolutionary character, and the object of its promoters was to set class against class. He had an awful good mind to ascertain whether they could not be prosecuted for sedition. (*Hear, hear.*)

SIR JOHN TROLLOPE said that his brother Baronet was a little hard on political antagonists, to whom he might at least concede the good intentions which they had always conceded to him. (*Cheers.*) Why should not a pauper have a vote? Did bribery exist, he admitted that there might be danger, but bribery having been made impossible by MR. PUNCH'S Patent Invisible Franchise Pills, he saw no harm in giving these poor men the right of voting.

MR. LUCRAFT said that the pauper was without political instruction, and unless they were prepared to supply the workhouses with the seventy-two morning and ninety-five evening daily papers, an expense which his friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer (MR. LOWE) might not view favourably, he could not sanction the measure, even were it genuine, instead of a manifestation of Tory spite against our Constitution.

EARL GROSVENOR was no enemy to the Constitution, and indeed walked up Constitution Hill every day of his life. (*Ironical cheers.*) He had no doubt that allusions to the Park were distasteful to many Honourable Members, and he was glad that they had the grace to be ashamed of certain passages in their history. He should support the Bill, as poverty was no crime.

MR. MILL begged to protest against the last proposition of the noble Lord. To profess compassion for poverty was needless, all good men

had that, but poverty represented criminality somewhere, as logic would show the noble Lord. Would it not be better to wait until poverty should be extirpated, as there was every reasonable hope it would be after a few years' working of the Self-Maintenance Act?

SIR DABRY GRIFFITH hoped that poverty would never be extirpated. What would benevolent people have to do, especially females, if their pauper neighbours, whom he might say they preserved, like pheasants, were taken away? He hated this new-fangled flying in the face of nature, and considered that paupers, if kept in their places, were highly conducive to the benefit of society, as affording a field for the exercise of patronage and charity.

SIR ERNEST JONES had yet to learn that we had a right to keep people in penury that we might practise virtue on them. As for this Bill it was a bit of popularity hunting and clap-trap, if not of the darker character ascribed to it by his honourable friend the Minister for War.

LORD CHAMBERNE would not occupy the House long with a reply, and he would avoid the personalities in which Ministers and their friends had indulged so disgracefully. The Cabinet was tyrannical and its friends were insolent. Of this he did not complain, for he expected nothing better. But he did complain that efforts in favour of the helpless and the oppressed were stammered as this had been, and he hoped that at the coming elections the people would notice who had sought to extend the franchise.

SIR JOHN BRIGHT. We understand you—so will the people. There were loud cries for a division, and the Bill was rejected by 492 to 60.

The Punch Testimonial Bill, the Abolition of Bells and Street Organs Bill, the Folkstone and Boulogne Tunnel Tolls Bill, the Night Balloon Traffic Bill, the License on Wings Bill, the Private Moons Bill, and the Lunar Railway Bill were severally advanced a stage, and the House adjourned.

A REAL LIFT FOR THE DRAMA.



EAR JONES.—The Autumn, as you know, is a dull time for the theatres; and, as the Managers are mostly now enjoying their vacation, they certainly have ample leisure to read letters. So, as I have a small suggestion which I think would very greatly benefit the stage, the present seems a fitting time to call professional attention to it.

Reality is now the chief attraction of the drama. We have real fire-engines and gas-lamps for street scenes, and sometimes the great sensation of a real horse and cart. Cascades of real water splash upon the stage, and there is sometimes the sensation of a really real pump. Real cocks and hens are shown in pantomime farmyards, and regardless of expense, some managers hire nightly real cows, and sheep and pigs.

Now, presuming it be really ascertained that these realities attract, there are surely other ways in which the drama may be made more real than it is. For instance, real banquets might be served upon the stage, and, instead of venison pasties being made of paint and pasteboard, they might be manufactured with real meat and crust. Toasts might be proposed and drunk in real bumpers, and not with empty goblets, or a glass of coloured water which is made to pass for wine. For rewards of honest service, or as bribery for crimes, real money might be given and not bits of brass or metal counters jingling in a purse. It would add, too, in some measure to the interest of a play, if certain of the characters were really what they say they are. Were the actors really wealthy who play the rich old uncles, or benevolent old fathers, how very much more naturally they would perform the part! Only any how the audience would warm up to them when saying, "There, take her, you young dog, and here's a real cheque for you, upon a real banker, and you may really get it cashed!"

Being an actor myself, and not having any money, I am competent to feel how very difficult it is to personate the character of a man of handsome property, in which, however, I feel certain I should make a splendid hit. It would be really worth the while of any Manager, I fancy, to settle an estate, or a comfortable income, on some member of his company, who should be specially engaged to play the wealthy parts. If you hear of any Manager who feels at all inclined to act upon this notion, I shall be happy to act for him at a moderate weekly wage. Of course, however, the estate must first be legally secured to me, or else a good round sum invested for me in the funds. I feel perfectly convinced that I should make a great success as a large landed proprietor, or a Cæsar of a capitalist, if I really had the money such a character requires.

Begging you to find some one to follow out this happy notion, if only for my sake, I remain, yours to command (upon the terms which I have hinted at)

BOANERGES BUSKIN BROWN.

Theatre Royal, Starborough.

DOMESTIC REFORM.

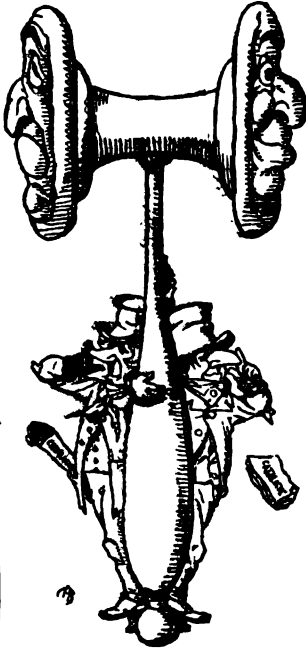
DEAR MR. PUNCH,

So much as there has been said lately about the Working Man nobody says a word for the wife, and I'm sure she very often works the harder of the two. I declare with me it's work work work and nothing else from morning to night, and what with one thing and another I never get a moment's peace, there's wash wash wash, and mend mend mend, the children always tearing their things, never out of mischief, and the cooking to attend to, and help clean the things, and make the beds, and lay the table-cloth and knives and forks, and plates and dishes, there's no end to it, I am sure nobody knows what it is to have a family and only one servant, and now and then a charwoman to do extra work, which she only muddles, and leaves things worse than they were before, and the house always in a mess and a state of confusion, and then when one's husband comes home he expects his dinner ready for him and grumbles if he has to wait only half-an-hour and is cross because the potatoes are cold, and then there's often a piece of work of a morning about the shirt-buttons.

Talk of Reform in Parliament, it may be wanted there, but there's a great deal more want of it somewhere else. I know a House where there's more room for it than enough, but it could only be done with plenty of money, and when a man says he can't afford it what are you to do? I sometimes feel like I don't know what, and wish I was I don't know where, and how I get through it all goodness gracious knows, and it's no use complaining; but I can't bear such a to-do made about Working Men, and your BEATLES, and BRIGHTS, and ODGERSES, and BODGERSES paying no attention whatever to those who work a great deal more than any men do, and never any amusement or recreation hardly, and I will say if there is any class that ought to be represented, if that would do any good, it is that of

A WORKING WOMAN.

"KNOCK-OUTS," TRADE AND PARLIAMENTARY.



HERE's been enough of auction-rooms, their tricksters, touts and liars, Their Jews and brokers leagued to fleece poor *bond-fide* buyers; How by mock bids 'gainst others they "the green horn put the cheat on," Till he pays five times the value for the lot that he is sweet on.

And when at this nice little game these rogues have had their innings, We've heard how in a snug knock-out they meet to square the winnings. Dividing losses, if there's loss, or profits, if there's profit, Till whichever way the sale has gone, they get their "reg'lars" off it.

So to bid or buy at auctions if henceforth you make bold, Sir, 'Tis with warning private buyers are the *one* lot that is sold, Sir; And if the bargain-hunter with the broker tries conclusions, 'Tis a case of wilful ignorance, in an age of dis-illusions.

But there's another auction-mart where craft and fudge and flim are seen in quite as great perfection as in sales under the hammer,

Where bids are just as duffing, and brokers even bolder, And *bond-fide* customers more certain to be sold are.

And that's the auction-mart maintained by our election-brokers, Who to fresh-fledged ambitions of new men act as stokers: At Mr. NEWMAN's ear they buzz, M.P. before him dangle, While for his purse with subtle bait and well-berbed hook they angle.

Some public cause, with honest will, poor NEWMAN p'raps espouses: They translate "*pro bono publico*" "for the good of public-houses," Their man's the man who'll "cut up well," nor question of the slices, That have melted down so quickly, in paying folks their prices.

Poor NEWMAN steps into the mart: he's set his heart a seat on: No borough in particular, but any borough sweet on: Legal expenses must be paid: he don't mean to be shabby, But of bribery and corruption he no more dreams than a baby!

The touts are busy round him: most respectable of visitors— Local grandees, trade magnates, and sharp-witted keen solicitors, What's wanted in the market is his purse and not his person, Legal expenses only trust his brokers to disburse on.

And so they play their little game, the vote market is flourishing, Corruption's stream, like sewage, runs so foul and fat and nourishing: The brokers bid, with tongue in cheek, the struggle most intense is: And all the principals have got to do, is to pay expenses.

And when the contest's over and Buff has won the borough, Blue's agents file petitions and demand inquiry thorough; And Blue and Buff must pay again, for accusing and defending, And there's another bill run up, and so on without ending!

When the game's out, or Blue and Buff will not stand further bleeding, The brokers meet, and pleasantly compound, or stay proceeding: And at a snug "knock-out" arrange their late (mis)-understanding, And square accounts, the difference one to the other handing.

A Problem for Demonstration.

(Given in the Manchester School.)

GIVEN BENNET + CODDEN = Moral Force,
And BENNET + BEALES = Physical do.

Required the distance in leagues between the two.

EYRE EST FUROR BREVIS.

THE case of GOVERNOR EYRE, between the rabid 'statements of his assailants and his defenders, is rapidly becoming one of "Pull, devil—pull, Baker."

THE LOVER'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER III.—From a Young Gentleman engaged in a Solicitor's Office to a Lady by whom he has been rejected fifteen times.

Messrs. Olde, Parch, Munt & Co.'s
5A, Bendum Chambers, Gray's Inn.

My Dear Miss ANGELICA (on the one part),

I, for myself, on the other part, again address you in the intervals of my many arduous labours. Would it were mine, in spite of the previous obstacles thrown in the way, to have and to hold all those charms and appurtenances of which you are seised, all to the contrary, nevertheless, notwithstanding. This communication, my dear Miss ANGELICA, is privileged. Do I go at all near the truth when I say that in the tone which you adopted on the occasion of your sixth verbal refusal, my ears noticed a slight tremor, an abatement of the anger and scorn with which you expressed yourself on the first five times. Am I right in conjecturing upon such evidence, as my own ears aforesaid, that you are allowing a gentle passion to assert itself in your heart? that, during the last ten times, your "No" has been more and more like "Yes," or am I wrong? Is my title bad—in law? or, have I not sufficient to live on? My dear Miss ANGELICA, I am possessed of all that message or tenement known as the second floor of No. 8, Tibbury Place, Islington, which your fairy presence would render a Garden of Paradise. Anxiously awaiting your answer which will now, I flatter myself, be in the affirmative,

I remain (on the other part),

Yours, faithfully and honourably,

YOUR OWN JAMES PETER.

P.S. Do not judge of me from my professional pursuits, but see me on the Serpentine, or in Anerley Gardens.

Answer to the above (unfavourable).

I hate and detest you. If you annoy me any more I'll tell your master. A. C.

LETTER IV.—From a Gentleman to a Father who has refused to allow him to pay his addresses to his Daughter.

Sir,

Address: Post Office, Bloomsbury.

Although you have not permitted me to see the object of my affections, yet I take the first opportunity of dropping this into your letter-box. I am not to be repressed by any ordinary discouragement, yet I cannot suffer myself to be shown out of your mansion in the manner I was, without offering some expostulation. I do not, you perceive, condescend to the meanness of sending you in my doctor's bill, (I have, alas! been ill for several days since), nor do I ever propose to threaten your menials with a prosecution for assault and battery. No, Sir, this is beneath me; and your butler may be ever grateful to the fact of his serving the father of the beloved object of my affections, that I did not turn upon him and strangle him where he stood. It is possible that certain points of my character have been misunderstood. One glass of wine will often put an enemy into the head of an over-excitement person and steal away his brains, a SHAKESPEARE, you know, Sir, has observed. There may be attaching to me some failing—of which I regret I have many, and who has not—but it is, I hope, needless to assure you that the three silver fork were put into my tail coat pocket by some malicious person who designed my ruin. This simple explanation will, you must admit, also apply to the tea-pot and the two spoons. However, be that as it may I trust I am not regarded by you with positive dislike, or unconquerable aversion, and I implore you, and your accomplished daughter, to afford me the opportunity of removing any prejudice that may yet exist against

Your most faithful friend,

And (I trust) future Son-in-law,

SAMUEL SAGGER.

To Stephen Grimshaw, Esq.,
Bedford Street.

Answer to the above (favourable) from S. GRIMSHAW.

Sir,

Pray call as soon as you can; a gentleman from Bow Street will have great pleasure in renewing your acquaintance, and both my daughter and myself will be delighted to see you in the Station-house

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

S. G.

LETTER V.—From a Lady to a Gentleman who proposes an elopement.

Yes. Eleven o'clock, when they're all in bed. Whistle twice.

YOUR OWN DARLING.

NO PLACE LIKE LONDON.

THE Man who has a Stake in the Country writes to say that he longing to get back to a Chop in Town.

TITWILLOW FOR TATWILLOW.



ONE FINE MORNING MR. TITWILLOW STEALS AWAY FROM HIS BETTY'S SIDE.



THE DESPERATE DEED IS DONE! AWFUL MEETING ON THE SANDS BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE!!



TERRIBLE RETALIATION OF MRS. TITWILLOW!!!



NAPOLÉON TITWILLOW, HIS PENANCE,

WHEREBY DOMESTIC PEACE IS RESTORED.

NOBLE LOCAL RESIDENT. GREAT TERRITORIAL INFLUENCE, MY DEAR SIR:—CAN'T DO WITHOUT ME!"

FIRST LOCAL ATTORNEY. "LET ME BID FOR, YOU—INSURE A SEAT FOR £10,000!"

SECOND LOCAL ATTORNEY. "ENGAGE US—OR YOU WON'T HAVE IT AT ANY PRICE!"

LOCAL PUBLICAN. "NO SORT O' USE BIDDING ON YER OWN ACCOUNT!"

LOCAL BOUGH. "BETTER SQUARE IT WITH US 'LAMBS,' GUV'NOR!"

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,

It is seldim that the Commercial relations between Great Britain and the United States is mar'd by Games.

It is Commerce, after all, which will keep the two countries friendly to'ards each other rather than statesmen.

I look at your last Parliament, and I can't see that a single speech was enco'ored during the entire session.

Look at Congress—but no, I'd rather not look at Congress.

Entertainin this great regard for Commerce, "whose sales whiten every sea," as everybody happily observes every chance he gets, I learn with disgust and surprise that a British subjeck bo't a Baril of Apple Sass in America recently, and when he arrove home he found under a few deloosiv layers of sass nothin but saw-dust. I should have instantly gone into the City and called a meetin of the leadin commercial men to condemn and repudiate, as a American, this gross fraud, if I hadn't learned at the same time that the draft given by the British subjeck in payment for this fraudylent sass was drawn onto a Bankin House in London which doesn't have a existence, but far otherwise, and never did.

There is those who larf at these things, but to me they merit rebooks and frowns.

With the exception of my UNCLE WILYIM—who, as I've before stated, is a uncle by marriage only, who is a low cuss and filled his coat pockets with pies and biled eggs at his weddin breakfast, given to him by my father, and made the clergyman as united him a present of my father's new overcoat, and when my father on discoverin it got in a rage and denounced him, UNCLE WILYIM said the old man (meanin my parent) hadn't any idee of first-class Humer!—with the exception of this wretched Uncle, the escutchin of my fam'ly has never been stained by Games. The little harmless deceptions I resort to in my perfeshion I do not call Games. They are sacrificasses to Art.

I come of a very clever fam'ly.

The WARDS is a very clever fam'ly, indeed.

I believe we are descendin from the Puritans, who nobly fled from a land of despitism to a land of freedim, where they could not only enjoy their own religion, but prevent everybody else from enjoyin *his*.

As I said before, we are a very clever fam'ly.

I was strollin up Regent Street the other day, thinkin what a clever fam'ly I come of, and looking at the gay shop-winders. I've got some new close since you last saw me. I saw them others wouldn't do. They carrid the observer too far back into the dim vister of the past, and I gave 'em to a Orfan Asylum. The close I wear now I bo't of Mr. Moses, in the Commercial Road. They was expressly made, Mr. Moses informed me, for a nobleman, but as they fitted him too muchly, partlely the trow'rs (which is blue, with large red and white cheeks) he had said, "My dear feller, make me some more, only mind—the sure you sell these to some genteel old feller."

I like to saunter thro' Regent Street. The shops are pretty, and it does the old man's heart good to see the troops of fine healthy girls which one may always see there at certain hours in the afternoon, who don't saile their beauty by devourin cakes and sugar things, as too many of the American and French lasses do. It's a mistake about everybody being out of town, I guess. Regent Street is full. I'm here; and, as I said before, I come of a very clever fam'ly.

As I was walkin along, amosin myself by stiekin my penknife into the calves of the footmen who stood waitin by the swell-coaches (not one of whom howled with anguish), I was accosted by a man of about thirty-five summers, who said, "I have seen that face somewheres afore!"

He was a little shabby in his wearin apparil. His coat was one of those black, shiny garments, which you can always tell have been bur-nished by adversity; but he was very gentlemanly.

"Was it in the Crimea, comrade? Yes, it was. It was at the stormin of Sebastopol, where I had a narrow escape from death, that we met!"

I said, "No, I wasn't at Sebastopol. I escaped a fatal wound by not bein there. It was a healthy old fortress," I added.

"It was. But it fell. It came down with a crash."

"And plucky boys they was who brought her down," I added; "and hurrah for 'em!"

The man graspt me warmly by the hand, and said he had been in America, Upper Canada, Africa, Asia Minor, and other towns, and he'd never met a man he liked as much as he did me. "Let us," he added, "let us to the shrine of Bacchus!" And he dragged me into a public-house. I was determined to pay, so I said, "Mr. BACHUS, give this gen'l'man what he calls for."

We conversed there in a very pleasant manner till my dinner-time arrove, when the agree'ble gentleman insisted that I should dine with him. "We'll have a banquet, Sir, fit for the gods!"

I told him good plain vittles would soot me. If the gods wanted to have the dispepsy, they was welcome to it.

We had soup and fish, and a hot jint, and growis, and wines of rare and costly vintige. We had ices, and we had froots from Green-

land's icy mountins and Injy's coral strands; and when the sumptuous reparat was over, the agree'ble man said he'd unfortnally left his pocket-book at home on the marble center-table. "But, by Jove!" he said, "it was a feast fit for the gods!"

I said, "Oh, never mind," and drew out my puss; tho' I in'ardly wished the gods, as the dinner was fit for 'em, was there to pay for it.

I come of a very clever fam'ly.

The agree'ble gentleman then said, "Now, I will show you our Club. It dates back to the time of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR."

"Did BILL belong to it?" I inquired.

"He did."

"Wall," I said, "if BILLY was one of 'em, I need no other endorse-ment as to its respectfulness, and I'll go with you, my gay trooper boy!" And we went off arm-in-arm.

On the way the agree'ble man told me that the Club was called the Sloschers. He said I would notice that none of 'em appeared in evenin dress. He said it was agin the rools of the club. In fact, if any member appeared there in evenin dress he'd be instantly expeld. "And yit," he added, "there's geneyus there, and lofty emotions, and intellect. You'll be surprised at the quantitie of intellect you'll see there."

We reached the Sloschers in due time, and I mast say they was a shaky-lookin lot, and the public house where they convened was certinly none of the best.

The Sloschers crowded round me, and said I was welcome. "What a beautiful brestpin you've got," said one of 'em. "Permit me," and he took it out of my neckercher. "Isn't it luvly," he said, parsin it to another, who parsed it to another. It was given me by my Aunt, on my promisin her I'd never swear profanely; and I never have, except on very special occasions. I see that beautiful boosum pin a parsin from one Sloscher to another, and I'm reminded of them sad words of the poet, "parsin away! parsin away!" I never saw it no more. Then in comes a athletic female, who no sooner sees me than she utters a wild yell, and cries:—

"At larst! at larst! My WILYIM, from the seas!"

I said, "Not at all, Marm. Not on no account. I have heard the boatswain pipe to quarters—but a voice in my heart didn't whisper SEU-ZAN! I've belayed the marlinspikes on the upper jibpoop, but SEU-ZAN's eyes wasn't on me, mach. Young woman, I am not you're Saler boy. Far different."

"Oh yes, you are!" she howled, seizin me round the neck. "Oh, how I've lookt forwards to this meetin!"

"And you'll presently," I said, "have a opportunity of lookin backwards to it, because I'm on the pint of leavin this institution."

I will here observe that I come of a very clever fam'ly. A very clever fam'ly, indeed.

"Where," I cried, as I struggled in vain to release myself from the eccentric female's claws, "where is the Captin—the man who was into the Crimea, amidst the cannon's thunder? I want him."

He came forward, and cried, "What do I see? Me Sister! me sweet ADULAD! and in tears! Willin!" he screamed, "and you're the serpent as I took to my boosum, and borrowed money of, and went round with, and was cheerful with, are you?—You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Somehow my coat was jerked off, the brest-pocket of which contained my pocket-book, and it parsed away like the brestpin. Then they sorter quietly hustled me into the street.

It was about 12 at night when I reached the Greenlion.

"Ha! ha! you sly old rascal, you've been up to larks!" said the lan'lord, larfin loudly, and digging his fist into my ribs.

I said, "Biesry, if you do that agin, I shall hit you! Much as I respect you and your excellent fam'ly, I shall disfigger your benevolent countenance for life!"

"What has ruffled your spirits, frend?" said the lan'lord.

"My spirits has been ruffled," I ansered in a bittur voice, "by a viper who was into the Crimea. What good was it," I cried, "for Sebastopol to fall down without envelopin in its rooins that viper?"

I then went to bed. I come of a very clever fam'ly.

ARTEMUS WARD.

Report of a very Simla Case to Taffy's.

(In the Nursery Rhyme.)

JERVIS was the *aide-de-camp*,

Of a shabby chief,

JERVIS ruled SIR W. M.'s

Pickles, mutton, beef;

SIR W. called JERVIS "chousey;"

JERVIS held his own;

SIR W. court-martialled him,—

He'd best left that alone.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.—At the next Meeting of the Zoological Society a paper will be read "On the Tears of the Crocodile."



DESIGNS FOR LEICESTER SQUARE STATUES.

BY OUR OWN WHITEWASHER.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(In the intermediate state 'twixt BOODELS' and FRANK'S. Relief.)

My lot seems to be cast among railway officials. I am obliged to get out at Slumborough, and I have to go back to Chopford, which we passed while I was asleep.

Memorandum for suggestion to Railway Authorities.—At any station if the guards see a passenger asleep they ought to wake him. Or, there might be,—a very Happy Thought this,—there might be a set of officials, called Shakers, attached to every train, whose duty whenever it stopped, should be to go into all the carriages, shake any one they might find asleep, and ask him where he's going?

Happy and Poetical Thought.—Female shakers might wake the gentlemen, and win gloves. No shaker to be eligible over six-and-twenty.

It's an out-of-the-way place, is Slumborough station. No one to talk to. Let me observe. There's a porter, who is always whistling; an impulsive station-master who won't be stopped to be spoken to, he's so busy; a potatoe-garden, a small neat cottage, three broken helpless looking trucks, the commencement of an unfinished line, with the ends of its rails turning upwards towards the sky, as if that had been their destination. I may note down as a

Happy Thought—That this is a sort of Tower of Babel line. When this idea comes to be developed, Vol. IV., Book VIII., Chap. I., *Typical Developments*, it will be very poetical. Odd, how full of poetry I am to lay. This is the second poetical thought I've had within the last half hour.

I ask the porter, in order to get at statistics, "How many trains pass here in a day?" He stops his whistle, about four bars from the end of the tune I should say, and answers, "If you look at the time-table, it's all up there," and then he starts a fresh tune. An express passes, and I wonder if there's any one I know in it. The porter takes another turn at the truck, and then strolls into the potatoe-garden, and kicks the potatoes. Perhaps this is the process of gardening in this part of the country. ("Agriculture," *Typical Developments*, Vol. III., Book VI.) I should like to talk to the station-master. I go inside. Office shut up. Behind the partition I hear the scratching of a pen, and rustling of paper. He is then, probably, hard at work. While I am thinking this, the door in the partition opens and he comes out briskly. I say to him, "Can you tell me—" He replies impulsively, "Yes, there's the time-table," and goes out on to the platform. In a minute he is back again, as brisk as ever. I address him, "Will the train—" He replies, with

A STREET DUOLOGUE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOMEBODY (who can't be serious for a moment).

ORDINARY PERSON (by himself).

TIME: Club Hours.

SCENE—St. James's Street.

Ordinary Person (meeting Somebody, asks, after the usual formalities of salutation). Have you seen TOMKINS lately? *Somebody* (shaking his head solemnly). Ah! Poor TOMKINS.

Ordinary Person. Why "poor TOMKINS," eh?

[Is glad to get something to interest him, and to serve him for conversation with any one else who may know TOMKINS.]

Somebody (more solemnly). Gone to the bad, I'm afraid?

Ordinary Person (foreseeing a story worth retelling). Why? What's the matter?

Somebody (very seriously). I passed his house to-day. You know where it is?

Ordinary Person (impatiently). Yes! Well?

Somebody (confidentially). I think (more confidentially) there's an "execution" in it. (Nods at him portentously.) Or at all events there's a going to be one.

Ordinary Person (conventionally sorry for Tomkins, but glad of the circumstance in the way of news). Good heavens! an execution! I didn't know that he was hard up. (Wishing to get some confirmation of the story, he adds:) Are you quite certain?

Somebody. As to the execution? Oh yes. (Prepares to go, and as he shakes his friend's hand says:) There either has been, or is going to be an execution, because I saw—(pauses)

Ordinary Person. What?

Somebody (shaking his head impressively).—The scaffold outside. Good bye.

[Nods cheerfully and leaves hurriedly. ORDINARY PERSON annoyed, wishes that SOMEBODY, could be serious just for once.]

his hand on the brass knob of his door, "Office open five minutes before train comes," and disappears. More scratching of pen and rustling of paper within. There is a large clock with an impressive tick. I compare my watch with it, and, though I arrive at no conclusion on the subject, feel satisfied at having done something.

In the Waiting Room.—Dreary. Wonder if BOODELS' butler packed up my sponge? Hate uncertainty in these matters,—but don't like to unpack in the station. I'll go into the office, and see if my portmanteau is there. No. Where? Of course taken out at Chopford. I shall see it there, at least I hope so. The pigeon-hole suddenly opens, and the station-master appears. Now's the time for conversation, and picking up character and materials. I have several questions to ask him. I say, "I want to know first—" he catches me up impulsively, "First, where for?" "Chopford," I answer, and before I can explain the accident which has brought me to Slumborough, he has dashed at a blue ticket, thumped it in one machine, banged it in another, and has produced it cut, printed, double-stamped, and all complete for authorising me to go to Chopford. "One and a penny," says he. I explain that, "I don't want it, because—" He listens to nothing more, but sits down at his desk, pounces upon a large book, which he opens and shoves aside, then seizes a pen, and begins adding up something on one sheet of paper, and putting down the result on another. While he is engaged in this, I see the telegraphic needles working. He is too absorbed to notice it. "Twill be only kindness on my part to direct his attention to it. I say, "Do you know, Sir—" He is up in an instant, with a pen behind his ear. He evidently doesn't recognise me. "Eh, First? where for?" I can't help saying "Yes, Chopford—but—" when he dashes, as before, at the stamping machines, and produces, like a conjuring trick, another ticket for Chopford. I tell him I don't want it, and am adding, "I don't know if you observed the telegraph needles—" when he sits down, evidently in a temper, growling something about "if you want to play the fool, go somewhere else." I'd say something sharp if he wasn't at work, but I never like disturbing a man at work. Stop, I might ask him, it wouldn't take a second, how far it is from Chopford to Furze. I approach the pigeon-hole, I say mildly, "If you would oblige me, Sir, for one second—" He is up again more impulsively than ever. "One, Second. Thought you said, One First," and before I can point out his mistake he has banged, thumped and produced for the third time a ticket to Chopford, only now he says "Tenpence," that being the reduction on Second class. I am really afraid of making him very violent, so I buy the ticket. What a sad thing, to have such a temper, and be a station-master!

The Train arrives.—Hurrah! For Chopford at last. Now, do the FRASERS live at Furze Lodge or Cottage?

Chopford Station.—Get out. Official receives my ticket. Very nearly getting into a difficulty with him, as I have tendered my Second class ticket from Slumborough to Chopford, and he saw me get out of the First class carriage. * * * What an agony it puts one in not to be able to find the proper ticket. * * * Right at last. I've often said I must have a regular pocket made for tickets, and so I must. Luggage here. No name on it, but labelled Chopford. I am going to Furze Lodge I tell him: because if it isn't Furze Lodge and is Furze Cottage he'll correct me. The official is most civil. "Furze Lodge, oh, of course." The FRASERS are evidently well known and highly respected. "The carriage for Furze Lodge is waiting, Sir, to take you. Here's the footman." He takes me up to a tall menial in a handsome livery and a cockade. (I note that the FRASERS are going it.) The menial touches his hat, on the station-master introducing me politely as "the gentleman for Furze. A porter puts my luggage into the carriage, and I put myself in after it. The coachman touches his hat on seeing me, the footman bangs the door, the station-master salutes me, the porter interests himself in my welfare to inquire "if I've got everything," which simply means sixpence for himself. (*Note for travelling. Always carry threepenny bits.*)

My spirits rise. Such a carriage. Damask lining: softest cushions. I suppose FRASER is a Deputy-Lieutenant or something, or else why should the servants wear cockades? It can't be to impose upon the country people. No, FRASER's above that. He is not a snob.

We enter Furze gates. Pretty little lodge at the gate. Old woman comes out and bows a curtsy to me. Nice old woman. I bow to her and smile. For a moment I imagine myself the Prince of Wales. It must be very tiring to go on bowing and smiling; but gratifying. Deer in the park. Old timber.

Happy Thought.—I must get up my sketching again, and practise trees. Splendid oaks. Chestnuts. Cows. Two labourers: or peasants. What's the difference between labourer and peasant? One's real, and the other poetical. (Query this in Vol. IV., *Typical Developments.*) They touch their hats respectfully to me. I return, graciously. More gates. What a delicious place FRASER has. Knowing him and his wife only in town, where they take lodgings for a month in the season, I had no idea he was so wealthy. (N.B. Never judge a man by his merely taking lodgings in London for the season.)

An artistically-planted flower garden. A lawn, like a soft green carpet without a wrinkle in it, laid out for Croquet exclusively. On it is a Croquet party. They are in fancy costumes; from which I gather it is a Croquet Club. Charming. I shall enjoy this. MRS. PLYTE FRASER, too, is such a nice person. All clever people here I'll be bound, or they wouldn't do this sort of thing; because there is originality about it. Delightful; simply delightful! I think I see FRASER and MRS. FRASER among the party. I wave my hand. I feel exhilarated. I shout, "How are you, how are you?" Meaning FRASER, who of course can't answer at that distance, but will take the inquiry for what it's meant. I like being hearty with people.

Here we are at the door of Furze Lodge. A grey-headed butler descends, solemnly: he is like a clergyman, indeed for the matter of that, an archbishop. Livery opens the carriage door. The archbishop stands on the steps as if about to impart a benediction. I should like to kneel to him.

Happy Thought.—If I do get up my sketching, I'll draw a picture of *Hospitality in the Olden Time. Arrival of Pilgrims at the Archbishop's.*

More livery servants. FRASER must be very rich. (I have time to make a note or two while they are engaged with my luggage.) The butler tells the servants "The Blue Room," and I think of *Fatima* and *Baron Abomeique*. (N.B. Another subject for a sketch.) I see my packages being carried up the grand old oaken staircase adorned with portraits of FRASER's ancestors, all with very white hands. This is just the place I like. Beautiful!!! I address the butler for the first time, having given my hat, coat and umbrella to a livery, who has disappeared with them. In an offhand manner, in order to show that I am accustomed to all this grandeur, and am quite one of the family, I ask him, "Are they in?" He replies, benignly, "I was to show you to the study, Sir, directly you came." I answer, "Oh, very well," and then inquire, also in an offhand manner, "Who's in the Croquet ground?" The butler calmly replies, "There's LORD ADOLPHUS, Sir, and LADY ADELA, they only came down this morning; there's MR. AYLMER, CAPTAIN DODDLEY, MISS ASCUTT, COLONEL LYNE, LADY TULKORNE and MISS GREYER, and the family, Sir. His Grace hasn't been able to go out, Sir, for three days." I had no idea the FRASERS did this sort of thing. What a letter I shall write to old BOODELS about the place. He'll be precious glad to get me back again to Boodels, thinking I'll introduce him to the FRASERS. But I won't; or perhaps I will, and astonish him. That vulgar fellow, MILBURN, wouldn't get on here. I note this while in a library, where the butler has left me, while he prepares his master for my coming. From what the butler says I fancy poor FRASER has got the gout. "The gout," the reverent domestic has casually observed, "does make an invalid very irritable." He returns and motions me towards a door artfully con-

cealed from view by sham bookshelves. I enter, prepared to say, "Well, old boy, I'm sorry to see you like this," when the butler announces me softly, so softly that I cannot hear what he says, to the invalid, who is in a large comfortable chair, swathed in flannels. The room is partially darkened, and I see that noisy heartiness is out of the question.

I go up to him. "Well, doctor," says he, groaningly, "glad you've come." Fancy of his to call me doctor, I suppose. What a change: FRASER's voice is quite altered. I reply, "Well, I hope I shall be a good doctor to you, old fellow. Cheer you up a bit." He turns round sharply and almost fiercely, "Who the —?" * * * It isn't FRASER: and I've never seen his face before in my life.

I have been shown out. There is a very simple explanation, and this is it. The FRASERS live at Furze Cottage, but at Furze Lodge resides his Grace the DUKE OF SLUMBOROUGH, who is now suffering from a complicated gout, and to whom I have just been presented. * * *

His Grace being irritable won't listen to apologies. The butler, who is the major domo of the establishment, receives his dismissal on the spot. * * * I don't exactly know what to do. The butler is still in the study with his Grace, and I am in the library. As all the doors, I now observe, are concealed by sham bookshelves, the general effect is that there are no doors at all. When I do get out, how shall I obtain my luggage from the Blue Room? How can I face the butler? No more Archbishop's benediction. Subject for sketch, *Archbishop Cursing Pilgrims*: companion picture to the other. Very uncomfortable. How can I defend my presence in the library to the Duchess if she comes? Dreadful! I must (as I have said often before) get an address book, and write them all down. When I get out of this infernal hole I will. I thought the FRASERS couldn't live here. * * *

Out at last. Son of the family found me. Introduces himself; LORD HEATH. Had heard of the mistake. My luggage is all down and put into pony chaise. Will I take anything before I go? MR. FRASER's cottage is not far from here, he says, a pretty place. In fact, it is on his father's estate. His father, the Duke, has been ill for some time; it makes him very irritable. Yes. Hope I'll enjoy myself at Furze Cottage. Good bye. I am driven off by a groom in a small pony carriage, which is just large enough to hold us and my luggage. I am conscious of the eyes of the Croquet party. I don't wave my hand this time. The pony is very slow. LORD HEATH has joined his friends. I hear them laughing. I feel savage with the aristocracy generally. I could be a Democrat, if it wasn't for the groom by my side, who is inclined to treat me flippantly. Silence and Thought. We drive out of the Lodge Gate. The old woman doesn't curtsy. Sycophant!

THE SHOEMAKER OF SOVEREIGN ALLEY.

JAMES SHARPLES, shoemaker, was examined before the Lancaster Election Committee. Voted for FENWICK and SCHNEIDER, received £9 for his vote from EDWARD HUTCHINSON, and £2 from MR. H. WALCH for assistance; also received £1 before the election, and his wife got £1 for a new dress. Respecting this garment the report of MR. SHARPLES's examination ensues:—

"A blue dress?—No, it had yellow stripes. (*Laughter.*)

"Was it bought at a blue or yellow mercer's?—Yellow, Sir; all yellow. (*Laughter.*)

"Have you always voted yellow?—Nearly."

Yes. As a general rule, no doubt, MR. JAMES SHARPLES has been accustomed to vote for the yellow-boys.

The Two Sick Men.

SOME count in Europe one Sick Man,

For whom there is no hope;

But is the SULTAN sicker than

His Holiness the POPE?

Sick men in Europe there are two;

The fact 'tis vain to smother.

One at Constantinople view;

At Rome behold the other.

An Error Corrected.

As many persons appear to be at sea respecting the Nautical Prize Drama now acting at the Surrey Theatre, it may be as well to explain—the attention of Volunteers is particularly drawn to what follows—that the title of this play is *True to the Core*, not *True to the Corps*.

CLASSICAL.

If a pig could talk in Latin, what would he say? Why, doubtless, "*Porka verba!*"



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 8.

SHE COMES SUDDENLY ON A STRANGE STRUCTURE—APPARENTLY A NATIVE FORT, AND IS JUST GOING TO SKETCH IT, WHEN A SAVAGE OF GIGANTIC STATURE, AND ARMED TO THE TEETH, STARTS FROM AN AMBUSH, AND MENACES HER IN GAELIC!

THE ARMY AND NAVY RE-ORGANISED.

THE Re-organisation of the Army and Navy appears to be in course of being accomplished by private enterprise. One day last week a contemporary announced that:—

“At the Annual General Meeting of the United Service Company (limited), held on the 15th instant, a dividend of five per cent. was declared for the past year.”

The United Service thus appears to be now in the hands of a private company. How quietly the transfer from the War Office and the Horse Guards and the Admiralty has been effected! It must have been authorised by an Act of Parliament, smuggled with wonderful secrecy through both Houses. As the speculation pays five per cent., it is a profitable one. Let us hope that, since the United Service Company is thriving, the United Service has improved. Perhaps the money which has heretofore been squandered will henceforth be saved, and partly devoted to a reasonable increase of soldiers' and sailors' pay. Very likely the grievances of the Army and Navy surgeons will soon be redressed, and their just demands will be conceded, inasmuch that the United Service Company will not have to advertise, as the Government which it seems to have superseded had, for medical officers of an inferior description. The fact that the United Service is now under the management of a joint-stock company (limited) is not generally known. When it comes to be, then, perhaps, there will be no longer any lack of duly qualified and decently educated candidates for medical commissions in Her Majesty's land and sea forces.

Facetiae.

SHORTLY will be published, in three volumes folio, condensed from the columns of the morning papers, and profusely illustrated with comic cuts and initial letters, *Broad Grins of Bribery, and Cackinations of Corruption*, being a collection of the “good things,” “spicy sayings,” “rich repartees,” and “choice chaff,” of the Royal Commissioners for inquiring into the Totnes, Reigate, Lancaster, and Yarmouth elections. Dedicated, without permission, to the Editor of *Punch*.

A WEIGHTY MATTER.

STRANGE are the stage wants we every week see advertised. For instance, look at this:—

WANTED, to Open on Saturday, September 13th, A Heavy Gentleman, who can play *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Richard the Third*, &c. Address, &c.

The verb “to open” is an active one. What then is the substantive omitted after “open” in the above establishment? Is it “doors,” or “oysters,” or “champagne bottles,” or what? And pray why is a “heavy” gentleman required? Is it requisite to have a man of substance for *Othello*? Can a man not play *Macbeth* unless he be of certain weight? If so, how many pounds, pray, are deemed needful for the part? Surely the amount should have been precisely stated, so that applicants might go to scale before applying for the post. Suppose a heavy gentleman to have answered the advertisement, and been approved of by the manager, how awkward he would find it, while dressing for *Othello*, to be told he was too light to undertake the part! We often hear of actors being “overweighted.” Do heavy gentlemen, we wonder, like jockeys in a handicap, strap belts of shot about them, to bring them to the right amount of heaviness required?

Cotton-Waste.

WE are told in one of Tuesday's papers of the various claims to honour of CORTON, the successor in the Aldermanic Chair of the ingenious MECHI. We are glad to believe CORTON is the right man in the right place; but it was surely superfluous to tell us that the said CORTON was “a conspicuous member of the Lancashire Relief Committee.” Surely everybody would have taken that for granted of CORTON.

A PASSING THOUGHT.

THE great difference between the young and the old is this—the young have the world before them, whilst the old are behind the world.



A GENTLE STIMULANT.

Old Gent. "NOW, THEN, WHAT ARE YOU PULLING UP FOR?"

Chair Man. "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I'M ONLY WAITING FOR T'OTHER MAN, 'CAUSE WE'RE GOING TO RACE DOWN THE HILL, SIR."

THE CRUELITIES OF COOKERY.

DEAR PUNCH,

WE consider the Chinese an unenlightened people, but in some respects they clearly are more clever than ourselves. For instance, it is known that they invented gunpowder long ere we had dreamed of it, and that they hatched fish artificially long before ourselves: nor can we regard them as being very much behind us in enlightenment, because we chanced to be before them in lighting streets with gas. While we call them semi-civilised, they term us mere barbarians, and certainly in some respects we quite deserve the name.

In our cookery for instance we clearly are most barbarous, when compared with many nations, including the Chinese. Not but what a haunch of venison, as served up at some tables, is a pleasant dish enough; and a good plum-pudding, even, is not a thing to sneer at, or a slice of tender, juicy, well-cooked English beef. Nor am I altogether tempted to exchange our simple modest apple-dumplings for the glutinous and gummy, and far more cloying dainties which are dished for the Chinese. Still with profit we might take a leaf out of their cookery books, in respect of the vast care with which their dishes are prepared, and the persevering industry with which they study to invent surprises for the palate, and educe the finest flavour from the meats they have to cook.

We read, for instance, that they make a most delicious dainty by placing living ducks upon a heated iron plate, which is thinly covered with seasoning and sauce. By the heat the blood is gradually attracted to the feet, which thus are swollen by degrees to a considerable size, and are most deliciously impregnated with spice. As the warmth becomes unpleasant, the ducks lift up their legs continually, and paddle to and fro, and their toes grow nicely soft and tender with the exercise, much in the same manner as the flesh of hunted hares. The cook stands by, the while, and watches them most carefully, and gradually increases the fire which is beneath them, until the feet are cooked. Then he chops them off, and serves them up for dinner, and gourmets taste a luxury to dream about at nights.

Such cookery no doubt must be considered somewhat cruel, and

doubtless this consideration would prevent an English palate from relishing the dish. But the Chinese are too wise to reflect upon the subject, and pay little heed to sufferings which give them satisfaction, and add a fresh enjoyment to the pleasures of a feast. Besides, it really is not certain that the ducks are made unhappy by thus being slowly cooked. Perhaps they feel that they die martyrs in the noble cause of cookery, and are solaced in their sufferings by the thought that they will certainly be held in quite the highest estimation after death. Instead of feeling consolation in selfishly reflecting that they die extremely tough, as the remarkably old turkey is amusingly reported by *Sam Weller* to have done, perhaps while they are dabbling in the heated spices, they feebly quack a little to express their satisfaction that men will be made happy by eating their poor feet.

Fully trusting this is so, and strongly wishing that our cooks would learn from the Chinese to give such patient, watchful heed to the preparing of their dishes, I beg leave to smack my lips at the thought of spiced duck's feet, and sign myself yours most serenely,

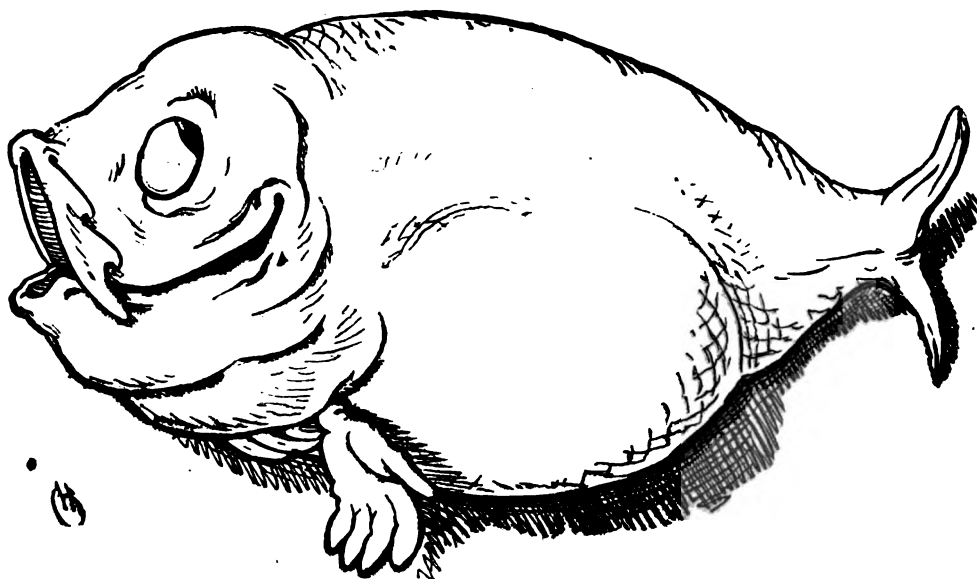
EPICURUS SMITH.

P.S. The camel has seven stomachs. How I envy the camel! Conceive the luxury of filling them with Chinese spiced-alive duck's feet!

The Protestant Entrenchment in Ireland.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH, in his late Charge, has taken up the cudgels for the Irish Protestant Church Establishment, and its endowment of £450,000 a-year, for a Church which includes less than twelve per cent. of the population, against nearly seventy-eight per cent. of Roman Catholics. We often hear it said that the defenders of the Irish Protestant establishment are ready to die in the last ditch for their Church and its endowment. What if that last ditch should prove to be the *Trench* in question.

SPORTING.—How to know a Racing Prophet.—By the tip of his tongue.



A BRIBERY BLOATER FROM YARMOUTH.

THE UTILISATION OF BRIBERY.

It is a point of wisdom to make the best of a bad bargain. The sale and purchase of a vote may be regarded as a bargain of that description. If seats in Parliament must needs be bought and sold, the country at large may as well have the benefit of the transaction. Instead of altogether disfranchising electors who sell their votes, might not the Legislature authorise the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to dispose of corrupt constituencies to the highest bidder? By this arrangement the country would at least be enabled to know better than it now does how many members of the House of Commons are the representatives of mere money.

THE "STAFF" OF LIFE.—At our Hospitals.

"THE LONG STRIKE."—Twelve!

THE AUGEAN STABLE—INSIDE AS WELL AS OUT.

(Respectfully Dedicated to LORD SHAFTESBURY and the Social Science Association.)

In an age of bounce, and a land of brag,
Venced with gratulation,
From pens that flourish, and tongues that wag,
In our noble-selves' laudation,
When aught makes peg for boast or beg,
At some public dinner-table,
From the last successful swindle
To the great Atlantic cable,
Good work they do who usher us through
JOHN BULL's Augean stable.

It rears with pride a fair outside
With nothing but white-wash seen,
And neat-raked litter the dirt to hide,
Edge-plaited, trim and clean:
JOHN takes his guests to look at it,
And himself looks at it, too,
As the model of all a stable should be—
Which it might be, if shows were true,
If there wasn't an inside as well as an out,
And if things be judged on view.

Each side the gate, as porters wait,
A pauper, gaunt and cowed:
And to balance him, in portly state,
A Bumble large and loud.
And over-head, in letters of lead,
But shining in the sun,
With Gilt as of best gilt-gingerbread,
JOHN's favourite mottoes run,
"Look after the pence, and leave the pounds,"
And "Take care of Number One!"

There JOHN BULL stands, with folded hands,
And calm contented men;
Admires the white-wash, and the strands
Of straw, that look so clean:
Points to the gilt that gilds his lead,
Invites attention due
To the wise morals therein read,
So safe, if not so new:
But shakes his head, and bows, instead,
When asked to show us through.

But Manchester provides a band
Of Guides, in JOHN's despite:

With Shaftesbury—a Lord of land!
His reading must be right.
They'll show the filth, forbid to pass
Beyond those white-washed walls;
Turn up to sight the festering mass
That 'neath this litter crawls;
So stop your nose, and 'ware your clothes,
And through the Augean stalls!

Slime overhead, filth under-foot,
Dark mildew, dirt three-piled:
Foul things in foulness that find root,
Defiling and defiled:
Fester of wealth ill-got, ill-used,
Fester of want, ill-borne:
Weakness o'ertasked and youth abused,
Sex of its graces shorn:
Infancy poisoned in its bud,
Age ere its time outworn.

The sewage that should feed the land,
Made poison for the town:
The streams, but sewers for the strand,
To drink its ordure down.
The home a den, where human souls
In beasts' lairs bestial grow:
The bright blue face of Heaven with rolls
Of furnace reek hung low;
And hand in hand, that sister band
Vice, Drunkenness, and Woe!

In front, at back, on either hand,
The Augean stable spreads:
Where'er we step, on filth we stand:
Filth drops upon our heads.
An awful place! where heart of grace
Scarce resting-place can find;
Of God's own ground so scant the trace,
God's light so far behind:
All forms of ill that Body kill,
Dwarf Heart, and dwindle Mind!

But not for this, take we amiss
Their work who grasp our hand,
And force us through a scene like this,
Nor outside let us stand,
Among the crowd, whose pæans loud
On us, our land, our law,
Fall with cold cheer upon their ear,
Whom Bumble cannot awe,
As through the Augean stable drear
Sick'ning they stir the straw.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



THE Theatres are nearly all open, and once more I am hunted from marshy joys, like the expiring frog, to run up to the Metropolis, in order to go everywhere, see everything, and tell you all about it.

I began my "Evenings" this season with the Princess's, that being the last theatre I had visited before quitting town. Many numbers ago, I gave you a sketch of *The Huguenot Captain*.

The Captain has been doing very well, and Mr. SHORE, who plays

the *Duc d'Hamondreal* (I haven't kept a playbill, but the name is something like that), has discarded the gorgeous dressing-gown which I had (stupidly, I own) thought, up till now, was the chief point in the plot. The ballet is simply, the best grotesque ballet that has been seen for years in London or anywhere else, Paris included; and it is not out of place here to mention the fact that its success is almost entirely due to M. MILANO, who, despite his name, is an English Master of the Dance, and who invented, at the shortest possible notice, this Bohemian ballet which has been the rage, ever since the first night of its production. MR. VINING handsomely and substantially acknowledged M. MILANO's services, as well as those of every one who, on this occasion, worked with a will. I heartily congratulate MR. VINING on all past and present success, which his liberality thoroughly deserves, and wish him the best luck for the future.

I went, Sir, to the Surrey Theatre, to see MR. SLOUS's play of *True to the Core*. In brief, the plot is this. CRANMER's grandson was brought, as a treat, to see his worthy relative in the fire, and while he was standing near the stake, his eye caught that of a naughty Jesuit, who was making derisive grimaces (in the language of the boy of that period, "cutting snooks") at his (CRANMER's) respected grandfather. Instead of knocking him down there and then, or getting him alone in a corner, and "punching his head for his himperence," Young CRANMER waited for nearly thirty years, following this Jesuit through a long course of study in several Jesuitical colleges abroad, and at last tracking him to England, and there denouncing him as a Spanish plotter against QUEEN ELIZABETH and a Plymouth pilot. Mixed up with this very original plot, is a seducer in large boots, a diffident *Admiral Drake*, *Sir Walter Raleigh*, without a pipe, a boisterous *Walsingham*, and a gipsy girl of some strange tribe now lost to our shores. The Jesuit is the character, and a precious black character he is. This play, you must know, gained the T. P. COOKE prize; and, as M.P.'s do occasionally offer little bribes here and there, it is not improbable that MR. WHALLEY, for purely Protestant purposes, sent gifts unto the Selecting Committee, having first prompted MR. SLOUS to write the drama. MR. WHALLEY knows how to convert the stage into a mighty Protestant engine. MR. SLOUS obtained a hundred pounds as his prize: the drama then, it appears, became the property of the trustees under the T. P. COOKE will, who take a share, as I am credibly informed, in the nightly profits accruing to MESSRS. SHEPHERD and CREWICK, lessees of the Surrey, from the performance of this attractive piece, while the author has never received, and, probably, never will receive, another penny. I hope this is not so; and for the sake of Trustees and Managers, I sincerely trust that I am misinformed. I have alluded to one Manager handsomely recognising the services of those to whom he owes his success. Surely, then, something is due to the author for the performance of a piece, over and above the award of the hundred pounds' prize, which he would have received independently of its production! Let *Mr. Punch* hear some more of this liberality of Managers.

Telegrams from Leicester Square.

THE Statue has sent a petition to the Government to take the horse away and accommodate him with a perambulator.

THE SPECIALITIES OF YARMOUTH.

GREAT Yarmouth is a place that's famed for bloaters,
But rendered infamous by venal voters.

IS THIS SO?

For Notes and Queries. The uncomfortable limp of a lame sheep dog in the North first suggested the expressive word *Colly-wabble*. (P)

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE Publishing Season, just commencing, promises to be one of great interest and importance. Amongst the works that may be expected to appear we book the following:—

A Companion volume to "*The Philosophy of the Conditioned*," entitled, *The Philosophy of the Ill-Conditioned, or the Patience of Poverty; Our Countrywomen, or Her Majesty's Females*, by the Author of "*Her Majesty's Mails*"; *The River Plate and the Basin of the Nile*, by an Ex-Minister at Turin; *History of the Edgeware Road*, by the Master Cutler, profusely illustrated with engravings on steel; a new Book for Boys, with the attractive heading, *Tales of the Boldest*, by the writer of "*Story of a Boulder*"; *Rural Rambles*, being Strolls in Tower Hamlets, Shepherd's Bush, Short's Gardens, Knightsbridge Green, and other sequestered spots; *Acids, their Powers and Properties*, by Saturday Reviewers; *The Clap'em Sect*, by an old Stager; *Thoughts on Vestments*, by a Superior Washerwoman; *The Law of Capture*, by a Mother of six well-married daughters; and *A Handy Book of Pickpocketing*, by an Ex-Thief.

The readers of fiction are promised, *How to make both Ends meet: A Tale of Personal Suffering*, by an Acrobat, and Novels by the Authors of "*The Second Mrs. Tillotson*," "*Thrice His*," and "*The Three Louises*," entitled, *Two to One, or The Beautiful Bigamist*; *Three Times Three*, being *Tales by a Toastmaster*; and *Sizes and Sevens, or Family Jars*. LORD LYTTON is said to have in hand a revised edition of "*The Last of the Barons*," and there are rumours of a new story from his everpointed pen, to be called *The Lords of Creation*. From the Clarendon press we may look for an Essay, by the Professor of Rural Economy, with the taking title of *How to Live in the Country on Three Hundred a Year*; and a new Magazine to be devoted to the fashions—*Cap and Gown*. Fresh editions of *The "Bridgewater Treatises"*, by eminent railway engineers, and *The Drap(er) Letters*, by promoters of the Saturday half-holiday, are in progress. Several new translations of HOMER in blank verse, hexameters, heroics, the Spenserian measure and hendecasyllables, will shortly be given to the world—and the waste-paper basket. SHAKESPEARE will not be neglected, some new facts about his life and pocket-money having been discovered at Wroxeter (the ancient *Uriconium*) including his clasp-knife and first copy-book.

Lovers of Illustrated Literature may expect a rich Christmas feast, and the admirers of DORÉ will be glad to know that he is engaged night and day on pictorial editions of HOMER, VIRGIL, MILTON and SHAKESPEARE, the Delphin Classics, the Benedictine Fathers, the Lives of the Saints, Domesday Book, *Jack the Giant-Killer*, and other Standard Works. A new *Handbook to the Isle of Wight* will issue from the Press of MESSRS. BLACK; and we have been favoured with an early copy of *Thoughts in Turkish Baths*—in sheets.

The only musical novelty we have to note is "*The Stokers' Galop*," by the composer of "*The Guards' Waltz*."

MR. CALCRAFT'S MINOR OPERATION.

As long as the columns of our contemporaries continue to present us with paragraphs headed "Garotte Robbery," so long will they gratify us whenever they afford us such information as that which we proceed to copy from the *Times*:—

"FLOGGING GAROTTERS.—Three persons, named DANIEL and DAVID BRYANT, and WILLIAM PRENDERGAST, who were convicted at the last session of the Central Criminal Court to be flogged for sentenced of imprisonment and penal servitude for robberies in the street, accompanied by personal violence, underwent the most unpleasant and painful portion of their punishment on Saturday in Newgate. The flogging was inflicted by a cat-o'-nine-tails by CALCRAFT."

Here, benevolent reader, you will perhaps pause. Knowing that MR. CALCRAFT has now been some time before the public, you may be apprehensive that the muscular power of that gentleman at his time of life, though perfectly adequate to drawing a bolt, may, when a cat-o'-nine-tails is to be exercised on the back of a garotter, not be quite sufficient to produce the desired effect. You will be reassured by the sequel of the foregoing narrative relative to the subjects on whom MR. CALCRAFT operated:—

"Although they were sentenced to receive 40 stripes, MR. GIBSON, the surgeon of the prison, felt himself justified in ordering CALCRAFT to desist after the prisoners had received 20 lashes only."

It is satisfactory to find that MR. CALCRAFT proved fully equal to the occasion. The preceding statement has been found to require some modification, but that only renders it the more satisfactory. The practical lesson in humanity which MICHAEL, not DANIEL, and DAVID BRYAN, not BRYANT, and BARTHOLOMEW, not WILLIAM, PRENDERGAST, received from MR. CALCRAFT, was given to them on the 25th of September, and not on Goose Day or the Feast of St. Michael. The MESSRS. BRYAN had their full allowance of 40 lashes. It was only on MR. PRENDERGAST that the executioner was obliged to abridge his discipline. In that one case, however, the vigour of his arm was amply demonstrated. Nevertheless, the next garotter MR. CALCRAFT has to flog, more power to his elbow!



A CAUTION TO UNOBSERVANT YOUNG MEN.

LOOK WELL BEFORE YOU TAKE UP YOUR POSITION AGAINST THE RAILS!

DR. MANNING AND HIS MASTER.

MR. PUNCH,

BEFORE going over to Rome, except as a visitor, and before agreeing to drink the health of the QUEEN after the POPE's, I should like to ask DR. MANNING a few questions suggested by his late Pastoral concerning his master's Temporal Power.

Is not the number of Popes, who have been persecuted since the time of CONSTANTINE THE GREAT, pretty considerable?

If the POPE were to become mere Bishop of Rome, would anybody who does not dare to persecute him now dare to persecute him then?

In case his Holiness were simply Bishop of Rome, who could possibly persecute him but the Constitutional Government of Italy?

Were the Italian Government to persecute him, could not the Catholic Powers of Europe interfere for his protection as effectually as they can now?

As long as the POPE continued to be an Italian subject, would not any foreign power that might attempt to coerce him have first to fight Italy?

But, then, if the Papacy were deprived of the temporal power, would not that be a signal demonstration of the fact that the Authority which theoretically claims the right to govern the world is practically unequal to the government of a petty territory? Would not Popery thus lose what in French is called *prestige*—in plain English the magical humbug of a name?

If the Most Reverend DR. MANNING knew his own mind would he not know the affirmative of these last questions to be the real reason why he and other Ultramontane Roman Catholics are so fearfully anxious that the Sovereign Pontiff should be maintained in possession of his temporal sovereignty? And would not the contraband ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER also know that the consideration that, if the POPE were only a spiritual Sovereign, the worldly consequence of dignitaries of the Romish Church would be considerably diminished, is also some reason why those dignitaries for the most part object to the reduction of the States of the Church to a kingdom which is not of this world? Answers would oblige.

Yours truly,

PHILALETHES BLOKE.

BETTERING THE INSTRUCTION.

IN the "high-falutin" address presented by the Manchester Branch of the Reform League to MR. BRIGHT last week, we find, among other bursts of eloquence, the statement that "the voice of the metropolis of the empire has echoed through the land. Hyde Park and Parliament Street, to the venerable Abbey, have been compactly filled with law-respecting, freedom-loving multitudes of our fellow-countrymen, solemnly resolved to regain those rights which a proud and overbearing minority still presumes to withhold from them"—including, we presume, the right to break windows, pick pockets, and tear down railings.

By way of practical comment on this, we read of the hop-pickers at Loose Court, in Kent, the other day, striking work, arming themselves with hop-poles, demolishing the bins in another garden, where abject country hands, who hadn't been taught their rights by the League, were engaged, and threatening their employers unless he raised the terms they had agreed to work for, "to show him what Hyde Park riot was like."

Evidently, the voice of the metropolis of the empire, if it have not echoed through the land, has echoed in the Maidstone hop-grounds. And the Loose Court hop-pickers seem to have viewed M^s. HOPSOUL, in the light of the Manchester Address, as one of "the proud and overbearing minority" which "presumed to withhold their rights from the law-respecting, freedom-loving" "roughs" out of the slums of Westminster, the alleys of Whitechapel, and the courts of Bloomsbury. Who henceforth will deny that the majestic Hyde Park demonstrations have borne fruits—and that these are of them?

Commercial Intelligence.

MUCH anxiety has lately been felt in the City for the safety of a well-known and long-established National Bank; but it is hoped that the alarm may now be considered groundless. We allude to the Bank of the Rhine, which, it is understood, is to be left alone—at least, for the present—by those who were disposed to take French leave and overturn it.



THE SCHOOLMASTER (ALL) ABROAD.

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,
I SKURCELY need inform you that your excellent Tower is very pop'lar with peple from the agricultooral districks, and it was chiefly them class which I found waitin at the gates the other mornin.

I saw at once that the Tower was established on a firm basis. In the entire history of firm basisis I don't find a basis more firmer than this one.

"You have no Tower in America?" said a man in the crowd, who had somehow detected my denomination.

"Alars! no," I anserd; "we boste of our enterprise and improovments, and yit we are devoid of a Tower. America, oh my onhappy country! thou hast not got no Tower! It's a sweet Boon."

The gates was opened after awhile, and we all purchist tickets, and went into a waitin-room.

"My frens," said a pale-faced little man, in black close, "this is a sad day."

"Inasmuch as to how?" I said.

"I mean it is sad to think that so many peple have been killed within these gloomy walls. My frens, let us drop a tear!"

"No," I said, "you must excuse me. Others may drop one if they feel like it; but as for me, I decline. The early managers of this institution were a bad lot, and their crimes was trooly orful; but I can't sob for those who died four or five hundred years ago. If they was my own relations I couldn't. It's absurd to shed sobs over things which occur durin the rain of HENRY THE THREE. Let us be cheerful," I continnerd. "Look at the festiv Warders, in their red flannil jackets. They are cheerful, and why should it not be thusly with us?"

A Warder now took us in charge, and showed us the Trater's Gate, the armers, and things. The Trater's Gate is wide enuff to admit about twenty traters abreast, I should jedge; but beyond this, I couldn't see that it was superior to gates in gen'ral.

Traters, I will here remark, are a onfortnit class of peple. If they wasn't, they wouldn't be traters. They conspire to bust up a country—they fail, and they're traters. They bust her, and they become statesmen and heroes.

Take the case of GLOSTER, afterwards Old DICK THE THREE, who may be seen at the Tower, on horseback, in a heavy tin overcoat—take MR. GLOSTER's case. MR. G. was a conspiritor of the basist dye, and if he'd failed, he would have been hung on a sour apple-tree. But MR. G. succeeded, and became great. He was slewd by COL. RICHMOND, but he lives in histry, and his equestrian figger may be seen daily for a sixpence, in conjunction with other em'nent persons, and no extry charge for the Warder's able and bootiful lectur.

There's one king in this room who is mounted onto a foamien steed, his right hand graspin a barber's pole. I didn't learn his name.

The room where the daggers and pistils and other weppins is kept is interestin. Among this collection of choice cuttlery I notist the bow and arrer which those hot-heded old chaps used to conduct battles with. It is quite like the bow and arrer used at this day by certin tribes of American Injuns, and they shoot 'em off with such a excellent precision that I almost sigh'd to be a Injun, when I was in the Rocky Mountain regin. They are a pleasant lot them Injuns. MR. COOPER and DR. CATLIN have told us of the red man's wonderul eloquence, and I found it so. Our party was stopt on the plains of Utah by a band of Shoshones, whose chief said, "Brothers! the pale-face is welcome. Brothers! the sun is sinkin in the West, and WA-HA-BUCKY-SHE will soon cease speakin. Brothers! the poor red man belongs to a race which is fast becomin extink." He then whooped in a shrill manner, stole all our blankets and whiskey, and fled to the primeval forest to conceal his emotions.

I will remark here, while on the subject of Injuns, that they are in the main a very shaky set, with even less sense than the Fenians, and when I hear philanthropists bewailin the fact that every year "carries the noble red man nearer the settin sun," I simply have to say I'm glad of it, tho' it is rough on the settin sun. They call you by the sweet name of Brother one minit, and the next they scalp you with their Thomashawks. But I wander. Let us return to the Tower.

At one end of the room where the weppins is kept, is a wax figger of QUEEN ELIZABETH, mounted on a fiery stuffed hoss, whose glass eye flashes with pride, and whose red moroker nostril dilates hawtily, as if conscious of the royal burden he bears. I have associated ELIZABETH with the Spanish Armady. She's mixed up with it at the Surry Theatre, where *Troo to the Core* is bein acted, and in which a full bally core is introjooed on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, givin the audiens the idee that he intends openin a moosic-hall in Plymouth the moment he conkers that town. But a very interestin drammer is *Troo to the Core*, notwithstanding the eccentric conduct of the Spanish Admiral; and very nice it is in QUEEN ELIZABETH to make MARTIN TRUGOLD a baronet.

The Warder shows us some instrouments of tortur, such as thumb-screws, throat-collars, etc., statin that these was conkerd from the Spanish Armady, and addin what a crooil peple the Spaniards was in

them days—which elissited from a bright-eyed little girl of about twelve summers the remark that she tho't it *was* rich to talk about the crooilty of the Spaniards usin thumb-screws, when we was in a Tower where so many poor peple's heads had been cut off. This made the Warder stammer and turn red.

I was so pleased with the little girl's brightness that I could have kissed the dear child, and I would if she'd been six years older.

I think my companions intended makin a day of it, for they all had sandwiches, sassage, etc. The sad-lookin man, who had wanted us to drop a tear afore we started to go round, fling'd such quantities of sassage into his mouth, that I expected to see him choke himself to death, he said to me, in the Beauchamp Tower, where the poor prisoners writ their onhappy names on the cold walls "This is a sad sight."

"It is, indeed," I anserd. "You're black in the face. You shouldn't eat sassage in public without some rehearsals beforehand. You manage it orkwardly."

"No," he said, "I mean this sad room."

Indeed, he was quite right. Tho' so long ago all these drefful things happened, I was very glad to git away from this gloomy room, and go where the rich and sparklin Crown Jewels is kept. I was so pleased with the QUEEN'S Crown, that it occurd to me what a agree'ble surprise it would be to send a sim'lar one home to my wife; and I asked the Warder what was the vally of a good, well-constructed Crown like that. He told me, but on cypherin up with a pencil the amount of funs I have in the Jint Stock Bank, I conclooded I'd send her a genteel silver watch instid.

And so I left the Tower. It is a solid and commandin edifis, but I deny that it is cheerful. I bid it adoo without a pang.

I was droven to my hotel by the most melancholly driver of a four-wheeler that I ever saw. He heaved a deep sigh as I gave him two shillins. "I'll give you six s's more," I said, "if it hurts you so."

"It isn't that," he said, with a hart-rendin groan, "it's only a way I have. My mind's upset to-day. I at one time tho't I'd drive you into the Thames. I've been readin all the daily papers to try and understand about GOVERNOR AYER, and my mind is totterin. It's really wonderul I didn't drive you into the Thames."

I asked the onhappy man what his number was, so I could redily find him in case I should want him agin, and bad him good-bye. And then I tho't what a frolicsome day I'd made of it.

Respectably, &c.

ARTEMUS WARD.

SENTIMENT IN A SMOCK FROCK.

THERE's many a larned discussor,
Holds death of all evils the wust.
But I thinka there's one that's still wusser,
And that is when Beauty goes fust.

Thee, Sweetheart, like many another,
Bist lissome as e'er a fawn now;
But what a fat ooman's thy mother!
A good dale more like an old zow.

And I, if so be as I marry thee,
And lives about twenty year more;
Shall find I beant yeable to carry thee,
If thee't be as she wuz afore.

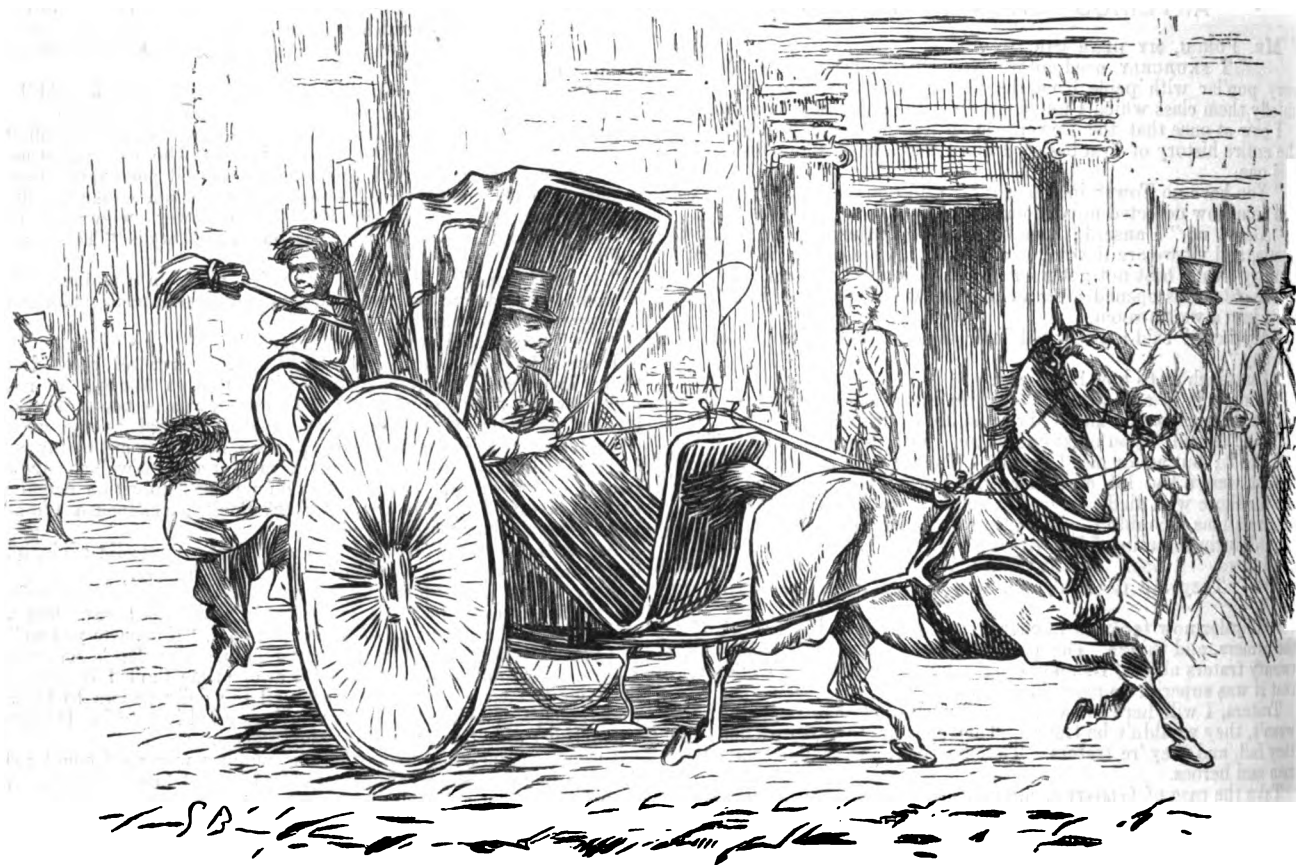
LADIES AND THEIR LUGGAGE.

ONE finds in our old Comedies the term "baggage" applied on some occasions to a woman, at times as an endearment and at times as a reproach. The word is well nigh obsolete, but we think that it might be revived with some propriety, in its latter sense at any rate, when we notice in the newspapers such paragraphs as this:—

"The American public have been greatly astonished by the announcement that MADAME B— requires 107 trunks and boxes to carry her personal baggage—a number far in excess of the standard heretofore necessary for a Saratoga belle in full fashion."

What luggage may be needful for a Saratoga belle we are not competent to guess. Peradventure eighty trunks and boxes may content her, or indeed, if they be big ones, fifty may suffice. Ladies here in London now go about in trains, but the Saratoga swellesses must go about in luggage trains, for every lady must require a dozen railway trucks at least for all the luggage that she takes with her. When we picture the hundred or more trunks that ladies travel with, we cannot help reflecting how happy is the elephant, whose wife, when on a journey, only has one trunk!

THE BEST REMEDY FOR A KNOCK-OUT.—A Knock Down.



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," &c.

SPANKER THINKS HIS NEW BOY MUST BE A GREAT SET-OFF TO HIS CAB, ELSE WHY DO PEOPLE SEEM TO ADMIRE HIM MORE THAN USUAL!

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

At Furze Cottage. A Literary Conversation.

Notes written down soon after my arrival at Fraser's.—The groom who took me in the pony carriage was not quite certain which was Furze cottage. After going up a considerable hill, we came to a door which seemed to appear suddenly out of a plantation. There was nothing outside to indicate that it belonged to the FRASERS, or anybody else. Here I find notes made on the spot.

Pretty place, if FRASER's or any one's. Honeysuckles, creepers and crawlers all over the wall.

Happy Thought.—Must learn the names of plants. *Typical Developments*, Vol. VII., to be entirely devoted to Floriculture.

See a small window: a child appears at it. I call out to him, is this MR. FRASER's? Whereupon he makes faces at me. Little idiot. I repeat my question, and he repeats his faces. I threaten him, when he suddenly disappears, having, as I hope, tumbled off a chair. If this is the FRASERS, they have children, or at all events one child, who makes faces at visitors. I don't like this.

Why the groom on seeing the child should say, "Oh, yes, this is Furze Cottage," I don't know: on looking again at the window I catch sight of a comely nurserymaid, and from certain indications on her countenance I am inclined to think that the groom is upon, at all events, winking terms with the domestic. The groom gets out to ring the bell while I hold the reins. I am glad when he has rung, and is at the pony's head.

Happy Thought.—Must practise my driving.

A youngish butler opens the door, he lacks the stateliness of the archbishop at Furze Lodge, but he is dapper and genial; and a butler should be genial. Wishing to do things well for the sake of the FRASERS, and with a view to reading the Duke's groom the useful lesson that a menial mustn't despise anyone who may happen to be shown out of a nobleman's house, I give him half-a-crown. I watched the effect upon him. None, visibly. Turning suddenly, a few seconds afterwards, I am confident I saw him with the half-crown in his right eye, pretending to ogle the nurserymaid at the window. Analysing this act subsequently,

(with a view to materials for chapter on *Human Nature*), I find in it ingratitude, immorality and tomfoolery. [*Query.* Why Tom foolery, why not Henry-foolery or John-foolery. Must think over this, and startle the world when I've found it out.]

Happy Thought.—That groom's a Lothario. Who was Lothario? Useful thing to get a history of him. Everybody is hearty at FRASERS. The butler and the footman are hearty. They get out my luggage heartily. They hang up my hat, on a peg in the hall, heartily. The butler putting down my hat-box "thinks that that's all," heartily. The footman thinks yes, that that's all, very heartily. They smile at one another and breathe, heartily. I begin to feel hearty myself. The load of the aristocracy is off me, now that the Duke's groom (much worse than the Duke himself as oppressing me, until I saw him with my coin in his right eye) is gone. I notice that there are about ten pairs of little shoes, and hoops, and hoopsticks in the hall. The FRASERS have evidently a large family. Didn't know this before. MRS. PLYTE FRASER comes in from the garden. She talks in italics, most heartily. "So glad to see me: so delighted: so sorry if I hadn't come: should never have forgiven me: never. You'll have a cup of tea? We're just come in to have tea: and a chat: so long since we've had a chat." MRS. FRASER then gives some directions about MASTER ADOLPHUS coming down to dinner, and the others to dessert. Very large family, I'm afraid. Asking for FRASER, I am told he is arranging a bin. I like MRS. PLYTE FRASER, she is thoroughly appreciative. She is fond of literature, specially of the higher walks in which I am engaged, and she interests herself in what interests me. I shall get her to give me an opinion on the first Chapter of *Typical Developments*. A clever woman's opinion is worth a great deal; and then, of course, she represents a class. Now my mistake in appealing at all to BOODELS was, that he didn't represent anybody.

Odd question for MRS. FRASER to put to me, almost directly we are in the drawing-room, "So you're not married yet?" I laugh, and reply, "No, I'm not married yet," having, in fact, no other answer ready. She returns, knowingly, "Well, we'll see what we can do for you?" I smile, but I don't quite like this style of conversation. Analysing it, subsequently, for materials for chapter on *Human Nature*, I find in it frivolity and curiosity. I take this opportunity while we're

sipping our tea of informing MRS. FRASER how hard at work I am on *Typical Developments*. She says, "Oh, she should like to see it so much! I must read it to her;" and adds slyly, "I'm sure it's romantic; I do like anything really romantic."

She is so enthusiastic on the subject that I don't feel inclined to explain that it has nothing to do with romance, but say dubiously, as if I hadn't quite made up my mind about it, "Well, no, not perhaps exactly romantic, that is in the sense you mean." She was at me in a moment, she is so quick, "Romantic in another sense? I don't quite understand." Being unable to put it in a clearer light, I say smiling mysteriously, "You shall see," which pacifies her for the time.

Happy Thought.—I'll throw in a little romantic touch here and there, before I read it to her. Perhaps it would improve it: on consideration, I don't quite see how.

Here three young ladies join us. The MISSES SYMPERSON and MISS FLORELLY. I wish MRS. FRASER wouldn't introduce me as "a gentleman of whose literary fame you've often heard, I've no doubt." It is so awkward when people don't know anything about you. This was the case with the SYMPERSONS and MISS FLORELLY: rather stupid girls. When MRS. FRASER said this, I laughed and said "Oh, no, no, no," as if their ignorance of me was just pardonable and that's all.

Happy Thought.—I must get something published at once, because, then, when you are introduced, as above, you can refer to some work or other that everyone knows something about. But if you're introduced as a gentleman of great literary fame, and on being asked what you've written are obliged to reply "nothing," it makes one look so foolish. I don't say "nothing," I qualify it; I reply, "I have published nothing though I have written a great deal," and then I depreciate publication as merely a gratification of personal vanity. This was what I said to MISS HARDING, who is another young lady at the FRASERS', supposed to be very clever and very sharp, and asked, I find, on my account. MISS HARDING replies, "Gratification of personal vanity! then MILTON, BEN JONSON, SHAKESPEARE, BACON, CHAUCER, simply gratified their vanity? for they all published. You surely can't mean that?" I do not mean that, or at least I didn't expect to be taken up so quickly, and wish to goodness she wouldn't talk so loud, as MRS. FRASER, and everyone in the room is listening. I feel that I am placed on my mettle: by a girl only eighteen, too! I reply, "No, they were not, vain,—and when I said that publication was a gratification of vanity, I did not suppose for one minute you would understand it literally." Everyone, I see, is satisfied with this answer: she is not. "If not literally," she returns, "how do you mean it metaphorically?" I reply, seeing that everybody is waiting for me to crush her, "Well, you see, you must analyse the motives which prompt a man of high cultivation and lofty soul-stirring aspirations to"—here PLYTE FRASER himself comes in, from the wine-cellar. He dusts himself and shakes hands with me apologetically, "Glad to see you—don't let me interrupt you." I say, "No, no, not at all." "Ah," says he to MISS HARDING, "you get him to sing to you 'The Little Pig Jumped over the Wall.' It's capital—he does the squeak, and everything." MISS HARDING raises her eyebrows, and I protest I don't sing; now—that I've given it up. PLYTE FRASER insists: "You'll give it us this evening—squeak and all—and we'll have the children down to hear it." Here he slaps me gently on the back. He's stopped too long in the wine-cellar; a little tasting is a dangerous thing. I must take the first opportunity I can of explaining to FRASER that I am not a buffoon.

MRS. FRASER and the other ladies are in the garden. One of the boy FRASERS, nine years old, is there. I don't know how many children they have: on inspection I don't think this is the one who made faces at me from the window. We join them. At any other time I should have disdained croquet, but a man who does the pig and the squeak (confound FRASER's memory!) cannot affect to be above a simple lawn sport like croquet. MISS FLORELLY says to me sweetly during the game, "Oh, I do hope you'll sing that song about the pig. MR. FRASER says you wrote it yourself. It's wonderful to me how you can think of such clever things." Here's a reputation: not as the author of *Typical Developments*, but the writer of "The Little Pig Jumped," who sings it, and does the squeak himself! When shall I be known in my true character? When will my lofty aspirations be recognised? I think all this in a corner of the croquet-ground, and I find myself frowning horribly.

Here I am called upon to push a ball through a hoop: I fail. The boy FRASER says, "You can't play as well as I can," and is told not to be rude. MISS HARDING not only laughs at me, but hits me (I mean my ball) to the other end of the ground. The boy FRASER then alters his remark, "You can't play as well as MISS HARDING, you can't." I say pleasantly enough, wishing to be friends with her, "You've sent me a long way off, MISS HARDING," and she replies curtly, "Yes, terrible, isn't it?" The boy FRASER, whom I begin to detest, says, "You can't run as fast as I can." I nod to him pleasantly to propitiate the boy, but he only asks "What do you mean by that?" and imitates me. I have to run across the ground: I am conscious of not appearing to advantage when running. I wish that croquet had never been invented: I feel that I am scowling again: it

strains me to smile. Now at BOODELS one wasn't bothered to play at croquet with women and children. I must explain to MRS. FRASER that I want to have as much time as possible to myself for working, and I can't be playing croquet all day. FRASER himself doesn't play, and I'm the only man here. He looks into the ground for one minute, and says, "Hullo, getting on all right?" I reply, smilingly, "Oh, yes, all right," and he disappears into the cellar again, I believe, as the next time I see him is in the hall, with a couple of cobwebby bottles in his hands. Bell: thank heaven: dinner time. The worst of being the only man with five ladies is that one has to pick up all the croquet balls, put the mallets back in the box, draw the stumps, and carry the whole lot of things into the house. The boy FRASER refuses to assist me, and says, "Pick 'em up yourself." Nice child this! I should like to pinch him, or box his ears; but I'm afraid, he'd make such a noise.

Happy Thought while Dressing for Dinner.—To tell FRASER quietly that I don't care about croquet, and then he'll get me out of it another time. Hope there's not a party at dinner. Hope he's forgotten all about asking me to sing "The Little Pig." * * * Lost a stud. Can't find it anywhere. This is annoying. Hate going down hot and uncomfortable to dinner. Ring bell. Footman after some delay answers it. He brings up hot water, (which I've had before) and announces that dinner will be ready in five minutes. We both look for the stud. He thinks his master has a set, though he don't generally wear 'em. While he is gone, I find that the stud is missing which fastens my collar. Ring the bell again. This causes another bell to ring. Hate giving trouble in a strange house. Little boy FRASER comes to the door as the butler enters with more hot water. The horrid boy makes remarks on my dress. I tell the domestic my difficulty. Master don't wear studs, it appears. The boy FRASER is overhauling the things on my table. I ask him to leave my comb alone, and he goes to the brushes. The footman (with more hot water, not knowing the butler was there), says the Maid would pin it on, if that would do? That must do. The boy FRASER is putting hair oil on my clean pocket-handkerchief. He thinks it's scent. Another minute and the Maid appears. Shall she sew on a button? "Is there time," I ask. "Well, she'll try," she answers, and goes for the button. I implore the boy FRASER, who is now trying on my boots, to go away. He won't. The dinner-bell rings. Now I'm keeping them waiting. Boy FRASER informs me that he's coming down to dessert. Maid returns. What a time sewing takes. Painful attitude it is to stand in, with your head in the air, and trying all the while to see what a mischievous child is doing with your watch. Done at last. White tie won't come right. Dash it, let it come wrong. Rush down to the drawing-room. Obligated to leave horrid boy in my room. I stop on the stairs. Forgotten my watch. Run up again. Rescue it from boy who was going to examine the works with the aid of my gold pin. Luckily one of his nurses appears. I leave them to fight it out, and rush down-stairs again. At drawing-room door, standing on mat to button my waistcoat, which, in my hurry, I had left undone. Door opens. Every one is coming out.

Happy Thought.—Always be careful to finish dressing before one makes a public appearance. Apologies from Master and Mistress of the house. Large party; all paired, except myself and a youth from school about fourteen years' old in jackets. I don't know him at all, but he wants to be sportive, and says, "I s'pose you'll take me in." I snub him. I think the servants are laughing at something he's doing. Hate boys of this age. It was a smaller one than this who made faces at me from the window.

Dinner.—Seated: next to the Lady of the House. MISS HARDING on the other side. I mentally note as not at all a happy thought, that if there's anything to carve I shall have to do it. I hope the old gentleman on the other side of MRS. FRASER will offer first. She introduces us across. He is an American general. On being told by MRS. FRASER of my literary fame he only says, "Oh! indeed," and appears surprised. I wish she wouldn't say anything about it. I have my pocket-book ready for short-hand notes, as he'll be full of information. Dinner goes on.

SHAFTESBURY ON SWEEPS.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, in the address delivered by him to the Social Science Congress at Manchester, said:—

"When England, a few years ago, took a high and noble tone in denouncing American slavery, an accomplished and zealous lady, of the Southern States, alluding, in a tale called 'Til for Tat,' to the wretched chimney-sweepers, upbraided us with our hypocrisy, that, while we had so much sympathy with the blacks, we had none whatever for our own white children."

The remark thus quoted by the noble Lord suggests a somewhat interesting inquiry, namely, whether our chimney-sweepers are white or black. Perhaps they may be said to be white and black also; thus proving that under certain conditions black is white and white is black. The discussion of this question might have, perhaps, not unprofitably occupied the time and attention of the Congress for the Advancement of Social Science.

A BUTTON BURST AT BERLIN.

AN accident, which might have been attended with fatal consequences, happened the other day to the KING OF PRUSSIA. His MAJESTY, after dinner, requested COUNT BISMARCK, who had been invited to a seat at the Royal table, to read out to him a report of the address delivered by LORD BROUGHAM to the Social Science Congress. 'The Minister,' reading on, came to this passage:—

"In the middle of the nineteenth century a wide-spreading war has raged, and tens of thousands have perished, or been consigned to a life of wretchedness by their wounds, and all this has been made to secure an extension of dominion or increase of affluence."

Here BISMARCK momentarily paused, and slightly grinned. The KING groaned and turned up the whites of his eyes, and then thrust his tongue in his cheek. Again BISMARCK proceeded, reciting to his sovereign's great amusement, the rest of LORD BROUGHAM's remarks on the subject of war, until he arrived at the following declaration:—

"Nor will mankind ever be free from the scourge of war until they learn to call things by their proper names, to give crimes the same epithets, whatever outward form they may assume, and to regard with equal abhorrence the conqueror who slakes his lust of dominion with the blood of his fellow-creatures, and the more vulgar criminal, who is



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 9.

LAVINIA TAKES A SIESTA.

executed for taking the life of a way-faring man that he may seize upon his purse."

At this, COUNT BISMARCK made another face, as though he couldn't help it, and KING WILLIAM fell into a violent fit of laughter. His MAJESTY laughed so long and heartily that he became almost blue in the face, and so strong were his convulsions of merriment as at one time to suggest fears for the safety of the royal sides. At last something was actually heard to give way, but this audible rupture proved to be nothing worse than that of a waistcoat button which the KING had burst. When he came to himself he declared that he was much delighted to find the venerable LORD BROUGHAM capable, at his time of life, of making so capital a joke as the comparison of a successful conqueror to a cut-purse and a cut-throat.

An Airy Nothing.

To "A Young Astronomer" who asks our advice as to the best method of observing the stars, we reply—"Go to Devonshire, for there you may with advantage study the Cidereal System."

WHAT is the companion game to ParLOUR Croquet? Cricket on the Hearth.



AND THE FRIGHTFUL SITUATION SHE FINDS HERSELF IN AT THE END OF IT.



ON THE MOORS. CONSIDERATE—VERY!

Laura. "OH, CHARLES, DO RUN TO KITTY! SHE DAREN'T COME ON, AND HER PONY IS CARRYING ALL THE BEST OF THE LUNCHEON!"

OUR SOCIAL CHURCH SCIENCE CONGRESS.

(From Our Colwell-Hatchney Correspondent.)

I've been quiet, haven't I, for a long time. But what of that? Is it because a Briton must never be a slave that therefore he is to submit to tyranny? Never! Our Christmas holidays are put off until Midsummer, and we, the students of Colwell-Hatchney, have complained in consequence. There was a grand demonstration which no one was able to attend, for reasons which are easier described than imagined. But we have had a Social Church Congress. All shades of opinion were represented, including sun-shades, lamp-shades, and PEPPER'S Ghost.

To prevent any unseemly squabbling, it was provided that there should be no argument above a whisper, unless enforced at the point of the bayonet. Playing on the flute was strictly prohibited. Periwinkles admitted half price: No shrimps, except by voucher. Evening dress at first: afterwards Harlequin. Villains of the deepest dye can only be admitted under ten years of age free.

On the evening of the eleventh ultimo, which followed, as you may remember, the sixty-first proximo [quartered in Ireland for the time being,] the Congress was held as tightly as possible in the Dormitory, after the lights were put out. Thousands were unable to gain admittance. In spite of the crowded state of the place, a proposal was made to open the ceiling, and let in a few of our weaker brethren in the room above. This was negatived by five, armed with fire-shovels, to one, without. They then shook hands, and got to their corners.

The Meeting was divided into Sections. One Section that liked it, and one that didn't. Another Section that hated it whatever it was, and another that only knew it to love it. They all wreathed the bowl with smiles. The extreme Ritualist party, who were scarcely to be detected from the Anti-rituals in the dark, wore nightgowns and caps, according to their degrees. One wore a splendid robe of 60 degrees in the shade. At 8.30 the clock struck nine, and all was delirious joy. On the first cessation of hostilities, several members wanted to adjourn to the infirmary. (Cries of "Yah!" "Coward!" "Sneak!")

A gentleman calling himself the Bishop of Hippopotamus asked the first question, "Do you bruise your oats?" (Cries of "Shut up!" "Bruise!" "You're Another!" and so forth.)

An Apology was then read from an Oratorio who was to have enlivened the proceedings. In his absence the *Hailstone Chorus* was performed by all the students. Every available instrument was used. The effect was electrical: in fact, the Principal of the College came in and owned that he was shocked. (Meeting adjourned until he'd gone.)

On re-meeting, a representative of the Irish Church asked any one to tread on the tail of his night-gown. Here shillelaghs were introduced, and ten minutes were allowed for refreshment. Time called. Hunt the slipper and other amusements served to pass away another hour or so, and when Aurora with her snowy streaks brought happiness to the fair maiden who dwells on the tower (admission fee to warder sixpence), then, and not till then, did the party separate, throwing boots and shoes at each other's heads for good luck. The good luck was, not to get much hurt. The casualties are still unreported; but all acknowledged that they had spent a rational and truly instructive evening.

THE WAY TO WOMANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

THE cause of Womanhood Suffrage was ably pleaded by MADAME BARBARA BODICHON, at the Social Science Congress, and MADAME BODICHON was gallantly followed on the same line by DR. MARY WALKER. It may safely be said that if every man is fit to vote, so is every woman; on conditions. These, of course, are, that if women are to exercise political functions, like men, they must accept all the obligations of the sterner sex. For instance, the right of voting would give women a voice in the organisation of the army. This ought not to exist apart from liability to be drawn for the Militia, or to become subject to conscription, if that method of recruiting should come to be adopted in this country. The ladies who sigh for the suffrage should lose no time in enrolling themselves in regiments of Amazonian volunteers to signify that whilst they demand the rights, they are ready to accept the duties of citizenship.



MAKING THE MOST OF IT, AND HOW TO DO IT.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

*(An Intellectual Dinner and Musical Evening at Furze Cottage.)**Notes made at intervals during the evening, collected at night.*

At Dinner. In consequence of having to listen to several whispered observations on the company present from MRS. PLYTE FRASER, who tells me who every one is, and how clever they all are, I find myself left alone, eating fish. I make three picks at my fish and finish. The butler and footman are both in the room, but neither will catch my eye, and I can't get my plate removed. The coachman, who comes in to wait occasionally, and is very hot and uncomfortable all the time, does catch my eye, and sees me pointing to my plate. He looks in a frightened manner at me, as though begging me not to ask him to do anything on his own account. He is evidently debating with himself whether he oughtn't to tell the butler that I'm making signs. I should say that this coachman is snubbed by the others. His role for waiting appears to be, when in doubt play the lobster sauce; which he hands with everything.

MRS. FRASER whispers to me to draw the American General out. "He was in the war," she says, behind her fan. I say, "Oh, indeed!" and commence the process of drawing out. It's a difficult art. The first question is everything. I ask him, diffidently, "How he liked the war?" Before he can reply, MRS. FRASER informs the company, as if she were exhibiting the military hero, "Ah! GENERAL DUNCAMMON was in all the great engagements—". The General shuts his eye and nods towards a salt-cellar. "He knew," she continues, still exhibiting him, "all the leading men there—". The General looks round the table cautiously to see, perhaps, if anybody else did,—"and he was in the very centre of the battle, where he received a dreadful sabre wound, at— at—" she looks for assistance to the General, who seems rather more staggered than he probably did in the battle, and PLYTE FRASER, from the top of the table, supplies, "Bull's Run." "Bull's Run," repeats MRS. FRASER to the General, as if challenging him to contradict it if he dares. "GENERAL DUNCAMMON's property," she goes on, still lecturing on him as a kind of mechanical wax-work figure, "was all—all—dear me, what's the word I want?" She turns to me abruptly. I don't know. The General doesn't know. Everybody being appealed to, separately, "has the word on the tip of his tongue!" "You," says MRS. FRASER to me, "of course have quite a storehouse of words. I never can imagine an author without a perfect magazine of words. It must be so delightful *always* to be able to say what you want, you know. Now what is the word I'm waiting for? You know, when a man has all his property taken by Government—taken away—not 'compromised'—no—dear me—" All eyes are upon me. Of course I know. Boldly but with a nervous feeling that I'm not quite right yet, I say, "Sequestered," and lean back in my chair.

Happy Thought.—Sequestered.

MRS. FRASER adopts it. "Sequestered by Government." Miss HARDING goes into a fit of laughing. I see the mistake, so does MRS. FRASER, so does every one. Everyone laughs. They all think it's my joke, and MRS. FRASER taps me on the hand with her fan and

WAS LORD BYRON A SPIRITUALIST?

PRAY, *Mr. Punch*, are Spirits ever resident in things animate as well as things inanimate? For instance, do they dwell in fish as well as furniture? I am led to put the question by perusal of a passage in LORD BYRON's play of *Manfred*, which in my edition is printed wrongly thus:—

"I should be *sole* in this sweet solitude,
And with the Spirit of the place divide
The sovereignty of these waters."

Clearly, the word "place" ought to have an "i" in it. Any one may see that with only half an eye. From the context it is obvious that "place" the fish is here alluded to, and not "place" the locality. By the emphasis which is laid upon the two words "sole" and "place," it is clear that an antithesis is marked between two fish. Spirits, we know, are often found in water, and I can see no reason why they should not exist in fish. At any rate, I fancy that the passage I have cited is a good proof that LORD BYRON fully entertained the notion that Spirits *do* exist; and this, no doubt, will be considered extremely satisfactory to those who think that Spirits are really

WORTH A RAP.

NOTE BY AN EVANGELICAL.

"Dangerous Crossings."—Those of the Ritualistic party.

explains to the General "sequestered you know for sequestered." Everyone laughs again, except Miss HARDING, who, MRS. FRASER keeps whispering to me is "such a clever girl, so well read. Draw her out." She won't be drawn out any more than the General. The party, I subsequently find, has been asked expressly to meet me, and the FRASERS do their best to give everything a literary turn. Odd; I don't feel a bit brilliant this evening. Very disappointing this must be to the guests. I can't even talk to Miss HARDING. In consequence of what is expected of me, I can't stoop to talk about the weather, or what anyone's "been doing to-day." After the haunch of venison I am going to begin to Miss HARDING about "the Human Mind in its several aspects," when she says, "I thought you authors were full of conversation and sparkling wit." It's rather rude of her, but MRS. FRASER shouldn't lead her to expect so much. I can only say, "Did you?" As an afterthought I ask "Why?" She replies, "Well, one reads of the meetings of such men as SHERIDAN, BURKE, GRATTAN, DR. JOHNSON, and they seem to have said witty things every moment." I feel that I am called upon to defend the literary character for *esprit* in the present day. I reply, "Well, you see," deliberately, "it's so different now, it's in fact more—" I am interrupted by a gentleman, on the other side, in a white waistcoat and iron-grey whiskers, "No wits now-a-days," he says. "Why I recollect COLERIDGE, COUNT D'ORSAY, SCOTT, SOUTHEY and TOMMY MOORE, with old MAGINN, Sir, at one table. Then, Sir, there was poor HOOK, and MATHEWS, and YATES. I'm talking of a time before you were born or thought of—" He says this as if he'd done something clever in being born when he was, and as if I'd made an entire mistake in choosing my time for an existence. Every one is attending to the gentleman in the white waistcoat, who defies contradiction, because all his stories are of a time before any one at the table "was born or thought of." It's very annoying that there should ever have been such a period.

Happy Thought.—In Chap. X., Book IX. of *Typical Developments*. "The Vanity of Existence." From literature he gets to the Drama. He seems to remember every actor. According to him, no one ever did anything in literature or art, without asking his advice. His name is BROUNTON, and he speaks of himself in the third person as HARRY. I try to speak to Miss HARDING, but she is listening to a story from BROUNTON about "Old MATHEWS." "You didn't know old MATHEWS," he says to FRASER, who humbly admits he didn't. "Ah, I recollect, before he ever thought of giving his entertainment, his coming to me and saying, 'HARRY, my boy—he always called me HARRY—' HARRY, my boy, says he, 'I'd give a hundred pounds to be able to sing and speak like you.' 'I wish I could lend it you, MATTY,' I said to him—I used to call him MATTY—but HARRY BROUNTON wouldn't part with his musical ear for—" Here a diversion is created by the entrance of the children. I see the one who made faces at me from the window. Ugly boy. The child who would bother me when I was dressing is between MRS. FRASER and myself. I give him grapes and fruit to propitiate him: great point to make friends with juveniles. He whispers to me, presently, "You don't know what me and CONNY's done." I say, cheerfully, "No, I can't guess." He whispers, "We've been playing at going out of town with your box." I should like to pinch him. He continues, whispering, "I say,

it's in your room, you know: we got such a lot of things in it." I don't like to tell MRS. FRASER, who says, "There, DOLLY, don't be troublesome." I am distracted. The boy on the side of MRS. FRASER (he was the nuisance in the croquet ground) says, pointing at me, "Oh, he's got such a funny hat," and is immediately silenced, I should like to hear more about this hat. I ask DOLLY, who whispers, "the nurse took it away from him, 'cos she said that he'd hurt himself." The little FRASERS have evidently been smashing my *gibus*. The ladies rise, and the children go with them. "You won't stop long," says MRS. FRASER, persuasively. "No, no," answers FRASER. "Because, I've allowed the children to sit up on purpose," continues MRS. FRASER, looking at me. "All right," returns FRASER; "we'll just have one glass of wine and then we'll come into the drawing-room, and"—smiling on me—"he'll give us '*The Little Pig Jumped*,' with the squeak and all."

I find that all the guests have been asked expressly to hear me sing this: I also find that there are a great many people coming in the evening for the same special purpose. I haven't done it for years. FRASER seems to think that any man who writes is merely a buffoon. I only wonder that he doesn't ask me to dance a saraband for the amusement of his friends. I am astonished at MRS. FRASER. I tell FRASER I've forgotten the song. He won't hear of it: he says, "You'll remember it as you go on." I say, I can't get on without a good accompaniment. He returns that the Elder Miss SYMPERSON plays admirably. Every one says, "Oh, you must sing." The American General who speaks for the first time, now says, "He's come ten miles to hear it." BROWNTON supposes "I don't recollect Old MATHEWS at Home?" I don't, and he has me at a disadvantage.

He goes on to ask me if I accompany myself? No, I don't. "Ah!" says he, "I recollect THEODORE HOOK sitting down to the piano and dashing off a song and an accompaniment impromptu. You don't improvise?" he asks me. I am obliged to own frankly that I do not, but in the tone of one who could if he liked. "Ah," he goes on, "you should hear the Italian Improvisatori! Ever been to Italy?" No, I haven't: he has, and again I am at a disadvantage. "Ah," he exclaims, "that is something like improvisation: such fire and humour—more than in the French. Of course you know all BÉRANGER's songs by heart?" Before I have time to say that I know a few, he is off again. "Ah! the French comic songs are so light and sparkling. No English comic song can touch them—and then, where are your singers?" I wish to goodness he'd not been asked to hear "*The Little Pig*." Going out of the dining-room, FRASER says to me, "Capital fellow, BROWNTON, isn't he: so amusing." If I don't admit it FRASER will think me envious and ill-natured; so I say heartily, "BROWNTON! very amusing fellow—great fun,"—and we are in the drawing-room.

Here I find all the people who have been invited in the evening. I should like to be taken ill. The children are at me at once. "Ma says you're to sing." Little brutes! The elder Miss SYMPERSON, who will be happy to play for me, is seated near the piano. She is half a head taller than I am, very thin, and very dry. My last chance is trying to frighten her out of accompanying me. I tell her the tune is difficult to catch. Will I hum it to her? I hum it to her. Two children standing by the piano give their version of it. I say, "hush" to them, and lose the tune. Miss SYMPERSON does catch it, and chooses a key for me. FRASER thinking the song is beginning, says "Silence," and interrupts BROWNTON in a loud story about his remembering "Old MATHEWS singing a song about a pig—he was imitable, MATHEWS was"—when I have to explain that we're not ready to begin yet. The conversation is resumed: MRS. FRASER seats herself on an ottoman with her two very youngest children, who are fidgety, near the piano; the two others insist on standing just in front of me by the piano. Miss HARDING takes a small chair quite close to me; by her sits a Captain some-one, who has come in the evening with his sister. I feel that she despises buffoonery, but if the Pig-song is to be anything at all, it must be done with a good deal of facial expression. The Captain is evidently joking with her at my expense. Don't know him, but hate him: because it's very ungentlemanly and unfair to laugh at you, just when you're going to sing a comic song. I tell FRASER, apologetically, that I really am afraid I shall break down. BROWNTON says, "Never mind—improvise." Miss SYMPERSON says, "Shall I begin?" I answer, "If you please," and she plays what she thinks is the air. I am obliged to stop her, and say that it's not quite correct. This makes a hitch to begin with. BROWNTON says something about a tuning-fork, and everyone laughs except the Captain, who is talking in a low tone to Miss HARDING. MRS. FRASER's youngest child on her lap, says, "Ma, why—doo—de"—Hush! Miss SYMPERSON, in not a particularly good temper, plays it again. More like a march than a comic song, but I don't like to tell her so. I begin—

"A little pig lived on the best of straw,
Straw—hee—haw—and Shandiddleaw."

And the idea flashes across my mind what an ass I'm making of myself. At the "hee-haw," the pianist has to do six notes up and down, like a donkey braying. This is one of the points of the song. Miss SYM-

PERSON doesn't do it. I hear, afterwards, that she thought it vulgar, and omitted it purposely. I go on—

"Lillibullero, lillibullero, lillibullero,
Shandiddleaw,
My daddy's a bonny wee man."

I feel it is idiotic. Miss SYMPERSON plays a bar too much. She didn't know I finished there. I beg she won't apologise. Next verse—

"This little pig's mother she was the old sow,
Ow, ow, ow and Shandiddleaw."

I feel it's more idiotic than ever. Here I see Miss HARDING exchanging glances with the Captain, and MRS. FRASER with several ladies; they raise their eyebrows and look grim. I suddenly recollect I've got some rather broad verses coming. The idea also occurs to me for the first time that when FRASER did hear me sing it, years ago, it was amongst a party of bachelors after supper. I go on with lillibullero, and have half a mind to give it up altogether:—

"The Farmer's wife went out for a walk,
Walk, ork, ork, and shandiddle lork.
'I fancy,' says she, 'a slice of good pork.'"

This I used to do, I remember, with a wink and making a face like a Clown. I risk it. I feel I don't do it with spirit, and nobody laughs. I see BROWNTON whisper behind his hand to the American General and I am sure that he's "seen old MATHEWS do this very thing," or something of that sort. Getting desperate I make more hideous faces in the lillibullero chorus. Miss HARDING looks down, the ladies regard one another curiously, I believe they think I've had too much wine, the ugly boy, by the piano, begins to imitate my faces, and the youngest in arms bursts into a violent fit of tears. Miss SYMPERSON stops. The child won't be comforted. MRS. FRASER tells the wretched little brat that "the gentleman won't make any more ugly faces, he won't." And turning to me, asks me to sing it without the grimaces: "They can't," she argues, "be a necessity," and FRASER reminds me, reprovingly, that when I sang it before, I didn't make those faces. I have half a mind to ask him (being rather nettled) what faces I did make? The result is, however, to set the two boys off making faces at their little sisters, for which they are very nearly being ordered off to bed instantly. Miss SYMPERSON asks me, "Shall I go on?" I say, despondently, "yes, if you please, we may as well."

"The farmer's wife was fond of a freak,
Hak, oak, oak, and shandiddleak,
And she made the little pig squeak, squeak, squeak."

Here used to follow the imitation. I think it better not to do it now, and am proceeding with the next verse when FRASER says, "Hallo! I say, do the squeak." I tell him I can't, I don't feel up to it. He says, "Oh, do try." I hear Miss HARDING say, "Oh, do try." The Captain, too, remarks (I see his eye) "He hopes I'll try," and BROWNTON hopes the same thing, and then tells something about Hook (probably) behind his hand to the General. I say, "Very well," and yield. I begin squeaking: I shut my eyes and squeak: I open them and squeak. I try it four times, but am obliged to own publicly "that there is no fun in it unless you're in cue for it." No one seems in cue for it. The children begin squeaking, and are all packed off to bed. People begin to resume the conversation. I say to FRASER I don't think there's any use in going on with the song? He answers, "Oh, yes, do—do by all means." But as he is not by any means enthusiastic about it, I thank Miss SYMPERSON, who acknowledges it very stiffly and coldly, and cuts me for the remainder of the evening. BROWNTON comes up and tells me loudly, "That he remembers old MATHEWS doing that song, or something exactly like it, years ago; it was admirable." Miss FLORELLY asks me quietly, "If I'd written many songs." I disown the authorship of the pig. The Captain sings a sentimental ballad about "*Meet me where the Flow'et droops*" to Miss HARDING's accompaniment, and every one is charmed.

Happy Thought.—Bed-time. I'll never sing again as long as I live.

In my Room.—My shirts, brushes, combs, ties, opera-hat, fire-irons, boots, collars, sponges, and everything, have been thrown anyhow into my portmanteau. Who the—

Oh, I recollect: this is what that horrid little wretch meant, when he told me at dessert, that he and his sister had been playing at packing up in my room.

I wish I was back at BOONELS'. I dare say they're dragging the pond, and enjoying themselves. I don't think I shall stop here any longer.

A One-Pound Note.

(BY ANTI-BRIGHT.)

EXTEND the franchise to one-pound voters and then will the elections be made according to the will of the Sovereign People.

A SAD CASE.—"An Old Schoolmaster" thinks it very hard that he has to teach little boys the new Latin Primer in his declining years.



IGNORANCE AND FASHION.

Rustic (paralysed). "MY! THERE'S A PRISONER 'SCAPED FROM JAIL, WITH HER CHAINS ON!"

POOR JOHN BULL'S PRESTIGE.

We have kept clear of foreign contention,
Of the Russian stronghold since our siege,
So, by reason of non-intervention,
We are told we have lost our *prestige*.
Had we deemed interference our mission,
There is reason, truth bids us allow,
To believe that our present position
Would be other than what it is now.

Had we fought to save Denmark from plunder,
We a generous act should have done,
And committed a chivalrous blunder,
Matching Enfield against needle-gun.
Great renown a campaign would have brought us!
In the Duchies, a brave British band,
That which Austria's example has taught us,
Would have long ago learned at first hand.

On the side of Secession engaging,
Had been boldness whereof we might brag;
And the Stars and the Stripes would be waging,
At this time, war against Britain's flag.
And on either side Ironsides, ranging
The Atlantic, might now, foe and foe,
Shot for shot on the waves be exchanging,
For the messages crossing below.

Suits of black, and crape hatbands, surrounding
On all hands, would denote them that grieve;
Wooden legs we should see, too, abounding:
Also many an empty coat-sleeve,
And, at best, a solution no better
Of disputes than what Europe has found,
With thine Income-Tax, national debtor,
At some two or three shillings a pound.

If the loss of *prestige* has pain in it,
In our case there's this salve for the sore,
That we might, in attempting to win it,
Have both lost it and also much more.
And *prestige* is a consideration
Of small weight as compared with expense.
But let no cost be spared by this nation
That it needs to insure its defence.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE STAGE.

NEXT to the perplexing mysteries of *Bradshaw*, the mysteries of stage advertisements are most puzzling to unravel. For instance, just see here:—

THEATRE ROYAL, BLANKTON. Wanted immediately acknowledged artistes, to complete company. Stars invited to send dates.

What a curious invitation! To which of the stars, we wonder, can it be addressed? Besides, what a queer notion to ask the stars for dates! Pray, when was it discovered that dates grew in the stars, and by what atmospheric railway can they possibly be sent to us? Cocoanuts, perhaps, grow in the milky way, but it really seems ridiculous to ask the stars for dates.

PIETY OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

William (above-stairs, calling down pipe). Haven't we annexed the Duchies?

Bismarck (below). Yes, Sire.

William. Added Electoral Hesse to our dominions?

Bismarck. Ay, your Majesty.

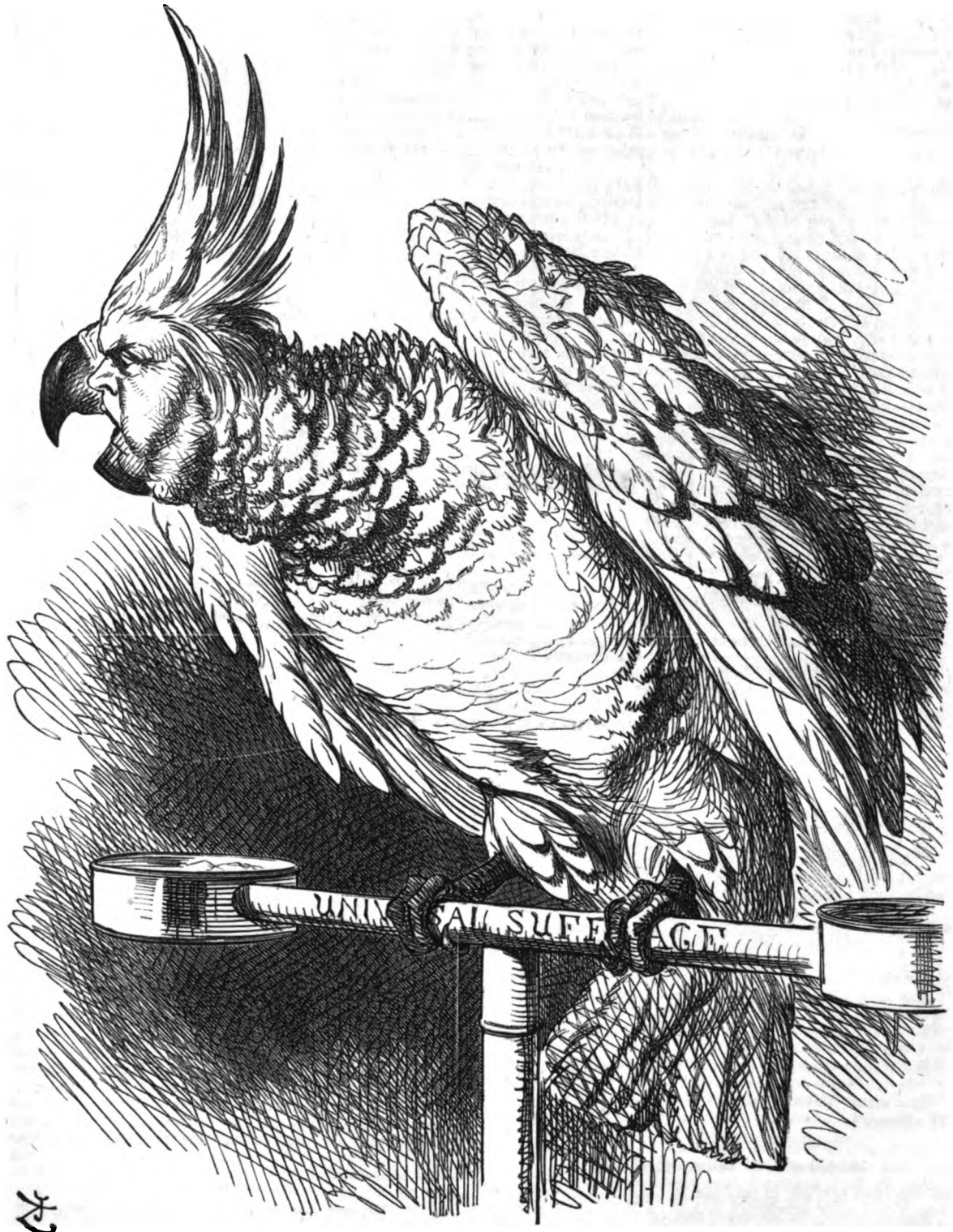
William. Likewise seized Nassau and Frankfort?

Bismarck. True, O King!

William. Deprived our neighbour, the KING OF HANOVER, of his dominions against his will and the will of his people?

Bismarck. Even so, Most Gracious Sovereign by right divine.

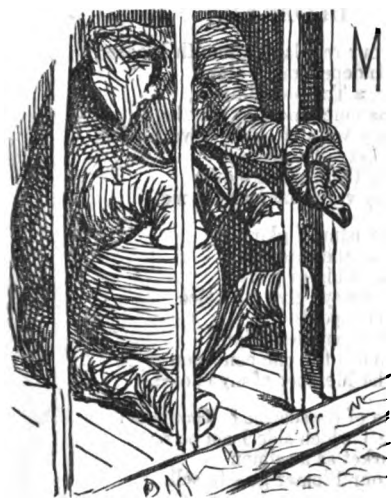
William. Then come up to prayers.



THE POPULAR POLL-PARROT.

PARROT SONG.5, "PRETTY DEMOCRA—A—ATS! TAKE 'EM TO THE POLL! NAUGHTY BOB LOWE!
SCHGREE—E—E—YX!!!"

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.



R. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,—I was a little disappointed in not receiving an invitation to jine in the meetins of the Social Science Congress.

I don't exactly see how they got on without me.

I hope it wasn't the intentions of the Sciencers to exclud me from their deliberations.

Let it pass. I do not repine. Let us remember HOMER. Twenty cities claim HOMER dead, thro' which the livin M^r. HOMER couldn't have got trusted for a sandwich and a glass of bitter beer, or words to that effect.

But perhaps it was a oversight. Certainly I have been hospitably rec'd in this country. Hospitality has been pored all over me.

At Liverpool I was asked to walk all over the docks, which are nine miles long; and I don't remember a instance since my rival in London of my gettin into a cab without a Briton comin and perlitely shuttin the door for me, and then extendin his open hand to'ards me, in the most frenly manner possible. Does he not, by this simple yit tuchin gesture, welcum me to England? Doesn't he? Oh, yes—I guess he doesn't he. And it's quite right among two great countries which speak the same langwidge, except as regards H's. And I've been allowed to walk round all the streets. Even at Buckingham Pallis, I told a guard I wanted to walk round there, and he said I could walk round there. I ascertained subsequent that he referd to the side-walk instid of the Pallis—but I couldn't doubt his hospital feelings.

I prepared a Essay on Animals to read before the Social Science meetins. It is a subject I may troothfully say I have successfully wrestled with. I tackled it when only nineteen years old. At that tender age I writ a Essay for a lit'ry Institoot, entitled, "Is Cats to be Trusted?" Of the merits of that Essay it doesn't becom me to speak, but I may be excused for mentionin that the Institoot passed a resolution that "whether we look upon the length of this Essay, or the manner in which it is written, we feel that we will not express any opinion of it, and we hope it will be read in other towns."

Of course the Essay I writ for the Social Science Society is a more finisher production than the one on Cats, which was written when my mind was crood, and afore I had mastered a graceful and ellygant stile of composition. I could not even punctoote my sentences proper at that time, and I observe with pane, on lookin over this effort of my youth, that its beauty is in one or two instances mar'd by ingrammaticisms. This was unexcusable, and I'm surprised I did it. A writer who can't write in a grammerly manner better shut up shop.

You shall hear this Essay on Animals. Some day when you have four hours to spare, I'll read it to you. I think you'll enjoy it. Or, what will be much better, if I may suggest—omit all picturs in next week's *Punch*, and do not let your contributors write anything whatever (let them have a holiday; they can go to the British Mooseum;) and publish my Essay intire. It will fill all your columes full, and create comment. Does this proposition strike you? Is it a go?

In case I had read the Essay to the Social Sciencers, I had intended it should be the closin attraction. I had intended it should finish the proceedins. I think it would have finished them. I understand animals better than any other class of human creatures. I have a very animal mind, and I've been identified with 'em dooin my entire professional career as a showman, more especial bears, wolves, leopards, and serpunts.

The leopard is as lively a animal as I ever came into contact with. It is troo he cannot change his spots, but you can change 'em for him with a paint-brush, as I once did in the case of a leopard who wasn't nat'rally spotted in a attractive manner. In exhibitin him I used to stir him up in his cage with a protracted pole, and for the purpuss of makin him yell and kick up in a leopardy manner, I used to occasionally whack him over the head. This would make the children inside the booth scream with fright, which would make fathers of families outside the booth very anxious to come in—because there is a large class of parents who have a uncontrollable passion for takin their children to places where they will stand a chance of being frightened to death.

One day I whacked this leopard more than ushil, which ellisited a remonstrance from a tall gentleman in spectacles, who said, "My good man, do not beat the poor caged animal. Rather fondle him."

"I'll fondle him with a club," I anserd, hitting him another whack.

"I prithy desist," said the gentleman; "stand aside, and see the effect of kindness. I understand the idiosyncracies of these creatures better than you do." With that he went up to the cage, and thrustin his face in between the iron bars, he said, soothingly, "Come hither, pretty creature." The pretty creature come-hithered rather speedy, and seized the gentleman by the whiskers, which he tore off about anuff to stuff a small cushion with.

He said, "You vagabone, I'll have you indicted for exhibitin dangerous and immoral animals."

I replied, "Gentle Sir, there isn't a animal here that hasn't a beautiful moral, but you mustn't fondle 'em. You mustn't meddle with their idiosyncracies."

The gentleman was a dramatic cricket, and he wrote a article for a paper, in which he said my Entertainment was a decided failure.

As regards Bears, you can't teach 'em to do interestin things, but they're unreliable. I had a very large grizzly bear once, who would dance, and larf, and lay down, and bow his head in grief, and give a mournful wale, etsetry. But he often annoyed me. It will be remembered that on the occasion of the first battle of Bull Run, it suddenly occurd to the Fed'ral soldiers that they had business in Washington which ought not to be neglected, and they all started for that beautiful and romantic city, maintainin a rate of speed durin the entire distance that would have done credit to the celebrated French steed, *Gladiateur*. Very nat'rally our Gov'ment was deeply grieved at this defeat; and I said to my Bear, shortly after, as I was givin a exhibition in Ohio—I said, "Brewin, are you not sorry the National arms has sustained a defeat?" His business was to wale dismal, and bow his head down, the band (a barrel organ and a wiolin) playing slow and melancholly moosie. What did the grizzly old cuss do, however, but commence darnein and larfin in the most joyous manner. I had a narrer escape from being imprisoned for disloyalty. I will relate another incident in the career of this retchid Bear. I used to present what I called in the bills A Beautiful living Pictur—showing the Bear's fondness for his Master: in which I'd lay down on a piece of carpeting, and the Bear would come and lay down beside me, restin his right paw on my breast, the band playing "*Home, Sweet Home*," very soft and slow. Altho' I say it, it was a tuchin thing to see. I've seen Tax-Collectors weep over that performance.

Well, one day I said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, we will now show you the Bear's fondness for his master," and I went and laid down. I tho't I observed a peccoliar expression into his eyes, as he rolled clumsily to'ards me, but I didn't dream of the scene which follord. He laid down and put his paw on my breast. "Affection of the Bear for his Master," I repeated. "You see the Monarch of the Western Wilds in a subjugated state. Fierce as these animals nat'rally are, we now see that they have hearts, and can love. This Bear, the largest in the world, and measurin seventeen feet round the body, loves me as a mer-ther loves her che-ild!" But what was my horror when the grizzly and infamus Bear threw his other paw under me, and riz with me to his feet. Then claspin me in a close embrace he waltzed up and down the platform in a frightful manner, I yellin with fear and anguish. To make matters wuss, a low scurrilus young man in the audiens hollered out, "Playfulness of the Bear! Quick moosie!" I jest 'scaped with my life. The Bear met with a violent death the next day, by bein in the way when a hevily loaded gun was fired off by one of my men.

But you should hear my Essay which I wrote for the Social Science Meetins. It would have had a movin effect on them.

I feel that I must now conclood.

I have read EARL BRIGHT's speech at Leeds, and I hope we shall now hear from JOHN DERBY. I trust that not only they, but WM. E. STANLEY and LORD GLADSTONE will cling inflexibly to those great fundamental principles, which they understand far better than I do, and I will add that I do not understand anything about any of them whatever in the least—and let us all be happy, and live within our means, even if we have to borry money to do it with.

Very respectfully yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

A Compromise with a Cloud.

THE important question of smoking in Railway carriages might be satisfactorily settled if an Act of Parliament were passed as early as possible next Session, compelling every Railway traveller who indulges in a cigar or a pipe to consume his own smoke.

WHY AND BECAUSE.

WHY is the KING OF PRUSSIA like an exorcist?
Because he has dispossessed his neighbours.

POOR THINGS!

It seems an impossibility for two silly lovers ever to agree, seeing that between them there can be no understanding.



"BETWEEN TWO SHOEBLACKS WE FALL TO THE GROUND."

First Shoeblick. "I CATCHED 'OLD ON 'IM FUST!"

Second Ditto. "YOU'RE A —!" [Old Gentleman is flung heavily.]

ROME AND ITS DEFENDERS.

THE Foreign Legion has made its entry into Rome—in the midst of that profoundest mark of respect—dead silence. We are told that its organisation is excellent; its officers picked men; its uniforms very elegant; and that, in fact, it is a corps of the French army under a foreign flag. This explains what puzzled dull people in the EMPEROR's Lavalette letter, the sentence about the army of occupation being withdrawn, to be replaced by the shadow of French protection. This is the protection in question, and if it throw a shadow on Rome, Rome returns the compliment, and looks black on it.

But if the Romans scowl and are silent, the Vatican has a warm welcome for its new defenders. They were feasted in the Belvedere, adorned for the occasion with Gobelin tapestry—the ghost of a temporal power ought to live in rooms hung with Gobelin tapestry—trophies of arms, including, let us hope, the pastoral crook and festoons of laurel and myrtle—the olive being omitted, no doubt, as superfluous, where NAPOLEON and PRUS THE NINTH are ruling powers. Don't we all know *L'Empire c'est la Paix*; and isn't the Pontiff the Prince of peace *in propriis personis*? Then what need of the olive-branch?

The end of the saloon was occupied by a plaster model of the colossal statue of the Immaculate Conception. There is something very neat in the adaptation of material to dogma. What could be better than plaster (Plaster of Paris, no doubt, out of compliment to the Eldest Son of the Church) for a model of the Immaculate Conception—plaster as immaculate as the conception, and as easily crumbled into dust as the doctrine? And under the statue—as he has bent his neck under the dogma—stood the bust of PRUS THE NINTH—a hollow white head, without arms to use, or legs to run away.

The table of the superior officers was separated from the other eight tables—what should officers and rank and file have in common in such a service?—by an artificial garden, including, let us suppose, mustard, in playful allusion to the gathering of the Legion, with rue, for the probable upshot, and parsley, which the etymologists tell us, is—like the papacy itself,—only a corruption of "*Pater selige*," or St. Peter,

THE APOLOGY OF THE YARMOUTH BLOATER.

HERE'S your regular Yarmouth Bloater,
Free and Independent Voter,
If you like, a Ten-pound-noter,
And as much more as may be.
Where's my virtue? Safe, I've hid her
In my pocket. I consider
Him that is the highest bidder
For my vote, the man for me.

In no party name I glory,
Stand not in the category
Either of a Whig or Tory.
But I always give my voice
For a Liberal politician
Answering to my definition.
Liberal hand's the one condition
For the Member of my choice.

Talk to me of conscience? Gammon!
What care I which side I am on?
To the market as a salmon
Let your Bloater go—to sell.
Even if my inclination
Were to form some valuation
Of the best man for the nation,
That is more than I can tell.

Say I were to sky a copper,
And to vote for tail or topper,
Would that method be more proper
Than the course which I pursue?
Why, if I've no better reason
For my choice at polling season,
Should I not, which side I please on,
Vote for lucre as I do?

Sold again and got the money!
"Sugar" is more sweet than honey.
Let me, whilst the time is sunny,
Do my best at making hay.
Sugar! I will not refuse it
For my suffrage. Must I lose it
Knowing not how else to use it?
Will you take my vote away

patron at once of the Vatican and the entertainment. But it was an artificial garden. The laurels and pot-herbs had no root to them, any more than DR. MANNING's hopes for the temporal power; any more than the Holy Father's trust in Peter's pence, or Catholic powers; any more than the flowers of speech which were lavished on the occasion when GENERAL KAULZER minister of war—appropriate mouth-piece of the Prince of Peace—proposed the health of the POPE. "The Minister spoke timidly—in a very low voice—and one could only distinguish some confused words about France, the EMPEROR, and continual protection."

What could have been more appropriate to the occasion? Here is, in a few words, the secret of such health as poor old PIO NONO can boast. It all hinges on France, the EMPEROR, and confused words about "continual protection." But of all the speeches of the day commend us to that of the Colonel of the Legion:—

"Gentlemen, forget not the army from which we have come, and learn to esteem that of which we form part, in crying with me, 'To the EMPEROR and PRUS THE NINTH!'"

How LOUIS NAPOLEON ought to love COLONEL D'ARGY! He must be a man after the Imperial heart, fit to do duty as interpreter of the double-dealing oracle of Delphi, or to act as prompter to the Sphinx.

Next day the Legion defiled before the POPE. The Holy Father abandoned his design of presenting it with a flag. Did the officers fear the "defiling" of that too? Or was it felt that it would be difficult to hit on the right colour of the banner, or to determine its symbols? It would hardly do to march to battle under the hand with the two outstretched fingers and thumb of blessing—"arbi, et orbi," and objections might be raised by the many zealous Romanists who think the EMPEROR means to swallow the POPE whole, to merely quartering the cross-keys of the POPE in the Bees of his eldest son.

The Legion marched past to the sound of trumpets, shouting, in French, "Vive le Saint Pere!" and then the officers and sub-officers came out of the ranks, and mounting the steps of the throne, kissed the POPE's hand, who, after he had blessed them, gave each a medal of the Immaculate Conception, till the supply was exhausted. But those

who marched past after the Immaculate Conception medals ran short, were more lucky, they got each a new coin of the value of four *baiocchi*, about 2d. sterling. How the two-penny squads must have felt their pull over the medallists! But alas! the store of papal two-pences soon came to an end—and what wonder, seeing how the parent fountain of Peter's pence has run dry—and nothing remained for the last comers but morsels of the paper in which the coppers had been wrapped, which were solemnly presented by the Holy Father.

We hope that some perfume of the Papal coin still clung to these blessed wrappers—just enough to swear allegiance by. "*Odor lucri bonus est*," says the Latin Grammar, "the smell of money is good," be it never so faint, and in all probability, this smell of the Papal *baiocchi* is about as substantial a reward as the Legion is likely to receive in its new service. The cruel case is, that of the first comer, who got the medal. Twopence a man is a princely donation: even the rear squads, who received the paper with a lingering aroma of the *baiocchi* had something for their pains; but Heaven help the poor fellows who were fobbed off with a pinchbeck token of a pinchbeck theological figment!

UN-ENGLISH CONDUCT OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

(To Mr. Punch).



BELIEVING — to say nothing of the higher motives which do honour to our heads and hearts—how extremely useful in a business and advertising point of view the getting up and presenting of testimonials is found, in this country, and seeing the wide prevalence of this touching mode of expressing our feelings to all sorts of parties, on all sorts of grounds, I have been disgusted as an Englishman to observe the very flippant, if not insolent behaviour of the CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA and his cousin PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES, with reference to the testimonials of two handsome swords subscribed for and presented to them by a body of patriotic Berliners. The deputation which attended to present the testimonial must have been highly respectable, for it consisted principally of proprietors of hotels in the Unter den Linden, which I understand from my son (who has had lessons in German) is a sort of Regent Street, Piccadilly, and the Mall in one, the principal thoroughfare in Berlin, and the road by which all the processions and demonstrations take their way through that city. Considering how the respectable hotel proprietors in such a thoroughfare must have been benefited by the late imposing entries of the victorious Prussian army into the capital, the money they must have made out of strangers taking apartments, and by letting their windows, to say nothing of the sale of refreshments and drinks to patriotic Prussians, I don't see why their motives in giving a testimonial to the Crown Prince and his Cousin should be ridiculed or suspected. It's all the same whether one looks at the parties the testimonial was meant for, as Princes or as Generals. Without Princes there would have been no Royal Family, and without a Royal Family there would have been no BISMARCK, very likely, and most certainly no annexation, and without annexation there'd have been no triumphal entries, and without triumphal entries, there'd have been no profits to the hotel proprietors of Unter den Linden. Or, looking at the Princes as Generals, it comes to the same thing. Without Generals there'd have been no army; without an army there'd have been no victories; without victories there'd have been no popular rejoicings; and without popular rejoicings there'd have been no profits to the hotel proprietors of Unter den Linden.

I take my stand on either principle, and I ask you, Sir, and I ask

you emphatically, if these highly respectable gentlemen are not the proper parties to get up a testimonial to the Princes, I should like to know who *are*? The Crown Prince, I must say, and sorry I am to say it, as he is married to our own Gracious PRINCESS ROYAL, and I was humbly instrumental in getting up a Bible and Prayer-book testimonial to her on the occasion of their union—treated the deputation in a most unbecoming—if he wasn't a Prince I should almost say coarse or even brutal—manner. Not only did he flatly refuse the sword which one would have thought was bad enough, but he added insult to injury by saying—"*He did not like to receive presents which had been got up by persons whose chief object was to make themselves talked of, and got up moreover at the expense of their fellow-citizens.*"

Now, I put it to you, Mr. Punch, if this is the sort of thing that is to be blurted out in the face of a highly-respectable deputation, when they attend to present a testimonial? Why, Sir, what's to become of nine-tenths of the testimonials by which parties express their feelings in this country, if the parties they're presented to were to take upon themselves to impute motives to other parties in this style? A precious sight of testimonials you'd have, if none were to be accepted that were got up by parties whose chief object was to make themselves talked about! Why, bless you, Sir, I know all about it, having been regularly in the testimonial line, off and on, this thirty years, and, though I say it, having got up more costly black silk gowns and tea-pots with sovereigns in 'em, to ornaments of the church; more silver services to M.P.'s with a proper sense of what they owed to their constituencies and their country, in course; more portraits to masters of hounds; more silver cups to disinterested members of vestries for their exertions in resisting the advocates of a profligate and bloated expenditure of the rates; more handsome *épergues* to managers for their exertions in the cause of the drama; and more Shakspearian vases to actors for their professional sacrifices in elevating the public taste, than any other man in our line—I mean the Honorary Secretary business. And I've yet to hear of the testimonial where the parties as get it up didn't like to see themselves and their subscriptions in print, and the bigger print the better. Why, Sir, people, to my knowledge, like to have their better feelings properly ventilated; and ain't the fact a credit to human nature? What can be pleasanter to a real disinterested, enthusiastic disposition—and naturally it's mostly that kind expresses themselves in testimonials—than to be able to say to all the readers of the *Times*, "Go thou and do likewise." There's Scripture for that, I rather think. Feeling that if the PRINCE OF PRUSSIA's line were to be generally taken, we shall be bungling up all the gushing impulses of our common humanity that now find a channel in testimonials—and I'm proud to say they're always a-running and a-running freely; through that channel in this public-spirited and patriotic country—public men of all sorts may go on toiling and moiling all their lives, without any recognition from their fellow-men; and them that makes it their business to see virtue rewarded, and has all the trouble of receiving the subscriptions and making arrangements for the advertising, and choosing and settling for the testimonial, and getting up the dinner; and all the other little matters that falls to the hard lot of an honorary secretary (which we are proud to do it, and I for one was never heard to grumble) will be forced to drop our laborious and gratuitous line of business, that of reducing into testimonials the better feelings of human nature.

I am, Mr. Punch, your 'urt but umble reader,

HON. SEC.

P.S. I have often talked to parties about a testimonial to Mr. P. Couldn't we meet and square it? My figure is as moderate as any man's in the market—ten per cent. on the gross amount of the subscriptions: and to make terms for the testimonial.

TWIGGING THE REASON.

It seems that the great oyster-growers of Arcachon and Ile de Rhé have long ago discovered that fascines or bundles of twigs are the worst receptacles that can be used for the spat.

One is not much surprised to find that it is precisely this kind of receptacle that has been selected to receive his spat by MR. HOARE, of Dublin, the principal Irish oyster-grower. The odd thing is, that the Irish oysters should have shown as national a turn for taking things by the wrong end as the Irish oyster-grower, and should have attached themselves ardently and by scores to these fascines or bundles of twigs which your Arcachon or Ile de Rhé oyster wouldn't so much as look at. For some time we were puzzled to account for this, but we believe we have now discovered the reason. The twigs were shillelagh cuttings, and the oysters natives of Ireland.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTING.

M. TOUTMONCEL has addressed a memoir to the Academy of Sciences representing that indulgence in hippophagy is calculated to result in ossification of the heart.



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 10 AND LAST.

THE RETURN HOME.

CHEERS AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

HOLDING forth in the Church Congress at York, the very Reverend the DEAN OF CORK, on the subject of "Dogmatic Teaching from the Pulpit," said that:—

"Science discovered facts; but theology accepted revelation and clung to creeds."

This observation elicited "*loud cheers*." It is not easy to see why. MR. G. J. HOLYOAKE might make just the same remark to an assembly of Secularists, and they with equal reason might respond to it with shouts of hip, hip, hooray!—which, as expressions of assent to a theological proposition on the part of a concourse of divines, are new, and may be thought to sound a little unclerical.

The Dean proceeded:—

"Science allowed them to say that this or that thing would be the truth; but it would not allow them to say this is the truth; has been the truth, and always will be the truth (*Cheers*). The Church was bound to protest against this phase of the age, and assert the right of the supernatural over the natural, and that there were certain truths which were and must be true, although they did not admit of logical demonstration. This state of mind was further due to the lawless and revolutionary character of modern religious thought. (*Hear, hear.*)"

Hear, hear, again, is a cry which although eminently parliamentary, may not be accounted equally canonical. Apart, however, from that consideration, it is one with which the foregoing assertions would be hailed by another Church Congress than that which has been meeting at York. If DR. NEWMAN or DR. MANNING were to make the same observations to a Congress of Roman Catholics, their audience would also cry, if not Amen, hear hear as loud as they could bawl. Indeed the POPE's last Encyclical contained something very much like the language above quoted. But who shall decide about dogma when doctors of theology disagree? And what authority can anybody claim for dogma who denies that of the original dogmatists. "Hear hear, indeed. Yes, to be sure," his Holiness will say, "Hear the Church. Hear me." The Protestant DEAN OF CORK further spoke and said:—

"Men had ceased to believe that it was right to burn a man for his religious opinions; but they were in danger of believing that there was hardly any opinion worth burning a man for. (*Laughter and cheers.*)"

The laughter is intelligible. Perhaps there were present some consistent thinkers who perceived that if any opinion was worth burning a man for, it would be right and not wrong therefore to burn him. Perhaps also the DEAN OF CORK's hearers included some logical members of the English Church, who thought it absurd as well as wrong to burn any man for his religious opinions.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

I HAVE assisted at few more exciting entertainments than *The Derby Day* at the Holborn Theatre. "The tip," MR. SEFTON PARRY might advertise, "is *Flying Scud* for any night in the week;" and I dare say the horse will run some considerable time. The attraction, there, is undoubtedly the scene on the Epsom Downs, which is most admirably managed. The Derby winner is not, perhaps, as a general rule, ridden by its jockey into the very midst of the Aunt Sallies, *Punch* shows, and niggers, the very moment after the victory; and by the way, the owners of racehorses usually confine their betting transactions to the ring. But an audience, unlike SIR BOYLE ROCHER's bird, can't be in more places than one at once; and therefore is it that the exigencies of stage effect excuse such breaches of custom as mentioned above. The judicious in the stalls may grieve at the jockey boys and their master performing a thorough stage-ballet hornpipe; but as gallery and pit applaud, the incidental dance is likely to be retained in the bills, by favour of the gods and groundlings. *Ad propos* of stalls, the seats are most comfortable, and an ordinary sized gentleman can walk from end to end of a row, with comfort to himself, and, which is a still greater point, without incommoding the sitters.

The first two acts are very good, and the scene, where the reading of the will occurs, has about it all the comedy tone of *London Assurance*. After the Second Act it possesses neither such telling dialogue as delighted every one in *Arrah-na-Pogue*, nor is it admirable for its close construction, as is *The Long Strike*. It is not a dramatic success, but it is undeniably a *theatrical* success, and that, I take it, is sufficient for the Manager, who has evidently been most liberal in its production.



CUB-HUNTING.

Lucy (to favourite hack). "AH, IT SHAN'T COME OUT IN THE DARK AGAIN, POOR 'TITTLE PET, WHEN NOBODY SEES HOW PRETTY IT IS!"
Master Frank. "LIKE YOU, IT PREFERS THE PARK,—EH, LUCY?"

A PHYSICIAN ON FUMIGATION.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THERE is a controversy which has begun in smoke, and will probably end in smoke. I mean the controversy about Smoking on Railways. The practice of smoking will doubtless go on as before. Railway Directors had better accept the situation, and provide smoking carriages exclusively for smokers.

I don't at all disapprove of smoking in moderation. Indeed, I always smoke a cigar the last thing before going to bed. Of course, if I am called up in the night I put on a fresh dress. A medical education accustoms the nose to worse things than tobacco-smoke. However, I really like the smell of it. But many of my patients don't. That's the worst of travelling in company with smokers. Smelling of smoke, in vain I tell them I have been the fellow-traveller of smoking men. They say, "Oh, come Doctor, that won't do," and imagine that I have been sitting with medical students. They are simply terrified by the suggestion that tobacco-smoke is a good disinfectant for a physician who may have just been visiting a case of small-pox.

Now it is a bore to lose patients by a graveolence derived from other people's tobacco, and therefore I want smoking carriages, or rather some non-smoking carriages in which passengers really mustn't smoke. At the same time I must say there seems something absurd in the necessity of making arrangements to meet the fact, that the majority of men are unable to remain, during their waking hours, an hour or two together comfortably without a cigar or a pipe in their mouths. They thus keep their nervous systems under the constant influence of a narcotic. As a medical woman I cannot but consider this practice injurious. Constant smoking must affect the brain, and, I believe, exerts a peculiar influence on those parts of it whereby the human brain exceeds that of brutes. The immediate effect of smoking is ease of mind. A pipe or a cigar smothers anxieties, and stifles reflection. Continual smoking fosters supreme satisfaction with the present. This ends in a habitual state of selfish serenity. So men get indifferent to injustice, tolerant of rascality, and acquiescent in cruelty and oppression. Hence the prevalent cynicism that sneers at all earnestness, and

calls the abhorrence of wrong sentimental. I am confident that inordinate smoking tends to stupefy the higher moral affections and intellectual faculties. This, although I am a moderate smoker myself, and an advocate of smoking carriages, is the firm opinion of

Yours truly, AMY SYDENHAM, M.D.

P.S. The smoking carriages should be for men only. No woman can want to be *always* smoking. Many men would be glad to be able to insure themselves against the possibility of a shameful extortion.

A MODEL LOCAL BOARD.

MR. PUNCH hastens to call attention to the spirited and energetic conduct of the Local Board of Oswestry in regard to a sanatory duty. He reads in the *Oswestry Advertiser* that the Local Board resolved to deal with a pestilent and hideous nuisance, known by and well deserving the name of the Clawdd-du, or Black Ditch. The active and intelligent Council met, and unanimously agreed that such a place ought not to exist in the pretty and thriving borough of KING OSWALD. They wasted little time in discussion or experiment, and they did not permit any jobbing considerations to stand in their way. With a promptness and decision which command all respect, and which should be imitated by all other local authorities, they instantly removed the blot from the map of Oswestry, by re-christening the Black Ditch, and calling it Market Street. The new name was to be put up immediately. We hear that though it is not usual to reward a Board for merely doing its duty, silver medals have been forwarded to all the Oswestry Councillors from the Local Government Act Office in London. We add (with regret that a generally well conducted contemporary should forget itself) that the *Oswestry Advertiser* is exacting enough to express a hope that some day the Black Ditch "will disappear in substance as it has done in name," a piece of press impertinence to which we find it difficult to affix the befitting condemnation.

Is it remarkable that Sheffield logicians try gunpowder arguments when MR. BRIGHT is always blowing everybody up? „

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

At Three Cottage. Mysterious Impulses.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—To stop here as long as I can. I don't get on with *Typical Developments*. Have hardly made a note for three days, except about the SYMPERSONS: they live in the neighbourhood. MRS. FRASER likes the Younger Miss SYMPERSON, Miss FRIDOLINE, very much. I have had to escort her a good deal: she can talk sensibly. I have consulted her on several subjects in *Typical Developments*. She understands me, and is not a mere fritterling. No one has asked me again to sing "*The Little Pig*," and Mrs. FRASER is now more impressed with the serious and deeper-toned side of my character. I reproached old FRASER with making me appear a buffoon. He owned his mistake, and said I was not a buffoon; we are as good friends as ever. In fact, to humour

him, I offered to sing the "*Little Pig*" the other night when no one was here, feeling in the vein. They were delighted at the proposal, but feared it would wake the children: so I didn't.

The above is a brief résumé for the last few days up to to-night.

Happy Thought.—I've not left my present address anywhere, so business can't call me away. I am in the humour for the pen. Now: the moon is shining: the sweet autumn moon.

Happy Thought: Midnight.—If I open my window I shall see the SYMPERSON'S carriage pass here on their road home: she will be inside, and how it will delight her to see me watching for her. Not in my dressing-gown though: my dark shooting-coat. I sit down to *Typical Developments*. Can't do it. I feel poetical: inspired. My pen. A poem—I feel it; coming. I will dash it off—

"Ah! fairest! whose dear eyes"—

"Dear eyes" suddenly strikes me as too nautical. Odd thing inspiration is: it's almost oozing away now. I will fix it:—

"Ah, fairest, whose blest form,
Calm as pale DIAN'S orb"—

Wheels: I am at the window with a palpitating heart. No—yes—no! A cart, a wanderer's cart; a houseless pedlar, maybe. Whoever he is, he's very intoxicated, and calls me "*Old Cocky-wax*," which gets a laugh from another miserable creature, invisible. This is not the SYMPERSONS. * * *

"Ah, fairest FRIDOLINE, whose,"—

I don't think I ought to introduce her name into the first line. Strange: inspiration has ceased.

Happy Thought.—Will write her a song. To the window. I say rapturously, "Oh, Moon," but nothing comes of it, except that my eyes begin to water. How quiet and still. Not a soul stirring: not even a patrol. One o'clock: why this house might be broken into, over and over again, without a patrol. Carriage-wheels! louder, louder, louder, —less loud—faint, fainter, fainter—it has taken a turning—not the SYMPERSONS. * * * I look at myself in the glass: I am pale. Am I going to be ill? * * * Yes, I shall be ill: given up. FRIDOLINE will rush into the room. I shall then confess my concealed passion; so will she. I expire in her arms, or am about to expire, when the crisis passes, and I suddenly get quite well: then we are married. Happy thoughts, all the above. There are tears in my eyes: I call myself a fool. A minute afterwards I find myself shaking my head, pointlessly, at the moon.

Happy Thought.—To write a novel on this subject. Might make notes for it now.

Half-past One.—No patrol—how very dangerous: I shall certainly call FRASER'S attention to this. * * * Yes, Mrs. FRASER asked me when I first arrived, "If I was still a bachelor?" She likes FRIDOLINE SYMPERSON, and talks to me of her. How happy the FRASERS are: ah, how delightful to retire—* * * Wheels? no. * * * to retire into married literary ease, Little secluded cottage, honeysuckles up the

trellis, sort of church-porch before the door, myself writing at a window opening on to a beautiful lawn, my wife sitting knitting on a small stool. I write a bit, then read it to her; she smiles and encourages me. I write another paragraph, and then read that to her; she smiles and encourages me again. So we go on: reading, writing, smiling, and encouraging. Then, in my old age, when my name shall be known everywhere in connection with *Typical Developments*, I shall sit in the porch, grey hair falling on to my shoulders, my hands patting the little children's heads, while I strew fresh flowers every morning, before breakfast, over a little white stone in the churchyard, whereon is inscribed but two words, in old English characters, "*MY FRIDOLINE*." I see it all: tears dim my eyes: I'm feverish.

Two o'clock, A.M.—Odd that there should be no police. I will mention it in the morning.

I wonder with whom she is dancing? Is she dancing with that fellow, TALBOOTS? I wish I had spoken to her yesterday, when I walked twice past their house, waiting for an opportunity to go in. I saw her in the garden, and only bowed; agony. I will call to-morrow, and ask how she is after the party; a capital excuse.

She told me she wished she hadn't got to go. I wonder if she has one passing thought for me. Yes, I believe in sympathy; in that strange electrical bond of union which binds two hearts together. There will be fools who talk nonsense to her; she hates that rapid frivolity. To-morrow I will call on her. The FRASERS won't mind it: Mrs. FRASER understands me. I'm afraid it will look too pointed, though. I wish I had gone in yesterday when I saw her in the garden. I went there on purpose, yet I only bowed and walked on. Fool! thrice sodden fool! * * * All this sort of thing is very bad for calm writing.

Three o'clock.—No wheels. There, I've sat here for three hours and not seen a sign of a watchman or a policeman. I shall certainly call FRASER'S attention to the absence of the patrol. He will complain to the inspector. The air is getting chilly. * * * How a sneeze relieves one's head. I can smile now: what at? I don't know. The roll of wheels—the spanking trot of fast horses—lights—it is the SYMPERSON'S carriage! They mustn't see me at the window: I withdraw on one side. * * * It has passed: what an ass I was not to stand at the window, and wave, or perhaps kiss, my hand. I dare say she was looking out: she might have been! I wish it would come over again. There's a ledge in front of my window, by stepping up there, I can see them turning into their own gates: I do it. The candle gutters out. I am on the leads. Ah, FRIDOLINE! dear FRIDOLINE! No, the gates must have been open, as they've driven in, and vanished. Ah, FRIDOLINE! my sweetest dreams . . . Somebody moving below; in the road. A voice, "Hallo!" Probably another drunken creature (degrading vice of the country!) I will get in again, and not encourage him in his coarseness. A light shines about me vividly. What is it? From below. The same rough voice says, "Hallo! what are you up to there?" It is the patrol. I say quietly from the leads, "S-s-s-h, it's all right." He won't believe it, and says he'll soon make it all right. I tell him I'm stopping in the house. He wants to know "What I'm doing up there, then?" I answer, "Nothing." "I thought so," he says. "You just come down." He adds, "Or else he'll very soon know the reason why," threateningly. I assure him that he's wrong. He is getting very angry, and tells me, "He'll soon let me know if he's wrong or not." I own to him candidly that appearances are against me, but that I came out there to look after the SYMPERSON'S carriage. I wish him to understand that it's only a joke. These country police are so officious; always in the way.

Happy Thought.—To throw him sixpence. He is indignant. I implore him not to be a fool. He now loses his temper entirely, and says, "He'll soon let me know who's the fool." I tell him, in as soft a whisper as can be audible from the leads, to call in the morning and I'll settle it. I point out to him (hearing a window opening somewhere) that he's disturbing the house. He says, "He means to," the idiot! and rings the gate-bell violently. I get into my room and close the window. I hear Mrs. FRASER screaming, "Is it fire?" FRASER growling, the children crying, and the servants moving about below.

Happy Thought.—If I explain, I shall look such a fool, and FRASER will be in such a rage. Will tell him when it's all blown over.

Happy Thought.—Jump into bed. FRASER, butler, footman, with pokers, tongs, and shovels enter in a tumult. In the distance I hear the maids and Mrs. FRASER all more or less hysterical.

Happy Thought.—I ask, "What's the matter?" They all say, in a muddle, "Man—broke in—p'liceman saw him." I haven't seen him: no. Patrol, from outside, says he hasn't come back again. One of the maids shrieks, and they all rush out, thinking some one's caught sight of him on the stairs. I try to pacify them: I tell Mrs. FRASER, it must have been the patrol's fancy. I begin to wish I'd explained everything at first. The butler, who now returns from conversing with the policeman, describes the burglar as dressed in a short sort of dark coat, and details the substance of my remarks to him (the policeman) from the leads. "He said as he was a lookin' after MISTERS SYMPERSON'S carriage." FRASER at once convicts the burglar as a

liar, "Because," as he informs me, "the SYMPERSONS' carriage hasn't been out this evening, in consequence of their not going to the ball." 3'30. Everyone announces the impossibility of going to bed again. The coachman can't make out why the dog didn't bark. With the groom he searched the grounds. Everyone goes about searching everywhere, and coming upon each other suddenly round sharp corners; frightening one another, as if it was a game. FRASER pops out of his room every other five minutes on some false alarm, to ask me "If I heard anything, then?" or to say, nervously, "Who's there?" when the answer generally is, "It's only me, Sir," from the butler or the footman, who appear to be running away from FRASER, or catching each other, like blindman's buff. An *ad hoc* game of the same kind is being played in the grounds by the groom, the coachman, and the policeman. The prevailing idea among the females is, that there is a man in the store-cupboard: the strictest search will not convince them to the contrary.

The butler spends the remainder of the night on the plate-chest, with a poker in his hand. The footman sits at the top of the servants' stairs, and alarms the entire household, for a second time, by falling asleep, and tumbling down half-a-dozen steps. He spends the remainder of his night in brown paper, vinegar, and groans; but heroically at his post, at the bottom of the stairs where he fell, with a poker. Everyone seems to have got a poker.

Happy Thought.—Shan't say anything about inattention of police, or they'll find I was at my window. Oh, FARRINGTON. Bed—sleep.

LOLLIUS IN DIEPPE.

De Page.



EAR SIR,—I am sure that you will be glad to hear from me, at least I hope so. I am certain that I feel very kindly towards you, and belief in the good feeling of others is the way to create it. Do not think again of the outrageous and unkind letter you sent, hinting that I had been away more than twice as long as I had promised to be. I have quite forgiven it, and have shown you that I would take no notice of a friend's temporary forgetfulness of propriety. Rather than add to your self-reproaches, I would stay here another fortnight.

For it is very pleasant. The season has long been over. All the Parisian idiots and idiotesses, who used to change their dresses three times a day, have departed, and there are few visitors here except some pleasant Englishmen, who do not dress three times a day, but in revenge wash at least once, to the astonishment of the servants, accustomed to French habits. Do not you set this down as a bit of old-fashioned Anglican prejudice. I am very fond of the Frenchman. I like his readiness to be amused, for ever so long, with the slightest trifle. I like the solemn and earnest care which he bestows on his pretty gloves. I like his courteousness of manner, when nothing has annoyed him. But he does not wash. Send out a commission to inquire into the subject—those light-hearted Commissioners on Election Corruption would be just the men, as the French love small and weak jokes. Their report would be in the language used by Miss ENCKWORTH'S bear, who put his head in at the barber's window and cried "No Soap!"

Everybody knows Dieppe, of course, and therefore, though I for one have never been here before, I scorn to describe it, as otherwise I could do elegantly, for I am known to have much graphic power. There are some good hotels. I am at that of *Les Bains*, to which I resorted because, although my Parisian accent is perfect, it is not appreciated at Dieppe, which is a provincial town. I therefore prefer to converse with an English host. But I think that the French waiter (he is called a *garçon* in French) partly understands me, with the aid of my pantomime, when I ask for the mustard. The hotel is very comfortable and the charges are reasonable, and if you see any reason why I should not say this in favour of MR. MOREAN, you may excise the paragraph, and put in some stupid joke about *Fata Morgana*.

It was near here that HENRY THE FOURTH, of France, fought the battle of Ivry. The memory of the victory is still preserved, for there is no town so celebrated for its ivory work. Wishing for a relic, which should be a representative type of the French mind, I have bought an ivory mousetrap to catch flies in.

I fear that there may be one or two persons in Paris who are not strictly honest. My reason for saying this is, that a lady whom I have

met, purchased in that metropolis, for the sum of fifty francs, a kitten which was warranted to be a Persian, and certain to have a splendid tail. The vendor thought that the lady was going at once to perfidious Albion. But she stayed here for three months, instead, and the kitten has grown into a hideous common cat, with a tail like a radish. I would willingly believe that the seller was deceived, but the Parisians are perfectly well acquainted with cats, as they use them so much in the light of rabbits. ALEXANDRE DUMAS admits this, and he always speaks the truth.

It is pleasing to see the doctrine of Equality carried out so well as it is in France. Woman is regarded not only as equal to man, but as equal to man's work. I was smoking for an hour on the east cliff, near the coastguard's station, and watching the women toiling on the beach below. It was work to which, in our unenlightened country, we should put only the strongest sort of navvy. Each woman had to take a long walk with a basket on her back. She came to a heap of stones. She filled the basket till she could hardly lift it to her back, but she did. Then she toiled back again, up a steep hill of shingle, up a plank at a severe gradient, and along a quay, until she came to the place for unloading. She emptied the basket, and instantly set out to repeat the journey. It was awful work. When I had looked at it for some time, my own back began to ache, and I moved away, as one should never distress oneself. The sight did not distress a lot of stalwart men who sat smoking their pipes near the toiling creatures. I regret that my own weakness of nature unfitted me for longer observation of these proofs of the civilisation of the French.

The superior classes, however, are exquisitely refined. Just before the Parisians departed, I had an illustration of this. Two French gentlemen, staying at the hotel, used, I observed, to engage every morning in earnest conversation, and by their gestures I saw that they were discussing some process, perhaps of chemistry. After four or five days, each produced a small paper, in which was a powder, and they eagerly compared their powders, with a profusion of debate. Being myself, as you know, one of the most intelligent attendants at the lectures in Albemarle Street, I was interested, and I got a friend, who knew the gentlemen, to inquire what the philosophical investigation referred to, in order that I might report to DR. FARADAY. My friend informed me that the philosophers could not agree as to which powder made a man's complexion look the prettier, after shaving.

The amusements of the refined classes in France are also of a high order of elegance and intellectuality. I hoped that the *Diva* THERESA would come here, for I anticipated a great treat from the singing of a lady who is so great a favourite at Court, and with the *salons*. She will not come, however, but I have received a copy of one of her latest songs. It is sung in the character of a provincial wet-nurse, who has a lucrative engagement in Paris, but who laments her home. I regret that the differences of English and French taste are so marked that if I should translate for you any verse in this Court song, and you should print it, no subsequent number of your publication would ever enter an English household. Something else certainly divides the French and English besides the sea.

I shall remain here a little longer, chiefly in order to convince you that I have entirely forgotten your unkindness. This country, as you are aware, is Catholic, but Protestants are tolerated, and I am happy to say that my countrymen here show great respect for the Sunday, for on that day they always wear hats instead of wide-awakes. There are excellent English clergymen here. It was not always so, for a horse-racing friend remarked at the *table d'hôte*, touching a minister who was here some years ago, "He could not preach an ounce."

Dear Sir, if the weather keeps fine I shall stay here, because it is so pleasant; and if it gets bad, I shall not leave here, because I cannot bear a rough sea. But I shall be very happy to hear from you—letters go round by Paris, perhaps Marseilles and Algiers—therefore my return and reply are somewhat uncertain.

Ever your devoted,

LOLLIUS URBICUS.

THE LIBERTY OF FATHERLAND.

AFTER all, the aggrandisement of Prussia is the extension of a constitutional monarchy—is it not? The States recently annexed to the Prussian Kingdom will all share in the enjoyment of that political and personal freedom which is the common blessing of KING WILLIAM'S subjects. As witness the subjoined telegram from Copenhagen:—

"BARON SCHMIDT-PLESEN, the Prussian governor of Schleswig, has prohibited the raising of subscriptions by the Danish inhabitants for the purchase of a wedding gift for the PRINCESS DAVIDA."

"Freedom, freedom, hey-day freedom!" the KING OF PRUSSIA'S new Danish subjects may exclaim with *Caliban*. Perhaps there is no little love lost between the Danes of Schleswig and their prosperous master as there was between *Caliban* and *Prospero*.

WHY ought a policeman to be well acquainted with the Holy Land? Because he spends a great portion of his life in some area (*Samarita*.)



PROVOKING.

Modest Youth. "PRAY CAN YOU TELL ME THE NAME OF THE YOUNG LADY WHO SPOKE TO YOU JUST NOW?"
Bathing Woman. "LOR' BLESS YOU, NO, SIR! I ONLY KNOWS MY LADIES IN THE WATER."

VENETIA VICTRIX.

OCTOBER 20, 1866.

Fangs filed, and talons blunted, his once wide wings clipped low,
 The Lion of St. Mark hath been the wonder of a show.
 For years on years the crowds have flocked, to see him in his cage,
 To note his beauty, and his strength, his weariness and rage.

The light of ancient majesty in the sunk eye smouldered dim:
 Dreams of old deeds seemed weak to nerve each huge but wasted limb:
 As hot with hunger of his heart, in that ignoble show,
 The close-caged Lion of St. Mark, paced, ever, to and fro.

Now and anon the sunk eye lit, the great throat gave a sound,
 A growl of warning thunder, that scared the gazers round:
 The huge limbs thrilled, the broad wings shook—then all was as before—
 We saw the Lion of St. Mark pacing his narrow floor.

Pacing, as who must pace till death—but lo, what now we see,
 The Lion of St. Mark is loose,—his gaunt limbs stretching free—
 Trying with wonder and delight the stiff wings, once so wide,
 Free and agaze, not pacing his cage from side to side!

Free and agaze, in ecstasy, across the green lagune,
 Where marble gleams and colour glows, in cloudless blue of noon,
 Looking for the long-awaited, greeting the come at last—
 The day that sees white, red, and green on the campanile mast!

VENETIA VICTRIX! Let the cry of joy swell on the breeze—
 Her Victor comes to wed her, his fair bride of the seas—
 She that was plighted of old with Doge and Bucentaur and ring,
 Now, rejoicing, to her bosom takes her Italian King!

THE ROAD TO RUIN.—London, Chatham and Dover.

A MODEL BISHOP AT YORK.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

OH, how happy you must be to be able to do what you like, and go where you please! You might, had you chosen, have attended the Church Congress at York, you might have visited the "Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition" in that city, and there you might have feasted your eyes on an object, which, from the account of it given by a love of a fashionable reporter, must be perfectly charming. It is the figure of a Bishop in full vestments, of which the following description when I read it, made me ready to dance with ecstasy:—

"Sandals of purple velvet, banded with cloth of gold, jewelled; cassock of purple silk, trained; rochet of fine lawn, edged with Irish point lace; alb and girdle of fine linen; tunicle of blue silk, banded and fringed with silver; dalmatic of gold coloured silk, banded and fringed with gold; mitre of cloth of gold, embroidered with passion flowers; gloves of purple silk embroidered with gold; ring, a sapphire surrounded with brilliants; pastoral staff of ivory and ebony, set with topaz, emeralds, and carbuncles."

Oh, how sweetly pretty! How nice it would be if live Bishops were to appear in such lovely dresses as the one worn by the model prelate in the York Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition! Then they would be models indeed, and particularly for the toilettes of us girls. If Papa would have taken me to the Church Congress, it would have been a real treat to feast my eyes on the pretty Bishop in effigy, only I should have envied it so! It is tantalising enough to look at an elegantly attired dummy in the window of a dressmaker's shop, but the episcopal one at York must have inspired a still more ardent longing. The dear Ritualists, who get up these things, are taking the right way to win the female heart; and my stupid old uncle may say if he likes that clerical purposes are not likely to be promoted by lay figures.

Believe me, dearest *Punch*, ever yours, affectionately,

FANNY.

P.S. Why don't they publish Ecclesiastical Fashions for October, and so on, every month in *Le Follet*?



VENETIA VICTRIX.

MRS. POPE. "THERE, GO ALONG WITH YER! I FORBADE THE BANNS. I'M ASHAMED OF YER!"
VENETIA. "YOUR TURN WILL COME NEXT, DEAR."

CASE (FOR THE OPINION OF MR. PUNCH).

CASE.

BEFORE the Legislature gives its sanction to any Railway Bill involving the construction of New Works, it requires that such Bill shall enact:—

1. The amount of the Share Capital to be subscribed.
2. That the whole of this Share Capital has been subscribed for, and that one-half of the amount has been paid up, and that a Justice of the Peace (not interested) has certified to the above state of things, before any of their borrowing powers can be exercised by the Company.
3. No Railway Act confers any borrowing powers beyond one-third of the declared amount of the Share Capital of the Company.

The object of these enactments is evident.

No issue of debentures being legal, except against a share capital of three times the amount, one-half actually paid and certified, on a statutory declaration, to be so paid by a Justice of the Peace, and the other half at call, debenture-holders are secured against loss by ample and *bona fide* security.

4. The London, Cheatem and Clover Railway (in April, 1864) being in want of money for their Eastern Extension, entered into an agreement with an eminent firm of Contractors, SLEEKOWE, GETTS, & VAMPEN, of Great Lupus Street, Westminster.

5. Under this agreement, the Company gave a receipt to the Contractors in the terms and form annexed:—

(Copy)

LONDON, CHEATEM and CLOVER RAILWAY.
Secretary's Office, Queer Street, Fimlico, S.W.
April 1, 1864.

Received of Messrs. Slekowe, Getts, & Co., the sum of Four Hundred and Twenty-nine Thousand Seven Hundred Pounds for Deposit, and in anticipation of Calls on 85,000 Metropolitan Extension (Eastern Section) "A-Z" Shares.
£429,700. (Signed) W. E. STRAWMAN, Secretary.

6. The Contractors, at the same date, gave a receipt to the Company in these terms:—

(Copy)

9, Great Lupus Street, Westminster, S.W.,
April 1, 1864.

METROPOLITAN EXTENSION (EASTERN SECTION).

Received of the London, Cheatem and Clover Railway Company the sum of Four Hundred and Twenty-nine Thousand Seven Hundred Pounds in respect of our Contract for the Construction of the above-named Section.

£429,700.

Per pro. SLEEKOWE, GETTS, AND VAMPEN,
ABRAHAM OILY.

7. These receipts of the Contractors to the Company, and the Company to the Contractors, were then entered as payments on the Company's books.

8. The declaration required by statute, of the fact of these payments, was then made before a Justice of the Peace, who duly issued his certificate, and thereupon the full amount of debentures authorised by the statute (£356,300) were issued, and are still outstanding.

9. Our client, Mr. SAMP GREEN, holds £40,000 of these debentures, on which a year's interest is in arrear, and which the Company are bound to redeem at two months' notice.

10. The Company is now in Chancery and insolvent; and is equally unable to redeem the principal or to pay up the interest on these debentures.

11. On an official investigation into the affairs of the Company, it appears that both the receipts above given were illusory.

12. No such payment on account of works was ever made by the Company to the Contractors. No such payment on account of shares was ever made by the Contractor to the Company, and in consequence our unfortunate client is left without any available security for his advances.

You are requested to advise on the above facts.

OPINION.

1. Whether a criminal charge can be sustained against either the representatives of the Company, or the Contractors.

1. I am of opinion that a criminal charge can be sustained on the facts as submitted. I am at a loss to distinguish the case from the many well-known reported cases in which criminal proceedings have been taken successfully against persons obtaining advances on fictitious title-deeds, dock-warrants, or deposits fraudulently represented to be of value, the depositor knowing them to be worthless. See, *inter alia*, *Smug's Case* (9 V. & H. 180) in which SMUG obtained an advance of £10,000 on certain stones, certifying them to be Indian diamonds of the first

water, they being proved to be, to his knowledge at the time, certain imitations of diamonds, of little or no value, commonly called "Bristol Stones." He was thereupon found guilty of obtaining money on false pretences and sentenced, Mr. JUSTICE GABROW observing that "such proceedings are calculated to undermine all confidence in commercial dealings between man and man, and that they seemed to him of a higher degree of turpitude than petty larceny, burglary, or any of the coarser forms of criminal inroad upon property." See also *Cole & Windle's Case* (4 Criminal Reports, p. 674.)

2. Whether, if such charge can be supported, proceedings should be taken against both the Company and the Contractors; or one of them, and if against one only, against which.

3. How the indictment should be framed: Whether for conspiracy to defraud, or for obtaining money on false pretences, or if neither, how otherwise.

4. You are requested to advise generally on the case.

2. I am of opinion that an indictment would lie against either the Company or the Contractors, singly, or against both jointly.

3. If the indictment be laid against both jointly, I am of opinion that it should be for conspiracy to obtain money on false pretences. If it be laid against either Company or Contractor singly, I am of opinion it should be for obtaining money on false pretences.

4. In advising generally on the case I think it would be well that the prosecution should bear in mind that the Conspiracy, or the False Pretences, in this case having for object the raising of enormous sums of money, great difficulty is likely to be experienced in procuring a conviction; and that it must not be supposed that either the evidence, or the reasoning, that would support an ordinary indictment of the kind in a Criminal Court will satisfy a jury where the sum raised amounts to nearly fifteen millions, and where the accused are such eminently respectable persons.

It is not in accordance with my experience that a jury can be readily brought to regard the fraudulent operator who works for millions in the same light as the petty offender who cheats for pence or pounds. Finance has its own morality; and such transactions as those stated in this case may be within its limits. I do not think, however, that this could be pleaded in bar of an indictment. It is true that the Court will recognise the customs of trade in interpreting contracts; but I am not aware of any case in which such custom has been held to justify an utterly false representation of the value of a security, proved to be made with knowledge, on the strength of which large sums have been advanced; particularly where the representation is one required by statute, and supported by the certificate of a Justice of the Peace.

I observe no question is submitted as to the legal effect of making the statutory declaration falsely. By many statutes the making of such declarations falsely is made punishable as perjury, though they are not on oath. This point should be considered.

Altogether, I think this eminently a case for raising the question whether there is such a crime known to English law as raising money on false pretences, where the money raised amounts to millions. It may also do much to fix the limit (as yet undetermined) at which "financing" ends and "swindling" begins.

3, *Lancel Court, Inver-Temple.*

Mr. Walpole's Resignation.

WE regret to announce the resignation of the Right Hon. STRAWMAN WALPOLE, Home Secretary, though we cannot say that we are surprised at the course the Right Hon. gentleman has adopted. He felt so strongly that as Hydraulic Minister he was entitled to be present at the opening of the Aberdeen Water-works by HER MAJESTY, that on failing to receive a summons to the North, he wrote to LORD DERRY, resigning office. We hear that while penning the dispatch Mr. WALPOLE was affected to tears.



FAIR GAME.

Cousin William. "THERE Y' ARE, CHARLOTTE! BUCK OVER THE FENCE, TAKE THE INSIDE, AND HAVE FIRST 'POT' AT THE WOODCHUCKS!"

THE GRAND JURY QUESTION.

REVERED SIR,

THE enemy's guns are pointed against another of the ancient bulwarks of our glorious Constitution. I knew some dreadful catastrophe would result from the suppression of that Latin Grammar which we have all had flogged into us, and I am right in my foreboding. Men are deliberately, and in cold ink, writing against the Grand Jury system, and clamouring, like wild beasts at feeding time, for its abolition. I say, Sir, it will be a grand injury if they succeed in their nefarious design. Have they for one brief moment considered the position in which REUBEN STIBBS, accused of stealing a pint pot from the railings in front of *The Jolly Nose*, will stand, if this Palladium of our liberties is numbered amongst the things of the past, with benefit of clergy and wager of battle? What will there then be left to depend upon but the preliminary investigation by the Police, the hearing of the case, it may be with a remand, by the committing Magistrate, the opening speech of the counsel for the prosecution, the examination of the witnesses for the Crown and their cross-examination, the speech of the counsel for the defence, the evidence of the witnesses for the prisoner and their cross-examination, the remarks in reply, the summing up of the Judge, the deliberation of the jury, and the publicity given to the whole proceedings by the penny press, especially in their evening placards? Are we to have nothing left to remind us of the glories of the Heptarchy; to recal the mild wisdom of ALFRED, and the beneficial rule of ÆTHELRED? We have parted with many a time-honoured institution, from the Wittenagemot to witchcraft, from bows and arrows to breeches and needles; and soon, if the spoiler has his wish, shall have nothing to cling to that is venerable and moss-grown but Convocation and Courts-martial. At which of the sacred edifices of this happy land will these iconoclasts throw their sacrilegious stones next? I am in the decline of life, and shall not live to lament many more ruthless innovations, indeed the thought of the rude shocks I shall escape goes far to reconcile me to my lot—but I tremble when I think that another generation may see even the end of vestries, of the Board of Admiralty, of the Irish Church, of the London Corporation, of Latin

JOHNNY NOODLE.

(SONG OF A SUBVERSIVE.)

AIR—"Yankee Doodle."

OLD JOHN BULL, 'tis time that you
Changed your constitution,
Turned from Old JOHN into New
By a revolution.
Brandy-smash for ale and stout,
Also timber-doodle,
Here you have to slake your drought:
Liquor, JOHNNY NOODLE!
JOHNNY NOODLE, NOODLE, New,
JOHNNY NOODLE Nincom,
Here are Yankee draughts for you:
Liquor up and drink 'em.

Take that poor old signboard down,
Where the one-horned pony
With the lion guards the crown.
Scorn all ceremony:
Turn the British Lion loose,
Where he likes to wander.
Change your Lion for a Goose:
Goosey goosey gander.
JOHNNY NOODLE, &c.

CYRUS FIELD—give glory due
Whenever you are able—
Has joined the Old World to the New
With his Atlantic Cable.
So, now we're annexed, in fact,
To yonder mighty nation,
Let England by that model act,
In humble imitation.
JOHNNY NOODLE, &c.

Haul we down the Union-Jack,
In a quiet manner.
Hail the Stripes—they hurt no back.
Hoist the starry banner.
JOHN, thy bull-dog keep no more;
Keep, instead, a poodle.
All the ancient ways give o'er,
New JOHN, JOHNNY NOODLE!
JOHNNY NOODLE, &c.

verses, of flogging soldiers and sailors, of church-rates, cocked-hats, court-suits, ramrods, and the Lord Privy Seal?

I fear the POPE and ARCHBISHOP MANNING are at the bottom of the attack on the Gentlemen of the Grand Inquest; and I trust Mr. WHALLEY has his eye on this fresh effort of Jesuitical machination. I have one hope to sustain me, and save my grey hairs from going down, &c. A Conservative Government will, I am confident, never part with anything that is old and helpless, consecrated by the wisdom of our ancestors, embalmed in the tradition of ages. I am persuaded the present Ministry will defend the Grand Jury system as the cornerstone of our Constitution, as the brightest jewel in the British crown, as the inalienable birthright of every Briton whose "home is on the sea," and will all rather die in a compact body on the floor of the House, the PREMIER first and GEORGE WARD HUNT last, than interfere with country gentlemen (and great game-preservers) assembling at the Assizes, and returning a true bill against ill-fed, ill-taught, and ill-cared-for agricultural labourers, for night-poaching. But we must, for all that, be up in arms; we must take time by the forelock, we must sound the tocsin, we must make the welkin ring, we must hoist the old flag, we must fling ourselves into the breach, we must stand in the van, we must have a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, we must be continually rallying round something or other, lest we should again (for the fiftieth time) have to dread the untimely setting of that Britannic Sun whose permanent disappearance is constantly endangered by demagogues, free-thinkers, and rabid incendiaries. Shades of ELTON, and ELLENBOROUGH, and CHARLES WETHERELL! if ye take cognisance of what happens on this sublimity sphere, how must your sainted spirits be perturbed by these wanton onslaughts on a hallowed institution which has withstood the storms of "a thousand years, the battle and the breeze!" I can no more. I fear in my agitation I have been slightly incoherent. But pardon,

Yours, despondingly,
A BLUE COAT AND BUFF-WAISTCOAT MAN.

THE CHARWOMAN'S PARADISE.—Charing Cross.

A RASCAL HOOKED.



British Female to understand that genuine telegraphic messages are inscribed on a form of which Paterfamilias will do well to give his harem a specimen, and that even, if refused, they are never "sent back," and that scoundrels of the YOUNG class should be detained (no change ready, or some such excuse) until B. 1407 can be found. MR. YOUNG himself will not deliver any more messages at present, as MR. ARNOLD very properly refused bail, and we trust that the Judge who will sentence YOUNG is a family man.

A BRADFORD BLUNDERER.

Nemo bis vexari, and so forth, saith a law maxim; and as MR. PUNCH is morally sure that the unhappy Editor of the *Bradford Observer* will ere this have received from MR. BRIGHT, per post, a private flagellation, in return for the scribe's abject attentions, MR. PUNCH will merely notice, not for the Editor's sake, but Yorkshire's, a slander which the *Observer* has published in reference to MR. P.'s last beautiful and suggestive Cartoon. The Bradford writer is a "numb hand;" and we imagine that he will speedily discover that the canny Yorkshiremen are not to be humbugged by a scribbler who is too lazy to turn to the file of a journal which he wishes to vilify. He had charged MR. PUNCH with having caricatured the late MR. COBDEN, the last time he was mentioned in *Punch*. Yorkshiremen are accustomed to straightforward language, and we leave them to apply the right name to the Editor of the *Observer*, when they have been reminded that, about two months before MR. COBDEN's death, he was referred to as a "true statesman," and a kindly hope was added that he would not support certain Liverpool financiers. He was never alluded to again in *Punch*, during his life, but tributes both in verse and prose appeared when the nation was mourning him; and, if MR. PUNCH divulged confidences, he could show that those tributes were welcome where such servility as that of the Bradford scribe must have inspired disgust. So much for the Bradford Blunderer. He may settle with MR. BRIGHT for having contended that, because MR. COBDEN was a great and good man, MR. BRIGHT ought not to have been depicted in the admirable Cartoon in question.

WOREN THAN HOUSE-BREAKING.

A MAN, calling himself a gentleman, was lately convicted, on his own confession, of taking up his residence.

HIGHLY JUDICIOUS JESUITS.

THE *Echo du Luxembourg*, as quoted by the *Express*, publishes the following bill of fare of a banquet which followed the inauguration, with a mass and a sermon, of the Jesuits' Palace at Arlon:—

"Huitres d'Ostende, potage à la tortue, crépinettes à la Richelieu, saumon à la Hollandaise, filet de bœuf à la jardinière, caneton aux olives farcies, filet de soles, matelote Normande, perdreaux au naturel; sorbets au kirsch, céleris farcis, lièvre à la poivrade, dindonneaux truffés à l'épiscopal, béchames, anguille au beurre Montpelliér, jambon d'Ardenne en gelée, homardes, rôtis de fote gras, bavaroise panachée, Macédoine au Champagne, glaces, fruits, dessert."

He who leads a good life is sure to live well, as the "Holy Friar" says in the canticle of that title. The Jesuit Fathers of Arlon appear to have adopted the rule of that worthy cenobite's order. "It is hardly necessary," continues the journalist, with reference to the foregoing catalogue of good things, "to add that this succulent repast was enlivened with old wines of the choicest vintages. Among others is mentioned a certain white Tokay, which drew exclamations of delight from the pious guests." As, for example, "*Hoc est bonum in visceribus meis*." "You mean," the speaker's next neighbour perhaps suggested, "*Tokay est bonum*." "*Pro omnibus bibo*" was perhaps sung by some brother of the Society in a state of enthusiasm, although doubtless he had passed the bottle. Ah! these are sad times for the poor persecuted monks and priests of the Roman Catholic Church, and they require all the support wherewith the best of eating and drinking can strengthen them to endure the martyrdom which they nowadays undergo continually.

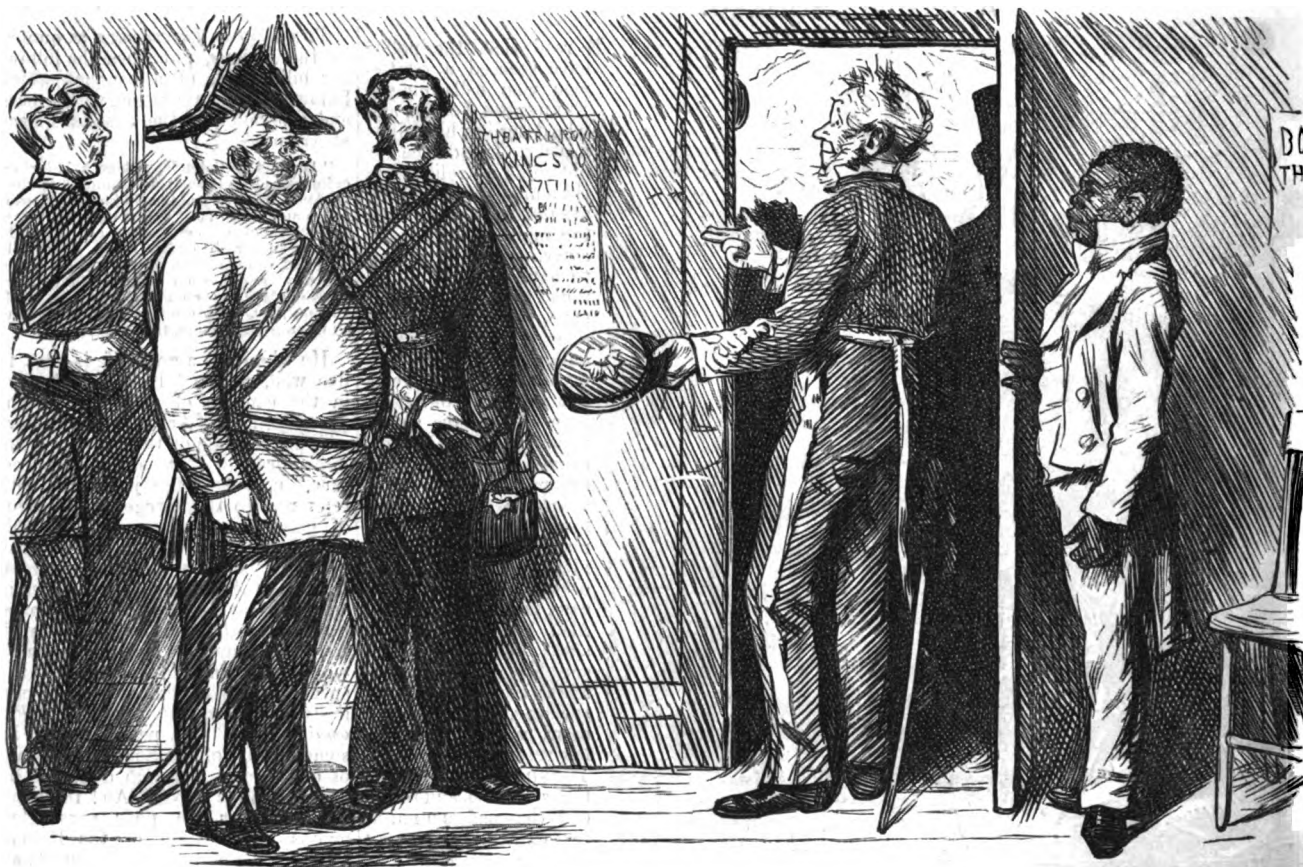
Why is Brighton more aristocratic this year than last? Because it has one Pier more.

DON'T CALL BAD NAMES.

MR. PUNCH has always pleasure in encouraging little pleasures which promote the harmless happiness of society. It is delightful to him to see a round—or oval table of grown-up and bearded gentlemen sniffing at Pharaoh's Serpents, or evincing ecstasy at Fairy Bubbles. But a certain good taste should dominate our delights. We certainly disapprove of the vulgarity which has given to the last new plaything a name which should not be made a household word. Certain little balls, like peas, may be thrown into water, when they ignite and spit fire into your eyes and shirt-front, to the delight of the social circle, but it is not proper to call them the tears of the Enemy of Souls, and MR. PUNCH suggests to the leash of Jewish persons who advertise the articles, (with some doggerel which it would be appropriate, were it not coarse, to call infernal) that the sale of the spitfires is not likely to be promoted by the name. Respectable newspapers are requested to receive this intimation. Could not the peas be called Walpole's Tears?

THE NEW PRIMER.

For the use of those who teach the young idea how to shoot, there has very lately been invented a new Primer. We have not yet had the leisure and the pleasure to examine this new weapon of instruction carefully, but we believe that, although it may be found to miss fire here and there, upon the whole it pretty fairly contrives to hit the mark. Clearly, it is better for the noble army of our martyrs—we mean to say our schoolmasters; the two words are synonymous—that they should all be furnished with one uniform weapon of instruction, than have half a hundred to pick from and perplex them. The new Primer on the whole is the best that is in use, and, although some of our great guns may differ in regard to it, we believe it will be found a very serviceable noddle-loader.



VOLUNTEERS AND REGULARS.

SCENE:—BOX-LOBBY, THEATRE-ROYAL, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

General Officer (in a rage, thinking he has discovered a flagrant breach of "Orders"). "WHAT REGIMENT DO YOU BELONG TO, SIR! WHAT THE D' YOU MEAN BY COMING IN THAT TOM-FOOL'S DRESS, SIR! I—I—I—"

Volunteer Captain (independent of, and not under the General's command). "YOU THE BOX-KEEPER! TOO LATE, OLD BOY; YOU SHOULD HAVE OBJECTED AT THE DOOR. TA, TA!"

[General looks Close Arrests and Drum-head Courts-Martial, but can't articulate.]

GLADSTONE UNMASKED.

DEAR PUNCH,

WHEN, in my admirable speech the other day, I accused MR. GLADSTONE of entertaining towards true Liberalism and Progress that "concentrated malignity" which the poet has described as existing in the "Spanish Cloister," I meant to have quoted the following adaptation of MR. BROWNING's verses, to which I referred. But time pressed, so I send the travestie to you. It is very close, and I have placed in the mouth of the Malignant as much bitterness as I well could. Gratified at having revealed the hitherto unsuspected wickedness of MR. GLADSTONE, believe me,

Yours, sincerely,

Eden, near Banff.

GRANT DUFF.

MR. GLADSTONE'S REAL SENTIMENTS AS TO PROGRESS.

GR-R-R—there go, you worst of ogres,
Talk your cant of Manhood, do!
If hate killed folk, MRS. PROGRESS,
Bless me, would not mine kill you!
What, the English Church wants trimming?
Oh, the Irish has first claims,
Then the tax-cream you'd be skimming—
Don't I see your little games?

In the House we sit together,
Salvo tibi! I must hear
Birds of every kind of feather
Screeching nonsense in my ear.
Listening to such trash and stuff, rage
Makes me look uncommon black:
What's the Latin name for Suffrage?
What's the Greek name for "a Quack."

Whew! We'll have our Education,
Free from article and test,
Dogma is our detestation,
Each man's creed is in his breast.
O'dear yes, and why should College
With its Greek our jawbone wrench?
What it ought to teach is knowledge
How to call a cab in French.

Progress—Bah! I see your meaning,
Things will get beyond a joke,
But, my friend so overweening,
In your wheel I'll put a spoke.
Row your Liberal boat, yes, row it,
While I steer it into storm:
I, although you may not know it,
Am the man that killed Reform.

Don't I hate you and your preachers,
Chiefly don't I hate GRANT DUFF,
With his most obnoxious features,
And his skimble-skamble stuff?
You will find me bold and wary—
You beware this tongue of mine!
Ossibus exoriare
Ullor ali— Gr—you swine!

Brutal.

OLD SINGLETON, on hearing there was a song called "The Children's Hour," remarked, that it could of course only mean bed-time. He added a hope that the song did not sanction the absurd idea of after-dinner being the children's hour.



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Wife. "CHARLES, DEAR, DON'T YOU LIKE MY NEW CAPE?"

Rev. Charles (*Perpetual Curate*). "YES. WHERE DID YOU MANAGE TO GET IT?"

Wife (*delighted*). "WHY, I CUT UP YOUR PRESENTATION GOWN!"

SNIDER'S EPITAPH.

(BY THE WAR-OFFICE POET.)

HERE SNIDER lies! His neat conversion plan
Gave us breech-loaders at twelve bob per man.
"In medio tutissimus" has been
BULL's rule: he's safe with us, for we're "the mean."
When SNIDER made his claim upon the Crown,
We passed him on to CLODE—CLODE cut him down.
Two millions he had saved us, SNIDER swore;
We granted that much, but would grant no more.
For near three thousand, SNIDER, shameless, cried.
We offered one: he took it, blushed, and died!

THE WOMAN IN WIGHT.

THE quiet of Ventnor has been disturbed by an incident which might have been attended with circumstances more or less serious, but, fortunately, was accompanied by nothing of the kind. It is thus recorded in a paragraph apparently comprising a week's news from the Isle of Wight:—

"VENTNOR. Agent, MESSRS. KNIGHT & SON.

"ACCIDENT.—A lady was coming down from the railway station into Grove Road, last week, she trod upon a stone which lay in the road, and her foot taking a rather peculiar turn, she fell to the ground without, happily, receiving any severe injury."

The sensational announcement above quoted from the *Hampshire Telegraph*, may at first seem to indicate that in the Isle of Wight there has not been much stirring lately, but—as a popular comedian used to say—stagnation. This idea arises from the want of a due appreciation of the sensibility of Isle of Wight people. At any rate, the inhabitants of Ventnor have hearts that can be affected by a sister's fall, even when not only are no bones broken by it, but even so much as a bruise does not appear to have been sustained. But who was the sufferer of that alarming accident? we would ask—if only she

had suffered anything. Who was the heroine of the startling occurrence, related in the foregoing paragraph, which frightened the Isle of Wight from its propriety? We know not. There are perhaps reasons why we should never know. Let her remain unnamed—a mystery. Suffice it to speak of her as "The Woman in Wight."

FUNCTIONAL INACTION.

THE late BISHOP BLOMFIELD was thought to have said a good thing when, having been asked what an Archdeacon did, he replied that an Archdeacon "performed Archidiaconal functions." Some people may be inclined to consider that, by way of definition, it might with equal and corresponding propriety be said, that a Bishop performs Episcopal functions. But, with regard to our present Bishops, this would be saying a very great deal more than the truth. Clergymen of the Established Church, in Anglican churches, are acting Popery under their Bishops' noses. Those Bishops take no steps to banish and drive the strange doctrine and practices away. It is far too much to say of such Bishops that Episcopal functions are performed by them. On the contrary, the fact, as touching a Prelate of the Church of England would just now be more exactly expressed by the statement that a Bishop does *not* perform Episcopal functions.

A CARD TO CLERGYMEN.

HERE WE ARE! MR. TOM MATTHEWS (who has retired from the active duties of his profession), and his Associate MR. BARNES, having a few hours at their disposal daily, are willing to devote their intervals of leisure to giving instruction in Attitudes and Postures to Clergymen of the Ritualistic Party in the Established Church. Rectors, Vicars, and Curates, with the assistance of M^s. T. M. and M^s. B. may, in a few short and easy lessons, be thoroughly accomplished in the performance of genuflections, and perfected in all other business incidental to Ecclesiastical Pantomime, with privacy and expedition. MESSRS. MATTHEWS & BARNES have also the honour to announce that they are prepared to assist reverend Ritualists in personal decoration, and have entered into mutual arrangement with M^r. NATHAN, the celebrated costumier of Tichborne Street, who has always on hire a large assortment of second-hand Roman Catholic Vestments nearly as good as new.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(The morning after. At Farze.)



HERE is no one up: except the servants. FRASER is in the wine-cellar, as usual, some samples having just arrived from town, and two cases. MISS FRIDOLINE calls, while I am at work on *Typical Developments*. I can see her arrive, from my room. She is talking to the footman, who, from his rubbing his left shoulder very often, is evidently telling her about his having fallen downstairs, and last night's affair generally.

Happy Thought.—To let her see me at my window. I wonder if she *did* see me. I ought to have looked at her. She's gone in. I really must work. Ch. IV. Vol. I. "On the Varieties of Inanimate Nature." I sit

down to write. Hearing a door slam, I jump up again. It is not MISS FRIDOLINE. To work. "Philosophers, in every age, have directed their attention to the—" A rustling in the passage by my door. I look out quietly. It is the housemaid, who, not having got over her fright of last night, screams on seeing me. The household, being generally nervous this morning, is immediately disturbed. The matter is explained, unsatisfactorily, because MRS. FRASER begs I'll be more quiet, and I return, rather annoyed (it is annoying to be misunderstood) to *Typical Developments*. Philosophers, in every age, have directed their attention to the possibilities of the power inherent in mere particles. The calm mind of inductive science, undisturbed by—"It is MISS FRIDOLINE. I hear her saying, "Yes, MRS. FRASER, I'll get them for you." She passes my door, and descends the staircase. Shall I? I will. *Typical Developments* can wait.

Happy Thought.—Brush my hair, and settle my tie.

We meet in the hall. She is going to the hothouse, to get some grapes for "poor MRS. FRASER." I say, "I'm going in that direction, myself," and then look at her with a smile intended to be full of meaning. On repeating, afterwards, the same smile to myself in the looking-glass, the meaning doesn't appear sufficiently distinct and definite. But then it is difficult to look tenderly at oneself in a looking-glass.

Happy Thought.—Try the effect in the glass, before, not afterwards, another time.

We are walking along the gravel-path, about two feet apart from one another.

She is humming a tune. I feel that all my conversational powers have entirely deserted me. She says, "I'm sure it's boring you very much to walk with me. I really can go alone, I assure you." I feel taken aback by the remark: somehow, with all my knowledge of human nature, it isn't what I had expected her to say. I should like to come out with something now which would clinch matters. I reply, "Oh no, I'm not bored," which, I feel, implies that I am only saying so out of politeness. After this, it seems that my power of speech has entirely deserted me. If I talked at all, I should like it to be on very serious subjects. It strikes me that if there was a third person here, I could be brilliant. We enter another path. MISS FRIDOLINE remarks, laughingly, that I don't talk. Again I have no answer ready. I can't make out where my answers have gone to. I am sure she knows what my feelings are towards her, and she oughtn't to laugh. I'm afraid, after all, she is frivolous. I ask her "What we shall talk about?" She says, "Oh, you must start a subject." Something, I don't know what, suggests, as a subject, "Beetles." I can't put it down as a happy thought.

Happy Thought.—The art of talking to anyone with whom you are secretly in love, is included in the power of making repartees.

She is evidently getting tired of me. She wants to know if I haven't any stories to tell her. No, I haven't. "Dear me!" she returns, "I thought you would be such an amusing companion. I thought you'd have a fund of anecdotes." So I have: somewhere. I defend myself by saying, "I didn't come out to tell anecdotes." I am obliged to laugh after this speech, as I am conscious of its having a certain amount of surliness in its tone. "Didn't you?" is her reply. "You don't expect me to do it." I feel I am becoming cross: I tell her that "I don't want any one to do it." A little more, and we shall quarrel. She suggests, "Well, you can sing me a comic song, then?"

I'm sure you must know numbers of songs." This is an allusion to "The Little Pig Squeaked." I don't like it. The idea of walking about with the girl whom you secretly love, and doing nothing but sing comic songs to her! I brood over this, and am silent. I make up my mind to lead up to the subject nearest my heart, on the next opportunity. We turn up another gravel path. She observes that she's "afraid I'm not well." Is this an opportunity? No: I'll wait for a better. I tell her that I'm not very well this morning, in order to excite her compassion. "Then," she says, "don't fatigue yourself to walk with me." The time has come. I pump up my voice, with difficulty, through a very hot throat. When it does come out, it sounds as if I'd been eating a pound of nuts, with the husks on, and was talking under a blanket. I say, "I can't feel fatigued," here I clear my throat, but am still under the blanket, "while walking with you." And I clear my throat again.

Happy Thought.—Not to clear your throat in the middle of a speech. Ineffective.

She apparently hasn't heard my observation, as she remarks, immediately, "What a beautiful place this is!" I answer, coming a little way out of the blanket, but hotter than ever, "You didn't hear what I said?" She asks, "What, just now?" I answer, "Yes." Her reply is, "that she *did* hear it: but why?" I don't know "Why."

Happy Thought.—Always have some fixed attitude for one's hands. To pocket them looks careless when you're talking to some one you really like.

I try to explain "why." I say, pointedly, with my wide-awake well shading my eyes, "I don't think you understand me." I am getting to the point. She returns, that "she didn't know there was anything particular to understand." Not seeing my way to an explanation, I say, "Oh!" in tone of disappointment. She suggests that we had better make haste to get to the grape-house, as poor MRS. FRASER is waiting. I say nothing, but quicken my pace despairingly. She commences another topic. "What a very nice person MRS. FRASER is!" Not caring to talk about MRS. FRASER, I feel inclined to depreciate her. I say, sourly, "Nice!" I hate that phrase. Well, then, MISS FRIDOLINE will substitute "so agreeable and kind, and so lively," adding, "I like lively people." I am aware this is a cut at me. Feeling hurt, I can't help saying, "I'm afraid I'm not lively." She returns, "No; you do not seem very lively this morning."

Happy Thought.—Never give anybody an opening to make a cutting remark.

"One cannot always be lively," I answer, bitterly, "and playing the fool. Women, I suppose, are fond of that sort of thing." "Thank you," says MISS SYMPERSON, "I didn't know I was fond of playing the fool." "I didn't say that," I explain. "I give you credit, MISS FRIDOLINE, for appreciating thoughts of a more serious character." I should like to talk to her about my *Typical Developments*. While I am thinking how I shall begin, she asks me, "Are you generally so dull?" I see the opportunity. I answer, "No, not always; but—" (here I made the plunge) "with you I can't help it." She interrupts me, "Oh, then, with anyone else you'd be lively and cheerful? That's a nice compliment!"

Happy Thought.—Never come out without a pocket-handkerchief. When you're talking with anyone you really care about, it's a very difficult thing to use a pocket-handkerchief with anything like grace. You can't say, "I love you!" with your nose hidden. I find it; but wait for an opportunity. If we come to a narrow path, where I can walk behind her, I'll use it then.

We turn a corner, and come suddenly upon the children. "Dear little things!" cries MISS FRIDOLINE. She takes the baby from the nurse. I look on, morosely. The ugly boy is there making faces at me. I think I could strangle them all. MISS FRIDOLINE shows me the baby, and asks me if it isn't a pretty little darling? I smile on it, and say, "Charming!"

Happy Thought.—Always take care what one says of children before the nurses. They may tell MRS. FRASER. One of the children, a sharp little girl, who ranks between the ugly boy and his younger brother, begs to be allowed to walk with "FRIDY." Nurse says, "She'll be a nuisance to MISS FRIDOLINE," who replies, "Oh, no—not at all; do let her come; I'll take care of her." I agree with the nurse, but keep it to myself, and say, gratuitously, "I always get on well with children." The child says, "Come on, FRIDY." How I should like to call her "FRIDY!" Away we walk towards the hothouse—she, I, and the sharp little girl. The sharp little girl begins pleasantly. She says to FRIDOLINE, "I say, FRIDY, we don't want him with us, do we?" meaning me. I should like to box her ears. I say, "Oh, yes, you do, though," and smile. She continues, "Oh, you're a great stupid, you are; we don't want you." MISS FRIDOLINE laughs. I laugh, too; such a laugh! I tell the child, hoping to stop her sharpness, "You mustn't be rude." Whereupon she cries out, "You're MISTER PIGSQUEAKER, you are; that's what we all call you, MISTER PIGSQUEAKER!" MISS FRIDOLINE is laughing: the child is encouraged, and goes on, crying out, "Wee, wee, wee, MISTER PIGSQUEAKER!" I should like to duck her in a pond. MISS FRIDOLINE says, "Hush, EDITH!" but not with authority; and the child, who

can't be very sharp, as she's only got this one idea of fun, goes on in a sort of variation on the theme, "Piggy, wiggy, squeaker, MISTER PIGGYWIGGYSQUEAKER." She is beneath notice; I will address my conversation, over her head and intelligence, to MISS FRIDOLINE. I begin, "Do you believe in sympathies springing up between two beings for the first time?" MISS FRIDOLINE pauses, to reflect. I have touched the chord. The odious little brat cries out to me, "I say, when are you going away?" I tell her, condescendingly, that I do not know, and ask her if she wouldn't be very sorry to lose me? Her reply is not in keeping with my assertion that I get on very well with children: it is, "No, I shall be very glad. You're a MISTER PIGGY-SQUEAKER." The child has picked this name up from somebody else. Perhaps from the nurses; perhaps from MRS. FRASER. Perhaps the whole household calls me MISTER PIGGY-SQUEAKER. It's impossible to make love in this character. I wish to goodness I'd never come down. That was the beauty of BOODLE'S place: there were no horrid children about; and one couldn't fall in love with MILBURN.

In the *Hothouse*.—The gardener gives us some beautiful peaches. MISS FRIDOLINE offers me one. I accept it from her, and begin to eat it. The infernal child says, "Oh, what a mouth!" I wonder if my mouth is so very large. Children often speak the truth, unintentionally. I must be careful how I open it when laughing. I take the opportunity afforded by the necessity of wiping my hands, to use my pocket-handkerchief. The child gets bold of the other end, and tries to pull it away from me. MISS FRIDOLINE does not reprove her. Tenderness is out of the question. I loiter behind with the gardener, and hear him talk about mushrooms. I could almost sweep on his shoulder. I suppose I must look unhappy, as he observes, "He thought that peach as I was eating wasn't a very ripe 'un." He takes me to the mushroom-house. It is damp and tombly. I feel that I have nothing to live for, and should like to stop there. The gardener is waiting for me, with the key in his hand. I come out. MISS FRIDOLINE and the abominable child have disappeared. I return to the house. I will leave this place to-morrow. I ask where MR. FRASER is. I want male society. He is in the cellar arranging a bin. He always is, during the daytime, in the cellar. To my work: I have been wasting my time. I will go to-morrow morning. I sit down to work. The butler enters. He looks very serious. "A policeman," he informs me, "wants to see me." A policeman! It can't be that window affair, last night. "Show him in."

MR. PUNCH TO SIR MORTON PETO.

MY DEAR SIR MORTON,

THERE is an integrity like the diamond. There is also an integrity like the Bristol stone. The one is pure, transparent, lustrous: it has no flaw, and it defies scratching. The other looks like the same thing—only it isn't. You may polish it up, flash it in the light, set it off with all the arts of foil-backing, puff it, praise it, preach over it, maunder over it, but you can't turn a Bristol stone into a diamond—"nohow you can fix it." You have been trying your best—and very good your best is—to accomplish the transformation. You have put yourself on a jury of your supporters, and they have not acquitted you exactly, but—thanked you for your explanation. I haven't an idea what their thanks may be worth under the circumstances. One has heard the phrase "thank you for nothing." Your supporters, who crowded St. Martin's Hall, Broadmead, had *that much*, at all events, to thank you for. Your explanations, my dear SIR MORTON, come precisely to nothing.

You have learnt, among your other chapel experiences, the great virtue of "spounding and 'splaining" in the abstract, without reference to the quality of the exposition or explanation. That virtue was never more apparent than at the Broadmead meeting. It even projected its blessed influence in advance, and seems to have satisfied your congregation that all was satisfactorily "splained"—even before the "splaining" began. I read in the report of the meeting that—

"On SIR MORTON entering the room he was received with a burst of applause. The company rose on seats, and gave vent to their feelings by waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and vociferously cheering for a considerable time."

Some crotchety people may think that the reception indicates what is vulgarly called a "packed" meeting. I recommend you to treat the insinuation with silent contempt. If I were you, I would certainly not stoop to "splain" the enthusiastic demonstration of your Broadmead audience before you even opened your mouth.

I have read your explanation, and, like your Bristol friends, am quite ready to thank you for it. But having given thanks for what I have received, like *Oliver Twist*, I have the audacity still to feel hungry, and to ask for more. I appeal to you, my dear SIR MORTON, in your own name—"PETO"—I seek—I seek a little more explanation. In fact, I want an explanation of your explanation: what at Cambridge would be called an explanation squared—to the facts. I am very sorry for my stupidity. I grieve that I can't feel satisfied with what was so satisfactory to the Broadmeadians. I would if I

could, but I can't. And, therefore, I am compelled, with many apologies, to put you through a second course of "spounding and 'splaining."

But before I begin, it is best that we should understand each other—that you should know what I want to have "splained."

This is the more necessary, because I see that, clear-headed as you are, you seem to be under a misapprehension on this point.

"It was impossible," you remarked,

"For anyone who had read the report dispassionately to come to any other conclusion but that the firm of PETO & COMPANY had been guilty of selfish conduct, and had taken advantage, in an improper way, of the railway."

You may make your mind perfectly easy on that point, my dear SIR MORTON. No one, I can assure you, ever dreamed of accusing you of having taken improper advantage of the London, Chatham and Dover, any more than of accusing the London, Chatham and Dover of having taken improper advantage of *you*. The public is quite satisfied that, as far as you and the Company go, it is a case of "six to one, and half-a-drown to the other." What I *have* heard both you and the Company accused of, is of "taking advantage, in an improper way," of the public, especially of the unfortunate London, Chatham and Dover debenture-holders.

So I must ask you to direct your 'spounding and 'splaining to this point.

And, first, you say, when you were called in on December 17, 1863, to assist the Directors with your valuable financial advice and counsel, you found a million and a quarter of Lloyd's Bonds outstanding, and taking precedence of all Debentures. And thereupon you—

"Gave them the best advice that you possibly could, and it was this—that unless the whole of these Lloyd's Bonds were taken up and paid off it was impossible for them to go into the market as honest men to borrow money, because the debenture-holders were not able to know the position that they were in."

And then, instead of the Lloyd's Bonds, you advised the Company to issue £1,500,000 of ordinary Stock, and to raise £500,000 of Debentures on *that*. And the Company *did* issue the Stock, but the public did not come forward to buy it, so the Company handed it over to you, and you never paid a penny on it, but took it into the market and raised money on it, and gallantly redeemed the Lloyd's Bonds—and earned, or ought to have earned, the gratitude of the Company.

Will you please explain, SIR MORTON, whether the holders of the £500,000 Debentures issued against the £1,500,000 Stock, which you had used to redeem the Lloyd's Bonds, and of which not a share had been *bona-fide* subscribed for, "were able to know the position they were in?"

Will you please explain, also, where lay the difference, in real value, between the £1,500,000 unsubscribed stock, deposited by you, and the million and a quarter of Lloyd's Bonds which you withdrew with it? I *can* see one difference, and it is this: that on the Lloyd's Bonds the Company could not issue any Debentures, whereas on the unsubscribed Stock, in your hands, they could issue Debentures for half a million, in illusory—it would be offensive between friends to use such a word as "fraudulent"—compliance with the law?

Next, I should be extremely obliged if you would explain, whether, when you gave the Company a receipt for £429,500 which you had never received, for works you had never done, and the Company gave you a receipt for £429,500 which you had never paid, for shares which had never been really taken up, and when, on the strength of that exchange of dummy receipts, the Company issued £350,000 Debentures, on a Justice's certificate that three times that amount of shares had been subscribed for, you considered that the people who took these Debentures "were able to know the position they were in?"

I see you say that the same sort of thing was done by MR. CRAMPTON, in making the line from Sevenoaks to Maidstone; and that you had the advice of MR. NEWMAN, a solicitor, of the firm of FRESHFIELD, NEWMAN & Co., for all you did.

MR. FRESHFIELD, MR. NEWMAN'S partner, denies this point-blank.

Don't you think it might be advisable that you should explain the contradiction? May I suggest also that you should explain how two wrongs can make a right: and how right and wrong, truth and falsehood, can change their natures as well as their names under the advice of a solicitor. I want you to explain—in short, I want you to EXPLAIN YOUR EXPLANATION—as I said before—and I find I can't say it better.

Be attendant, I remain, dear SIR MORTON,

Your affectionate friend and admirer,

PUNCH.

Bumbelius Lambethiensis Loquitur.

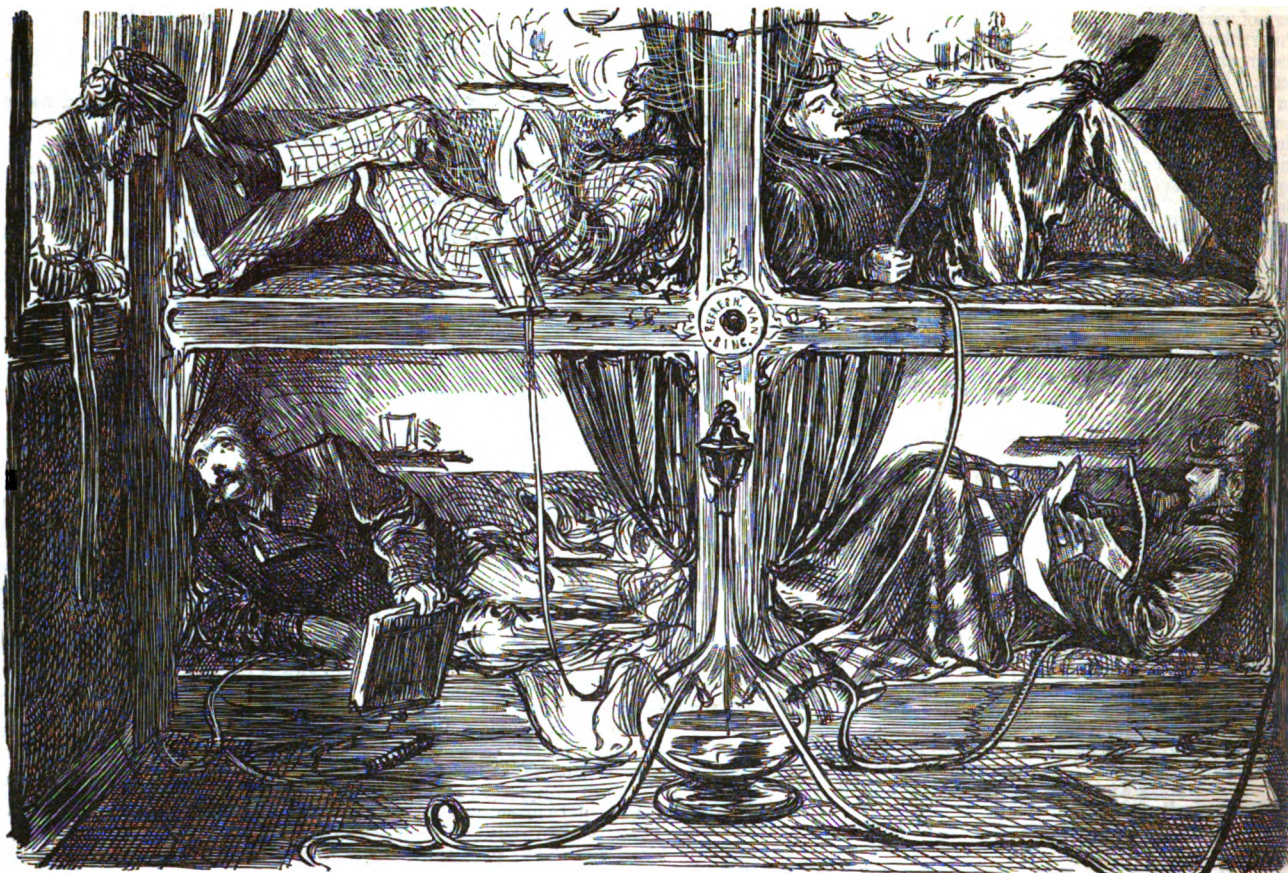
"The Master of Lambeth workhouse having been charged with illegally black-boling, ducking, and otherwise violently assaulting the paupers under his charge, an investigation being threatened, has resigned, and his resignation has been accepted by the Guardians."—*Daily Papers*.

"BLACK-HOLE and duck your paupers," and you'll find,

Though you serve *them* well, guardians will serve *you* ill:

The dogs lick'd LAZARUS, and *they're* called kind;

When I lick LAZARUS, why am I called cruel?



RAILWAY TRAVELLING AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

Guard. "DID YOU RING, SIR?"

Passenger. "YES. WHERE ARE WE NOW?"

Guard. "JUST PASSING DONKEYSBRIDGE, SIR. SHAN'T STOP TILL WE GET TO STUNNINGTON, FORTY MILES FURTHER ON."

Passenger. "OH! AH! THEN JUST BRING ME ANOTHER SHERRY-AND-SODA, AND A CIGAR, AND TWO OR THREE MORE VOLUMES OF PUNCH."

Guard. "YESSIR."

THE COUNTERFEITS AMONG THE CLERGY.

THERE is a waistcoat called M.B.; you know its etymology. It indicates a parson, of a party in theology Which, to the genuine Roman, bears precisely the relation Of British brandy to Cognac—a spurious imitation.

Bow, wow, wow!

Dumb dogs the Bishops are, so, bow, wow, wow!

The counterfeit inebriates as much as the reality, It only wants the raciness, the smack, and sapid quality, Moreover, in as far as its effect is insobriety, The sham is of the two the more pernicious to society.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The preachers of mock Popery in their gaudy vestments figure, As like to Popish priests as a gorilla is to a nigger. The Ritualist impostor by the normal Roman "missioner" Is looked on as a Quack is by a regular practitioner.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

In stole and cope and chasuble these mimes and masqueraders, Jackdaws in peacocks' feathers, feign themselves authentic traders. They say, "It is the same concern." Pretence there is none frailer. A falsehood more untradesmanlike was never told by tailor.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

What if these quack Confessors gain the end at which they're driving? Your wife and daughters they will get to go to them for shriving. Paterfamilias, truly, will approve of this auricular Confession; that's to say, if he is not at all particular.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Let every man have liberty to preach his own opinions; But Popery of one kind alone's enough for these dominions, Unrecognised, unbeneficed, all Church endowment lacking, Go thither all ye Ritualists, before we send you packing!

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

WALF FROM THE WAVES.

A GREAT conception seems to have been realised, from an advertisement which has appeared in the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette*:-

PICKED UP, and TOWED into HARWICH, a WAGER BOAT, named VIOLET, with a Gentleman in it. If not CLAIMED by the 11th instant, the BOAT will be SOLD to pay the expenses. Address, JOHN BENNETT, Boat "Champion," Harwich, Essex.

Who was the Gentleman picked up in the Wager Boat of which he could evidently give no account? Probably a living counterpart to the hero of COLERIDGE's chief poem, with the difference of being unable to tell his story, having been struck dumb, and deprived of reason, by horrors similar to those which befel the *Ancient Mariner*.

A Cool Idea.

EXPERIMENTS have recently been made with "chilled projectiles," which have proved them to be prodigiously destructive. Of old, when it happened that an enemy hove in sight, the order to the gunners was to "give it to him hot." In future, "take it coolly," will perhaps be the command; and we shall not hear so much about the heat of an engagement, when the victory is won by chilled projectiles and cold steel.

COMMON SENSE.—An Inclosure Act.



“PERNICIOUS NONSENSE.”

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,

You didn't get a instructiv article from my pen last week on account of my nervus sistim havin underwent a drefle shook. I got caught in a brief shine of sun, and it utterly upst me. I was walkin in Regent Street one day last week, enjoin your rich black fog and bracing rains, when all at once the Sun bust out and actooally shone for nearly half an hour steady. I acted promptly. I called a cab and told the driver to run his hoss at a frifeful rate of speed to my lodgins, but it wasn't of no avale. I had orful cramps, my appytitle left me, and my pulst went down to 10 degrees below zero. But by careful massin I shall no doubt recover speedy, if the present sparklin and exhilaratin weather continners.

[All of the foregoing is sarcasum.

It's a sing'lar fact, but I never sot eyes on your excellent British Mooseum till the other day. I've sent a great many peple there, as also to your genial Tower of London, however. It happend thusly: When one of my excellent countrymen jest arrived in London would come and see me and display a inclination to cling to me too lengthy, thus showin a respect for me which I feel I do not deserve, and I would suggest a visit to the Mooseum and Tower. The Mooseum would ockey him a day at least, and the Tower another. Thus I've derived considerable peace and comfort from them noble ediffices, and I hope they will long continner to grace your metropolis. There's my fren COL. LARKINS, from Wisconsin, who I regret to say understands the Jamaica question, and wants to talk with me about it; I sent him to the Tower four days ago, and he hasn't got through with it yet. He likes it very much, and he writes me that he can't never thank me sufficient for directin him to so interestin a bildin. I writ him not to mention it. The Col. says it is fortin we live in a intellectooal age which wouldn't countenance such infamus things as occur in this Tower. I'm aware that it is fashin'ble to compliment this age, but I ain't so clear that the Col. is altogether right. This is a very respectable age, but it's pretty easily riled; and considerin upon how slight a provocation we who live in it go to outtin each other's throats, it may perhaps be doubted whether our intellects is so much massiver than our ancestors' intellects was, after all.

I allus ride outside with the cabman. I am of humble parentage, but I have (if you will permit me to say so) the spirit of the eagle, which chafes when shut up in a four-wheeler, and I feel much eagler when I'm in the open air. So on the mornin on which I went to the Mooseum I lit a pipe, and callin a cab, I told the driver to take me there as quick as his Arabian charger could go. The driver was under the infloence of beer, and narrerly escaped rummin over a aged female in the match trade, whereupon I remonstratid with him. I said, "That poor old woman may be the only mother of a young man like you." Then throwing considerable pathos into my voice, I said, "You have a mother?"

He said, "You lie!" I got down and called another cab, but said nothin to this driver about his parents.

The British Mooseum is a magnif'cent free show for the people. It is kept open for the benefit of all.

The humble oostymonger, who traverses the busy streets with a cart containin all kinds of vegetables, [such as carrots, 'turnips, etc., and drawn by a spirited jackass—he can go to the Mooseum and reap benefits therefrom as well as the lord of high degree.

"And this," I said, "is the British Mooseum! These noble walls," I continnerd, punching them with my umbreller to see if the masonry was all right—but I wasn't allowd to finish my enthoosiastic remarks, for a man with a gold band on his hat said, in a hash voice, that I must step pokin the walls. I told him I would do so by all means. "You see," I said, taking hold of the tassel which waved from the man's belt, and drawin him close to me in a confidential way, "You see, I'm looking round this Mooseum, and if I like it I shall buy it."

Instid of larin hartly at these remarks, which was made in a goakin spirit, the man frowned darkly and walked away.

I first visited the stuffed animals, of which the gorillors interested me most. [These simple-minded monsters live in Afriky, and are believed to be human beins to a slight extent, altho' they are not allowed to vote. In this department is one or two superior giraffes. I never would I were a bird, but I've sometimes wished I was a giraffe, on account of the long distance from his mouth to his stummuk. Hence, if he loved beer, one mugful would give him as much enjoyment while goin down as forty mugfuls would ordinary persons. And he wouldn't get intoxicated, which is a beasty way of amusin oneself, I must say. I like a little beer now and then, and when the teetotallers inform us, as they frekently do, that it is vile stuff, and that even the swine shrink from it, I say it only shows that the swine is a aes who don't know what's good; but to pour gin and brandy down one's throat as freely as though it were fresh milk, is the most idiotic way of goin' to the devil that I know of.

I enjoyed myself very much lookin at the Egyptian mummys, the Greek vasis, etc., but it occurd to me there was rayther too many "Roman antiquitys of a uncertin date." Now, I like the British

Mooseum, as I said afore, but when I see a lot of erthen jugs and pots stuck up on shelves, and all "of a uncertin date," I'm at a loss to 'zackly determin whether they are a thousand years old or was bought recent. I can cry like a child over a jug one thousand years of age, especially if it is a Roman jug; but a jug of a uncertin date doesn't overwhelm me with emotions. Jugs and pots of a uncertin age is doubtless vallyable property, but, like the debentures of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, a man doesn't want too many of them.

I was debarred out of the great readin-room. A man told me I must apply by letter for admission, and that I must get somebody to testify that I was respectable. I'm a little 'fraid I shan't get in there. Seein a elderly gentleman, with a benevolent-lookin face, near by, I venturd to ask him if he would certify that I was respectable. He said he certainly would not, but he would put me in charge of a policeman, if that would do me any good. A thought struck me. "I refer you to Mr. Punch," I said.

"Well," said a man, who had listened to my application, "you have done it now! You stood some chance before." I will get this infamus wretch's name before you go to press, so you can denounce him in the present number of your excellent journal.

The statue of Apollo is a pretty slick statue. A young yeoman seemed deeply impress with it. He viewd it with silent admiration. At home, in the beautiful rural districks where the daisy sweetly blooms, he would be swearin in a horrible manner at his bullocks, and whacking 'em over the head with a hayfork; but here, in the presence of Art, he is a changed bein.

I told the attendant that if the British nation would stand the expens of a marble bust of myself, I would willingly sit to some talented sculptist. "I feel," I said, "that this is a dooty I owe to posterity." He said it was hily prob'l, but he was inclin'd to think that the British nation wouldn't care to enrich the Mooseum with a bust of me, altho' he venturd to think that if I paid for one myself it would be accepted cheerfully by MADAM TUSSAUX, who would give it a prom'nent position in her Chamber of Horrors. The young man was very polite, and I thank him kindly.

After visitin the Refreshment room and partakin of half a chicken "of a uncertin age," like the Roman antiquitys I have previally spoken of, I prepared to leave. As I passed through the animal room I observed with pane that a benevolint person was urgin the stuff elephant to accept a cold muffin, but I did not feel call'd on to remonstrate with him, any more than I did with two young persons of diff'rent sexes who had retired behind the Rynosserhoss to squeeze each other's hands. In fact, I rayther approved of the latter proceedin, for it carrid me back to the sunny spring-time of my life. I'm in the shear and yellor leaf now, but I don't forgit the time when to squeeze my Betsy's hand sent a thrill through me like follin off the roof of a two-story house; and I never squeezed that gentle hand without wantin to do so some more, and feelin that it did me good.

Trooly yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

THE VIRTUE OF INTEMPERANCE.

MAGISTRATES with Midas ears, harken to the words of HENRY BROUGHAM, delivered at the meeting of the Social Science savants:—

"One sees with astonishment and indignation, in cases before Magistrates in the country, intemperance used in extenuation of offences, whereas it is a gross aggravation. No Magistrate is entitled to suffer one such word to be uttered before him on the part of the accused. Any Magistrate is bound to stop the party or his advocate the instant he begins on this, and to tell him that if intoxicated he must suffer a punishment more severe, and the Magistrate is further bound to take it into his consideration when the prosecutor has stated it in explaining the circumstances of the case. It is undeniable that a most wholesome effect would be produced by the general impression being made that drunkenness though by law it may be not liable to punishment, except by small pecuniary penalty, yet makes offences to which it has given rise more severely punishable."

Bravo, HENRY BROUGHAM! These words of yours should be inscribed in every country justice-room and common sessions chamber. First impose the fine for drunkenness, and then an aggravated penalty for the offence which has been aggravated by the drunkenness which led to it. Temperance is a virtue: but in the eyes of purblind Magistrates there is a virtue in intemperance, and they foolishly regard it as extenuating crime. If drunkenness be viewed as an extenuating circumstance, there is a direct encouragement for criminals to drink. A man who wants to thrash his wife may first get tipsy at a pothouse, and then beat her to a jelly, and feel sure of a light punishment because of the excuse that he was influenced by drink. Thus, from the sword of justice he is shielded by the beer-pot. But LORD BROUGHAM is surely right, drunkenness should be treated as aggravating crime. Men never ought to run the risk of getting tipsy, if they lose all self-control and act either like maniacs or criminals when drunk. Drunkenness is an offence, and legally indictable; and if one offence is held to extenuate another, we may hear, perhaps, of murder being pleaded in excuse of forgery or theft.



"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG!"

Old Lady. "MARRY, DEAR, WOULD YOU MIND CHANGING SEATS WITH POOR FLUFF? HE LIKES HAVING THE AIR IN HIS FACE!"

TENTATIVE REFORM.

WOULD it not be, to some extent, possible to determine political controversies by experiment? For instance, there is the question of Vote by Ballot. The advocates of that method of voting allege that it would put down Bribery. Would it? Let us see. Let Parliament pass a special Act, to remain in force for a limited time, instituting Vote by Ballot at Norwich. Its practical results would show how much or how little the Vote by Ballot had done to suppress Bribery, and moreover what amount, in other respects, it had produced of good or harm. Harm it could hardly do any at such a place as Norwich. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.*

THE POLICY FOR PAPA.

BEHOLD two Rulers of Japan,
The temporal and ghostly.
That, too, for Rome the better plan,
The Roman folk think, mostly.

Pontifical from regal state
Dissever, pray, Papa, do;
Cast the Tycoon: to consolidate
Thyself in a Mikado.

LATEST QUOTATION OF THE LONDON, CHATHAM AND DOVER (on changing their law-advisers).—"To-morrow to FRESH-FIELDS and NEW-MANS new."

A DEAD LETTER.—Too often H.

A CABINET COUNCIL.

Present—HER MAJESTY'S Conservative Ministers.

Lord Derby (in continuation). Ha! ha! ha!

Lord Chelmsford. Ha! ha! ha! Shiver my timbers, as I used to say when I was a sailor, I haven't heard a better thing for an age.

Mr. Disraeli. It is neat, and has the additional advantage of being utterly untrue, as the lady has not been in England for two years.

Lord Derby. Bother, that's a Rigby way of treating a joke. It is capital. Well, I say, business. Come, Duke, keep us in order.

The Duke of Buckingham. Order, my Lords and my Gentlemen. We are all supposed to be out of town, and exchanging elaborate correspondence upon our course during the coming Session. But here we are, and now what has anybody got to say?

General Peel. I've got to say that we should be all the better for a fire. I've a fire at home. There are fires at all the Clubs. Why the deuce can't we have a fire? Jolly comfortable thing is a fire.

Mr. Disraeli. Avoid Sybaritism, my dear General, and warm yourself at the fires of patriotism. If that argument seems too exalted, I would add, practically, that the chimney smokes.

Lord Derby. Then we won't light it, as smoke makes one's eyes water, eh, WALPOLE?

Mr. Walpole. Your Lordship is pleased to be unkind.

Lord Derby. Don't say that. Perhaps RUSSELL stuffed something up the chimney on retiring, in order to rile us, a bundle of the Reform statistics very likely. I'll ask him, anyhow. And *apropos* of Reform, I suppose that is what you want to talk about?

Mr. Disraeli. I own that it might be as well for me to know what the Cabinet proposes. I am in the hands of the Cabinet. I have no individual volition.

General Peel (aside to LORD CRANBORNE). What does he mean by "volition"?

Lord Cranborne (after considering whether he shall "sell" the General, decides that he will not on the present occasion). He'll do as he's bid.

General Peel (aside). Good, good—that's right. Discipline must be attended to.

Lord Derby. Well, now then. Is it worth while? (Looks round mischievously.) Does nobody bid? No bidding for office! One, two—you are going to speak, MALMESBURY?

Lord Malmesbury. I don't want to speak, but I want just to say something. (Laughter.) I don't see what there is to laugh at. I

really think, you know, that the country expects that—yes, I do think that we ought to bring in a Reform Bill—there.

Lord Derby. Very well. Have you got such a thing about you?

Lord Malmesbury. Me! Do you think I would presume to dictate?

Mr. Disraeli. I don't know. You dictated that letter to GLADSTONE, and it was so nicely written, you remember, that he wouldn't believe it came from you.

Lord Malmesbury. MR. GLADSTONE was very rude; [but, my dear MR. DISRAELI, you have a most objectionable memory.

Mr. Disraeli. I never forget the [deeds of great men, my political superiors.

Lord Derby. 'Don't, DISRAELI. Hit one of your own size. You haven't got a bill for us, then, MALMESBURY? Has anybody?

Sir John Pakington. I apprehend, my Lord with all due deference to your Lordship, that the preparation of a legislative measure previously to the usual preliminary discussion upon its necessity and expediency would be what I for one should feel free to designate a premature operation.

Lord Stanley. Let us do business. We are not in the dark. We know exactly what is going to happen. We shall retire after Easter, if we bring in a Bill before that time—

General Peel. And if we don't?

Lord Stanley. We shall retire before Easter.

Mr. Disraeli. The noble Lord is candid. I will venture to imitate his candour, and say that though probabilities may be with him, something may turn upon the mode in which the House of Commons is managed. I am the last person to over-rate my humble abilities, but this representation is due to those whose mouth-piece I have the honour to be.

Lord Derby. You will make a capital fight of it, DISRAELI, nobody here doubts that. Question is, shall we fight?

Lord Malmesbury. But please just to let me ask a question, only one, and I will not detain you a minute, only I should greatly like to say this. Is it quite necessary that we should have a fight, or could we not bring in a nice kind of measure that would please everybody, and then all would go agreeably—there, that was all I wanted to ask, and I beg your pardon for intruding upon you, I am sure.

Lord Derby. Who answers MILORD SEAL, as the French call him?

Lord Malmesbury. No, do they? How funny, I must tell that at home. I think you hear everything. MILORD SEAL. It's like the Zoological Gardens, isn't it?

Mr. Disraeli. I make no request. I ask no indulgence. I wish no concession made to what some persons may not unnaturally regard as the legitimate ambition of a Parliamentary leader, who may deem that

his lowly but faithful services have entitled him to claim the right to attempt to settle a great question, in the presence of the Sovereign and the people. I merely wish it placed on record that I have declared no unwillingness to grapple with Reform.

Lord Stanley. I understand.

Mr. Disraeli. No one doubts the noble Lord's admirable understanding.

Mr. Walpole. The cold and cynical tone in which certain remarks have been made, and noticed, affects me to tears. Surely, we shall work together better by cultivating a more affectionate spirit. Judah should not vex Ephraim—(Colours.) I did not mean to say that. But let us be friendly and kind to one another.

Lord Derby. That is just it, my dear WALPOLE. *Rem acu.* It was for all our good—at least, for all your good—that I ventured my hint that we might just as well go out of office without the additional entanglements and admissions which a Reform debate, initiated by us, must force upon us.

Lord Carnarvon. I am very much interested in the Colonies. I assure you that the department is a very important one, and it has received my very best attention.

Mr. Disraeli. The noble Lord is probably about to suggest that the Colonies should be directly represented in Parliament. When he shall have had more time to examine the subject, he will inform himself that all the more important of these interesting dependencies have Parliaments of their own.

Lord Carnarvon. I only spoke generally.

Mr. Disraeli. I would advise the noble Lord generally not to speak. In reply to the noble Lord at the head of the Government—or rather

not in reply, but in deferential suggestion—I will merely say that I am not convinced of the expediency of violating old pledges and abandoning new duties.

Lord Derby. Deducting epigrams, some of us don't see any chance of coming into a new coalition Ministry, and therefore are not afraid of a compromising fight.

Mr. Disraeli. England dislikes coalitions.

Lord Stanley. England is a wise child, and though it dislikes physic, takes it when necessary. I have no doubt that we shall see a Ministry in which all the leaders will not be selected from one side.

Mr. Disraeli. Wishing the noble Lord a good place in such a Ministry, I have done. My views are before the Cabinet.

Lord Derby. I don't wish to seem offensive when I say that I really do not care which way we decide, but as a veteran who has fought his battles, I think it fair to give advice to younger soldiers. The great Duke never fought a battle needlessly. But I own that it is also fair that DISRAELI should have this chance, and not be laid open to taunts that he dared not bring in a Bill.

Mr. Disraeli. Pray do not consider me.

Lord Derby. But I will. We have not many to whom we owe so much. And (laughing) it really does not much matter. If you will undertake to prepare a bill, DISRAELI, the Cabinet will stand by you. I think I may say that. (Some assent.) The response is not very warm, but the best soldier shouts the least.

Mr. Disraeli. I am not addicted to fervour, and I do not desire it. I accept the proposal, though it was not of my own seeking.

General Peel (aside). Walker!

[After which remark from this rude old man, the Cabinet separated.]

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



O'the St. James's, to see Mrs. COWLEY's comedy, *The Belle's Stratagem*. Miss HERBERT, as *Letitia Hardy*, made me regret both that I had not seen her play this part before, and that (with every wish for the success of the new-comer), in three days' time, I should be disappointed of my present chances of seeing it again. Carried away by the originality of her design on *Doricourt*, Miss HERBERT is brilliant throughout; and it is only when the consummation, for which she has devoutly

wished, has arrived, that, to my thinking, Miss HERBERT ever loses a single point. When *Letitia* throws off her mask, she must feel, with fear and trembling, that the manner of her reception by *Doricourt* will be by no means certain. His pride might have resented the trickery, even though the trickster were his own sweetheart. From what *Letitia* knew of *Doricourt's* character, it could have been by no means clear to her that, on her throwing off her disguise, he would exclaim, "Rapture! Transport! Heaven!" And her speech, "This is the most awful moment of my life!" spoken behind her mask, loses its force with an audience who are more ready to take the words as jestingly applicable to the matrimonial ceremony just concluded, than to the revelation about to be made. It was altogether a very good performance, as you won't get a much better *Mrs. Rackett* than Mrs. FRANK MATTHEWS, nor a better representative of *Mr. Hardy* than her husband. MR. WALTER LACY is perhaps a trifle too stately for the town butterfly, *Flutter*, but then with him not a speech misses its mark, not a sentence is gabbled over for the sake of merely "fluttering" in the part. Miss HERBERT is to be thanked for her laudable endeavours to instruct the boxes and stalls. I recollect visiting this theatre on the revival of *The School for Scandal*, and sending Mr. Punch some notes made in the stalls. I append a conversation:—

Young Gentleman (probably a Student of the Temple). I like seeing these old comedies. (He evidently has a literary reputation among his friends.) Instead of the Sensation Scenes of the present day, it is delightful to hear such sterling dialogue as this.

His Friend (who prefers on the whole, "The Black Mask, or the Delirious Demon," but doesn't like to own his taste in the present company). Well, yes—with greater certainty—Oh, yes. Yea. (They didn't get a bill as they came in, as his companion "knew all about it.") This was one of SHERIDAN's, wasn't it?

Young Temple Gentleman (who didn't take a bill because he wished to

save his keeper's fee, and thought that his friend's questions would only be about the names of the actors). SHERIDAN's? Let me see—(Up to this time he had a general idea that everything was SHERIDAN's.) Yes, I think so. (Giving what he does know.) *The School for Scandal* was his, you know.

His Friend. Oh, yes, of course; but I thought this was a very old comedy.

Young Temple Gentleman. Well, yes; but that would make it so.

[Feels he has ventured on dangerous ground.]

His Friend (feeling that he's sure of SHERIDAN's date). No, no; SHERIDAN, you know, was not—

Young Temple Gentleman (throwing the onus on his friend). Ah, you don't quite understand. I mean the play from which SHERIDAN took his, and the one from which the other author took his, would make it—

His Friend (hopelessly). Oh, yes; I see.

[They both wait in expectation of getting a play-bill.]

Young Lady (to her Uncle). Mrs. COWLEY's play. Who's Mrs. COWLEY?

Uncle (who has taken his niece to see something of the old school, is much amused). She's not alive now.

Young Lady. Of course not—how stupid I am. She was a poet, wasn't she? When did she live?

Uncle. Eh! oh! (tries to find it in the bill) in—in—in Dr. JOHNSON's time.

[His date for everything.]

Young Lady. Dr. JOHNSON, you mean Dr. BENCE JOHNSON?

[She is mixing up BEN JONSON and Dr. BENCE JONES.]

Uncle. His name wasn't BENCE—at least it may have been—

[Determines to dip into Boswell before he goes to bed.]

Vague Well-Informed Person. Mrs. COWLEY. Oh, yes. She wrote the *Whatyoumaycallem*—dear me—in two acts, you know—it's in the library at home.

His Friend (who looks to him for information). Oh, yes, I know. What reign did she live in?

Vague Well-Informed Person. Reign? Oh, ELIZABETH's.

His Friend. But the dress is GEORGE THE THIRD's style, surely?

Vague Friend (contemptuously). My dear fellow, there's no necessity to dress the people of your drama in the costume of the writer's time. If *Whatsname* (explaining)—Mrs. Thingummy, I mean—lived in ELIZABETH's reign—or if I did—why shouldn't I write about people in another reign?

[Thinks that conclusive.]

His Friend. Well, but, hang it! ELIZABETH came before GEORGE.

Vague Well-Informed Friend. You might just as well say that Thingummy, who wrote the—what is it?—dear me—came before Old *Whatsname*! Of course you can dress your play in what costume you like.

[His Friend feels that he has got the best of the argument, but is only just settling how to put it when Curtain rises on Second Act. Argument ends.]

When the Masquerade Scene came, there were differences of opinion as to whether it was at Ranelagh or Vauxhall, and as to whether *Pierrots* were known in the Middle Ages. The last remark I heard from my Vague Neighbour was, that "he liked seeing Old *Whatsname* in these sort of things, as he was better than Thingummy, who was here when *Whatyoumaycallem* had the theatre."



THE NUTTING SEASON.

"WHAT! ANOTHER REFORM MEETING IN THE PARK, AND SHYING STONES AT THE ARISTOCRACY AGAIN!" IT STRUCK MR. TUSSEWIG (IN SEVERAL PLACES) AS ALARMINGLY LIKE IT AT FIRST; HE WAS SITTING UNDER A TREE, QUIETLY READING HIS STANDARD; BUT IT WAS ONLY THE LITTLE BOYS TRYING TO KNOCK DOWN THE CHESTNUTS!

[On the right you may perceive the vigilant Park-Keeper a-smoking a Cigar!

WINTER MUSIC.

THE robin piping on the spray, the north wind howling through the trees, the hail when pattering on the pane, the hounds when running in full cry, all these make Winter Music, and any one who wishes may attend the winter concerts Nature annually gives.

But there are other Winter Concerts which are annually given, at the Crystal Palace, namely, every Saturday afternoon. Here the man who hath some music in his soul may listen to the symphonies of BEETHOVEN and MENDELSSOHN, of HAYDN and MOZART, played as nearly to perfection as wood and brass, and sheepskin, and lip, and hand, and catgut are capable of reaching. Here a man may listen to such sermons in tones as may comfort heart and soul, and make him feel the better man for having lent his ears to them. Here the wondrous chords of BEETHOVEN may thrill him to the bone, and fill him with fit reverence for the majesty of music. Here, too, the female mind, that cannot comprehend a symphony, may be entertained with ditties which are usually well sung, and with lighter instrumental music following the symphony. Between BEETHOVEN and the ballads, five minutes intervene, that hearers who have different tastes may have their exits and their entrances, and need not be forced to listen to that which does not please them. If they have no mind for a symphony, *Punch* pities them sincerely, believing that it yields the very highest kind of musical enjoyment. Still, they who do not choose to try and cultivate their taste, may walk among the orange-trees, or peep into Pompeii, or chatter to the cockatoos, or study the old statues, or criticise the newest bonnets, till the symphony is over, and may then go to their seats and listen for an hour to the soloists and singers.

Then, supposing that their appetite for music be not satisfied, while they feel the wakened cravings of an appetite for meat, they may banquet at the Palace upon mutton-chops or turtle, and, after their dessert, may take their seats at Covent Garden, and listen to the music of melodious MR. MELLOW.

FACILIS DESCENSUS, OR, BRIGHT BRUMMAGEM LACQUER.

"The mendacious *Times* is manifesting daily its weather-cock propensities—(laughter). The literary blackguards of the *Saturday Review* are beginning to abate some of their insolence, if none of their filthiness; and the political dandies of the *Spectator* and *Pall Mall Gazette*—[A Voice: How about the *Worcester Journal*?]—they are beginning to do homage to the majesty of the people—(hear.) And, as of the press, so of the platform. Everywhere the admission is made that Reform is the question of the day, and it is for you, my countrymen, to say what that measure of Reform shall be. Never before had you instructors so many or so wise. They deserve your implicit confidence, no matter to what section they belong. Your great and noble leader, never before so noble as now, is leading you on, let it be to a certain and speedy triumph—(applause). Prove yourself worthy of his leadership by rallying round him and supporting his hands; and then, come what may, your cause is won—(loud applause). Yea, won! won in the grinding teeth of angry despots—(a laugh and applause)—won in opposition to the despicable foes of timid selfishness; won in the very presence of the opposing army of English funkys—(laughter)—won despite—

'The tyrant's haste,
The cynic's jeer,
The fool's indifference,
And the apostate's leer.'

—(applause). Won 'Not for an age, but for all time.' Won, that is, not for your selves alone, but for posterity, for countless myriads yet unborn. Won! to your own honour, and to the satisfaction of your acknowledged leader, JOHN BRIGHT.—*Speech of Mr. W. Wright at the Reform League Meeting, Birmingham.*

FROM GLADSTONE first to MILL, from MILL to BRIGHT:
FROM BRIGHT to BEALES, from BEALES to W. WRIGHT!
By swift descents so move we, proudly, down,
Till sense is shamed, and Bunkum takes the Crown!

MEDICAL.

"M. D." writes to say that he finds the great complaint at Brighton is still—the Shingles.

A SKYLARK.—A Balloon Ascent.



FLUNKEIANA.

Master. "THOMPSON, I BELIEVE THAT I HAVE REPEATEDLY EXPRESSED AN OBJECTION TO BEING SERVED WITH STALE BREAD AT DINNER. HOW IS IT MY WISHES HAVE NOT BEEN ATTENDED TO?"

Thompson. "WELL, SIR, I REELY DON'T KNOW WHAT IS TO BE DONE! IT WON'T DO TO WASTE IT, AND WE CAN'T EAT IT DOWN-STAIRS!!"

"ETHEL" AT THE ADELPHI.

MANY worse plays than *Ethel* have found kinder critics. Why it should be so, we will not presume to guess. Dramatic criticism in the London daily papers is now, and has long been, a mystery: one of the mysteries, however, best left alone—on the old principle that the more you poke in it the less agreeable you are likely to find its savour.

It seems that *Ethel* was half-damned the first night. One is so thankful to find that the power of dealing theatrical damnation still remains to our excellent British Public, that one would hardly quarrel with *any* exercise of the function. But the *Ethel* of the first night must have been much worse than the *Ethel* we saw last week, or the British Public, as often happens with functions rarely brought into play, was making a mis-deal of its double d's. In point of fact, we are told that one particularly offensive scene, in which MR. STEPHENSON (as father) and MR. BILLINGTON (as son) indulged in a prolonged chuckle over the subject of seduction, has wisely been cut out; and that our old friend, the pruning-knife, has been beneficially applied in other places. That useful instrument might still be advantageously called in to lop some ten minutes off the opening part of the first act, and nearly as much off the earlier portion of the last.

Probably JOHN BULL, when he shouted "trash" and "rubbish" as the curtain fell on *Ethel* the first night, sniffed the French atmosphere which pervades the piece, and didn't like it. In truth, that atmosphere is not pleasant; and it does not lose in offensiveness when a strong dash of English vulgarity is stirred up with the original "stock" of French profligacy. The French piece or story is one that needed especially delicate handling in the adapter and in the artists. Such handling, with some eminent exceptions, it has not had at the Adelphi. The vulgarity which is rampant in the part played by MR. BILLINGTON, for example, would have been toned down by a more tasteful adapter, or softened by a more refined artist. Such a *Hilton* throws the unfortunate *Ethel* quite out of gear. One can't, for one's life, understand how so refined a girl—and of course in the gentle hands of KATE TERRY we cannot forget *Ethel's* refinement for a moment—should have tolerated such a swaggering snob, and even sacrificed for his most offensive

advances the affections of the well-spoken, decently-behaved little *Doctor*, so nicely played by MR. ASHLEY.

If MR. BILLINGTON had dressed and acted his part with more judgment, we should not feel *this* incongruity. As it is, it is forced home upon us every moment. MR. BILLINGTON has fallen into the great and perfectly superfluous mistake of making *Hilton Wordley* more vulgar than the other parts he plays. Let him try to refine the part as much as he can, and he will hardly come up to the mark of bearing and manners required to make the retired linendraper's son tolerable.

There is not a word to be said on this score against MR. STEPHENSON'S *Old Wordley*. His purse-proud, selfish snobishness was natural, quite in keeping with his position in the piece, and very artistically shaded throughout. It would be hard to point out any actor in London who would have played the part better. But the part of *Judith* is another instance in which adapter and actor concur to make an offensive original more offensive in the copy. MISS FURTADO should be less pert and shrewish, which should be easy for one so pretty and intelligent.

It is very common for our dramatic critics to confound the part and the performer, and to ascribe merits to the latter, of which the former ought to have all the credit; but *Ethel* is really a part in which the actress has an excellent action for heavy damages against the adapter.

With all the drawbacks we have allowed for, and in spite of the drama's narrow escape the first night, there is nothing now to be seen in London comparable to MISS TERRY'S performance of *Ethel* for refinement in the truest sense, which in no way excludes power, but is rather power in its most sublimated form; for those subtler graces of acting which reach the heart while they delight the eye; which satisfy the most exacting criticism, and contain nothing to offend the most fastidious taste. With the appreciation of gifts like hers are bound up the best hopes of those who value refined theatrical art at the present not very brilliant epoch of its fortunes.

There is no fear of a British public not appreciating hearty fun, and well-uttered humour, in the hands of so true a mistress of her craft as MRS. MELLON. But with an average audience, we fear, the fun goes farther than the art at all times, even in winning favour for such an *Abigail* as MRS. MELLON. Considering what our public is, when our comic actors are conscientious as well as laughter-moving, we ought to be very much obliged to them. We owe MRS. MELLON a heavy debt of obligation on this score. She is always a true artist, and never loses sight of nature and its limitations, even when at her blithest and broadest. But all lovers of the stage, and especially all theatrical critics, should pray for, and promote the due appreciation of that more refined art which finds expression in an actress like MISS KATE TERRY; for such appreciation requires culture and delicate perceptions, fine susceptibilities, and hearts as well as heads in the right place. May she long continue to delight us, and may she soon have a pleasanter part, one giving more scope to her great powers, and with cheerier surroundings than she has in *Ethel*,—though we must, in fairness, end as we began, by expressing a very decided opinion that many a worse, and infinitely worse-acted, piece has found kinder critics.

Calling a Thing by its Right Name.

HAVING read MR. SWINBURNE'S defence of his prurient poetics, *Punch* hereby gives him his royal licence to change his name to what is evidently its true form—SWINE-BORN.

RISK-ALLAH.

TOUCHING the hero of this memorable *cause-célèbre* an unfeeling contributor remarks that his case seems to have had about it a good deal more of the *Risk* than the *Allah*.

MEDICAL.

A SCULPTOR friend, who has strabismus, consoles himself with the thought that he can always keep his profession in view through having a cast in his eye.

RITUALISTIC.—It is proposed to change the locality of St. Alban's, Holborn, to St. Alban's, Vestimentster.

TO BENJAMIN PHILLIPS, MAYOR.

MY DEAR LORD MAYOR,
 About to leave your chair,
 And live in Portman Square,
 (A neighbourhood I much prefer
 Unto the noisy City stir)
 To GABRIEL resigning
 The dining and the wining,
 The chain so rich and shining,
 The robe with costly lining,
 The seat where you sit fining
 The sinner, but combining
 Justice with mercy, twining
 The sword with ivy, signing
 Stern warrants with repining;
 Now, that your sun's declining,
 Hear me Swear,
 Or, perhaps, in talking to a *Beak*,
 More discreetly I should speak,
 And say Declare,
 That of a many Mayors who've sat in glowy,
 (Each having been my host),
 You, for a many reasons known in story,
 Have pleased me most.
 Take the certificate, I'm glad to pen it,
 And take the picture by my C. H. BARNWART.

My Lord,
 For so you are while I indite,
 And when the Public, with delight,
 To buy me go,
 You'll still be so,
 (Though ere my date you quit your state)
 Your Board

Throughout your Consulship, or year,
 Of which the termination's near,
 Has been—well—all a Lordly Mayor's should be,
 And every dainty culled from earth and sea
 Has been your guests'
 Until their vests

Expanded, and their buttons started free.
 But 'tis not therefore that I raise my song,
Vixere fortes ante Benjamin,
 And I have sat at civic feasts too long
 To be much moved by aught I find therein.

Nor, that your speeches do the City credit,
 Though that's the truth, for I, my Lord, have said it,
 Nor that before a King, and not long since,
 You bore you like a gallant Merchant Prince,

When Brussels cheers

Our Volunteers

Hailed—and the wine and wassail did convince—
 (Convince, I mean, that Belgian love was great,
 Not in the *Macbeth* sense—intoxicate.)
 Not for all this I raise my praiseful strain,
 One that a King might sue for, and in vain.

But that because

When the fiend Famine gnashed her cruel jaws,
 And rushed along her Indian way,
 While the poor dead in heaps behind her lay
 (Some cheeks will blanch when England asks the cause).
 And when the sister fiend, that fierce Disease,
 Sent a remorseful nation to its knees,
 Wailing for its neglect of Nature's laws,

You, generous-hearted Jew,
 Stood nobly out to do

Your part in work that made the Slayers pause.

So, PHILLIPS, take, with PUNCH's parting bow,
 Praise rarely given by those who give it now.



REVERENCE FOR THE SEAT OF ROYALTY.

GENUINE humility is something very rare, but an instance, or rather two instances of it, occurred the other day in the Scotch metropolis. The Dukes of EDINBURGH, sojourning in the city of his dukedom, found himself incommoded by the multitude of funkeys who followed him about and thronged him. To evade this nuisance, his Royal Highness, having need to go shopping, took a hack-cab from the stand. In this proceeding, however, he had been espied by two ladies described as "well-dressed" in the *John o' Groat Journal*, according to which newspaper, as soon as he got out of the vehicle, they "stepped up to the cabman, and in winning accents demanded, How long will you let us sit in your cab for a shilling?" What Saint in all the Roman Calendar ever performed such an act of humility as this? How very little indeed the ladies must have thought of themselves to think they could derive any dignity from mere contact with the cushion bearing the recent impression of the Royalty which it had sustained! Of course they supposed that it communicated to them some of the honour which, together with warmth, had been imparted to it by the surface which had rested on its own. What an utter absence of pride, not to say of self-respect, is implied in this truly humble idea!

But people who feel that they can contract from a cushion honour which it has been imbued with by Royal use, are capable of humility still deeper than the lowliness of seeking to acquire that honour by venturing to use the cushion likewise. In the profundity of their self-abasement they would probably not hesitate to pay it the same homage as that which enthusiastic Romanists render to the Pope's slipper.

MOULE'S NEW GROUND-PLAN OF SANITARY REFORM.

SHAKESPEARE, we all know, knew everything, foresaw everything, had been in all lines himself, and has put all things in his lines. It doesn't in the least surprise us, however it may startle some irreverent and un-Shakspearian people, to learn that he even saw—in his mind's-eye—the earth-closet—that admirable invention of the excellent Vicar of Fordington. This is clear from the passage in *Hamlet* :—

"Well said, old MOULE! Canst work it the earth so fast?
 A worthy pioneer!"

We make a present of the line, as a motto, to the Company that is working MR. MOULE'S valuable—or should we not rather say, invaluable?—discovery.

PRETTY PATRONS.

THE *Standard*, in its account of the Norwich Musical Festival, says, in reference to one of the evening Concerts :—

"The attendance was inconsiderable, particularly in the Patrons' gallery, which was accounted for by the rumour that the county families did not attend for fear of not being thought to be amongst the invited to Costessey Hall, where there was a ball."

And this is what the British Rural Swells mean by "patronising" music. They stay away from a capital performance (Mr. *Punch* is glad to read much praise of a new overture by his highly meritorious and also young friend, MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN) for fear that the rustics of the lesser sort should imagine that the bigger ones had not been asked to a ball given by the biggest. Truly, Art must be proud of such "patrons." Is it not almost time that the flunkeyfied word should be got rid of by artists of all kinds?

A SOUNDING BOARD.—Directors of the Royal Academy of Music.

PROHIBITIVE PRICE OF BEER.



Ale brewers, that from the 1st of October the price of that commodity will be raised to 6s. 6d., or 6s. per barrel, in consequence of the blight in the hops."

Everybody knows that big brewers never drink beer; but few have ever imagined the possibility of their conversion to teetotalism, and concurrence in an operation designed to stop the consumption of pale ale. For that can be the only object of raising its price by so much as six shillings a barrel. At any rate, it will doubtless be the effect of that step. Wonderful, however, as a measure so thoroughly

ERTAINLY these are wonderful times. Astonishing event succeeds astonishing event with astounding rapidity. The fact announced in the subjoined statement by a contemporary, will be regarded by the public at large as the biggest wonder out:—

"PALE ALE.—A good deal of commotion has been excited among the licensed victuallers of the metropolis and other large towns, by an announcement made almost simultaneously by Messrs. ALLSOPP, BASS, LIND, and COOPER, and other Pale

teetotal may appear on the part of brewers, this is not the first time they have combined in such an attempt at commercial self-sacrifice, not to say suicide. We are further informed that:

"A similar proceeding was adopted by the brewers in 1860, but upon strong representations of the trade the additional charge was withdrawn the following year. It is understood that the trade have again remonstrated with the brewers on the subject."

The self-sacrifice of the wealthy brewers, however, is inconsiderable and moreover inconsiderate. It may be all very well for those gentlemen, who have made their fortunes, to retire from business; but in kicking down the beer-barrel, which has raised them to opulence, they will overturn the support of all the poor publicans and licensed victuallers, who will be unable to stand any longer if it is knocked from under them. The commonality of the beer-trade object to be ruined through the destruction of their business by the act of their chiefs, to whom its existence is no longer any object, because they can afford to live without it in the height of splendour and magnificence. Beer, at present, and especially pale ale, costs a great deal more than it is worth, and the public will not have it at any price which is even higher than that; so that, if it is made any dearer, the licensed victuallers and publicans will have to sell it at a loss or not at all.

QUESTION TO A CLERICAL RITUALIST.—Who's your Milliner?

PLUCKING MADE EASY.

SCENE—The Un-Civil Service Examination Room. *Examiners, President, and Secretary.*

President. Gentlemen, let me call your attention to a most insulting communication (*exhibits a letter*) which I have received through the Trustees of the British Museum, from MR. PANIZZI. The late Chief Librarian of the Museum complains that we have passed a person as possessed of the requisite knowledge and ability for the office of Assistant in that—what shall I say?—institution—who proved himself totally incompetent—in PANIZZI's words, "ludicrously broke down as soon as he was put to the test of actual work."

Examiner A. As how?

President. Well, it seems chiefly in French and Latin. PANIZZI gives instances of what he calls the blunders which the man made. Would you care to hear them?

Examiners. Not much; but perhaps we might as well.

President. One isn't used to reading Latin *sotto voce*, so you must make allowances. This is one of the examples that PANIZZI quotes; a translation from a manuscript of the fourteenth century "*De Aspide*," Of the Asp.

Examiner B. The hook of a door?

President. No; a sort of snake. The thing that what's-her-name used to kill herself.

Examiner C. DIDO?

President. No; not DIDO. CLEO—something.

Examiner A. PATRA?

President. CLEOPATRA; that was the party. Well; the passage—which the man had to translate, you know, is this, Ahem! (*Reading slowly and spelling out all the longer words.*) "Sed naturaliter cauta est contra incantationem, nam aurem terræ affigit, alteram cauda obturat." Obturat or Obturat? Is it long or short?

Examiner B. What does it matter? Cut on.

President. Well; the young gentleman's translation is as follows:—"If it has been caught in its wild state, it plants its nose and ear in the earth, and stops up the other ear with its tail."

Examiner C. Really, I don't see anything so very much amiss in that. It is what one would call a free translation. *Cauta est*, has been caught. It's monkish Latin.

All. Certainly.

President. There are several more instances of Latin; but now for the French. Wind-up of a letter. (*Reads with the accent of an evident native.*) "Que l'on ne peut estre plus sensible que je le suis." Translation—"That his nephew is more sensible than he is."

Examiner A. Nobody could be more sensible than the holder of our certificate, anyhow. We must stick to that.

All. Decidedly.

President. Do you want to hear any more? There are also some quotations of bad English.

Examiner B. It is of no use going into them.

Examiner C. Right or wrong, it won't do for us to submit to criticism from PANIZZI.

Examiner A. Certainly not.

Examiner B. His complaints of our being too lenient, does he? Let us show him that we can be severe enough if we please.

All. Heavy hear. We'll let him see. We'll let him know.

Secretary. Gentlemen, there's a candidate waiting to be examined outside. He has been recommended by the Museum authorities for promotion in the Zoological department.

Examiner G. Hang the department!

Examiner A. We don't want to know his antecedents.

President. Call him in. [*Secretary rings bell. Enter CANDIDATE.*]

President. Now, Sir, you are well up, of course, in Zoology?

Examiner B. Beasts, birds, fishes, insects, reptiles—and all that sort of thing.

Candidate. I hope, gentlemen, you will find that—

President (aside). "Hope told a flattering tale." You (*to Candidate*) have read GOLDSMITH's *Natural History*, no doubt?

Candidate (smiling). Well, Sir, I believe that once celebrated work has hardly now that scientific reputation which it had formerly; but—

President. GOLDSMITH, Sir! GOLDSMITH is a classic author. What do you know, Sir, of the British Classics? MILTON was a British Classic. What did MILTON write, Sir?

Candidate (a little astonished). Why, really, Sir, poetry is rather out of my way. But MILTON—he wrote *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas*, besides his prose works, and—

Examiner C. Did he write any sonnets, Sir?

Candidate. Yes, Sir, MILTON was the author of certain sonnets.

Examiner C. Now, come, Sir; how many sonnets has MILTON left us?

Candidate. Why, really, Sir, I have not the chalk head to take that very arithmetical view of poetry. It never occurred to me to count MILTON's sonnets.

Examiner C. Then count them, now, Sir. You ought to know them by heart. Write one of them out.

Examiner A. Write out any striking passage of ten or twelve lines that you remember of one of BURKE's speeches, stating the connection in which it occurs.

Candidate. Surely, gentlemen, you don't imagine that I can have committed the whole range of English literature to memory?

Examiner A. Oh, don't we, though. You'll see. Now! Is there any readjustment you can propose of the parts of speech in English? Point out the incorrectness of their distribution as usually found in English grammars.

Candidate (bewildered). Sir?

President. You're a pretty fellow for an appointment in Zoology. (*After a moment's consultation with his colleagues.*) The Board, Sir, is under the painful necessity of pronouncing your rejection. You will have the goodness to retire.

Candidate (in astonishment). Eh!

All. Sir, you may go!

[*Exit Candidate, distracted.*]

President. I think we had him there.

Examiner B. There are some things that no fellah can be expected to know.

Examiner C. Those are the things to examine MR. PANIZZI's young friends upon; and we'll make a rule to pluck every candidate sent up to us from the British Museum.

Scene closes.



THE PET PARSON.

Aunt Constance. "WHAT, BEATRIZ, NOT KISS MR. GOODCHILD!"

Aunt Constance. "WHAT! NOT WHEN HE ASKS YOU HIMSELF!"

Beatriz. "No! I WON'T."

Beatriz. "No! NO! NO!!!"

Chorus of Aunts. "WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARY CHILD!!"

PAT'S WELCOME TO JOHN.

HURRAH, the bould Quaker! Let Erin awake her,
And rush to the halls where he bellows away,
And as for vile England he'll pummel and rake her
Till ready to hide her base head in the say.

And only just hear how the Bishops, the darlins,
Is writing him letters of welcome and glee,
And stuffs in their pockets their quarrels and snarlins,
And joins all harmonious to praise the big B.

It's he lets us know how this poor island suffers
Beneath the black Saxon's tyrannical rule,
How WILLIAM OF ORANGE and similar duffers
For ages has given sad Erin her grule.

Bedad, it's the hoighth of enjoyment to hear him
Discoursing our wrongs till he moves us to tears,
No wonder the dark aristocracy fear him,
For singing such songs in their arrogant ears.

No fear but we'll mind all the Birmingham lessons,
(And mend 'em, mayhap, like the tragedy Jew)
He points out our way to get hould of the blessins
The Saxons has robbed us since BRIAN BOROO.

It's the Land we're to have, boys, and by the same token
We'll make the proud Britishers sell their estates,
Which if they resists, ungenteel and provokin',
We'll ask CAPTAIN ROCK for to sheddle the rates.

That bargain completed, it's nothing but candour
To hint we've a subsequent scheme to produce,
For, boys, a good sauce for the Englishman's gander
Won't make a bad sauce for the Irishman's goose.

There's lands besides them what's the Saxons, be jakurs,
Might all be the better for selling right chape,
We'll send our Surveyors inspecting them acres,
Modest night-walking boys, with their faces in crape.

Meantime we give thanks for the loan of the wedge-end
He brings us for claving the way to the right,
In his honour we'll alther the national legend,
And cry, for the future, boys, *Erin Go Bright*.

NOTIONS IN STREET NOMENCLATURE.

AN Act of Parliament, just issued, authorises the London, Chatham and Dover Railway to make two new streets, and alter a third, in connection with the Ludgate Station, and, for the enlargement of the Station, to take part of the property of Apothecaries' Hall. How are the Apothecaries to be paid by the London, Chatham and Dover Company? Is that Company empowered to take the Apothecaries' land without paying for it, or to pay for it in debentures, which would come to the same thing?

The names of the new streets about to be made by the insolvent concern above-named do not appear to have been settled. There is in the ancient, holy, and venerable city of Winchester, a street named Cheese-hill Street, pronounced Chisel Street. With this spelling, it might be adopted for one of them. The other two might be named respectively Doo Street and Diddle Street.

Tally, Ho!

As Congresses are now all the fashion, the Cowkeepers propose to hold one at an early date in the Pump Room, Bath. It will be known in our Social History as the Milk Diet.

THE CLEVEREST THING IMAGINABLE.—An Accomplished Fact.



DR. DULCAMARA IN DUBLIN.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Leaving Furze—a Consultation.

POLICEMAN to see me: show him in. Hitherto a policeman has been considered by me as a bugbear for children, and a terror to the lower orders. He is shown in, and is evidently not at his ease. I try to think of historical examples of anybody receiving the officers of justice in a dignified manner. I ask him, blandly, "Well, policeman, what's the matter?" He replies, "This here," and hands me this printed paper:—

"Whereas you have this day been charged upon oath before the undersigned, one of the Magistrates of the Police Courts of the town of Dornton, sitting at the within the Boddington Police District, for that you, on the 16th day of September instant, at the parish of Little Boddington, in the county of Hampshire, and within the said district, did unlawfully assault and threaten and beat one GEORGE CORNELIUS PENNEFATHER, whereby the said GEORGE CORNELIUS PENNEFATHER goes in fear for his life.

"THESE ARE THEREFORE TO COMMAND YOU, IN HER MAJESTY'S NAME, to be and appear before me, on the 1st of October next, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Police Court aforesaid, or before such other Magistrate of the said Police Court as may then be there, to answer to the said charge, and to be further dealt with according to Law.

"Given under my hand and seal," &c., &c. "MORGAN JAMES BULLYER."

Good Heavens! Where's Dornton? Where's Boddington? Who on earth is GEORGE CORNELIUS PENNEFATHER? I tell the official, then and there, that I never beat, or assaulted, or threatened, anyone. He says, "He ain't got nothing to do with it; it's forwarded from the other county district." He adds, as a formula, that "anything as I say now is safe to be used agen me at my trial," and goes out with the butler. "In Her Majesty's name!" I wish I was a Magistrate.

Happy Thought.—Refer to my diary. It was on that day, I find, that I tried to get the repartee out of the railway porter, and there was a disturbance in the Station. I suppose the porter's name is PENNEFATHER. Why, I'd forgotten all about it: PENNEFATHER hadn't, though. He's been going about in fear for his life ever since: PENNEFATHER must be a fool. "To be further dealt with according to Law." Don't understand it. I'll run down to see what FRASER says to it.

Happy Thought.—N.B. Anyhow, consult a solicitor.

FRASER's in the cellar, arranging his bins, as usual. From the top of the stairs I shout, "I say, FRASER!" and then his voice comes up suddenly from the cellar, "Hallo!" like a ventriloquist's. I say to him, still from the top of the cellar-steps, "What shall I do in this case?" He answers, "Is there another up, then?" being under the impression that I am alluding to wine.

I explain, coming down five steps to do so, and FRASER listens, while putting away some curious old Madeira. When I've finished, I ask him what I shall do? He replies immediately, "Dine at six, sharp." "Yes," I say, "and after dinner I'll go up by the last train to town, and see my solicitor in the morning."

FRASER agrees with me, and as I come up the stairs, CAPTAIN TALBOOTS and a Mr. MINCHIN, who was at the party the other night, come to make a call of ceremony. Mrs. FRASER can't receive them, being still unwell, so I call down to FRASER, and announce them. He replies, from below, just like the ventriloquist's man in a cellar, "All right, I'll come up directly." I tell TALBOOTS about the summons. He is bellicose, and says, "If he was me, hanged if he'd pay any attention to it. Blessed if he wouldn't go and punch the infernal Magistrate's head." I point out to him that this would hardly clear me of a charge of assault.

Happy Thought.—Note, while I think of it. I will take lessons in boxing: capital exercise. Gives you such a quick good eye: and such a bad eye occasionally. See about it, after my solicitor.

MINCHIN, who is a young barrister, wants to hear the case, in full. FRASER joins us, and listens, with TALBOOTS, like a couple of jurymen. MINCHIN appears in several characters, during my story; but first, as the judge, with his hands in his pockets, his legs apart, and his head

very much on one side, like a raven. I feel, while I am telling it, that I am making an excellent case for the porter. In attempting to be unprejudiced I catch myself knocking over my own defence and strengthening PENNEFATHER's position. On finishing, I don't seem to have put matters in a very brilliant light, as far as I'm concerned. FRASER and TALBOOTS look to MINCHIN. MINCHIN, in the character of prosecutor's counsel, examines me, as if on my oath. On the whole, I begin to wish I hadn't mentioned anything about it to MINCHIN.

Happy Thought.—In recounting your own grievances never try to be unprejudiced. No one gives you credit for candour.

"Now," says MINCHIN, for the prosecution this time, "Did you, or did you not, strike this railway official?" I hesitate, and MINCHIN repeats the question, emphatically. I answer, "No, I did not strike him." MINCHIN repeats, as if to show FRASER and TALBOOTS what a clever chap he was to get that admission from me. "No, you did not strike him," and then goes on, evidently enjoying it, "And now, Sir, let me ask you, did you or did you not touch him?" I admit I did. MINCHIN is calmly triumphant, repeating, "You did," whereas FRASER and TALBOOTS, in their impersonation of jurymen, shake their heads. MINCHIN continues, "Did you or did you not call this railway official a fool?" I can't help it, I am obliged to admit that I did. Jury dead against me. MINCHIN, now as the judge, having evidently abandoned any idea of appearance as counsel for the defence, sums up carefully. Somehow or another MINCHIN's opinion suddenly appears most valuable to me, and I listen anxiously.

MINCHIN says—"You touched him, lightly or heavily, no matter, the fact stands that you touched him. If you had no weapon in your hand, yet you touched him. The porter was an unarmed man, you own that you had an umbrella, and you are not sure that you did not touch him with that." I shake my head. "Be that as it may, you touched him, and that touch was an incitement to him to riot. It is no defence to say, 'I touched him gently on the shoulder,' the question is whether you could have touched him roughly in the position you were placed in, that is, from the window of the railway carriage? But the law deals with intentions, and judges of the intentions both by words and deeds. Now, you accompanied this blow—(I deprecate the use of 'blow,' and he substitutes 'touch,' as if it really didn't make any difference)—You accompanied this blow with the opprobrious epithet of 'Fool.' Now the law having regard to the liberty of the subject, and being no respecter of persons, will not allow any man to go about touching his fellow citizens, lightly or heavily, and calling them fools. No," says MINCHIN, discarding the Judge, and appearing finally as a private friend, "I'm afraid it's a nasty case." I own I think so, too. I put it thus, "If he says I did, and I can't say I didn't, what defence am I to make?" I don't see. MINCHIN considers: FRASER is perplexed. CAPTAIN TALBOOTS says, with a laugh, "Oh, you sing 'The Little Pig Squeaked' to the Magistrate, and he'll let you off." His levity is ill-timed. They smile out of compliment, but the joke is a failure. MINCHIN says, "Well, he must be off." TALBOOTS says, "He must be off, too."

Happy Thought.—They are off.

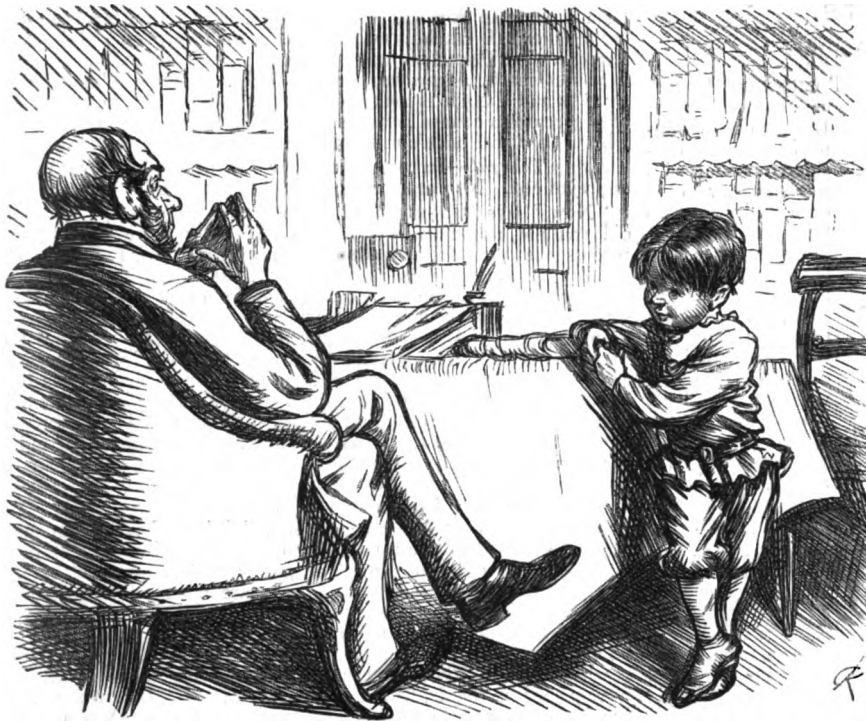
Dinner, 6. Melancholy. FRASER thinks it good taste to joke about "the prisoner sat down to his usual meal of which he partook heartily." On my telling him how much I have enjoyed my stay here, hoping that he'd re-invite me (Oh, FRIDOLINE!), he replies, jocosely, "The prisoner expressed himself sincerely grateful to Mr. JONAS, the Governor of Newgate, for all his kindness." My train goes at nine; at half-past eight I hear music in the drawing-room. I find out that it's Miss FRIDOLINE, who's been dining up-stairs with Mrs. FRASER. A fly at the door. CAPTAIN TALBOOTS arrives with his cornet-à-pistons: he and Miss FRIDOLINE are going to practise a duet. He offers me his fly to take me to the station: I am obliged to accept it.

I go in, drearily, to wish Miss FRIDOLINE good-bye. She says, "Oh, are you going so soon?" I have no reply ready, except "Yes, I'm going now." Whereupon she returns my adieu with the addition of wishing me a pleasant journey. As I am stepping into my fly I hear the piano and corneopane in a duet, "Yes, we together," from Norma. If I could run back, burst into the room, jump on TALBOOTS's back, and cram his corneopane down his throat, I would do it. He might summon me, if he liked, I should soon become used to that. Drive on: he drives on. Furze Cottage is a thing of the past.

Happy Thought, or rather Unhappy Thought.—An opportunity missed. When FRIDOLINE said to me, "Are you going away so soon?" I ought to have returned impressively, "Soon! I am glad to hear that since I have been here, the time has flown so fast. It will appear like an age to me before I see you again. For," and here I should have taken her hand, and if neither TALBOOTS, nor FRASER, nor the butler was looking, I might have kissed it fervently, saying, as I relinquished it, "FRIDOLINE, I love you." Then, unable to utter anything more, I should have got into my fly comfortably. I wish I could have those minutes over again. I wonder if I should really do what I think I should. I should like to drive back and try it. No—it can't be.

Happy Thought.—To prepare oneself for occasions of this sort. I'll suppose cases as I go up in the train.

Nine o'clock. Off to London: Addio, FRIDOLINE and Furze.



PROMISING PUPIL.

Bobby (who is being put through his English History by Papa—Saxon Period). "AND HE WAS TO MIND AN' WATCH THE CAKES SHOULD NOT BE BURN'T—AN' WHEN SHE WAS GONE OUT—HE ONLY JUST LOOKED ROUND FOR A MINUTE—AND—ER—A—HE WAS TURNED RIGHT INTO A PILLAR O' SALT!"

HOW THE FOREIGN BARRISTERS DO IT.

SCENE—A Court of Justice. Prisoner at the Bar.

PUBLIC PROSECUTOR (*rises*).—Gentlemen of the Jury. You can't be in any doubt, I hope, whether that fellow standing there is guilty or not. Of course he is guilty. You might take my word for it. I am never deceived, and something in that fellow's nose and left whisker convinces me that he committed the crime. But law demands logic, and conscience requires conviction, and you shall have both, of the severest kind. Why shouldn't he have committed the crime? He is just the sort of man to do such a thing. He is five feet nine, and I have statistics to show you that five feet nine is the average height of criminals. He squints, too, and what can be more likely than that moral obliquity should accompany physical? Besides, Gentlemen, he has told you himself that he was born on the 7th of July. He little thought, when he made that fatal admission, that it was his sentence of condemnation. Why, Gentlemen, do you not know that at least five great criminals who have gone to the scaffold during the last century were all born on that evil day, the 7th of July? I cannot insult you by doubting that you will convict him. But there is more. I have evidence to show that when he was a little boy he pushed a cat into a well, from which the unhappy animal was rescued only by a marvellous accident. The child is the father of the man, and it is plain, therefore, that the prisoner did the deed of which you are about to find him guilty. But I will overwhelm him with an avalanche of evidence beneath which the guilty miscreant shall struggle in vain, like Enceladus under Etna. (*The jury took notes of this illustration.*) A witness, whose testimony is unimpeachable, was told that somebody has once heard the prisoner say that his grandfather never went to church. Gentlemen, it is revolting to lay bare the black secrets of crime, but in the interest of society it is necessary. What sort of morals can you expect from a man whose grandfather never went to church, and who mentions this detestable fact without a shudder? How, then, can you doubt that he committed this crime? Again, gentlemen, what was found in his portmanteau? He had but one clean shirt. There is guilt, blazing as the sun at noon. Gentlemen, the despairing voice of his criminal conscience told him that he should want but one clean shirt—only one—the shirt in which he should be led to expiate his crime in the eyes of an execrating crowd. That fatal linen enveloped him as the shirt of Nessus clad the dying Hercules. (*Jury take notes.*) Does an innocent

man go about with only one clean shirt? Gentlemen, I have sixteen, and I dare say that the care of your admirable and amiable wives has provided similar stocks for each and all of you—for you are innocent, and unlike that guilty and trembling wretch. Bear with me still, Gentlemen, while, as the organ of public justice, I adduce more evidence of this atrocious monster's culpability. The crime is supposed to have been committed at half-past six o'clock in the morning. The criminal's watch was overwound, and the works broke, stopping the hands at half-past seven. There is complete evidence of itself. He took one hour to reflect over his wicked deed (and I do not wish to torture him by recalling the agonies of that hour), and then, with a shaking hand and in a nervous rage he tried to wind up his watch, and broke it. An hour, Gentlemen, is just the time which it would take a man of average sensibility to recover from the excitement of a crime like that which yonder felon committed—this I shall prove to you by the evidence of physicians of the highest character. Again, Gentlemen, I beg you to observe him. It is afflicting to have to call the attention of virtuous men to a vile object, but I ask you to steel your nerves, and observe him. There he stands, the criminal! Does he look pale? No; he has hardened his heart. Does his eye fall? No, in anticipation of this day, and perhaps by the advice of my learned friend, whose defence will lack no merit but truth, he has schooled his base eyes to confront those of honest men. But does he smile? No; even his consummate wickedness is not bold enough to let him smile. But did you mark one thing, Gentlemen? My learned friend uses an eye-glass, and I am sure that I deplore his being in need of such an aid. A few minutes since it caught the rays of the sun, and the reflection sparkled in the criminal's eyes. He drew back hastily. Gentlemen, what did he see? A useful and scientific assistant to a failing sight? No, Gentlemen. He saw something more dreadful. He saw the fatal knife of the guillotine, glittering in the sun rays of morning, and ready to descend upon his neck—and he shuddered. He laughs. Does that false and brazen laugh deceive you, Gentlemen? Ah, no; and he will do well to lay aside all such miserable and abject devices for avoiding the doom which he sees written on your virtuous lips. Gentlemen, I sit down, and it is with no feeling of pride that I conclude my task of wreathing round that frightful malefactor a coil fatal as the snakes that encircled the devoted Laocöon. (*Jury take notes.*) I denounce that man to the Justice of the Universe.

[*Lowd applause from the Judge, opposite Counsel, jurors, and public, in which the prisoner heartily joined.*]

LINES ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

O GREAT LORD MAYOR, how glorious is thy state!
Sound drums and trumpets; let the Church bells ring.
O most renowned, right royal potentate!
Monarch sublime of London! City King!

Thee, at the head of Europe France reveres,
Deems thee magnificent beyond compare,
A Lord whose Lordship is above the Peers.
She calls thee evermore "*Le Grand Lor' Maire*."

Yet thou art mortal, 'tis not truth to speak
That saying "The King never dies" of thee.

For if thy spirit yonder stars should seek,
No Heir unto thy kingdom there would be.

But as thou art in this so is the POPE,
And he hath no such majesty as thine.
Besides, his Crown is cracked beyond all hope.
No jewel of thy own shalt thou resign.

Alas, that thou canst wear it but a year,
Must then the common gossamer resume!
Brief must be, splendid so be thy career.
What tanks of turtle on my vision loom!

O great LORD MAYOR, the spicy Loving Cup
Bid able hands prepare the feast to crown;
Ladle the soup out: let us suck it up.
And look that you have Punch to wash it down.

AN AUXILIARY SCREW.—An Infantry Field Officer's Second Charger.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—When our cobbler has nothing else to do, he mends his pace.

LET THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE BE HEARD IN THE LAND.

To Mr. Punch.



MR.—We live in an age which calls itself an age of humanity. I call it an age of humbug. We ain't humane. I used to think we were, but now I say we're brutes, or next door to it. It's true there's what's called the Humane Society, to look after broken-down cab-horses with raws on 'em, and over-driven bullocks, when the drovers helps 'em on by twisting their tails and using ten-penny-nails at the end of their goads. I'd like to know how the Society would manage to get an over-druv animal to the slaughterer, if *they* was asked to set about it? And I think I've heard of a Society for looking after stray dogs, and restoring 'em to their owners. Such societies may be all very well in their way—though I don't see it myself—but, bless you, suppose they was what they talk 'em up for, how far do they go? For one act of what they call cruelty that they're down on, there's a thousand they take no count of, and can't be expected to, if they was twice as sharp as I take 'em to be. No, Sir, we're little better than a set of brutes. I may seem to speak strongly, but it is because I feel strongly. At this moment I am blushing for Old England, when I think of our horrible cruelty, and unparalleled ingratitude as well, to what I will venture to call the most blessed and bountiful of all our benefactors. It ain't our poor I'm alluding to. Paupers is paupers, and wants a tight hand over 'em. Mind I don't say they ought to be allowed to die of bed-sores, bad air, and vermin, for all that. And I've often told our Board that the newspaper people will be down on us if we shut up our bed-ridden people at nights without fire, candle, or attendance. There's sure to be a fuss if anything was to happen to any of 'em, such as tumbling out of bed and not being able to get in again, or going off sudden in a fit of coughing along of nobody lifting their heads up, or such like, as old people will do, you know. I've even voted for two paid nurses to our three hundred sick paupers, and I think you'll own that's liberal, and shows what I'm made of. And we've got 'em, too—leastways we've got one, and have another under consideration; only there's two crotchety chaps on the Board objects to her because she's been turned out of three hospitals for drinking. No; our workhouses is right enough while there's Guardians like me on the Board, and there's enough of us, I think I may say, to leaven the lot. And I don't mean our outdoor poor, neither, that ain't on the rates—what's called “the lower orders,” you know—them that works for weekly wages. There's a deal talked and wrote about that class—you hear as how landlords is hard, and agents sharp and screwy; how they won't give their small tenants a wholesome water-supply, and proper repairs, and sinks, and sewers, and such luxuries. Bless you, I've had small house property—worse luck!—and I know what that means. Give your tenants all they ask for, and they'd never stop asking. That sort don't like being comfortable. Start 'em with a nice water-butt, the best of brass taps, Company's water on twice a day for an hour at a time, a beautiful pipe-drain, and in a week there'd be a dead dog in the water-butt, the brass tap would have walked off to the nearest marine-store, you'd be under notice for running the water to waste, and the pipe-drain would be blocked up with old hats and blacking-bottles. It's all very well talking of keeping such a set as tidy as if they was living in Portland Place; but it can't be done, and give you twelve per cent. for your investment, and that's as little as you can get on with, in small house property. No, Sir, depend on it our small tenements is all right. Trust the landlords to look after them.

And it ain't our climbing boys, neither, nor our little pottery hands, nor Sheffield grinders' boys, nor our journeymen bakers, nor our milliners' work-girls, nor our slop-workers. Poor people must live, and work for their living, and can't be nasty particular how or where they does it; and employers must have their profit. All the talk about ventilation and healthy workshops, and inspection, is like the talk about better houses for the poor. If it means anything it's centralisation (and we all know what *that* would do for us, ruining our glorious constitution, and treating us like Frenchmen or Prussians), and if it don't mean anything, which it usually don't, it's bunkum. Nor it ain't our sailors neither that I'm alluding to, for all they talks about dirt and bad air, and bad food and scurvy in the merchant service. They don't think of the expense of lime-juice. No, it ain't none of these I've my eye on. Besides, even if all these kind of people was as hard used as some people say they are, they've lots to look after 'em—from my LORD SHAPTESBURY—which I won't say anything disrespectful of him, as he's a peer, but he ought to remember peers has their

duties as well as their rights—and the House of Commons, to the chap that write in the papers. But the poor creatures that I'm speaking up for, seem to have no friends. They can't talk for themselves, being dumb animals, and they'd got nobody to talk for 'em till the other day. And yet think what they suffer—and think what we owe 'em—the blessing and the comfort, and the high and holy pleasure they've given us. Why, they only come here to contribute to our innocent enjoyment as human beings, the suffering innocents, and yet we make their passage to our shores a scene of such torture and suffering, that the old slave trade was a joke to it.

I allude to OUR TURTLE—OUR FINE LIVELY TURTLE, the blessed creatures that flounders on the West India Dock quays, that flops in the tanks at the Albion, and ultimately, bless 'em! comes to delight our palates and comfort our stomachs at Corporation and Company' dinners and other feeds given by parties that know what's what, and haven't to pay the bill.

Yes, Mr. Punch; WE'RE ACTUALLY CRUEL TO OUR TURTLE! After that I'd like to know what right we have to call this “an age of humanity.”

Here's the passage I cut out of the *Pall Mall Gazette* last week. It ain't partial to the paper. Its religious principles are shaky—littl better than rational, our rector tells me—and it don't respect Boards of Guardians. Things always goes together, if you'll observe, and Constitutional Institutions hangs by one another. However, though the *Pall Mall Gazette* can put up with BISHOP COLENSO, and believes in DR. ERNEST HART, I'm thankful to see it ain't quite lost to all goo feeling. It can still speak up for the poor suffering Turtle. Here is a copy of the paragraph. Excuse blots—which they're tears:—

“Now that the slave trade has been abolished, humanitarians are turning the attention from the negro to the turtle. That miserable reptile suffers quite as much as the African has ever done from the horrors of the middle passage. Its fins are brutally stitched to its sides with rope yarns, and it is then packed either upright on its tail, or standing on its head, for the better economy of space on board the steamers which convey it to its doom in New York and in London. In these distressing positions thousands of turtles cross the Atlantic in all weathers. Many die in transit from agony and fatigue; or rather would die, if they were not killed. But the butcher's knife generally anticipates the exhaustion of nature, and ever morning the turtle pen on board the transatlantic steamer is narrowly scanned by the steward, in order that those which exhibit the most decided signs of approaching dissolution may be butchered for the use of the first-class passengers' table. A benevolent society in America has at last raised up its voice against the wasteful and unnecessary cruelties practised on these poor creatures when at sea, and is about to communicate with the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on the subject.”

Well, at last, there's a chance of that London Society doing some useful work—something it may be proud of. Protecting Turtle is something a man might be glad to subscribe for. I've sent my name to the Society, for a guinea annual, as long as they look after the Turtle.

I hope you won't think I'm stepping out of my line if I enclose you a copy of verses. They ain't mine, but a young man in my establishment, that I spoke to on the subject.

Entree, noo, He's the party as do our advertisements, and well worth his salary, though I say it.

“Where is the hand that will crown with the myrtle
The bust of that old City worthy sublime,
Who the palate first cultured to love of the turtle,
And crowned its green-fatness with punch of the lime?
All unknown is that name that with glory should shine,
Should be blessed o'er our soup, and invoked o'er our wine.
When of ‘clear’ and of ‘thick’ we inhale the perfume,
And a double allowance of green-fat consume;
When the loving-cup carries my LORD MAYOR's salute,
And the voice of the toast-master never is mute;
When on fish of the sea, and on fowl of the sky,
And on beasts of the earth, civic gourmets feed high;
When the swells and the nobles at the Mansion House dine,
‘Till with toasting and talk my LORD MAYOR seems divine;
What still crowns the feasting and hallows the fun?—
‘Tis the juice of the Turtle, when all's said and done.
Oh, if earth have one joy that has ne'er proved a sell,
‘Tis the fat that you taste, and the soup that you smell!”

There, Mr. Punch, I think you'll own that's about equal to BYRON I hope this well-deserved mark of respect to the ill-used Turtle, that we all owe so much to, will have its effect, and that we shall hear more of the atrocities of the Turtle pen and the horrors of the middle passage.

I am, Mr. Punch, your obedient servant,
MARMADUKE MARROWFULL.

King John of Saxony.

THE KING OF SAXONY having been forced to knock under Prussia, is recommended to accept the inevitable, or in other words “to cut his coat according to his cloth.” Considering the beating he has had, one may say that the Cloth in this case is decidedly “Saxon double-milled.”



POLITENESS.

Keeper (who is fonder of pheasants than foxes). "No ROAD THAT WAY, SIR."
Young Topboots. "QUITE GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, THANK YOU!"

NORWICH FESTIVAL.

I've done what I could, I've heard what I could, I've seen what I could, and the best reporter in the world could not have done, heard, or seen any more.

You *must* complain to the authorities if my account is unsatisfactory. I don't believe that anybody else, professionally engaged, could have managed better, only as far as letter-writing goes. They may perhaps have more vivid imaginations.

I found out the exact *route* the PRINCE was to take, and posted myself in an excellent position. Some idiot (or designing fellow belonging to another paper, as I afterwards discovered) suggested that I could get a better view by ascending the Cathedral tower. Remembering how DR. W. RUSSELL saw the battle of Thingummy from a similar place, and how somebody observed the movements of the Russians by going up in a balloon in the Crimean War, I jumped at the notion, and, enthusiast that I am, jumped off my form, and made for the Cathedral as fast as my legs could carry me, stumbling only twice over the rough stones of the city, and grazing my knees but slightly. No matter; no one is going to buy me, and my future wife won't require a warranty. Besides, you said you'd pay all expenses, and a slip of diachylon and a glass of brandy-and-water won't ruin you. I *did* get to the top of the tower, and couldn't see anything, having unfortunately left my glasses behind at the hotel.

Rushing down again, I had another severe fall, but I did not complain, except about the brandy-and-water, which I was obliged to take again, in order to set myself on my legs, and which was, I am sorry to say, not so good as it might have been. By the time I had regained the street, the PRINCE had passed: at least, I believe he had, as I waited there for two hours after the crowd had departed, and didn't get a glimpse of him.

While commencing my letter to you on the stirring events of the day, the waiter informed me that the PRINCE was coming back. I rushed to my window, and was surprised at the absence of anything like a crowd. I afterwards discovered that the PRINCE had gone down

another street. This comes of going to a second-rate hotel: I told you that you might as well have paid my bill at the best, but you wouldn't, and this is the consequence.

In the evening I went to hear MR. SIMS REEVES sing at the Hall. He didn't sing, so I can't tell you much about him. CUMMINGS sang. I didn't hear him either, because in consequence of some informality in my ticket I couldn't get in. I went to bed early, and believing that the PRINCE was passing my room about eleven at night, I cheered from under the bedclothes; but I wasn't to be humbugged into running to the window.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN's new overture is a great success. I am delighted with it. I didn't hear all of it; in fact, I didn't go, having mistaken the time; but a friend, who attended the concert, whistled a few bars to me, with which I was enchanted.

I *did* get a place for SIGNOR BENEDICT's *Cantata*; but unfortunately hadn't my evening dress with me, and as that costume in my seat was indispensable, I was obliged to leave. I heard what I could of it from outside: but can't convey to you any distinct notion of its beauties. Adieu!

Signs of the Times.

ANOTHER Summer's dead. Alas! another Autumn's dying, And many a sign is seen, that tells how fast the months are flying. The sleepy Sun looks sullen from behind his dusky shroud, And all things lie enveloped in a soul depressing cloud: The lamps are lighted early, the air is raw and chill, The brown leaves whisper sadly, as they struggle down the hill; But the sign which tells most surely that the year is growing old Is that my morning sponge-bath is becoming *beastly cold*.

INTERESTING NEWS FOR EXETER HALL.

AN advertisement announces "Convertible Ottomans." Missionaries for Constantinople wanted immediately.



PLEASING INTELLIGENCE

FOR YOUNG VERDANT, WHO NOW POSSESSES A HUNTER FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Ensign Verdant. "HAW! YOU WEALLY THINK HE WILL SUIT ME?"

Dealer (assuringly). "I CAN ONLY TELL YE, SIR, THAT HE 'AS DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF WITH ALL THE CRACK PACKS IN THE COUNTRY, AND IF HE ONLY HEARS HOUNDS, HE WILL BE WITH 'EM; AND ONCE WITH 'EM, WHY—NO MAN IN ENGLAND CAN STOP HIM."

THE MAN OF ASCOT HEATH.

MY GOOD MAN,

SOMEBODY, I hope, will read you this letter. I saw the account of you given by MR. PEARSE to the BISHOP OF OXFORD. He sent it to the *Times*. It made me laugh. So you won't let your children go to school, even though they may go there for nothing. You are a fine fellow!

I day say, now, you would like to get some money. I will tell you how you can. The Fat Cattle Show is coming on. You have a will of your own. So has a pig. If you were to be shown close by the Fat Cattle Show, most of the people who go there to see the pigs, because they admire pigs, and like their ways, would also go and see you.

If you like, I will propose a subscription to raise money enough for the hire of a place to show you in at Islington, where the Fat Cattle Show will be. You shall have all the profits. Afterwards you could go about the country in a travelling van, and be shown at fairs, among sheep with six legs, pig-faced ladies, and other monsters. Many such as yourself would come to see you, shake hands with you, pat you on the back, and poke your sides. Then you might be shown at Manchester and the like large towns, where you would be stared at by crowds of a more knowing sort of people. Lastly, I would speak to my friend MR. BARNUM, and try and get him to take you over to America, and show you in the United States; for the well-taught Americans would look upon you as a great curiosity.

You would be put to no trouble in being shown. You would only have to sit at ease in a pen, and lie down when you liked. There would be bacon and bread-and-cheese for you, and beer, in plenty, and a pipe to smoke. You might speak when spoken to, or not, just as you chose; and, if you did speak, nothing more would be expected of you than a grunt.

The charge to people for being let in to see you, we will say, would

be one shilling. There would be a picture of you, as large as life, outside of the show, and a man would stand there blowing a horn from time to time, or beating a gong, and shouting "Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen! Walk up and see the Man of Ascot Heath who won't let his children go to school." "The Man of Ascot Heath" is the name which you would go by; or you might be shown as "The Unlearned Pig." You will neither send your children to be taught, nor let others teach them, and so you act a sort of Pig that beats the famous Dog in the Manger. There are many people who would go a long way to see such a chap as you, and besides the money they would pay for that sight, there would be what might be got by the sale of your likeness, done upon a card by the help of sunshine, and so, in your *carte*, you might be represented as a carter. Your picture, I am sure, would be a very cap-ti-va-tion object in the pages of

PUNCH.

P.S. Perhaps MR. BRIGHT might like to take you with him to public meetings, and show you as a disgrace to the gentry and clergy.

THE GRAMMAR CLASS EXAMINATION.

Preceptor (blandly). Very good, CHARLES, very good, indeed. Now, CHARLES, what is a verb?

Charles. A verb is a noun, Sir.

Preceptor (aghast). A what? A verb a noun? How d'ye make that out?

Charles. Because it's the name of a thing, Sir.

Preceptor (furiously). Name of a thing! What thing, blockhead?

Charles. Of a part of speech.

Preceptor (cuttingly). And, pray, what in your wisdom may a part of speech be?

Charles. Part of a noun, Sir; because speech is a noun.

[CHARLES is told he will be called up privately.]

MR. BRIGHT AND MR. SHAKSPEARE.



Y a contemporary we are told that a question lately announced for discussion at a meeting of the Oxford Union Debating Society was, "That, in the opinion of this house, MR. BRIGHT is a reproach to the country that gave him birth." What wags those Oxford men are—some of them! MR. BRIGHT a reproach to the country that gave him birth—the country that he loves so well, and is ever extolling! If you want, not only eloquence, but wisdom, if you want argument, if you want statesmanship, if you want practical suggestion, if you want candour, if you want veracity, if you want generosity, if you want gentlemanly feeling, if you want conciliation and forbearance, and, above all, if you want earnest exalted patriotism, would you go to the oratory of any other man, or the speeches of MR.

BRIGHT? If you want acts as well as words, particularly Acts of Parliament for the benefit of Ireland, where, when Bills are undergoing consideration in the House of Commons, would you go to find their supporter but to the seat diligently occupied by the Hon. Member for Birmingham? Echo answers, "Nowhere!" However, no doubt, it was good enough fun for the Oxford Union Debating Society to dispute if JOHN BRIGHT is a reproach to his country. The next question which that argumentative but humorous body will propose to consider, will perhaps be, "Was WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE an Ass?"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(In London. Consulting a Solicitor.)

Going up in the Train by Night.—I intend to call on my Solicitor about this assault affair directly I get to town. Think I'd better dismiss all thoughts of it from my mind. Will read paper. Can't. Light in carriage so bad. At the first station I want to get out to complain to Guard. Can't: carriage locked. Passenger gets in with his own key, and brings with him a private railway lamp: most useful. Other Passengers get in: all got keys and lamps. If we go on like this we shall bring our own cushions. Last man *did* get in with a cushion. The next thing will be to bring your own carriage.

Happy Thought.—To buy a railway lamp.

Can't sleep on account of the blaze of light in my eyes from lamp opposite. Arrive in town late. Go to Solicitor's. Shut up. To hotel. Get up early to-morrow. I see that I'm chalked up on a black board. 89. 7:30. The Boots is satisfied: another Boots coming by accidentally is satisfied. Waiter assures me, on my inquiring anxiously, that if I gave the Boots my instructions it would be all right.

Difficult to get to sleep. Noise, after quiet of country, terrific.

Happy Thought. Central hotels bad for going to sleep in. Do for men of business, though, who want to be up early in the morning. Bed.

Morning.—Not called: had to ring the bell to tell them to call me. Boots says he didn't know I wanted to be called, didn't see it on the black board. A different Boots. I refer him to the other Boots for confirmation, in fact to the other pair of Boots. He doesn't know them: he alludes to them disdainfully, as the Night Porters.

Happy Thought. Small Hotel's best: where the Boots and Night Porters are on friendly terms. Do it next time.

I'm very late. They bring me number ninety's boots; and number seventy-five's breakfast, which I don't like. More delay. Off at last to Lincoln's Inn Fields. To SEEL's, my Solicitor's.

On the door is MR. SEEL above, and MR. PERCIVAL SEEL below. Who MR. PERCIVAL is I do not know; probably SEEL's son just come into the business. I knock and ring.

The clerk is a small boy with a large forehead, ready for all the law that's coming in to it one of these days, curly hair which won't lie down under any pressure of pomatum, and large eyes, which wander all over me.

On being asked if MR. SEEL is within, he replies, "No, he's not," in an uncertain sort of manner, which leads me to suppose that

he is in. I give him my card. He looks at it, and then at me, as if unable to trace any connection between my name and my appearance.

Happy Thought.—I note that to be brought up in a lawyer's office makes boys suspicious. He evidently doesn't believe either me or my card.

Boy says, "He's not in:" but he adds, "you can see MR. PERCIVAL, if you like." He speaks of them as if they were a show. I ask who MR. PERCIVAL is, and he replies that he's MR. SEEL, JUNIOR, which he evidently thinks is a more dignified form of description than calling him MR. SEEL's son. I consider. Well, yes, I *will* see MR. SEEL, JUNIOR. I am shown suddenly into MR. SEEL, JUNIOR's room. MR. SEEL, JUNIOR, is very much junior to MR. SEEL, SENIOR.

He offers me a seat timidly. He says, awkwardly, that he believes my business is with his father. I say yes, but I suppose he'll do as well. He evidently detects some hesitation in my tone, as he answers boldly, and, to my thinking, defiantly (as though if his father *did* come in he didn't care), that, "Oh, yes, it would be precisely the same thing."

I tell him it's a very simple case, whereat I fancy he seems more at his ease. I suppose he can advise me. He replies, "Oh yes, of course." But he doesn't inspire me with confidence. I tell him, to re-assure him, I've known his father some years, which seems to make him uncomfortable. I tell my story very carefully. When I've finished, he asks me to tell it again. I do. At his special request, I tell it once more, with (I can't help it) variations, which puzzle him. I ask him what I shall do? He appears confused, and thinks; at last, he says, "Well, you see, I've only lately come into the office, and—" (here he laughs nervously) "I can't exactly advise you—without—without—um—" (here he loses his theme, but recovers himself) "without, in fact, consulting my father." Then I'd better see his father? "Yes," he says, diffidently, "if you please." I say I will, whereat he is much relieved, and, so to speak, breathes again. I must see his father to-night—most important—at eleven. I suggest, at all events, that, having spent one hour with him in painstaking narration, MR. PERCIVAL may put the case before his father. I don't believe he's understood a word of what I've been saying, as he replies, "No, you'd much better do it yourself."

Happy Thought.—What a dreadful thing it would be to have an idiot Solicitor!

Eleven to-night, punctually! Eleven. Special appointment. I note it down. Good-bye.

Happy Thought.—Nothing to do in London. Dismiss all thoughts of PENNEFATHER's assault from my mind. How shall I amuse myself? Go to Charing Cross. Stand for ten minutes waiting to cross the road. Don't know why I should cross at all, having no object in reaching the other side, except to come back again. I came up to be very busy with my Solicitor, and here I am with nothing to do. I stroll into Bow Street.

Happy Thought.—Visit the Police Court, and get up the forms and ceremonies, so that when I have to appear, if I ever have, before a Magistrate, I may know when it's my turn to speak, and when to be silent. Go into what I take to be the Police Court. Am asked what I want by two policemen. They are civil, but suspicious. I won't go in: I will dismiss all these thoughts from my mind. I find myself continually dismissing these thoughts.

Drop into my Club. Letter waiting for me from — at the Feudal Castle. Will I come down when I like: only telegraph. I will when this business is over. This business—no, I said I would dismiss these thoughts from my mind, and I will. But I must answer him. Not necessarily. I can wait until I know if I am free to . . . Dismiss thoughts again for the third time within ten minutes.

In St. James's Street. Somebody slaps me on the back, and says "Hallo! What brings you to town?" It is MILBURN. I dislike MILBURN at Boodels', but when you meet him in town, and can't get any one else to talk to, he's not a bad fellow. I wish he wouldn't think slapping on the back a sign of heartiness. He tells me afterwards that he considers "slapping a fellow suddenly on the back when he doesn't know who the deuce it is," a first-rate practical joke. I don't think it first-rate. "Well," he puts it, "not bad." I state my general objection to all practical jokes. He agrees with me, excepting slapping on the back. I give in on this point, not liking to be obstinate, and suffer for it, as he's always, being with me for two hours in the day, trying to take me by surprise. I tell him my case. He sympathises. He is not a bad fellow when you know him. He says, "Look here," I avoid his slap, and he goes on somewhat disappointed, "come and dine with me this evening. Dismiss all thoughts of your trial." I don't like his way of speaking of it, but his idea is the same as mine about dismissing the thoughts, "and spend a quiet evening. I'll give you dinner at my Club." I tell him that I'm not in the humour for a dinner-party. He informs me that it's no party, only BYATON of the Fusiliers. I repeat, "Oh, only BYATON of the Fusiliers," as if his presence was nothing at all: though I've never seen him in my life. MILBURN says, "Yes, that's all: say 6:30 Bradshaw."

Happy Thought.—Always note down engagements. I am noting

this. MILBURN (he is an ass sometimes) says, "Good-bye, old boy," and slaps me on the shoulder. I am inclined to be annoyed, but he laughs, and cries out, "Another practical joke, eh?" so I can't be angry. Besides, he has asked me to dinner.

He comes back for one minute, to ask me "if I think that bonneting a fellow, knocking a hat right over his eyes, is a good practical joke, eh?" I treat the notion with contempt, as beneath such a man as MILBURN. I think this is the best way of stopping him, by representing such conduct as unworthy of him, or if I don't, he might crush mine in: he's just the sort of fellow to do it. "Full of animal spirits," his friends say. It's a nuisance if you're not full of animal spirits at the same time. Go to my hotel. Unpack writing materials. Try to do something in *Typical Developments about Spirits of Animals*. Think of FRIDOLINE. Think if this matter ends happily. . . . Dismiss all thought of this sort from my mind. Doze. Hot water. Dress to go to MILBURN's Club.

He introduces me to BYRON of the Fusileers. He is friends with me in five minutes, and is talking to me in a half-whisper with his head well forward towards the soup tureen something "which of course," he knows, "won't go beyond this table."

BYRON can tell us curious circumstances about every one. If we talk of the Great Mogul, he is ready with a curious circumstance about him of course, *entre nous!* MILBURN and I are perpetually swearing ourselves to secrecy all through the dinner. Trying to note down (privately outside the door) one of his remarkable anecdotes, names excepted, I find myself making rather a muddle of his confidences.

Happy Thought.—Capital wine, Moselle: sparkling. Not so strong as champagne.

We dispute this point, and try champagne. I note down the name of the wine-merchant. BYRON tells us something rather curious about him. It is decided that we shall return to the Moselle. I must keep my head clear, having to see my Solicitor at eleven. MILBURN says, "Oh, don't think about that, now. We will have some more

Moselle, or champagne." [On referring to my notes in the morning, which I made as opportunities occurred outside the door, I find the names of several wine-merchants put down as "MR. MOSELLE" and "MR. CHAMPAGNE SPARKLING," and I don't know quite what I meant.] The dinner goes on. So does the Moselle.

Happy Thought.—Ask for Moselle at my Club. Ask MILBURN and BYRON to dine with me. [Referring to notes in the morning can't make out date.]

They accept. We accept to dine also with BYRON: don't know when. The room is getting hot. The next bottle of Champagne wants more icing. Capital wine Champagne: so's Moselle. We are all telling good stories in confidence, hoping they'll go no farther than that table, like BYRON. I am telling good stories: and it seems to me that we are all talking together, or else some one is speaking very loud. Liqueurs. I say, must go S'lic'tor. Not time yet. Dismiss thoughts. Fine Port.

Happy Thought.—Lay-in-stock-port. We're talking Theol'gy. BYRON is telling us something curious 'bout ARCH'SHOP CRANBURY. I say it's not CRANBURY. MILBURN agrees—me. What's it then? BYRON wants to know. "ARCH'SHOP," I tell him, "OF CRANTIER-BRABRY." Smoking room. Don't like going up-stairs. Come down 'gain. Time go S'lic'tor. Cab.

Happy Thought in Cab.—Stake t'king port a'fer Mamselle: mean Mamselle. Think I've had 'nough. Sh' like biscuit: and water. Very soon at S'lic'tor's. Very. SEEL SAN' in. Come talk: ser'ous mat'r: SEEL. SEEL wantsknow pricklers. I've f'gott'n pricklers: ask PANTASER. He thinks I'd bet'r call morn'g. Very hot in's room. While talk'g pricklers refer'n notes sleepy

Hotel.—Think it's tel. S'lic'tor still here: somehow. Can't make him un'stand. Stupid. . . . So's the waiter Stupid won't un'stand. . . . very sleepy. . . . The weather odd weather . . . trouble undressin'.

Happy Thought.—Go to bed in my boots. . . .

A FIDDLER'S PUFF.



WE **TAKE** Professors of the Divine Art of Music claim for it the power of elevating and refining and spiritualising, and doing all sorts of wonderful things. And this is their defence (and if true, not a bad one) against the irreverent outside world, which profanely remarks that a great musician is generally found to be, out of his art, a great bore. Still, some portion of the musical world has a fine sense of the fitness of things, and a reasonably good notion of what vulgarians call "puffing." We are always delighted to vindicate the characters of any class which is habitually and unjustly attacked. We have now the opportunity of doing so.

There is a fiddler, whose real name we do not know, but who has modestly taken that of the deceased—well, we do not wish to help to puff a gentleman who can puff himself so notably, and we will say, therefore, the deceased STRADUARIUS, or STRADIVARIUS (d. 1728), and who made fiddles. We will suppose that the puffing gentleman calls himself STRADUARIUS REDIVIVUS, and that provincial critics have no word of remark upon this piece of sweet taste, but accept the same, and laud the fiddler as if he were a JOACHIM. These facts would not be very remarkable, as times go. But look at this certificate which the fiddler publishes. We will not give the real name of the city, though it is a beautiful one, and we have even disguised the names of the signatories, though we hardly know why we should take the trouble to do so:—

ATHENÆUM, BROGUETOWN.

PROFESSIONAL TESTIMONIAL TO STRADUARIUS REDIVIVUS.

DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned, being amongst the recognised musical authorities of Broguetown, and as many of us have had the honour of being personally and professionally acquainted with the original STRADUARIUS, think it our pleasing duty to assert that your playing of fantasia, unadorned by any other accompaniment than that supplied by your own violin, was to us a source of

wonder and admiration; also, that your performance of the Overture to William Tell, upon one string only, and without any hairs to the bow, is absolutely marvellous: and that by its you have, in our opinion, extended the limits of "the possible" in violin playing to a degree hitherto undreamt of even by your great prototype himself: in fact, you have out-Straduariused Straduarius. You cannot fail to awaken in every town the same excitement and enthusiasm that you did here.

(Signed) SAMUEL JUNE, Professor of the Violin.
JOHN RAINY, Professor of the Violin.
ROBERT COGWHEEL, { Professor of the Violin and Leader
of the Ancient Concerts Society.
WILLIAM PEDALS, Organist of * * * Church.
JAMES PEDALS, Organist of * * * Church.
ALBERTO JUNE, Professor of Music.

Broguetown, Oct. 29th, 1866.

We commend the above to the notice of the Professors of the Divine Art. To take the name of a great dead man, and to vulgarise it as has been done in this case, are not acts that we should think worth notice. Fiddlers must live, or at least they think so. But if the "Recognised Musical Authorities" of an important city endorse that sort of mountebankery, we think that the Professors of the Divine Art generally should be aware of this new homage to its dignity; and so we throw away a couple of paragraphs on a fiddler's puff.

THE TURN OF A CORKSCREW.

A PART of the DEAN of CORK's speech at the late Church Congress turns out to have been incorrectly reported in the paper whence it was quoted by *Punch*, with comments. The Very Reverend Dean did not say "that men had passed to the extreme of thinking there were no opinions worth burning men for." What he did say was, that "they had passed into the extreme of thinking there were no opinions worth being burned for." A very particular friend of the Dean writes to *Mr. Punch*, pointing out the misstatement as above, and says, "The DEAN of CORK is sure that you can have no more wish to roast him in *Punch* for words which he really never said—than he (the Dean) has to burn any man for any cause whatever." Well said. *Mr. Punch* has to thank the DEAN of CORK's friend for a good joke, although a joke at *Punch*'s own expense. Indeed *Mr. Punch* is very happy to stand the joke.

THE NOVEMBER METEORS.

To the Editor of *Punch*.

SIR,—I have lately been keeping a sharp look-out at night for the November meteors, which made their appearance sooner than I expected. I did not suppose that I should see any until the 12th or 13th; but they presented themselves several days earlier. The sky was streaming with them in all directions, and, strange to say, although it was very cloudy, from six or seven till nearly twelve on the night of the 5th instant.

I am, Sir, &c., OBSERVER.



INNOCENCE.

"AND DID YOU ASK ANY LITTLE GIRLS TO YOUR WEDDING, MAMMA?"

"YES, DEAR, SEVERAL LITTLE GIRLS."

"AND, PRAY, WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK ME?"

THE PARSON IN PETTICOATS.

(AN ECCLESIASTICAL ECLOGUE.)

"MY! LAURA, dear, how very nice this morning, you do look, Going to Church, Miss, eh, with that smart gilt-bound prayer-book? Well now I really do declare that *is* a pretty dress!"

"Now, MABEL, you must know that I am going to confess."

"Indeed now! You don't say so! What in Church? The truth to say,

I always thought you went there to do something else than pray."

"Oh, MABEL, fie! How can you? That of course I don't forget, And then I go and whisper my confession to my Pet!"

"How nice for him! A happy Pet! And may I ask his name?"

"Oh! Don't you understand. Our dear young Priest, of course. For shame!"

He has the most expressive eyes that I have ever seen, And wears such charming vestments coloured purple, red, and green."

"Oh, what a funny parson." "Naughty girl! His alb is plain."

"What's that? His robe; white muslin." "Does he wear it with a train?"

"Oh no! There is a chasuble, embroidered, over all, Upon his back and shoulders." "Then his chasuble's a shawl."

And has he on a bonnet too?" "That mightn't quite be liked."

A black his under gown is." "Are his petticoats vandyked?"

"No: though 'twould be becoming could the petticoat be seen."

"And does the Reverend Gentleman sport any Crinolines?"

SELF APPRECIATION IN EXCELSIS.

MR. PUNCH, not happening to want the services of the accommodating creature who advertises as below, reprints, a delightful announcement:—

A CHANCE WANTED, by a married gentleman, who is qualified for a superior or subordinate situation, who can keep a set of books by double entry with any one, write a leader on any given subject, act as an efficient secretary to an individual or a company, fill any general office, with credit to himself and satisfaction to his employers; requite confidence and kindness with energetic, faithful, and devoted service: and who, in short, wants little but what he here advertises for—a chance. Address, Nil Desperandum, &c.

Nil Desperandum seems an unworthy motto for such a Phoenix. The wonder is that such a wonderful being should not already be Prime Minister, or College Porter, or something of a tremendously superior kind. His politics are not in his way—he will write a leader on any given subject, and of course in any given direction. He will fill any general office, whatever that may mean, perhaps the office of a General—why does not JONATHAN PEEL take him into partnership? He will requite kindness with devotion—he wants only to be patted on the head a little, and he will jump over any stick, or bite anybody energetically. And he is married. He may have married without a chance," as he says, which is not considered wise in ordinary cases, but his prescience told him that his future was safe, and MRS. NIL DESPERANDUM must be an enviable lady. Failing anything else, could he not apply at the Horse Guards, and ask whether there is a vacancy for a jolly good trumpeter?

Contradiction.

WE do not believe the statement that the Jamaica Committee intend to follow up their proceedings against MR. EYRE by a prosecution of M. DU CHAILLU for shooting and stuffing so many of our African relations, the Gorillas.

BISMARCK'S LAST.—The Belgian motto is *L'Union fait la Force* whilst that of the North German Confederation is to be *La Force fait L'Union*.



OVER THE WAY.

DOCTOR PROTESTANT. "TAKE YOUR GEWGAWs TO THE OLD LADY AT THE CROSS-KEYS OPPOSITE; SHE LIKES THEM, AND I WON'T HAVE THEM."

THE POPE AND MR. GLADSTONE.

"MR. GLADSTONE has had a long interview with His Holiness, and is reported to believe himself to have wrought certain convictions in the mind of FIVE THIRTEENTH."—*Correspondence.*

Mr. Gladstone (bowing with much elegance as he approaches His Holiness). Salve, Sanctitas.

His Holiness. Tu quoque salvas sis, mi fili.

Mr. Gladstone. Placetne paulisper confabulari, Sanctitas?

His Holiness (smiling). Non recuso. Moreover, having all knowledge at our command, we shall be happy to converse with you, Sir, in the tongue in which you are said to have marvellous skill; we mean, your own.

Mr. Gladstone. I thank your Holiness. Visiting in the Eternal City, with some personal and political friends, I have thought it respectful to your Holiness to solicit the interview which has been so graciously accorded.

His Holiness. I am always glad to see visitors. FANNY ELIZABETH came to see me. So did LORD DUDLEY. Take a seat, and pray forget that I am anything but an old Italian clergyman, who is very happy to receive an English friend.

Mr. Gladstone. Your Holiness's condescension is very kind. But might I venture to ask its further extension?

His Holiness. Refreshment? Dabo tibi aliquid boni. (*Is about to sign to a servant.*)

Mr. Gladstone. Ego domi jentaveram, thanks, your Holiness. I did not allude to creature comforts. I should not have thought of such a thing.

His Holiness. I had an idea that you English never fancy yourselves welcome anywhere unless you are set eating and drinking directly.

Mr. Gladstone. We certainly eat and drink too much, your Holiness, but some of us can dominate our appetites. I was about to ask your Holiness whether I should be regarded as officious if I touched upon public affairs.

His Holiness. Do you know, I would much rather hear a few anecdotes of your London society.

Mr. Gladstone. My poor budget should be heartily at your Holiness's service, but you will be asked to receive a visit from one who can tell you much more, I mean my friend and late chief, the EARL RUSSELL, who edited the Journals of TOM MOORE, and has a very good memory for the stories contained in that book.

His Holiness. As you please, my son. But at least tell me how your Ritualists are getting on.

Mr. Gladstone. Not to speak irreverently, Holiness, the cauldron of mock-turtle soup will boil over one of these days, and then let the cooks look out for scaldings.

His Holiness. Real turtle being at their service, I shall not compliment their present tastes or sympathise in their future misfortunes. Enough (*with majesty*). And what does MR. GLADSTONE want to say to St. Peter?

Mr. Gladstone. Nay, if your Holiness takes that attitude, the humble visitor has only to thank your courtesy, and withdraw. (*Rises.*)

His Holiness. Sit down, can't you? I thought you would appreciate a touch of finesse. Do you want to talk Liberalism to me?

Mr. Gladstone. Definitions, your Holiness, are perhaps not the thing in the best society, but the word you have used approximates to the suggestions I had ventured to think of making.

His Holiness. Make them fearlessly. Do you want me to go away with you, and sail in MR. MILNER GIBSON's beautiful yacht for Malta, where I shall be received with a salute from the English cannon, be treated with every luxury, and find on my toilette table a book obligingly supplied by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Non possumus.

Mr. Gladstone. I cannot sufficiently admire your Holiness's good spirits and pleasantry. Though out of office, I may take the liberty of assuring your Holiness that England would know how to honour a venerable guest. It is not with an inhospitable purpose that I would suggest what might make such asylum needless.

His Holiness. Shall I send a Golden Rose to King Gallantman?

Mr. Gladstone. Better so, Holiness, than that Rome should send to him to come for that and some other articles.

His Holiness. ANTONELLI would go mad to hear you.

Mr. Gladstone. The Cardinal is mad already. Quem Deus, and so forth, your Holiness. His counsels are most detrimental to your best interests.

His Holiness. There is an old proverb to the effect, that if you can't kill your enemy, you should give him your daughter to wife. I can't hang ANTONELLI, so I obey him.

Mr. Gladstone. It is the earnest wish of all thoughtful men, your Holiness, that anything like violence should be avoided in the changes which are coming upon Rome. The bigots who express personal hostility to a Pope are in a miserable minority.

His Holiness. MANNING telegraphed to me that there were a great many Guys in London on the Fifth, and that several of them represented myself.

Mr. Gladstone. Precisely, Holiness. Dirty boys and foolish old women of both sexes represent your personal enemies in England. If an Englishman were so fortunate as to assist in the settlement of your difficulties, he would receive the applause of the best part of his countrymen.

His Holiness. I am very glad to hear it. Poor England shall be remembered—wherever I may have influence. But your English prescription I take to be more effectual than agreeable. I am to give up everything, and then nobody will ask me for anything more.

Mr. Gladstone. Not so, your Holiness—

His Holiness. What? They will ask me for more after I have given up everything! That will be rather exigent.

Mr. Gladstone. I scarcely like to submit alternatives to your Holiness, but it really appears to me that you will soon have only Three Courses open to you.

His Holiness. Name them, Peelides?

Mr. Gladstone. Let me put it with more periphrase than I had intended. It may be that your Holiness will reconstruct the present system here—it may be that you will prefer retirement to another locality—it may be, pardon me, that your retirement may be enforced by the Romans.

His Holiness. Reformation—abdication—expulsion. Three pleasant things. Well, of three evils, I will choose the least.

Mr. Gladstone. I may venture to assume, and I do so gladly, that your Holiness means—

His Holiness (smiling). We must not tell all our State secrets at once, and to a foreigner, before apprising our own advisers. Be assured that we are much obliged by your kind interest in our welfare.

Mr. Gladstone. Ignoscite, quæso, si quæ in re offenderim.

His Holiness. Ego abs te idem peto. Dinocedamur, for such humble food as an aged priest can offer awaits us, and if you do not say that the Lachrymæ is sumptuous—

[*Exeunt.*]

[*But the Allocation of Grief and Defiance came out all the same.*]

QUERIES WITH ANSWERS.

I AM desirous to know when a haughty Aristocracy first oppressed the people of this country with tyrannical Game-laws?—*PLEBICOLA. Smeadbrook.*

[Game-laws are coeval with the discovery of poached eggs, preserves, and Welsh rabbits. See *Gosses at Truth*, by the two HARES, the edition with portraits by PARTRIDGE.]

Can you recommend me a sound work on the Heart, especially with reference to its palpitation?—*CORDELLA.*

[This query is rather out of our beat, but you will find a good deal about "the beating of our own hearts" in one of R. MONCKTON MILNES's (LORD HOUGHTON) productions.]

I refer to you as a Judge of Appeal on all questions of language. What, therefore, is the exact difference between "cheers" and "applause"?—*A PURIST.*

Clapton.

[About the same as between "lodgings" and "apartments;" or "bill of the play" and "programme."]

Quotations wanted:—

1. "The Wealth of Ind."—*INDOPHILUS.*
2. "O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!"—*FREEMASON.*
3. Where shall I find the song beginning, "O MARY, go and call the cattle home?"—*DESIDERE.*
4. "The divinity that doth hedge a king."—*P. P. BETTS.*
5. "O tempora! O mores!"—*JUVENIS.*

[1. Send a line to the Romford Brewery.

2. Consult LODGE's *Portraits*.

3. Perhaps in DRAYTON's *Polyolbion*.

4. Commission some betting-agent to tell you.

5. Refer to a notice in the *Times* of the family picture of the MORES in the late National Portrait Exhibition.]

AN AWFUL WARNING.

MR. PUNCH is the last person to spoil sport. "*More Alas, more Alas*, stir them on," is his motto. Pacification is the thief of fun. Still, fair play is the brightest dew-drop in the British Lion's mane, and when a combatant is exposed to an unforeseen peril, Mr. Punch is the first person, singular, to cry *Mens tuis oculis!* In this spirit he respectfully invites the persons who are touting for subscriptions in order to get Ex Governor EYRE hanged for saving Jamaica, to take note of the fate of *Shylock*. That gushing Hebrew, under pretext of avenging the wrongs of an oppressed race, sought to use the law unjustly, to the detriment of a gentleman. The fearful result was, first, that the prosecutor was heavily fined, and secondly—we tremble to hold up such a menace to our vengeful friends—he had to turn Christian.



THE CONNOISSEUR.

Host (smacking his lips). "THERE, MY BOY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT? I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU A TREAT. THAT'S '34 PORT, SIR!"

Guest. "AH! AND A VERY NICE, SOUND WINE, I SHOULD SAY! I BELIEVE IT'S QUITE AS GOOD AS SOME I GAVE 37s. FOR THE OTHER DAY."

JEM THE PENMAN (CONVICT) TO SIR MULTUM SLEEKOWE (BART. AND M.P.).

FROM the quarries of Bermuda, in my intervals of leisure,—
E'en in grey and yellow dittos one has leisure to improve,—
I put my time to profit and to melancholy pleasure
In studying the journals of the London of my love.

Oh, London! scene of trial, school of grown men's education,
Where some, like you, win prizes, some get "kept in," like me:
Arena where brain wrestles with law for wealth and station,
Metropolis of industry, whose knights we boast to be!

To me, a baffled actor, driv'n from the stage with hisses,
In convict-garb and quarry-gang condemned to eat my heart,
What reflections in these mirrors of life, its hits and misses,
What instructions in these records of the Court, the 'Change, the Mart!

"Ah, if youth possessed the knowledge, if age possessed the power!"
Had I my life to live again, what a different life were mine!
Here in hard garb, hard fare, hard toil, 'neath Law's rude hand I cower,
And, with a sigh, contrast my fate, oh, wiser friend, with thine!

Year after year I've followed thy fortunes, upward soaring,
As from each crash of thy ladders, thou, brave climber, still didst
rise;

Grand Trunk, Great Eastern—shareholders might all be left deploring,
Boards of Northern Navigation end in smoke before our eyes—

Still thou, from out the ruins, serene and smoothly smiling,
With a firm hand didst drive thy gig o'er prostrate stock and shares,
Respectable, respected, while poor rogues, their dockets fling,
Cursed and railed at thee unheeded, or but earned thy Christian
prayers.

NOTORIETY FOR KNAVES.

THE more hilarious portion of British playgoers would doubtless be highly diverted by a sufficiently laughable burlesque of *Fidelio*. In the prison-scene of the mock opera, where the hero and his companions in captivity come out of gaol, a fine effect (the idea of which would have amused BEETHOVEN) might be produced by the introduction of the *Rogue's March*. But a more suitable adaptation of that piece of music is suggested by a paragraph in the *South London Press*, to wit:—

"UNJUST WEIGHTS.—At a Special Sessions at Newington, on Wednesday, sixty-eight tradesmen were fined for having in their possession unjust weights, scales, or measures. The list comprised twenty-five licensed victuallers and beer retailers, eleven chandlers, five butchers, eight bakers, one eating-house keeper, five coal and potato dealers, five grocers and cheesemongers, one fruiterer and fishmonger, two marine storekeepers, one corn-chandler, one woolstapler, one iron merchant, and one sine worker. The fines amounted to £121 15s. Curious to relate, one of the persons fined—a widow—rejoiced in the name of VIRTUE INNOCENT!"

And a truly proper name: as much so as BLANCHE would be for the niece of *Aunt Sally*, or for the sister of the *Coal Black Rose*. But to revert to the *Rogue's March*. A most edifying impression would have been made on the mercantile mind in a small way of business if the Magistrates who fined the sixty-eight tradesmen above referred to, and MRS. VIRTUE INNOCENT, could have caused them and her to be marched, to that good old English military measure, during a certain time every day for a week, about the streets of London. To render this procession the more distinctly instructive, the convicts composing it might have been made to carry banners, respectively specifying the name and fraud of the bearer. An Act of Parliament ought to be passed, enabling justices to institute, on occasion, this sort of spectacle with appropriate musical accompaniment. Moreover, it should empower them to compel every tradesman convicted of using false weights and measures, of adulteration, or of any sort of cheating or imposition, to exhibit, for a stated period, in his shop window, a large poster notifying the particulars of his conviction, and also, at his own expense, to advertise them at least thrice in the *Times* newspaper.

"THE HEAD AND FRONT OF THEIR OFFENDING."

LADIES! if you go on diminishing the size of your head-dresses, you must be punished—you must be bonneted.

And now thy high career of bold rectitude high-crowning,
Like MARIUS at Carthage, amid collapse uncowed,
Bayed by London, Chatham, Dover debenture-holders frowning,
Thou drown'st loud accusation in laughter yet more loud.

Ah, had I but had the wisdom, in my days of young ambition,
Like thee, friend, to look upwards, and choose the better part!
To aim at high financing and scorn small imposition,
And despising tens and hundreds; to millions raised my heart!

Had I felt the truth that with their scale things English change their
nature,
That what in pence is "swindling," "speculation" grows in pounds:
I perhaps had learnt to elevate to thine my moral stature,
And from my gig, like thee, defied detraction's baying hounds!

Had I but been respectable, far-sighted, and sagacious,
Not stooped to snap up trifles, swindled, forged, been lagged, brought
low,
I, too, might with "financing" swag have filled hands as capacious,
"Bart" and "M.P." as additions to my name I, too, might show!

As it is, here in Bermuda, a convict, sad and seedy,
I read of my friends' progress in finance's pleasant ways,
His ever ready charities unto the poor and needy:
The fair chapels he endows, and the unctuous prayers he prays.

And I feel that what our chaplain says is true unto the letter,
(And wish like you to prove it, I'd my life to live again)
That Heaven helps those who help themselves—and take the more
the better,
And that—back'd by good financing—still Godliness is gain.

A QUESTION FOR LLOYD'S.—Are Sub-Editors Underwriters?

FASHIONABLE ECONOMY.



N announcement in *Le Follet*, under the head of Fashions for November, will afford some, but not much, gratification to mean Pater-familias, and to ridiculous young men who want to get married, but have not money enough to enable them to support wives under the indispensable obligation of obeying the ordinances of society with regard to dress. Ladies are informed that:—

"Day by day the diminution, both in the width and length of dresses, may be perceived; although up to the present time only in walking dress. For the evening wear the skirt retains its graceful length."

The absurd men, young and old, who, whilst American toilettes are costing between six and seven thousand pounds, desire that English matrons and English girls should limit their apparel by considerations of economy, will rejoice to hear of the daily diminishing length and width of dresses; but they will be dissatisfied with the information that the diminution is as yet confined to walking dress. They will learn, with due vexation, that evening dresses continue as long as ever, and they will derive peculiar annoyance from the fact that the Oracle of Fashion commends the length of the skirt in calling it "graceful." Nor let them flatter themselves that they are going to save, or to be encouraged with the prospect of saving, anything by a partial retrenchment of skirts. This will be safely compensated by augmentation of the garniture thereby revealed. All ladies of taste will indemnify themselves for their diminished drapery by extension in crural investment. They will, of course, take generally to wearing Hessian boots of increased altitude, and more and more costly materials and manufacture, in defiance of mankind's opinion, and to the envy and admiration of each other. What are these things to men, except articles which it is their place to pay for? And the great recommendation of long trains for evening wear is that, as often as they are trodden on and torn a necessity is created for a new dress. It is hardly possible now for a lady to walk out of a theatre without having her train arrested in descending the stairs by the foot of the man behind her, who is looking about him, and thinking about SHAKESPEARE, or something else. This is as it should be; and the curmudgeons who object to so natural a course of things from parsimony, ought to provide the ladies for whom they are responsible with train-bearers.

An effort, according to *Le Follet*, is being made to "make the bonnets more bonnet-like," in spite of which, "at present, the 'Catalane' and the 'Lamballe' are very perceptibly the favourites." Nevertheless, it is the opinion of our papilionaceous contemporary that "as the winter sets in a more comfortable coiffure will make its appearance." It had better: otherwise the consequence will be the very general indisposition of fashionable females. Lucky will be those who merely catch the slight catarrh; influenza will be prevalent amongst the influential, and beauty will be very generally affected with cold in the head; so that, in recording the approaching winter fashions, *Le Follet* will have to state that noses are now worn red at the end.

FENIAN SURGEONS IN THE ARMY.

THE Fenians, and all such friends of England, will be rejoiced by accounts received by the *Pall Mall Gazette* from the Army Medical Training School at Netley. These accounts the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls more pleasant than surprising. The Fenians, and their like, will perhaps deem them more surprising than pleasant; though that is not certain. The fact is, that the unpopularity of the military service with the medical profession is so great, that, as our discerning contemporary says—

"For some years it has hardly been possible to obtain any English students, and not many Scotch. The Irish schools have been swept freely. The present batch of students at Netley exhibits this peculiarity of national distribution in common with

others of the last few sessions, but it seems to have a greater variety of *mauvais sujets* than usual. Two of these medical gentlemen have been lately expelled for drunkenness, and one publicly reprimanded."

Now, the Fenians will of course rejoice to learn, first, that the majority of students in training for Army-Surgeons are Irish, and, secondly, that they are *mauvais sujets*; because an Irishman who is also a *mauvais sujet*, or bad subject, may be presumed to be, or to be ready to become, a Fenian. We all know what work a Fenian Army-Surgeon would be likely to make with a knife in his hand, and a British officer at his mercy. The notion of Fenian Army-Surgeons in Her Majesty's Service, must, of course, then, be extremely pleasant to Mr. STEPHENS and the rest of the Brotherhood; but surely, in the present state of Europe, and in the face of their own conspiracy, the existing condition of our Military Medical Service must be still more surprising. It surprises us immensely when we think how perseveringly the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has been for several years labouring to carry out the regulations of the Royal Warrant designed to meet the wishes of medical officers; and especially, when we consider the signal encouragement to enter the Army which his ROYAL HIGHNESS has just afforded the medical profession by promoting Mr. ELKINGTON, of the Guards, in defiance of all remonstrance—of course, on the ground of pure merit—over the heads of his seniors.

SPORTING NEWS.

MR. PUNCH is happy to announce that the Garotting Season has opened, and that some very good sport has already been afforded. On Monday, at dusk, Mr. Conky Bill and Mr. W. Sikes succeeded in bringing down an old gentleman with one of the finest gold watches that have been seen in Houndsditch. The next evening, Mr. Horse-monger Lane and Mr. Bigg Bludgeon brought down the father of a family by a couple of well-directed blows on the back of his head, but their skill and gallantry was not rewarded by the spoils, in consequence of the approach of a little girl, whose steps they mistook for those of a policeman. But on Wednesday night, Mr. Gorging Jack and Mr. Guzzling Jimmy, assisted by that promising young sportsman, Little Billee, garotted a governess who was returning from Clapham with her week's salary, and they effected an easy retreat. About the same hour on Thursday, Mr. Black Muzzle, accompanied by his friends Mr. Thomas Loader and Mr. John Cadger, made a determined attempt upon a War-Office clerk, who was on his way home to Kilburn, but we regret that the ferocity of the quarry not only prevented a capture, but injured one of the sportsmen, whose eye was poked out by the umbrella of the infuriated clerk. On Friday, the only success we heard of was gained by a party of sportsmen from Bow, conducted by the well-known ranger and guide, Isaac Moses Smouch, whose sagacity soon brought them behind a gentleman who was incautiously carrying in both hands presents for his children, and who therefore was soon at the feet of his captors. But on Saturday night there were several splendid heads of game brought down, among them a noble medical man on his rounds among the poor, and who fell to the bludgeon of Mr. Richard Grimes; an old city clerk, going home to his family, and whose pocket-book rewarded the daring of Mr. Nobbler and Mr. Smasher, junior; and an author who, on his way to his club, unguardedly took a short cut through an unfrequented street, and who was brought down by four or five sportsmen promptly repairing to the spot, and making short work of the unlucky scribe. We may therefore congratulate the garotting public on the auspicious inauguration of their season, and we may add the good news that several Members of Parliament have been viewed, and are reported as haunting the Belgravian and Tyburnian Squares. We doubt not that our adventurous sportsmen will give a good account of some of this game, as the dark nights come on.

MILLINERY AND MURDER.

AMONG other fashionable novelties, we see that the "Sadowa Autumn Dress" is pretty largely advertised. What a delightful taste it is to use the title of a battle as the title for a lady's gown, thus mingling in the mind ideas of finery and bloodshed! Perhaps we next may see the "Murderer's Mantle" advertised, or else the "Cut-throat Crinoline." The Solferino scarlet has been popular in its day, and bright eyes have sparkled at beholding the Magenta crimson. It is so nice to mix up millinery and manslaughter. Perhaps the "Strangler's Shawl" may next come into fashion, or else the "Burglar's Bonnet." War, in many cases, is merely wholesale murder; and if Sadowa dresses are held in high repute, there would seem to be no reason why the fair sex should not like the names of their new clothes to be taken from the columns of the *Newgate Calendar*.



A HARDSHIP.

Mistress. "I THINK, ELIZABETH, I MUST ASK YOU TO GO TO CHURCH THIS AFTERNOON INSTEAD OF THIS MORNING, BECAUSE—"
Elizabeth (indignantly). "WELL, MUM, WHICH IN MY LAST PLACE I WAS NEVER AS'ED TO GO AN' 'EAR A CURATE PEECH!"

MORE SERVANTGALISM.

OUR friends the Servantgals are going too far a head for us. See here:—

PARLOURMAID, or Housemaid and Parlourmaid in a small carriage family. Wait well at table. Good needlewoman. Five years' character.—E. M., &c.

What does E. M. mean? What is a small-carriage family. A family that keeps a perambulator? If so, what is that to a Parlourmaid? We did not know that it was her duty to wheel the children about the streets. But perhaps she means a small family that keeps a carriage. Again, what is that to the Parlourmaid? We should be sorry to send ours into the mews, to mop the carriage and whistle, and swear at the horses as they stamp in the stable, as is our coachman's business. But, thirdly, she may mean that she desires to wait on people who go out in a carriage. And thirdly, we don't see what that is to her? Ladies do not usually offer the third seat in the carriage to their Parlourmaid, however pretty she may be. Unless E. M. means that she intends to flirt with the coachman, and thereby get him to drive her out in the small carriage when the family is out of town, we really cannot tell what the gal has to do with the vehicle. Is she particular about the arms on the carriage, or would she be good enough to specify whether she wishes for silver axle-boxes?

A Parting Word.

THERE are those who think that the Corporation of London want a flip. On this point we express no opinion, but one thing is certain that the Corporation got what they did want in a PHILLIPS.

MEDICAL.

You cannot thoroughly understand the force of the description—a person of a full habit—until you see a stout lady on horseback.

HEARTBREAK.

(AFTER LONGFELLOW).

The hero, Christian name ANTHONY, determines to go to the sea.
 He starts.

He journeys.

Is thirsty on arriving at the terminus.

Is hungry on reaching his lodgings.

Receives a communication from the heroine.

Interval of a week. Catastrophe.

Peremptory order to the Landlady.

Mournful and premature exit.

A YOUTH wrote down from Bloomsbury, And said, "O friends, take rooms for me."

He hailed a cab, and cried, "Drive on, O Cabby, lest the train be gone."

And hurried seaward miles away, Crying, "I'm due, a month to-day."

He said unto the barmaid, "Stout!" On stopping and on getting out.

He touched the bell and made it ring, And said, "O MARY, dinner bring."

And kissed a note, "O TANTY, dear, Your MARION's come; be on the pier."

He whispered in her curls one morn, "Papa rejects my suit with scorn."

He shouted out to MRS. TOWER, "Prepare my bill, I go this hour."

He crossed the Old Steyne with a sigh, And unto Brighton said, "Good-bye."

General Massacre.

A GALLANT French friend was horrified on being told on the Ninth of November that there was hardly a municipal town in England where men were not busily engaged in "Shooting the bell(e)s!"

RAILWAY FARE FOR SHAREHOLDERS.—Cooked Accounts.



THE SERVANTS' BALL.

(OF COURSE PATRONISED BY THE FAMILY.)

Admiring and Envious Housemaid. "YOU SEE, EMMA, JAMES IS SO MUCH IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, HE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE HIMSELF PLEASANT TO THE LADIES, AND FEELS QUITE AT HOME, LIKE!"

BRAVO, BOXALL! WELL DONE, WORNUM!

WE have to record an act of heroism on the part of the Director and Superintendent of the National Gallery. Not the muzzling of Mr. GREGORY, nor the taking off of Mr. AYRTON or Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK by poison, nor the dexterous dispatching of Mr. MORRIS MOORE to a world where there are no Raphaels in the market but his own. They have done a feat far more heroic than any of these. They have dared to brave the bray of the noodles and the nincompoops—a very powerful body among the connoisseurs—and to have the dirt taken off some of the National Pictures! Not off all, unhappily, but off just enough to give us a relish of the beauty that lies drowned, fathom deep, under SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT's liquorice-water, and the late MR. SEGUIER's favourite brown varnish. These men have actually had the pluck to dive to the bottom of these filthy brown standing pools, and to bring up the jewels of RUBENS, and POUSSIN, and SALVATOR ROSA, as bright as when they left the hand that set them.

They have ventured to let us see trees green, and skies blue, as these ridiculously *saif* old masters actually had the courage to paint them. They have removed the crust and the rust, and the patina of venerable antiquity,—in other words, the old cleaner's dirty work,—till we stand, for the first time in this generation, face to face with the Château of Stein, the grey walls, the small stone-framed windows aflame with sunset, and the briery corpses of the chase, where the keeper is stalking the sitting covey, and the hay-wain comes lumbering home; and the grey-green willows of the polders, square on square, through which the full streams course lazily, for miles of flat, to where the towers of Antwerp twinkle against the sky in the golden smile of the setting sun. If they never did another stroke of work in the Gallery, Mr. BOXALL and Mr. WORNUM have earned the nation's gratitude, the freedom of the city of London, the Humane Society's first prize for saving persons apparently drowned, and the Geographical Society's gold medal for the most interesting discovery of the year, by stripping the BEAUMONT stucco of brown varnish off RUBENS's Château.

They have done an equally successful work, and one quite as much wanted, for GASPAR POUSSIN and SALVATOR ROSA. But though *Abraham* and *Mercury* look all the better for having their faces washed, there was no such beauty as RUBENS's to bring to light from under the yellow mask.

Of course, these bold innovators can't hope to escape the penalty of their pluck. They must expect to be abused by old fogies of the BEAUMONT school, who like their trees brown, and their skies black; by snarlers of the MORRIS MOORE breed, who find everything a National Gallery Director does ill done; and by the echoes always ready to swell the chorus of Noddledom. The pack has opened already. An idiot, writing in the *Telegraph*, raves over the ruin of the renovated Rubens, and talks about its having been "painted over with lemon-yellow and filthy megilps," the fact being that not a touch of colour or a drop of megilp has been put on to the canvas, only some inches of filth most carefully removed, under the Director's own eye, by a dexterous Italian hand. So well has that hand done its work, that it deserves to be immortalised in our columns, and it shall be. The dirt-destroyer in all these cases, is one SIGNOR PINTO. No relation to the well-known FERDINAND MENDEZ—for he tells no lie when he calls himself "a cleaner."

Mr. Punch, in the name of the nation, thanks MR. BOXALL and MR. WORNUM for their good sense and courage, and congratulates them on the triumph which they have achieved. And looking round his National Gallery with pride and pleasure—which culminate as he takes his hat off before the homely but most touching pathos of REMBRANDT's "*Christ Blessing Little Children*," the new Director's first purchase, and a noble one—he notes how of his Art-treasures some of the grandest—notably, the *Lazarus* of SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO—still wear the "coat of darkness," which we have read about in *Jack the Giant-Killer*, and which renders the wearer invisible. Turning from the renewed Rubens to the sunken and smothered Sebastian, he asks why the courage and skill which have bared for us the real face of the one, should not be employed,—under close and competent superintendence,—in taking the mask of dirt off the other?

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(My Solicitor. Amusements. A Sermon.)



on't know how I got to bed last night. Odd that I should forget to wind up my watch. I find from my notes of the previous evening, that I *did* go to see my Solicitor. Can't tell from them, as they're so indistinctly written, whether he advised me. I think he advised me to go to bed. Don't feel at all well to-day. It's the weather; and when the weather is unhealthy, it doesn't do to mix Champagne, Sherry, Moselle, and Port. Horrid weather. Might write a short chapter in Vol. VI. of *Typical Developments*, "On Influences."

I am rather hazy as to what I did to my Solicitor last night. I hope I didn't hurt him. I have got some sort of notion that I wanted him to dance. However, he's a man of the world, and knows that, if it's at all unhealthy weather, or if you are a little out of order, or not quite the thing, one so easily gets upset by a

single glass of wine, and then you become excited in conversation, and do some stupid things which in cold blood you would not do. Of course, in cold blood one would not dance with one's Solicitor.

Happy Thought.—Better call on him, and make it all right. Bring him some game from the country. Sort of little attention he'd like.

Happy Thought.—Buy the game as I go along. Grouse. Without telling him a positive untruth, I will give him to understand that I shot them myself.

With MR. SEEL, SENIOR.—He hears my story. No allusion to last night, except on my part. He appears to have forgotten it entirely. I wonder if he'd been dining, too. I've got a great mind to ask him whether he wanted to dance with me, or I with him. I won't. He says he'll settle this assault case and PENNEFATHER into the bargain. Finding that this is an easy matter, I suggest retaliation. Can't I bring an action against the Company? He asks, what for? I tell him that I suppose he knows this better than I do. I'm to hear from him in a couple of days; this is Saturday—say Monday evening. Conversation. I tell him where I've been. He asks me if I've had any shooting yet? I say, "No." Remembering the birds in the passage, I add, "Nothing to speak of." On leaving, I present him with the grouse. He remarks, that he didn't understand me to say I'd been to the moors. I tell him that I haven't; and he replies, "Oh, indeed!" and smiles.

Happy Thought.—The study of law engenders a habit of suspicion. But I ought to have asked, when I bought the game, where these sort of things are shot. I thought all birds got into turnip-fields: and turnip-fields are everywhere. SEEL asks me if the birds are very shy this year. I answer, in an offhand manner, "No, not very shy: at least, I didn't find 'em so," as if they made an exception in my case, as, indeed, they might have done if I'd had a gun. I must take up shooting and hunting this winter. Can't help thinking of FRIDOLINA. I should like to appear before her one morning in a red coat, buckskin breeches, and brown tops, and wave my hand to her as I gallop away on my bright chestnut.

Happy Thought.—Buy a horse for the winter: not too high. Nothing to do in London. Walk about. Inspect small streets near Leicester Square. Useful to know London. One street smells as if all the inhabitants were preparing to dine off onions. Walk about. Think I'll get my hair cut. Stop, to look at a wheel turning round in a shop-window. Feel myself fascinated by it. Small crowd looking on. Everyone apparently fascinated. Wonder what the other people see in it. Ask a respectable elderly person what it's for. He doesn't know. I ask another. He laughs, and doesn't know. Now, I'll go and get my hair cut. Walk on. See another crowd round another window. Wait until I can work myself to the front. In the shop-window is a small jet of water, which takes up a little gilt ball with it as it rises. Everyone appears pleased. Nobody offers to go in and buy it. Having seen it for four minutes, I experience no sort of

inclination towards walking into the shop to purchase it. Strange, after seeing this, I feel depressed. Stop to look at a man with a bird-whistle.

Going to get my hair cut. Meet CHESTERTON. Haven't seen CHESTERTON for years. He has lately become a clergyman. Quite lately. His manner is subdued and gentle, and I should think he intends it to be winning. He asks me, sorrowfully, to lunch with him to-morrow (Sunday). I accept. He informs me that two friends of his, whom I know, are coming—HUXLEY and WRIGHT. They are coming to hear him preach his first sermon, in the afternoon, after luncheon. He must leave me now, he says, having to write his discourse. He smiles sadly and seems to glide away. Too late to have my hair cut to-day. Something to do for Monday.

Saturday Evening.—Dinner alone at the Club. Don't know anybody. Read newspaper: that is, try to. Find myself reading the same lines over and over again. Afterwards, I write to my Solicitor, and ask how he's getting on. Don't know what to do with myself. Will go to the theatre. Come in at the end of a farce. Comic man in red check trousers is saying, "So, after all, MARIA, it was not you." Roars of laughter. Allusion to a bracelet. More laughter. Wonder what it was about. Ask a gentleman sitting next me. He informs me that it's just over. I say I know that, but he is sulky, and goes out as the curtain comes down. I don't think he treads upon my toes by accident. Wish I hadn't come. In the lobby I meet MILBURN. Capital man to fall in with in town. Knows everybody.

As a piece of news he tells me that "Old BOONMUS is going to drag the pond next Monday. What do I say to coming down?" I reply, "yes, by all means, but," not to make myself too cheap. "I'm afraid I've got an engagement." I own I can manage to put it off. I don't tell him that it's only to have my hair cut, which I forgot to-day. Capital. Not having a bill, I ask him to point out any celebrities. He asks me do I know PHELPS. I do by reputation. Odd, until MILBURN showed him to me, I had always thought he was a tumbler, and here he is with a red nose and a red wig, dancing a sort of double shuffle, and singing something about being "a magnificent brack, my boys, my boys, for I"—meaning himself Mr. PHELPS—"I'm a magnificent brack!" As MILBURN has heard it all before, and as I've not long to stay in town, I ask him to take me somewhere. We go to a Music Hall. Miss BALLY MOURACUTE is obliging the company with another song. She has a weak voice, but does a great deal with her right eye, and her hand. The audience, who are taking refreshments and tobacco, join in the choruses enthusiastically, being principally incited thereto by the chairman, who applauds everything by hammering upon the table, and announces, after every song, good or bad, encored or not encored, that Mister, or Miss, or Mrs., as the case may be, "will sing again." He amuses me. No one else does. The chairman recognises MILBURN on his entering and condescends to wink at him as he passes to his seat. Immediately after this he raps sharply, as though to recal himself to a sense of his dignified position. A man comes on in an absurd dress with a tall hat, and sings something about "his, or her, being a cruel deceiver, with his (the singer's) diddlecum diddlecum diddlecum diddlecum day." The tune is catching, and I find myself humming it. MILBURN, who doesn't at all understand the depth of my character, suggests that I should turn my *Typical Developments* into a Comic Song, and do it at a Musical Hall, with a good chorus. He says, "Look here, capital idea, chorus, 'with my Typical Typical Typical Typical toodlecum ti.'" I smile, but do not encourage him. We leave: I with a headache. Before parting I inform him of my engagement to-morrow with the REV. EDWARD CHESTERTON. It appears that MILBURN knows him. I tell him that it's on the occasion of his first sermon. MILBURN cries out, "What a lark! I'll come"—and then sings, "with my Typical Typical Typical toodlecum"—but here I stop him, and say, not priggishly, that it's not a thing to joke about. To which he replies, "No, this here ain't a Comic Song, am it?" We part good friends (with the exception that I don't like his going on singing with my Typical toodlecum, which is all very well for once and away; but it doesn't do) but on the whole I wish I'd not told him about CHESTERTON.

Happy Thought.—Go to bed.

Sunday.—Luncheon with CHESTERTON. Rather heavy, being his dinner. HUXLEY and WRIGHT are old College friends of his. Their reminiscences are hardly fitted to the occasion, being of Beefsteak Club dinners, wild drives to Newmarket, Loo parties, and one great one about bonneting the porter of Chesterton's College. CHESTERTON is evidently uncomfortable. After luncheon, which finishes about 2.30, they smoke. CHESTERTON leaves us for half an hour, begging we'll make ourselves at home. MILBURN drops in and soon makes himself at home. I try to draw their attention to serious topics. MILBURN, who will make a jest of everything, calls them "Serious Toothpicks;" and the two others, who are becoming stupid and sleepy, laugh at him. The REV. CHESTERTON returns. "Will we come now?" he asks sadly, as if he was taking us all to instant execution, with benefit of clergy. We will. He is delighted, he says, to see MILBURN. Will he too come and hear his poor efforts? MILBURN answers that he means to encore him if it's very good. Poor

CHESTERTON smiles with melancholy sweetness. He evidently means to be winning.

Happy Thought.—To get a comfortable seat in the corner of the pew. Away from MILBURN.

Four o'clock.—Note book. MILBURN is seated next to me. The three very decorous. CHESTERTON is in the pulpit. I miss the text because MILBURN will make such a noise blowing his nose, and the two others cough. People settling themselves. I think CHESTERTON is nervous. He looks towards us, and MILBURN jogs me with his elbow. I frown. Sermon proceeding. Small boy in front of me keeps looking round. Frown at him. Shake my head reprovingly. Boy laughs. His mother angry. Boy cries, and points at me. CHESTERTON sees it but goes on: is annoyed. MILBURN snores. I am afraid of pinching him. HUXLEY, who is in the right-hand corner, has succumbed to drowsiness, and is suddenly awoke by his head coming sharply against the back of the pew. WRIGHT, who has been opening and shutting his eyes for the last five minutes, gives way at last and falls against MILBURN. They are falling against one another like cards that won't stand upright. I wish I could appear as if they didn't belong to my party. Boy is looking round at us and grinning. His mother, I fancy, must be deeply interested in the discourse, as she doesn't take any notice of him. I try to avoid his eye.

Happy Thought.—I will close my eyes to prevent distractions, and listen critically to CHESTERTON'S sermon. I note down a good passage. * * * I am roused by the general movement of the congregation, and MILBURN whispering to me, "Oh, how you have been snoring!"

We meet CHESTERTON coming out of the vestry and greet him with "Excellent! first-rate! just the right length!" He seems pleased. WRIGHT wants him to publish it. So does HUXLEY. MILBURN turns to me and suggests that I might throw him a chorus "With my typical, typical, typical," &c., which notion I repudiate.

Happy Thought.—Don't think I shall go down with MILBURN to drag the pond at Boodale. Doesn't do to see too much of MILBURN. Shan't be at home when he calls, and if SHELL sends to say Assault case settled, I shall run down at once to the Feodal Castle.

Happy Thought.—Hair cut on Monday. No dragging ponds.

SEMPER IDEM AT EXETER HALL.

To Mr. Punch.



COULD you be so kind, Sir, as to use your irresistible influence with the government of the Sacred Harmonic Society, so as to induce them to provide some succedaneum for occasional performance in the place now invariably occupied by MENDELSSOHN'S *Lobgesang*. There are certain nights when that Society is accustomed to present the Public with two several compositions, the works of two different masters. One of these, on one night, is, for example, MOZART'S *Requiem*, another, on another night, ROSSINI'S *Stabat Mater*, a third, on a third night, BEETHOVEN'S *Mass in C*. But, on every one of the three nights, one of the two works performed is always

the *Lobgesang*. So that, suppose a man has heard the *Requiem* at Exeter Hall, and goes to hear the *Stabat Mater*, of necessity, unless he eschew one-half of the performance, he must also hear the *Lobgesang* a second time. I will not say that the *Lobgesang* will not bear hearing a second time, but I will say, that I, for one, found a second hearing of it as much as I could bear, without impatience. But now suppose that the man who has heard the *Requiem* and the *Stabat Mater* wants also to hear the *Mass in C*. He cannot hear the *Mass in C* at Exeter Hall without having again to hear the *Lobgesang*, or to hear only half of the music which he has paid to hear. Now, to many men, at the third hearing the *Lobgesang* begins to be a bore. It did to me. But the *Requiem*, and the *Stabat Mater*, and the *Mass in C* will each of them bear a second hearing at least as well as the *Lobgesang*. A second hearing of each of those works involves, in succession, a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth hearing of the *Lobgesang*, or so many payments for hearing it if not heard. Surely this is an intolerable deal of *Lobgesang* in comparison with other music. If the directors of the Exeter Hall Concerts cannot do without the *Lobgesang*, if they insist on adjoining it to every other

work whose performance takes up a certain time, could they not make the inevitable *Lobgesang* the second instead of the first of the two works performed. It would then be possible for us who are bored with the *Lobgesang* to bolt as soon as the work which we came to hear was over, and thus escape the alternative of enduring the other or risking our seats. If we must take fat and lean together for our allowance, let us at least have the option of leaving the fat without hazarding forfeiture of the lean, or vice versa. I do not insist on the special analogy between the *Lobgesang* and fat. To my taste its frequent repetition at Exeter Hall has given it rather a similarity to stale bread. Its conjunction there with something better is the musical equivalent to stale bread-and-jam, and many who like the jam, will, as to the bread, be disposed to say ditto to yours truly,

JAM SATIS.

A KING'S JUDGMENT.

SINCE the Judgment of SOLOMON, there has not been a more remarkable sentence than that which Mr. Punch, an all-unworthy medium, now imparts to the myriads.

The subject is the merit of that great Welsh Bard CRISTON, or CYNDDYLAN, of whom honourable mention was made at the last Bisteddod, mention which he deserved by a Poem, noble passages of which are translated as follows:—

"A sigh ascends up to the heavenly land,
From the heart in the shape of the letter O."

And then—

"The army in fear of his manœuvres fled,
In the absence of the arm they were thankful for a leg—"

And again (David describes his fight with the lion)—

"He gave a leap; but o'er my head he leaped;
More angry still, he back again did spring,
But onward, I jumped over his back."

And, finally,—

"As the ox is charmed by the green grass of the dingle,
As man is charmed by night's deceitful light,
As youth is charmed by woman's eye of love,
As the cuckoo chafer is by the cuckoo charmed,
So is David charmed upward toward heaven."

This inspired bard has been a good deal chaffed by the cold-hearted, and a King comes forth to vindicate a Minstrel. We read in a Shropshire paper a letter from a MR. THOMAS, of Derbyshire, who says, "In conclusion we will quote the REV. W. CALEDPRYN WILLIAMS'S, the KING OF MODERN WELSH BARDS, adjudication on CYNDDYLAN'S prize elegy on the late 'REV. DAVID ROWLANDS of Llangeitho,' Cardiganshire:—"

"Another competitor would have a real claim for this prize were it not that 'Criston' (CYNDDYLAN) stands before him on the list. This author is full of originality and spirit, akin to the spirit and originality of ROWLANDS himself, when he broke over the sanctified folds. ROWLANDS was a peculiar man in his days. It was therefore necessary to have an elegy for him superior to all that have ever been written before in Welsh; and we have this in a great measure by 'Criston.' The most callous and obdurate stoic could not read this elegy without feeling intestine emotions. It would defeat even DAVID HUME, the notorious infidel."

The King has spoken. Let the people note his words, and be dumb.

TO EVERY WIFE AND MOTHER.

DEAR MATERFAMILIAS,

Does Paterfamilias want new shirts? Do the dear boys want any?

If so, I advise you to advise them to wait until you have better "advices" from those rogues of Drapers.

Listen, dear Madam. Not to me, but to a gentleman who knows exactly what he is talking about to the *Daily Telegraph*.

The manufacturers are charging your Draper, for a good quality of white long cloth, or fine shirting (36 inches wide) an average of Seven Pence per yard.

The Rogue is charging you Thirteen Pence—nearly double.

I have no idea what glazed white Jaconets for dress linings are, but they cost your Draper Four Pence Halfpenny a yard, and he charges you Eight Pence Halfpenny.

Don't believe the humbug with which he will try to mystify you. These be truths.

Ever your own faithful,

PUNCH.

Peabody or Peashell?

AS with the sound of a trumpet we rejoice to proclaim that the munificent MR. PEABODY has just added to the number of his large largesses the sum of 160,000 dollars to Yale College, after having endowed Harvard to the same amount. What a PEABODY it is to shell out!



SCENE: HOTEL. TIME SUNDAY MORNING.

Lady. "LET ME HAVE DINNER AT FOUR THIS AFTERNOON."

Page. "YES'M. WOULD YOU LIKE IT HOT OR COLD?"

Lady. "HOT. I SHOULD LIKE A CHICKEN."

Page. "YES'M. WOULD YOU LIKE IT ROAST OR BILED?"

Lady. "BOILED. IS THERE A CHURCH NEAR HERE?"

Page. "YES'M. WOULD YOU LIKE IT HIGH OR LOW?"

SIR M. P. REFORMER AND MORALIST.

SIR MORTON PETO has been making a telling speech at one of the Colston Festival dinners at Bristol. We are informed by the Bristol papers that SIR MORTON was vehemently cheered. But as the Bristolians cheered SIR MORTON'S "explanation," they could hardly do less for his speech.

If they cheer SIR MORTON, they hissed BURKE. Taste runs in the blood electoral, and probably the two things explain each other.

SIR MORTON'S subject was Reform. We do not observe among the Reforms he recommended the appointment of an Official Registrar of Railway Debentures, to check over-issues, or that of an *ex-officio* Director, on every Board, to prevent cooked accounts, and generally to spoil the Directorial or Contractorial broth.

SIR MORTON lecturing on Reform is an edifying spectacle, and will suggest to many a modification of an old saying about physicians healing themselves.

SIR MORTON was very great in exposing the delinquencies of our naval and military administrations. Who should know better what mismanagement means than SIR MORTON? Why won't these wretched public departments take a hint in conducting their business from our railway companies? Why the clever fellows at the London, Chatham and Dover would teach them how to knock off a couple of millions from the estimates, and add four millions to the expenditure, in no time, without Parliament's knowing a fraction about it, unless they took it into their heads to appoint a Committee of Investigation. And then, think what a blessing it would be if we could have great "financiers,"—men with a real modern genius for finance, and a thorough mastery of every dodge in the money market—men like SIR MORTON and MR. HOBSON, or poor calumniated GEORGE HUDSON—at the Exchequer! Why they would conduct the Government on Railway principles, rig the three-per-cents up to fifty premium, and pay off the national debt—by debentures. And if it *did* come to a national bankruptcy, what then? We needn't pay our creditors. Railway Companies don't.

But as we can't have SIR MORTON at the Exchequer, and probably cannot hope even to keep him long in Parliament, it is a comfort to think we have him to point our morals for us. He says that what has taken place with reference to poor MR. SNIDER has quite shocked the moral sense of the entire country. So it has, SIR MORTON, and so have one or two other things. Ah, if poor SNIDER had only invested his capital in London, Chatham and Dover debentures, instead of breech-loaders!

A CABMAN'S SUGGESTION.

SIR,

BEING a Cabman but as you are Freind to justice I write to say that if the Publick complains it is Their falt and not mine and I hope you will insret these Few lines Between man and Man Sir have had Misfortune to nock Down 4 in the Last fortnight and ask you How the Publick can expect [me] to Pull up wen the horse have way upon him which Nobody that know a Hors mouth can expect nor will Be done away wile the Publick is not forse to understand by law they have No more right to Be on my Road than my Cab have On their Paviment which They wold make a jolly Row about and the beak too which sh^d know better they mostly using carriges Sir I wold Have regular Crossins for the publick with Red Postes at the same Cross their if you Like and welcome and cab to Look out and drive slow but the Publick have no Right to Spread abroad over the Road as if it where Paviment nor complain of their Necks except at crossins wich is Fair to both and Sir ought to Be law of The land by insretting wich will oblidge

your obedient serv^t

A CABMAN.

AN OUT-AND-OUT-ER.

OUR friend, DACEY GREYLING, is such an ardent angler that, when he can do nothing else, he fishes for a compliment.



ROGUES IN BUSINESS.

"PILLORY, A SCAFFOLD FOR PERSONS TO STAND ON, TO RENDER THEM PUBLICLY INFAMOUS, THAT ALL MIGHT AVOID AND REFUSE TO HAVE ANY DEALINGS WITH THEM." [See Dictionaries.]

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

A VERY pretty domestic piece by MR. CRAVEN is to be seen at the New Royalty Theatre. The country landscape in the Second Act is one of the most charming bits of painting I've ever seen on any stage, large or small. The three small houses seem to be doing excellently well:—the Strand, with its *Neighbours* and its *Der Freischütz*; the Prince of Wales's with its *Ours* and its *Der Freischütz*, and the New Royalty with *Mag's Discreions*. Why MR. CRAVEN should have called one of his characters *Pigeon* and the other *Crow*, merely for the sake of ringing the punning changes on their names, is beyond me, and I wish he had been above it.

At the Princess's Mrs. JOHN WOOD, with an American reputation, has not obtained a fair hearing. I don't mean from those persons, who, as MR. VINING complained, began to hiss before there was anything worthy of condemnation, but from the fact of not having chosen a better piece to appear in than this transatlantic version of *Barnaby Rudge*. True, MESSRS. VINING and WATTS PHILLIPS have put their names to the bill, but will the public take it up? MRS. JOHN WOOD is not unlike the French *bouffe* actress SCHNEIDER, but I don't think MME. SCHNEIDER would go down in London. What Englishmen laugh at in Paris, they would condemn here. The scenery is admirably painted; the house on fire effective, as also is the ruin. The story as told in the present version might be called *Barnaby Rudge* in disguise. The following conversation was picked up while waiting in the hall:—

Lady (who had never read "Barnaby Rudge," says timidly). I don't quite understand the story.

Gentleman (who has read it long ago). Oh, don't you—very simple. But several characters left out: you ought to have read it. DICKENS, you know.

Lady. Oh, yes, I know. But who was *Barnaby Rudge*?
Gentleman (annoyed). Who? Why he was the son of—of— (He is going to say "his mother," but observes several people listening, in order to get some information upon the subject)—of the *Widow Barnaby*—I mean the *Widow Rudge*.

Lady. Yes, but why did he burn down that house?
Gentleman (wondering how she can be so stupid). He didn't burn down the Warren. That was LORD GEORGE GORDON—that is—that you know (becoming a little confused)—the Gordon Riots were going on at that time.

Lady (who now thinks she knows all about it, and clearly is of opinion that her next remark will please her husband). Oh, of course, yes: that was when they talked about—(becoming nervous)—about cutting the Gordon Knot? [Sees from her husband's face that she has made a mistake.

Gentleman (horrified). Gordon Knot—why—hang it—

[Enter Linkman, Exit Gentleman brusquely, with his wife meekly.

Elderly Lady (explaining what she understood of the plot from the play. She is evidently not a good hand at remembering names). Well, you see, dear (to her niece) VILLIERS is a villain.

Niece (who came late and missed the first two Acts). VILLIERS, Aunt? [Refers to bill.

Elderly Lady. Well, never mind his name: he arrives on the nineteenth of March, twenty years after somebody's been murdered, and there's a thunderbolt, and then he drinks brandy—yes—that was very good—and then—and then he bothers his wife, and she tells him that Burgundy—

Niece. *Barnaby*—

Elderly Lady. Well, I mean *Barnaby Grudge*, or *Rudge*, whatever it is, is his son. But (considering)—why the man who was brought in was murdered in the first scene, or what became of him, I don't know. Well, then, there's *Sir John Fairfield*—

Niece (referring to bill). You mean *Chester* or *Haredale*, don't you, Aunt?

Elderly Lady. Well, it doesn't matter; they fight, and then—or that comes earlier—let me see—but at all events you saw the house on fire at the end.

Niece. But who is *Hugh*?
Elderly Lady. Oh, the fat man who put on regimentals? I couldn't make out.

Niece. *Hugh*, Aunt, is the ostler.

Elderly Lady. Yes, that was it: he was an ostler. (Thinks it over and sticks to it.) But why an ostler should put on regimentals to break into a house—that was—Oh, MR. FLYNN (recognising a friend) you can tell us. Who was *Hugh*?

Intelligent Person. Oh, he was in the novel, the son of *Sir John Chester*. I forget why he was disguised: it's a long time ago since I read a novel. Very well played, that part, wasn't it?

Elderly Lady (giving up the plot as hopeless). Yes, he was capital.

[Carriages announced. Exeunt omnes.
Intelligent Person (meeting Vague Friend lighting cigar). Not much like DICKENS's tale, eh?

Vague Person. No: they've left out all about *Quilp* and *Squeers*, you know; and then the thingummy's not kept up. (He means "the interest is not sustained.") Good night.

INVITATION TO PAPA.

SHOULD Rome become too cold to hold you,
(The Romans won't make it too hot)
Let the arms of BRITANNIA enfold you;
Come to us, Holy Father. Why not?
The faithful their Peter's Pence giving
The Shepherd, beloved of his flock,
Would yield him so ample a living,
That he'd live like a game fighting-cock.

And then, as for glorification,
If your Holiness cared about that,
You would meet with profound adulation,
Upon all sides, as fulsome as fat.
Wherever you went, I will bet, you
Would be lustily cheered by the mob,
And assiduous crowds would beset you,
With the taste of the true British smoke.

If you preached, admiration would urge on
Greater numbers to go and hear you,
Than have ever yet sat under STROMBOW,
Or been drawn by the REV. ARNOLD BELLEV.
Expositors hostile endeavour
To make out that Rome's Pontiff's the Beast.
Thus much we may grant them, however;
You would have a *Lion*, at least.

Lords and Dukes would compete for the favour
Of your tasting their dishes and wines;
And of course—in *Leat* turtle would savour—
The LORD MAYOR would invite you to dine.
Then, over the *Loving Cup*, rubbing
His gown with pontifical robe:
Your blessing you, after the grabbing,
Could impart to the *City* and *Globe*.

Encyclopaedias, Bulls, Allocutions,
At Rulers and States you could aim;
If you only abused institutions,
And inveighed against no one by name.
For needful were that limitation
Of libel to keep a free course;
And our Alien Act give Prince or nation
No occasion to bid us enforce.

Observing this easy condition,
You would live more completely at home;
And hold a much safer position,
Holy Father, in London than Rome.
And should you, the Vatican quitting,
To England be pleased to repair;
You would find here a mansion as fitting,
The Alhambra, to wit, Leicester Square.

ON FASHION'S HEAD HORRORS ACCUMULATE!

AMONG other highly interesting scraps of fashionable intelligence, we are charmed to see the following:—

"Artificial insects are still worn in the coiffure, there being an especial favour for gilt butterflies."

Artificial flowers are pretty ornaments enough, although we must confess we have a preference for real ones. But what are we to say of artificial insects? Fancy CLARA with her head full of artificial ear-wigs! Imagine HENRIETTA with her beautiful long curls adorned by a small family of artificial bluebottles! Conceive the horror of poor EDWIN when asking ANGELINA for a lock of her back hair, to find in it a lot of artificial cockroaches! Think of your wife's wearing caterpillars on her head with the view of adding to her caterpillary attractions! Imagine any fair one with the golden locks having the bad taste to adorn them with gilt butterflies! How empty must be the inside of a head, of which the outside is quite full of artificial insects!

Besides the fashion, after all, has not even the charm of novelty about it. *King Lear*, we know, was written some three hundred years ago, and we find in it the words:—

"And laugh at gilded butterflies."

So gilt butterflies were doubtless worn in SHAKESPEARE's time, and we are not at all surprised that he enjoins a laugh at them.

A RELIEF.—If the trees could speak, to what officer would they appeal? The relieving officer.



LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

Captured Pickpocket (as his Lordship's Carriage passes). "SOREY I CAN'T BE AT THE 'FEED,' YER VORSHIP. BUT F'RAPE YER VORSHIP VILL WAIT ON ME AT THE MANSION-'OUSE ABOUT TEN O'CLOCK TO-MORROW MORNIN'!"

PUNCH'S POLISH FOR A BELGIAN JEWEL.

THE Order of Leopold is, we suppose, a jewel, and we are sure that fair play is another. *Mr. Punch*, the Patron of all the Academies, the Artist's Benevolent Friend, and the only critic whose opinions are of the slightest importance to art, artists, or the public, has an idea that he is called on to deliver an utterance. Certain British artists recently exhibited works in Belgium, and upon two of those gentlemen the aforesaid Order has been conferred. Whatever lustre may flash from it ought to be cheerfully hailed by their brother artists, and the donation should be considered as a compliment to the profession. MR. CLARKSON STANFIELD and MR. WILLIAM POWELL FRITH have received the Order. We imagine that in the case of the first gentleman all who are interested in art must rejoice at any foreign recognition of the genius which he has so long and so nobly displayed. He reposes on his laurels, yet not so quietly but that he occasionally rises to paint for us a fine picture, worthy of his fame. The other gentleman who has been decorated stands very high in his profession, and his works enjoy a popularity which is shown by their being household favourites, nor can we see why he should be grudging the Belgian jewel. MESSRS. STANFIELD and FRITH did not receive the Order for courtly reasons, but in accordance with the recommendations of the Belgian jury which sat to deliver verdicts in regard to the merits of the works exhibited at Brussels. This is the official answer to the inquiry made by the younger recipient of the honour. *Mr. Punch*, who values no distinction which is not conferred by himself, (or by his Sovereign at his suggestion) nevertheless deems it his business to set this matter exactly right for the world and for The Ages.

A Delicate Offer.

THE Senate of Oxford has been informed by the outgoing Vice Chancellor that an offer has been made by a gentleman to found an annual prize of the value of £40 for good reading among the Candidates for Holy Orders at the University. The gentleman in question wishes to be anonymous. No wonder. Offering candidates for Holy Orders a prize for good reading is like offering a young lady a tooth-brush. But in the case of clergymen, at least, the occasion for the offer is very commonly too evident, as soon as a parson opens his mouth.

LES ÉTOILES QUI FILENT.

PHILOSOPHY puts questions,
Of the planet-populations,
Their gravities, digestions,
Heights, habits, occupations.
Are Mars'-folk all belligerent?
Are Venus's all lovers?
Are Pallas, more refrigerant,
And Vesta, old-maids' covers?

Is Mercury the region
Of a financiering race,
Where the Petros' name is Legion,
And carries no disgrace?
Is Jupiter surrendered
To celestial swelldom's reign;
With a race, of Dukes engendered,
And six toady-moons for train?

In far-off belted Saturn's
Fair round belly who may dwell?
Inhabitants of gay turns
And saturnine as well?
Or is't a lofty Limbo,
A celestial Botany Bay,
Where cross old frumps, in nimbo,
Whist, with cloudy faces, play?

If science makes no blunder
When the stars with life it fills,
Beyond the stroke of thunder,
And the shot of human ills
Can it tell what life's enlisted
Aboard those meteors fast,
At whose dance we assisted
On the night of Tuesday last?

Such short accounts they tender,
They leave so brief a trace
Of evanescent splendour
On Heaven's eternal face;
Coming with moonlike glory,
And gone ere we can heed,
Ne'er name rushed into story,
Or out on't, with such speed!

Are they homes for reputations,
As quickly spawned as spoiled:
Greeted with loose laudations,
With scorn as random soiled?
Is their rise in *Leo* reason
For supposing them the trails,
Of Lions of the season
That to Lethe take their tails?

Are these lights that vanish o'er us
Like a dream that we have dreamed,
Our rising young men's store-house
Of pledges unredeemed?
These Will-o'-the-Wisps that over
Embroider Heaven's black cope,
Homes for London, Chatham Dover
Debenture-holders hope?

Defying the attrition
Of Planets and fixed stars,
And threatening collision
With the red planet Mars,
Are they the bright, brief presage,
Of the Commons' coming storm,
Omen at once and message,
Touching projects of Reform?

Blown by some unknown bellows,
And kindled at a stroke,
That they are stars, folks tell us,
And yet they end in smoke.
Can those of chief dimensions,
That soonest flash and go,
Be the homes of good intentions,
For the paving-works below?

PERPETUAL MOTION DISCOVERED.—The winding up of public companies.

A SHINDY IN THE CITY.

"A Court of Aldermen was holden yesterday in the Long Parlour at the Mansion House, at which the new Lord Mayor (ALDERMAN GABRIEL) presided for the first time. The proceedings were stormy."—*Daily Papers*, Nov. 14.

THE LORD MAYOR began by expressing his satisfaction at his election. His brother Aldermen had always been very kind to him, and he hoped that they would continue their amiability.

ALDERMAN COPELAND thanked the late Lord Mayor, ALDERMAN PHILLIPS, for the way he had behaved while the first man of the first city of the first country in the world.

Alderman Sidney. And it is a great shame that the Government will not allow him to wear the Order of Leopold.

Alderman Rose. Nonsense. He is not a great soldier or sailor, and Government acts only according to law.

Another Alderman. Vot did he take it for, then?

Another. Cause it was given him.

Another (defiantly). Very well, then.

Another (more defiantly). Very well.

Alderman Sidney. I observe that Alderman SIR ROBERT CARDEN is present.

Sir Robert Carden. That's no great feat to perform with the naked eye. I suppose I am visible enough.

An Alderman. I am in the ends of the Court. That isn't the point. I want to know whether SIR ROBERT, sitting for the Lord Mayor, was promiscuous enough to intimidate an opinion that Lord Mayor's Show ought to be abolished.

Sir Robert Carden. In course I said so.

An Alderman. You did?

Sir Robert Carden. I did, though. And what's more, I would say it again.

An Alderman. Then you didn't ought, sitting where you sat.

Sir Robert Carden. Sitting or standing, I repeat that the show gathers all the eads and thieves of London, in the most prehensile manner.

An Alderman. You mean reprehensible.

Sir Robert Carden. I mean what I say. Prehensile means grabbing hold of things, like monkeys do.

An Alderman. I rise to order. The line must be drawn somewhere, and in this Court it ought to be drawn above monkeys.

Sir Robert Carden. I am always willing to meet the views of my respected friends in this Court, and I substitute apes. But the Show is a nuisance.

An Alderman (profoundly). So is many things. (*Lowd cheers.*)

Alderman Wilson. I have a much more important grievance to ventilate. The arrangements at the Guildhall dinner were abominable. People could not get their places, and when they wanted to come away they could not get their carriages.

The Remembrancer. Well, look here. How can people expect good places when the officers of the Corporation bring in three hundred and forty friends of their own.

Alderman Wilson. What do you mean by saying that?

The Remembrancer. I meant to say that the Lord Mayor brings fifty-seven, each of the Sheriffs twenty-seven, and that there were at least three hundred and forty civic parties who claimed seats.

An Alderman. It's quite correct, what ALDERMAN WILSON says. The political swells was shoved out of their right seats. Even LORD DERBY wasn't in his.

An Alderman. He will be, though, very soon.

Alderman Wilson. That's neither here nor there. LORD CHELMS-

FORD wasn't allowed by the police to have his carriage, and only that he is the most good-natured man out, there might have been a row.

The Remembrancer. GENERAL PEELE was pushed down by other swells.

An Alderman. You don't care—you had your dinner comfortably enough, I dare say.

The Remembrancer. Then you're just out, for I got no dinner at all.

Alderman Wilson. I have dined at Guildhall for thirty years, and I never saw such confusion.

An Alderman. Then you might stay away, and make room for somebody else, who hasn't had so much of the city turtle.

Alderman Wilson. I know I might, but I shan't.

An Alderman. I tell you all what. You've gone and offended DERBY and PEELE, and one of these blue moons something else may be abolished besides the Show. (*Sensation.*)

Alderman Rose. I cannot ascribe such littleness to Conservative statesmen, being one of them myself. (*Cheers.*)

An Alderman. Many of the Foreign Ministers were misplaced.

An Alderman. That's natral. Who's to distinguish between their outlandish and un-English titles? They know'd no better.

Another Alderman. Likely not. Besides, all foreigners is the same, and what does it matter whether SIGNOR BLACBUFFALO sits above MONSEER NONGTONGPAW, or vice versa?

Alderman Rose. I never saw such higgledy-piggledy, however. Are these the Stately Banquets of the Merchant Princes and Fathers of the City?

An Alderman. Don't talk sentimental. This here is the nineteenth century, and every man look after himself.

A Very Old Alderman. Excuse me. But if that way of thinking is to be the fashion here, the sooner Mayor, Show, Corporation, Dinner, and all the rest of it are given up the better. We are a tradition of the past, a historical link, or we are awful nonsense, and the Loving Cup is the pasteboard gibel—goblet, I mean—of the stage. The moment we begin to laugh at ourselves, let us abandon our turtle and eat our goose—for it is cooked. (*Sensation.*)

This speech made a deep impression upon the Court, and the subject was referred to the Committee of Privileges. The LORD MAYOR had wanted to go in State to Guildhall to help the DUKE OF EDINBURGH to open an excellent Charity Bazaar, but it appeared that the Mace could not be removed from the Court during a sitting, so the Charity suffered a heavy loss; but the dignity of the Court was preserved, and a proposal by a young Alderman that the LORD MAYOR should go with the Mace, and leave his Umbrella to sustain the Majesty of their proceedings was indignantly scouted. *Punch* does not yet despair, therefore, of the safety of the civic republic.

A PERTINENT QUERY.

I SAY, MR. PUNCH, OLD BOY,

Now my old friends, SIR MORTON, and HODGSON, and all them chaps is cuttin up so respectable, and being so jolly well white-washed, and made such a deal of, in and out of Parliament, how about me?

WHEN'S MY WHITE-WASHING TO BEGIN?

I've been a very hard-used man, but I ain't a-going to complain. Financin' wasn't understood in my time as it is now. I was the inventor on it, in fact. But I was out of pocket by my invention, like all great benefactors of our specie.

I've been waiting a precious long time for—what d'ye call it—"rehabilitation." I ain't quite sure about the spellin, but it means setting a man of ability, who has come to grief, on his legs again in the opinion-market. Just pop this question for me, in your next, and hint that "what's sauce for the PERO, ought to be sauce for the HUDSON," or t'other way, if you like that better, and oblige.

Your old friend and constant reader,

GEORGE HUDSON.

P.S. If you do what I want, I can put you up to a real good thing in Spanish lines. "There's life in the old dog yet," as my friend SIR EDWIN would say.

Stage Wit.

WHY cannot a stage Irishman say half-a-dozen words without exclaiming "Arrah!" Irishmen in real life but seldom use this exclamation, if indeed they do "at all—at all." We cannot hold this "arraah!" to be a shaft of wit, or, if it be considered so, it really has no point. Nor can we regard it as a bit of good broad fun, seeing it is merely an-arrah observation.

A NEW READING.

"DIRT Cheap" is the usual expression, but the connection between filth and cholera, which we know to our cost exists, makes it certain that we ought now to say dirt dear.



WHAT THE MEN IN ARMOUR WILL COME TO.



METEORS.

UNCLE JOHN PROPOSED TO TREAT HIS NEPHEWS TO A GRAND PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY, AND TAKES DOWN A CHOICE ASSORTMENT, BUT LIGHTING HIS CIGAR, THE VESUVIAN DROPS AMONG THE COMBUSTIBLES, AND THE ABOVE MAGNIFICENT, BUT UNTIMELY, "COUP DE FIREWORKS" TAKES PLACE ON THE TOP OF THE 'BUS. THE SENSATION WAS TREMENDOUS!

RIGHT AND TITLE.

IF a man thinks of a Name which he imagines will make a good title for a Periodical or anything else, he can go in extreme secrecy and register it. He can then hold his tongue, and when the same idea strikes anybody else, and the latter announces it, the first thinker can burst forth upon him, and claim the invention. The only objection to this is the secrecy. An inventor should be obliged to insert his idea in a register which should be regularly published. Then there would be no quarrels over precedence, as there has been over the painfully feeble title, *Belgravia*, which has just been fought about in Chancery, to the great cost of two parties, and the benefit of neither.

Mr. Punch, whose gloriously lavish imagination is always overflowing with new ideas, hereby registers the following titles, and dares anybody to touch one of them without his august permission:—

- The Dundreary.* A Fashionable Magazine.
- The Pillow.* A Somniferous Magazine for Reading in Bed.
- The Club Window.* A Scandalous Magazine.
- Half Hours with the Worst Authors.* An Olla Podrida.
- While She Dresses.* A Handbook for Patient Husbands.
- Late, as usual.* Tales for Wives who allow Latchkeys.
- The Alcove.* Reading for the Park.
- The Shingles.* A Magazine for the Sea-side.
- Duckydiddles.* A Handbook of Courtship.
- The Little Stranger.* A work for Sponsors.
- My Learned Brothers.* Stories for little Barristers waiting for Briefs.
- The Private Box.* Readings during the dull part of a Play.
- Charing Cross.* A Magazine for Charwomen.
- Turt Sayings and Good Puffs.* For reading while at lunch at the Pastrycook's.
- A Century of Bad Rhymes.* Manual for Burlesque writers.
- The Husbands of the Six Housemaids.* Companion to "The Wives of the Six Valleys."
- War to the Knife, or Why I hate Carving.* Companion to "Self-help."

Papers from Pandemonium. [An eminent publisher announces the work which gave us this idea, but on the whole we had rather not reprint his title, though he assures us that the Letters from **** are sent up by a Clergyman.]

Arithmetic without Figures. Sequel to "Astronomy without Mathematics."

A Voice from Great Snoring (Essex). Hints to bad Sleepers.

Why Peter Grievous wallopped his Children. Sequel to "Why Paul Ferroll murdered his wife."

Now just touch any one of those titles, will you, and we'll speak to SIR JOHN STUART, descendant of the royal house of that name, but an awfully good fellow, notwithstanding.

Hint for a Happy Home.

SOMEBODY advertises a Shakspeare Paper Collar. We presume that it bears an Avonian motto. Any lady who neglects her husband's buttons will do well to buy for him a set of the new articles, inscribed with the motto long ago glorified by *Mr. Punch*,

"Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your *Choler* question."

A LADY'S QUESTION.

AN Advertisement in the *Times* announces "THE LADY'S OWN PAPER." Is it tinted paper or curl paper?

ANOTHER ROYAL AUTHOR.

It is rumoured that the EX-KING OF NAPLES has employed himself in his retirement in writing a novel, to be called *The Two Cicelys*.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIM.—The Archbishop in Scotland.

"SOUND INVESTMENT."—A Ritualist clergyman chaunting.



“WITH A DIFFERENCE.”

Foxhunter. “THE LADY HAS GOT OVER, JIM.”

Jim. “AND THE GENTLEMAN, TOO, SIR.”

FOXES AND GEESE.

A Dining Room.—Dessert. UNCLE and NEPHEW.

Nephew. Is it true that DR. PUSEY denies that he and his adherents demand or enforce Confession?

Uncle. Yes. I hope he means what he says, and says what he means. If he preaches the necessity of Confession, when he says that he doesn't enforce it he equivocates; and an equivocation, meant to mislead, is simply a lie.

Nephew. Does PUSEY claim the same powers as those asserted by Roman Catholic Priests?

Uncle. So I understand.

Nephew. What do the Roman Catholic Priests say of his pretensions?

Uncle. That they are false. The Roman Catholic Priests disown all connection with DR. PUSEY. They consider him no priest at all, and not even a Catholic. In their estimation he is no more a priest than I am, and no less a heretic. The Roman Catholic Priests, with the POPE at their head, and the whole Greek Church besides, Patriarch and all, hold precisely the same opinion of DR. PUSEY as that which the President and College of Physicians, and the President and College of Surgeons entertain of Professor HOLLOWAY.

Nephew. That is to say, they regard DR. PUSEY as an ecclesiastical quack?

Uncle. Yes; or rather a lay quack; no ecclesiastic at all.

Nephew. May not DR. PUSEY's pretensions be as well-founded as theirs?

Uncle. Yes; if theirs and his are equally unfounded. By far the greater part of Christendom votes DR. PUSEY a humbug. I do not say a conscious humbug; but still a humbug. On the question whether he is a humbug or no, that is, whether he is a priest or no, DR. PUSEY is in a very small minority. All Protestants think him a humbug. All Roman Catholics think him a humbug. The contrary opinion is confined to the High Church party in the Church of England. DR. PUSEY is certainly not a humbug—if the authority which the POPE claims is vested in that body of English parsons.

Nephew. Was a young lady caused to remain in an Anglican convent against her will by DR. PUSEY's threat that, if she did not, he would cease to be her “spiritual director,” and no longer grant her absolution, for want of which she feared she would be “lost”?

Uncle. Such a statement has been made in an account published by a lady of her experience in an Anglican Sisterhood. Let us hope that the lady was misinformed, and that the story is utterly untrue.

Nephew. Don't you believe it?

Uncle. I have no evidence for its truth, and the gown of DR. PUSEY remains on his shoulders.

Nephew. You don't approve of Father Confessors?

Uncle. Especially not of amateur Father Confessors. Confession has been abominably abused even in the Roman Church, by the Romanists' own showing, as in the evidence for the defence in that *cause célèbre*, *ACHILLI v. NEWMAN*. It is liable to foul abuse even there where it is practised as a system, subject to strict regulation. The probable results of its irregular and unrestricted practice may be imagined.

Nephew. Cannot your sham Father Confessors be turned out of the Church?

Uncle. Hardly. In these days it would be almost impossible to turn a Mormonite out of the Church—let alone a Puseyite. The only feasible plan is to turn them out of the house whenever they are found in it, and the process of ejection would be best performed by the act of kicking as hard as possible, for which I would recommend *PATER-FAMILIAS* to choose out the thickest and heaviest pair of boots in his whole collection.—Pass the claret.

PAPERS AND PASSENGERS.

WE lately noticed a placard, advertising a certain journal as a “First Class Evening Paper.” The idea of a first-class paper implies the supposition of second and third class papers. Why should not the two latter classes of papers be also advertised as such? By an extension of the same plan novels and other works could be announced as first, second, and third class publications. People would thus be guided in the selection of newspapers, periodicals, and books, so as to be enabled readily to choose those suitable to their tastes and circumstances; and the option of taking his own class would accommodate every traveller on the lines of literature.

AN INCOMPLETE TRIO.—The Seal and the Tapir at the Zoological Gardens, for they want—the wax.

DON'T HALLOO TILL YOU'RE OUT OF THE WOOD.



CHAUNT OF THE INDIGNANT DIRECTOR.

Through the Wood, through the Wood, follow and find me!
 Search each prospectus, and share-market sell!
 And I shan't leave a trace of my earnings behind me,
 Allottees, they'll renounce, call-arrears they will swell!
 Take the North-British, and ask how it rose:
 Into the books of the Great Eastern peep:
 Think of applying to great specs like those—
 Rules small concerns and small people must keep.
 Through the Wood, through the Wood, &c.

O listen! Here's VICE-CHANCELLOR SIR W. P. WOOD has set aside an allotment of shares in the Estates Investment Company on the ground of lies in the Company's Prospectus! Bless us and save us! What is to become of nine-tenths of the joint-stock companies in the kingdom, if share and debenture-holders take to following MR. ROSS's example, and repudiating their liability because they have been taken in by false representations, and if other Judges don't rush in to over-rule VICE-CHANCELLOR PAGE WOOD?

Our indignation makes verses, as JUVENAL says, and vents itself in this:—

If truth in prospectuses only can clear me,
 I should like to know how things can pleasant be made:
 WOOD may talk, but with PETO and HODGSON so near me,
 I maintain there's no lie in the trick of the trade.
 Through the Wood, through the Wood, follow and fine me!
 Probe my share-dealings, my riggings expose!
 And soon to my creditors I must assign me,
 And come down as like stick, as like rocket I rose!

ALARMING OBITER DICTUM.

DELIVERING judgment on the case of the REV. E. PARKER v. LEACH, in the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, LORD WESTBURY made the remark that:—

"Painful feelings had been created in this case, and more painful would they be if the point raised by the reverend Appellant could prevail, for then it would be clear that for some forty years services had been performed—baptisms and marriages—which could not be valid, as the Church needed to be consecrated."

That is a nice condition of law which renders the validity of a marriage dependent on the consecration of the church in which it has been celebrated! If the parsons do not bestir themselves to get this state of things promptly altered, they will necessarily be supposed to be desirous of driving matrimony to the dissenters' meeting house, or the office of the Registrar.

A Thought in Regent Street.

"THE Delicacies of the Season" appear to be coming in sooner than usual, and from a new quarter, judging by the tickets in the shops (drapers' shops, too!), which announce "Ice-land Lamb."

QUERIES WITH ANSWERS.

WHAT is a Railway "plant"?—HORTICULTURIST.

[Inquire at the Offices of the London, Chatham and Dover.]

I am compiling a work on the origin of the names of London streets, and am puzzled about Maddox Street. Can you suggest any interpretation?—F.S.A.

Cowbridge.

[STRYPE, on the authority of a "terrier" of KING CHARLES's found among *Dandie Diamond's* papers, and a passage in SUETONIUS, tells us that there was formerly a great cattle and dead-meat market here, removed to Smithfield at the dissolution of the monasteries by CROMWELL's Ironsides, who set fire to the organ in York Minster, and then threw themselves off from the Monument crying in rapid succession *θαλαττα! θαλαττα!* But TACITUS is silent on the subject, and STRABO, with his usual obliquity, merely glances at a supposed reference to the Serpentine by PORPHYRY, who flourished about the time of the Elgin Marbles and the introduction of Aberdeen granite into Monumental Sculpture.]

I have for years devoted all my leisure hours to the investigation of a subject which has hitherto, I believe, escaped the notice of authors—*Medical Students, their Hospitals and Hospitalities*; and should be glad to be referred to any authentic sources of information.—U. GREEN HORNE.

[Perhaps *The Borough*, by CRABBE, might supply some particulars, but are you not mistaken in supposing you have got hold of an untried horse? Consult the Catalogues of the British Museum, *passim*, and CHETHAM's Hospital and Library, Manchester.]

Where can I find the celebrated exclamation of the immortal NELSON—"Westminster Abbey, or Waterloo Bridge!" (or something to that effect). Also, of the great NAPOLEON—"Forty sentries look down upon us from these Pyramids!"—E. GYPSHOW HALL.

[Have you tried *Things Not Generally Known*?

ASSURANCE DOUBLY SURE.

"An Englishman's word is his bond." Certainly; a bond with two sureties: say, SIR MORTON PETO and MR. JOHN HODGSON.

THE LADIES' STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE following announcement, in a list of similar notifications, appears in the *Queen*:—

"I have a packet containing 100 unnamed coloured crests, 60 unnamed coloured monograms, 20 coloured coroneted crests, regimental badges, seals, &c., and 20 foreign postage stamps, all different. I require for the lot a cock canary of any colour, so long as it is in good health. It must be either a last year's or this year's bird.—FAN. N***.

It seems, from the foregoing proposal, that there exists among young ladies a Stock Exchange for the sale and purchase, or barter, of such valuables as those above enumerated. "FAN" has evidently an eye to business. The canary, for which she offers the "lot" of articles specified in her tender, may be estimated as fairly worth five shillings; whilst all those things, if duly appraised, would be valued at less than nothing, since they are of no manner of use, and would just cost any sensible person, into whose hands they might come, the exertion of throwing them away. However, the worth of anything is just as much as it will bring. If young ladies will buy monograms, and crests, and regimental badges, and seals, and foreign postage stamps, so much the better for the vendor, who does as wisely as sailors that sell glass beads to savages. But the savages at least wear the beads, whereas young ladies are not, so far as we know, accustomed to decorate themselves or their dresses with obliterated postage stamps, and the other rubbish of a similar description which appears to constitute the stock of the Young Ladies' Stock Exchange.

Action and Reaction.

RAISING the Paten and the Cup,
 Rouses JOHN BULL to frown;
 'Tis clear (he thinks) such *lifting up*,
 Requires a *setting down*?

MEDICAL.

OUR Doctor's ceiling fell in the other day. To prevent a recurrence of the accident, he immediately repaired it with Sticking-plaster.

SUNDAY "BANDS."—Our Curate's.

THE SPIRITED YOUNG MEN MARKET.



HOSE people who have read over the Report on the Recruiting of the Army returned by the Commissioners appointed to consider that pressing matter, will perhaps be of opinion that the most valuable part of it consists in the following postscript or appendix:—

"DISSENT.

"Feeling most strongly that a sufficient pension is what soldiers look to more than any other boon or advantage that may be offered to them, and also being of opinion that the recruiting for the Army may be much injured by the unfavourable account that a dissatisfied pensioner may give of the service, and vice versa, in the case of a satisfied pensioner, I reluctantly dissent from the recommendation of the Commissioners as to the amount proposed to be added to the pension, and think that £1. instead of £2. should be added to the present rate of all pensions to non-commissioned officers and soldiers."

"B. BARCLAY, Colonel,
Regimental Secretary."

There is no object that more tends to counteract the elegance of the recruiting sergeant than the sight of a ragged and famishing old soldier, or of a veteran in the workhouse. If the superannuated hero has the cuff of an empty sleeve pinned to his breast, or is hobbling on a wooden leg, he is a spectacle all the rather operating to the discouragement of martial impulse. He is, as it were, a scarecrow, deterring all reasonable spectators from adventuring to tread the path of glory in which he got mutilated, so that he is now for the town's end to beg during life in order that he may be enabled to eke out a starvation allowance. If the soldier's retiring pension is even raised by fourpence instead of twopenny, making it twelpence a day, will what a grateful country thinks of its brave defenders be very much more than adequately represented even by the magnificent sum of one shilling?

TOUCHING THAT PRIMER.

CARISSIME DOMINE PUNCH,

Post horas Scholæ.

FIGOR. Careo te juvare me. Nunquam in totâ meâ vitâ vidi aliquid simile huic. Vide hic. Fui ad scholam quinque annos. Ivi primum ad miseram privatam scholam, ubi Grammatica Etonensis in meum caput quotidie verberatum erat. Ivi tum ad publicam scholam, ubi illa Grammatica non utebatur: et ergo res prima quam habui facere erat deducere omne quod scivi, et discere nullum finem novarum regularum. Nunc, crede mihi si potes, novem viri, suâ opinione terribilissimi tumores, novam Grammaticam scripserunt: et solum hodie in scholam venit Magister meus, et dicit "Pueri, omnes vos hunc librum discite." Bene: aperui librum; et talem farraginem nunquam antè vidi. Quid putas de hoc? Genitivus casus venit post accusativum. Quis infans non scit bene ut naturâ rerum genitivus sequitur nominativum? Solemniter declaro ut omnis hic pretiosus liber plenus est errorum. Tuum tempus nimis pretiosum est audire unum didimium eorum; sed cape meum verbum. Quod dico verum est; et quod ego volo hoc est: Volo ut habui hic illos novem doctos, ut ipsi putant, viros. Volo ut habui docere illis hunc librum. Volo ut omnia eorum capita unum caput erant; O mei oculi, quomodo id unum caput frangerem!

Sum tuns fidus servus,

PUBERCULUS.

P.S. Forsitan aliqui putabunt ut non possum scribere valdè bonum Latinum, et ut ergo non faciet mihi ullam injuriam discere hanc novam Grammaticam. Stulti!

A DEFUNCT MONSTER HOTEL.

WHY is a Company that fails, unlike a watch?—Because it stops instead of going when it is wound up.

The foregoing question and answer have been suggested by the statement, published amongst recent Law Intelligence, that, in the matter of the "Richmond-hill Hotel Company," in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, a winding-up order was made last week. We do not rejoice in the losses of our neighbours, but if there is any grief that people can come to which could give us satisfaction, it is that incurred by them in trying to make money at the cost of spoiling one of the finest views of the world.

ADDRESS TO A RITUALIST.—Who's your Triple Hatter?

PLEASE, BE CHEERFUL.

(After LONGFELLOW.)

TELL us not, in mournful "numbers,"
Life is all a ghastly dream!
Such as those we have in slumbers,
When the night-mare makes us scream.

Life is dark enough in earnest,
Without bringing in the gaol;
Only readers of the sternest
Like their heroines out on bail.

Not to swindle, or to borrow,
Is the reputable way;
Not to marry, and to-morrow
Kill your bride, and run away.

Asson's wrong, and poisoning dreary,
And our hearts, though pretty brave,
Now and then get rather weary
Of the gallows and the grave.

In the great domestic battle,
In the matrimonial strife,
Be not like those Mormon "cattle!"
Give your hero but one wife.

Wives and Daughters should remind you
There are women without crime:
Draw them, and you'll leave behind you
Fictions that may weather time;—

Fictions free from that Inspector
Who is sent by RICHARD MATHEW,
And finds footmarks that affect a
Solemn butler in the lane.

Let us, then, have no more trials,
No more tampering with Wills;
Leave the poisons in the phials—
And the money in the tills.

A WORD ON RAILWAY SLEEPERS.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,

I READ, the other day, a statement in the *Times* with the signature W. I. S. H. I wish you would allow me to say something which it suggests. The writer avers that he not long since was talking to a guard in the Midland Counties, and that he found on inquiry that very often men were compelled to work thirty-six hours uninterruptedly; that if a man, thus overworked, ventured to remonstrate he was invariably dismissed from service; and hence it is that engine-drivers are often found asleep on their engines, or at least so drowsy as to be unfit for further duty, though still having some hours' duty to perform. No wonder, observes W. I. S. H., we have accidents, but who, he asks, are the persons blameworthy?—and he so far answers his own question as to reply, "Surely not the overworked engineer, but rather they who exact more than is reasonable from those in their employ." That is to say, I suppose, the Railway Directors. Now, Sir, I am a British householder, and I am liable to be summoned to serve on Coroners' Juries, and I will tell you what I will not do if ever I have to sit on the fragments of the body of somebody who has been smashed by a railway accident, arising from the drowsiness of any official occasioned by overwork, or let me add, from inexperience, or incompetence, the fault of inadequate remuneration. I will not, whatever a fool of a Coroner may tell me, be such an ass myself as to agree in returning the verdict which the asses, who too commonly constitute Coroners' Juries, are accustomed to return in such cases. I will not be a party to finding a verdict imputing criminal negligence to the merely unfortunate guard, stoker, engineer, signalman, or pointsman.

That is what I will not do. Now, Sir, I'll tell you what I will do. I will insist on giving in a verdict of manslaughter, not to say wilful murder, against those Directors who, because they will not give wages enough to ensure ability, engage servants who are unequal to their duties, and unfit to be trusted with peoples' lives. I will, as I am a true-born Britain; if I don't,

I am, A DUTCHMAN.

Oratio Longa Vita Brevis.

THEY say the limited enlistment plan has had some excellent results in the Army. Suppose we tried the effect of a few "short-service men" in the Church militant?



A PASSION FOR ASTRONOMY.

ZADKIEL'S OWN FUTURE.

It is with pain that *Mr. Punch* has read in the *Globe* newspaper the paragraphs to which he is about to refer. But he hastens to say that that excellent journal has erred only from want of the information which is in *Mr. Punch's* possession. In reviewing the predictions which the unfortunate *Zadkiel* has made for 1867, the *Globe*, with a natural and gentlemanly indignation at the liberties which the astrologer has taken with the names of distinguished persons, observes,—

"September threatens the KINGS of ITALY and SAXONY—and the PRINCESS LOUISE again: why cannot the fellow leave our Princesses alone? Does it delight his maid-servant readers to find evil prophesied of princesses. Constantinople and Venice, Manchester and Liverpool (again!), are to have troubles in October; but royalty is spared in that month for a wonder. However, in November the PRINCESS HELENA is again persecuted by the stars."

Even severer remarks than these would have been more than justified, but that it is not generous to strike a person when he is menaced by terrible dangers. The *Globe* had not taken the trouble to consult the stars in reference to the future of the astrologer himself. *Mr. Punch* has before him *ZADKIEL'S* own horoscope for 1867, and a sad one it is. In January the persecution of the unlucky creature will begin, for Jupiter is in the second house, and the aspect of Sirius is lurid. About the middle of the month, *ZADKIEL* will nearly be choked by the tail of a shrimp, but will cough it up. Without giving the astral configurations by which his fate is made clear to the youngest student of the sublime science, we briefly state the rest. In February, he will be terribly cut in shaving. In March, a maid-servant will, out of spite, manage to spill a kettle of boiling water over his left leg, and he will be confined to his house until April, when he will slide over a piece of orange-peel, and severely damage his southern configuration. In May, he will have many things stolen from his house, and his chimney will catch fire. In June, he will fall down stairs. In July, he will be knocked down by a carriage. In August, he will buy some toad-stools instead of mushrooms, and be awfully ill for several days. In September he will sit down upon a live cat, and be severely bitten, but cauterisation may prevent evil results. In October, the stars seem to indicate a treacherous calm, but it will end early in November, when he will fall over the coal-skuttle, break his shins, and knock his head

against a pewter beer-pot. And in December his medical attendant will make a revelation to him which we earnestly counsel him to take into his serious consideration. It has nothing to do with tripe or buttered muffins, but Saturn and Mars are in trine with Gamma Bacois, and everything points at something awful. We make these revelations with pain, for though *ZADKIEL* himself has no scruple in trying to make the Princesses uncomfortable, the miseries which he will himself undergo in 1867 will render him a subject for tolerance and compassion. We shall announce the fulfilment of each prediction, and mark how *ZADKIEL* bears his fate.

FASHIONABLE BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

ACCORDING to the *Liberté*, ladies in Paris have begun to come out in dresses trimmed all over with feathers, so copiously that:—

"Sportsmen cannot supply them in sufficient quantity. Feathers of the peacock, partridge, pintado, pheasant, jay, blackbird, and pigeon are all seized with eager eyes, and even the ducks of the poultry-yard are plucked to satisfy the caprices of our fashionable ladies."

An occasion whereon ladies might appear suitably decorated with feathers would be a musical assembly. If they took part in it as vocalists, they might, being feathered all over, be considered as appearing in the character of singing birds. Ducks, indeed, do not sing; but swans are said to, and a dress covered with swan's plumage would be suggestive of a song with the burden of Down, derry down. But, to satisfy the caprice of a fashionable lady, the ducks of the poultry-yard would yield feathers less appropriate than those which might be derived from the geese.

A Thought in Church.

THE income of the excellent ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY—long may he enjoy it—is £15,000 a-year. If he were travelling, with a year's income about him, and he were attacked by robbers who took about eighteen hundred pounds from him, we wonder whether he would express thankfulness that they had left him a "remnant" of his property.



POLITICAL "ECONOMY."

MANAGER. "NOW, THEN, BENJAMIN, WHAT HAVE WE GOT FOR THE OPENING SCENE?"

PROPERTY-MAN. "WELL, SIR, HERE'S THE OLD '59 BANNER! A LITTLE TOUCHING UP 'LL MAKE IT AS GOOD AS NEW."

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Monday, in my Hotel.—Dull: no news from Solicitor. Send up porter with note to SEEL to ask how's the matter going on. Lonely place a hotel when you don't know anybody. Go to the bar and ask for letters.

Happy Thought.—To ask for letters at a hotel gives you some importance. No letters: didn't expect any. Porter returns: SEEL not in. No answer: provoking. Go and write a Chapter for Vol. VIII. *Typical Developments*, on "Loneliness in Crowds." Think the idea's been done before: will ask some one. Won't write just now: go and have my hair cut.

Man who cuts it wishes to know insinuatingly, whether I use their Bohemian Balsam. I don't like hurting his feelings, but am obliged to say that I do not. He can recommend it strongly he says, and wishes to "put up a pot for me." I say no, not to-day. I feel that I am in his hands, and if he presses it very much, I'm done. He supposes, as a matter of course, that I am never without their Chloride of Caranthus. I answer, in an off-hand way, that I haven't used any of it lately, though I don't add that I've never heard of it before. Shall he put me up a couple of bottles? I take time to consider: as if this was a difficult matter to decide. I answer after a few minutes, "Well—no—not to-day," whereupon he proposes sending it to me in any part of the country.

Happy Thought.—To tell him that I don't like the Chloride of Caranthus: that will settle it. I tell him: it doesn't settle it. He is astonished to hear this from me, and says, "Indeed! dear me!" quite pityingly. I wonder if he's taken in. He tries to flatter me by pretending that he recollects how I like my hair cut. "Not very short, I think," he says. Humbug: I've never been here before. He tells me that some gentlemen do prefer the Gelatinum; perhaps he inquires, that is my case, perhaps I prefer the Gelatinum. On my saying, dubiously, "No," he proposes putting up a bottle of each to try.

Happy Thought.—Always be decided in speaking to a hair-dresser. Say boldly that you don't use any of these things, or that you don't want anything at present.

I casually praise a brush whirled about my head by machinery, and he offers to put that up for me, machinery and all, I suppose. Nothing easier, he explains. Will I have my head washed? I answer, "Yes," adding inadvertently, "I have not had that done for some weeks." He seizes upon the admission, and deduces from it that I have none of their Savonian Brülliantine. I have not. He says decidedly that he will put me up a couple of bottles. He is actually going to give the order when I call out, "No, I won't." A little more and I should lose my temper altogether. He's afraid that I don't use their Gelissiton Sphixiad for my whiskers and moustache. He says this in a tone implying that I may expect them to drop off at once if I don't adopt his remedy. I despise myself for getting cross with a hair-dresser; but one is entirely in his power. You can't jump up and run away with the apron sort of thing round your neck. He is very officious in assisting me with my coat and waistcoat: his hands are greasy, but I don't like to hurt his feelings. Won't I have any soaps, brushes, combs? can't he put up any little thing for me? toilette bottles? Then he concludes, with "Nothing more to-day?" Whereupon I reply, as blandly as I can, "No, thank you, nothing more to-day." He bows me out.

Happy Thought.—Won't go there again. Ought to go to a dentist's. Shan't. It hurts; and I might be laid up with a swelled face.

Back to hotel. Send message up to Solicitor. Ask for letters again. None. Porter returns. No answer from Solicitor. Odd. Think I'll write to FRASER. In his letter send a message to MISS FRIDOLINE. Can't send her "my love." "Kind regards" is what you would send to an elderly lady. I'll put it generally, thus: "Remember me to all at Furze." Send up to Solicitor's, for the third time to-day. Think I'll take a walk. As I go out, ask for letters. None. I appear surprised and puzzled. Don't think the Manageress is taken in. Solicitor sends answer:—"All right. You can go away. Send me your address, in case of an accident. PENNEFATHER withdraws."

I am in high spirits. Hang PENNEFATHER!

Happy Thought.—Go down to Bovor Castle at once. Change of scene. Telegraph—"Coming down. Last train. Dine in town. No answer."

Splendid invention, telegraphing. So easily done. I send a line: in an hour's time CHILDERS gets it: orders a trap to meet me by last train: prepares supper, fire, bed for me: and everything is ready for my arrival.

Dine at my Hotel.—Notice character. Patronising head-waiter, who keeps on catching my eye. Officious waiter, who will insist upon bringing every course before I want it, and receiving everything before I've quite done. One man dining alone smiles on everyone as if he'd be ready to drink or eat with anyone at a moment's notice. Another bestows his umbrella carefully away in a corner at his elbow, as though there were some chance of its raining during dinner-time, in which case he would be prepared. A third calls the waiters by their Christian names, and gets served quicker than any one; whereas others (myself included) are scowling. The head-waiter whispers to him the

best cuts, and keeps him alive to the arrival of the hottest joint. There is another unfortunate man, who sits down at the same time as myself, and, apparently, asks for everything they haven't got, and is only beginning his fish as I am finishing my dinner. Cab. To Station.

Happy Thought.—When I return to town, to learn boxing. To give an impertinent cabman one on the nose, or in the eye, would beat repartees all to nothing. As it is, I have to give him sixpence over his fare, to avoid a row.

Ticket for Beckenharst. Nearest station for Bovor Castle. No sleeping this time.

Bright night. Carriage shaky. Hope my luggage is all right. It suddenly flashes across me that I don't remember packing up my sponge. Wish I could get at my portmanteau, and see. No good, by the way, if I could.

Beckenharst.—Luckily some one in the carriage tells me it's Beckenharst, or I should have missed it. Get out. Very cold. I've got two portmanteaus, a bag, a writing-desk and a dressing-case. I tell this to the guard, who whistles, and the train is off. I find my luggage on the platform. Station-master asks for my ticket. I give it him. Porter asks me where I'm going to? I say "Bovor Castle," with a feeling that there's something wrong. On the contrary, all right. Station-master says, politely, "Oh, you're the gentleman who telegraphed from town to say he'd be down by last train." I am, I reply. Station-master runs off to look after two or three other tickets.

To telegraph was a Happy Thought indeed. The telegram (I say to myself) has arrived: old CHILDERS has sent a trap for me, prepared supper, and all I've to do is drive to Bovor as quickly as possible, and enjoy myself. The train is half-an-hour late, but that doesn't matter, as the telegram has arrived. Station-master returns. I am curious to know how quickly that telegraphic message travelled. "When," I ask him in the greatest good humour, "did you get it here?" "Well," replies the Station-master, "the fact is, the line was a little out of order." "Ah, I see, it didn't come as quickly as usual; well, at all events, it came." "Oh yes," continues the Station-master, slowly, "it came; but they sent it to Brighton first." "To Brighton!" I exclaim. "Why?" The Station-master says he doesn't know why to Brighton, as they needn't have done that. "Well," I ask, "when did you get it then?" [I think to myself it is a wonderful thing this telegraphing: here a message goes by mistake fifty or sixty miles out of the way, and it makes hardly any difference after all. Wonderful!] He answers, "Well, Sir, it didn't come till very late." I begin to be nervous. "But," I inquire, "you sent it on to Mr. CHILDERS at Bovor?" "Well, no I didn't," he replies. "Not!" I exclaim. "But, good heavens! here I've come from London on purpose to—to—to—to go to Bovor—" I am aware of the climax not being powerful, but proceed, angrily, "—and had settled everything—and—hang it—I telegraphed on purpose that there might be no inconvenience. Why on earth didn't you send it on?"

"Well, Sir," says the Station-master, deprecatingly, "it wouldn't have been any use, as you'd have been there before the telegram." "What!" I exclaim. He explains, "the message only arrived ten minutes before you came down." He adds, that his porter walking wouldn't get to Bovor, which is four miles off, as soon as I should driving, and therefore he didn't send it: he then begins to recapitulate the circumstances of the line being wrong, message going to Brighton when I cut him short. "I shall complain of this," I say, wishing to frighten him. He isn't a bit frightened, and agrees with me. He says, "yes, there ought to be a complaint about it." "To whom?" I ask, producing my pocket-book. Well, to the London Telegraph Office, he thinks. It shall be done. I make a great note, "To the Manager of the Telegraph Office—To complain—Brighton," and return the memorandum to my pocket.

What's the time? Eleven. Why they'll all be in bed. The Station-master thinks it not improbable. Shall I go over there? The porter can get me a fly: in five minutes. He does so: in a quarter of an hour. "If," I ask the Station-master who has sat down to work, and has quite forgotten me, "I do go to Bovor, and can't get in to the Castle, I suppose I can get a bed in the village." "What village?" he asks. Well, I mean in Bovor village. "Oh," he says, "there's no Bovor village, there's only the Castle; it's a good four miles from here." "Well, then, I must return to Beckenharst, if I want a bed." "Yes, that's it," he says, adding, "that there's a fairish inn at Beckenharst."

Shall I stop at Beckenharst, and go on in the morning? I am undecided. The fly arrives. The porter decides me by placing my luggage in the boot. It isn't a fly at all, it is a sort of dog-cart, and I have to sit next to the driver. It is very cold. It is very dark, after coming out of the station. Brightish night. We start for Bovor Castle.

A Trio.

THERE are three men living together in Chambers: a Barrister, a City man, and a West-end Government Clerk. Their friends call them Temple Bar, Cornhill, and Belgravia.



SYMPATHY.

Giles (ruefully). "WILLIAM, I'VE BEEN AN' GONE AN' 'LISTED!"

William. "LOE! 'AVE YER, THOUGH! GOT THE SHILLIN'!"

Giles. "YES."

William. "WELL, THEN, LET'S GO AN' 'AVE A GLASS AT THE 'BARLEY-MOW.' DON'T LET'S BE DOWNHEARTED!"

WHO'S YOUR POPE?

THAT the cowl makes not the monk,
Is a truth our fathers knew:
Mimes, in apish folly sunk,
Be it also known to you.
When a parson is arrayed,
In an alb, a stole, and cope,
Not thereby a Priest he's made.
Who's your Pope? Who's your Pope?

Pro Nono, when at home,
Sits supreme in Peter's Chair,
Which at present is at Rome,
May not be much longer there;
For, wherever he may go,
He will bear it, should he "slope"
If you do not kiss his toe—
Who's your Pope? Who's your Pope?

Claim ye power to bind and loose?
To absolve on hearing shrift?
Say, ere you delude your goose,
Who bestowed on you that gift?
Tell us, Sarum, will it wash?
Oxon, how art off for soap?
If you talk not utter bosh—
Who's your Pope? Who's your Pope?

Priests to Rome's Pope who belong,
Pope and all, disown you quite.
How, if you declare them wrong,
Make ye out that you are right?
They maintain that you are shams,
Heretics beyond all hope;
Wolves, not shepherds, to your lambs—
Who's your Pope? Who's your Pope?

Kneel to Rome, confess the name
Of Rome's Pontiff; or deny.
But, if you the Pope disclaim,
Let us have no Popery.
While at Popish Priests you play,
For the farce allowed free scope,
Let all men who meet you say—
Who's your Pope? Who's your Pope?

WHY is an Hotel Ghost like a policeman? Because it is an Inn-spectre.

HORACE HALL-RAYS ON THE GREAT DIAMOND QUESTION.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

THERE have been loud, and I daresay very just complaints of the extravagant price of beef and that sort of thing. Not being myself a family man, however, I am precluded from entering into a pure table-talk matter like this with so keen a zest as my friends who are more happily situated. When conversation takes a higher tone, when eloquence, eschewing steaks, is fired by stars—not astronomical, but aristocratic—a sympathetic chord is struck in every noble breast. For, let me ask, what man of refinement and sensibility can dilate on the present preposterous price of gems without his voice becoming tremulous with emotion? Who can stand for an hour in an auction-room, where jewels are driving competition to madness, and not feel humbled by his own comparative worthlessness and insignificance? Precious stones are knocked down by the irrevocable hammer to a startling tune. A necklette is "run up" to a figure that a hunter couldn't reach. For pearls you must dive in your spare cash deeper and deeper still. A pansy-brooch shall cost you a clump of trees; and in catching a butterfly you may drop as many ten-pound notes as, judiciously distributed, would secure you a seat in Parliament.

Sir! this question has a moral as well as a monetary aspect. The imitative genius of our manufacturers was never more conspicuous than at this moment. From pictures to pepper, shams confront us on every side, and it is wonderful how true they are to nature and art. As great original gems recede from our view, a white light no less than a red one may come to be regarded by timid men as a signal for caution. Let me explain. An impulsive Major, lately returned from India, was attracted by a German Baroness (the relit of an unpopular diplomatist), in a ball-room at Wiesbaden. Fascinated by jewels, which he fondly supposed to be of pure water, my poor friend plunged into the giddy whirlpool of love, and striking out boldly, soon found himself in

that ridiculous piscatory position which a fishing-line suggests, Madam being at one end and Major at the other. When too late he became conscious that he had acted like a gudgeon, and been caught ingloriously with *paste*.

One word of consolation, and may it yield comfort to all who sigh, alas! unavailingly for earth's too costly gems. In this favoured land may be found many rough diamonds more noted for their sterling worth than for their shining qualities; but depend upon it our beloved country will never lose her native lustre so long as she can boast, as she does now, in countless profusion of those "real brilliants," Beauty and Wit.

Comeo Villa.

Ever yours,
HORACE HALL-RAYS.

AN HONEST WELCOME.

THE Electors of Wexford have done themselves honour by choosing as Member an accomplished gentleman named KAVANAGH, who, according to social report, will be an admirable representative. It happens that MR. KAVANAGH was born without arms or legs. Nevertheless he has been a great traveller, and is a splendid horseman, and as good a salmon-fisher as MR. BRIGHT, and, in fact, seems to make it doubtful whether arms and legs are not superfluities. To notice these peculiarities, by way of excuse for heartily welcoming MR. KAVANAGH to the senate is no impertinence on the part of *Mr. Punch*, who is himself the most gifted of mortals, yet, as the portrait on his title-page shows, is not exactly a Duke of Limbs! Ha! ha! MR. KAVANAGH, the strength of some of us is in the Head.

A SENSIBLE ADVERTISEMENT.

"A GOOD HUNTING SEAT WANTED"—by a very bad rider.



TOUCHING—RATHER!

My Lord. "DEAR ME, WHAT A REMARKABLY SMALL PHEASANT, ROGERS!"

Rogers (the Keeper). "WELL, SHE ALLUS WER' A WEAKLY BIRD, M' LORD. I NEVER THOUGHT I SHOULD 'A REARED HER!"

THE PRESS AND THE LAW.

MR. PUNCH cannot regret the result of MR. DOULTON's application to the Queen's Bench, touching a remarkably severe castigation which was awarded to that gentleman by the *Daily Telegraph*. Much that was in the article *Mr. Punch* thinks might well have been omitted. MR. DOULTON had only exercised the right of a Member who scorns to be a Delegate. But the remarks were addressed to Lambeth, and the writer probably considered the tastes of that quarter, which is not famous for refinement. Be that as it may, there is far too much encouragement given to persons who are irritated by press comments to avail themselves of the aid of old father Antic, the Law. Instead of profiting, by newspaper counsel, and amending any conduct which is justly complained of, the chastised individual flies to an attorney, and too many juries assist the couple in obtaining pecuniary consolation for a well-deserved punishment. Many jurors are simply stupid asses, and many others have a fellow-feeling for a man whose tricks of trade they probably practise, with better luck. For instance, this very Lambeth is notorious for its crop of rascally tradesmen who cheat the poor with false weights and measures. MR. THOMAS HUGHES, the Member for Lambeth, with his accustomed courage, flung the fact right in the teeth of a meeting of Lambeth-folk the other day, and the report says that he was hissed. The hissers were probably either scoundrels who had been fined, or sympathisers with knavery. The ridiculous little penalties that are inflicted on those who cheat with false weights and measures are the laughing stock of that class of tradesmen, who pay the fine, grin, and recoup themselves, by the same means, in a couple of days of roguery. *Punch* would like to see their ears nailed to their shop-doors, or to a pillory, as he delicately hinted in a recent picture. The remedy is preposterously weak, and there is no publication of the names of the knaves. Consequently, the journalist has a right to speak out on the part of the public. Yet, if *Mr. Punch* should select a few of the names of the rascals, and parade them before the public, some dirty attorney would bring an action against him, and idiotic or dishonest jurors would probably be found to give damages to the cheating scoundrels, though *Mr. Punch*, who cannot know anything personally of such fellows, would have acted only in the interest of society. His remarks, of course, do not apply in the remotest degree to the case of MR. DOULTON, who has shown himself a gentleman of spirit, and also

BALLADS FOR BACHELORS.

THE LOVER TO HIS LAMP.

COLZA! thou dear deceitful oil
Pray give a gladsome light,
While fancy springs from this dull soil
Like Lark in vocal flight.
For thee trim taper I resign—
PRICE—PALMER—short and long,
O! Smile as thou wert wont, benign
On my unfinished song.

A simple Sonnet fain I'd pen
To BLANCHE's bow-like brow,
Of lines I have completed ten,
And four are wanting now.
The Troubadour of olden times,
Though many miles he'd tramp,
Was not pull'd up, when press'd for rhymes,
To coax a sulky lamp.

Oh! shocking sight my Colza smokes,
(A horrid habit she has)
In vain my heart the Muse invokes,
Clouds compass my ide-as.
With what wild rapture would I write,
By gloom no more depress'd,
If thy flame, Colza, burnt as bright
As that which warms my breast.

An Awkward Reminiscence.

ONE of the Fenian orators (in America) said, according to the *Tribune*: "England! Do we fear her guns? They will be found loaded with blank cartridge only." Perhaps. But she found guns so loaded very effectual in disposing of certain Indian rebels. However, we hope to manage without remitting MR. STEPHENS, by instalments, to the haddocks in Dublin bay.

MEDICAL.—Annuitants are subject to a peculiar malady known as the long-liver complaint.

of sense (except in his ill-advised attempt at a press prosecution), but we are glad that he has failed, and *Punch* will always be glad to see a failure of any endeavours to gag the press, whether such endeavour be made by an honest politician, in a moment of unwise irritation, or by an advertising quack writhing under a newspaper lash. The result of the action by "DOCTOR" HUNTER against our contemporary the *Pall Mall Gazette* must delight everyone who honours the noble profession of which the plaintiff pretended to be a recognised member, and *Mr. Punch* thanks LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN for steadily keeping the facts before the jury, and *Mr. P.* also compliments the jury on their exact appreciation of the value of the plaintiff's professional character. HUNTER got a verdict, damages one farthing, and the public is to be congratulated on the termination thus put to the medical career of a man who traded on the ignorant terrors of the afflicted.

SKIRTS AND STREET-SWEEPERS.

STREET-SWEEPERS and scavengers will rejoice in the prospect of increasing employment which they may derive from the intelligence, announced by *Le Follet*, that—

"As winter costumes make their appearance, short dresses are seen to be more and more in favour; in fact, for walking dress the trained skirts may be said to be quite out of date, they are reserved for in-doors or carriage wear."

Instead of sweeping up the mud, and other varieties of "matter in its wrong place," about the streets, the skirts of ladies will now, it may be hoped, sweep clear of those incidental trimmings to the hems of their garments. A man riding inside of an omnibus, when the female passengers brush by him, will perhaps no longer be liable to have his knees anointed with the borders of their trains.

University Intelligence.

YOUNG Oxford appears to be Conservative, not to say reactionary. Every week we expect to read that the great partiality the men show for "coaches" has resulted in a majority at the Union against Railways; or to hear of a motion being carried in favour of a return to spade husbandry, by the votes of those undergraduates who are averse to a "ploughing."

THE ART OF MAKING FACES.



"OH MY EYE! PLEASE REMEMBER THE GROTTO!"

a night, so as to enable him, if he chose, to perform, say, *Julius Caesar*.

THE theatrical world will be interested by the subjoined extract from a newspaper:—

"IRA ALDRIDGE.—The negro actor, IRA ALDRIDGE, has had a great success at Versailles in *Othello*—the only tragedy he can appear in."

He cannot appear in *Zanga*, because no audience would now stand—that is to say, sit out—*The Revenge*. But why should he not appear in *Macbeth*, *Richard the Third*, or *Hamlet*? Why, not even in *Romeo and Juliet*, as *Romeo*? If a white tragedian can play *Othello*, why should not a black one be able to play *Iago*? Is whitewash less available than lamp-black? There is a Daughter of Israel who keeps continually advertising preparations by which she professes that she can make old ladies beautiful for ever. Surely, if she can do that, she could make MR. ALDRIDGE equally beautiful for

GREATNESS AND GLORY.

We used continually to read in the newspapers, and to hear in public speeches, that the schoolmaster was abroad. Our journalists and our orators have ceased to tell us that. The schoolmaster is now no longer abroad. It is the drill-sergeant who is abroad at present; abroad and at home, too. "The progress of civilisation" was, within man's memory, a stock phrase—a common heading of newspaper paragraphs.

The newspapers contain few examples of the progress in civilisation now. But they contain a great many illustrations of the progress of brutalisation; and here, extracted from a contemporary, is one of them:—

"THE RESULTS OF WAR.—A Berlin letter says: 'The following is one result of the late Prussian campaign. Out of a total of rather more than 130,000 Berlin households 83,040, or 63 per cent., were unable to pay the house-tax due in July. Add to this the number of families not subject to this tax in consequence of the lowness of their rents, and you will have a pretty accurate idea of the sort of prosperity at present enjoyed by the inhabitants of the Prussian capital.'"

In these days, "tremendous events," as the saying is, "succeed one another with such extraordinary rapidity," that the immense event of one day is put out of mind by that of the next. The last grand battle swamps the memory of the one that preceded it, and then its own dies away, and, except for the few who have gained by it, nothing of it remains but tares, grief, and the life-long wretchedness of mutilation. Oh yes, there is one thing more—the consolidation of a certain number of states into a military monarchy; which is a fine thing for those who, as MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD says, have "got Geist." There are, perhaps, too many Philistines amongst the ignoble British vulgar who will say, "Geist be blowed!"

A HINT ON HUMAN CHARCOAL.

THE share and debenture holders of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway have burnt their fingers, but nothing else; unless, perhaps, their debentures and shares, as waste paper. There is, however, another line, on which, though its shareholders may rejoice in having escaped the fire, certain passengers the other day, if indeed they were not actually roasted alive for some time, appear to have narrowly missed being burnt to death. In the *Post* of Tuesday last you will find the statement following:—

"A PASSENGER TRAIN ON FIRE.—The 10.45 express from Bedford, which runs through to London, was stopped yesterday morning near Hitchin, owing to one of the second class carriages taking fire. The passengers were unable to attract the attention of the guard by their united shoutings, whistlings, and banging of doors for at least ten minutes, during which time a hole was burnt in the roof, and the carriage filled with smoke."

From this account the inference would seem to be that the occupants of the burning carriage must have been, for the time above specified, undergoing a culinary process, and that, if they had failed for a little longer to attract the guard's attention, they would soon have been done. As, however, the fire was caused by a tarpaulin having been blown over the lighted oil-lamp, it began in the roof, and raged over their heads. But when fires occur in railway carriages, they will not always break out in a convenient situation. Therefore, it is satisfactory to know that—

"MR. ALLPORT, the general Manager of the Midland Railway, was in the train, and by his prompt exertions the fire was soon extinguished, and the passengers removed to another carriage."

If a preventable accident is to happen to a train, it cannot happen better than to one which contains the Company's Manager, unless it happens to one containing the Chairman and the Directors. The Manager of the Midland Counties will doubtless now take good care to press on the Direction the necessity of instituting some means of communication between the passengers and the guard. If they think the thing is not to be done, they are right—because it *has been* done; and an apparatus contrived for the purpose by MR. PREECE, the electrician, is now in use on the London and South-Western line. If the other railway companies know of any invention better than MR. PREECE's, let them kindly give us the benefit of their information; if not, employ that one, together with the London and South-Western.

IF DOUGHTY STREET MY LADY PLEASE.

SONG OF AN ACCEPTED SUITOR.

AIR—"If doughty deeds my lady please."

WITH ALL APOLOGUES TO MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

If Doughty Street my lady please,
I'll choose our dwelling there,
Whence daily she can cross at ease
To Mecklenburgher's Square.
The houses once were very swell,
And may be so again,
Despite the neighbouring noise and smell
Of Gray's Inn's squalid Lane.

Ere long that Lane, mis-called a Road,
The navy's pick will clear,
And many a tall and proud abode
Its stuccoed form shall rear.
Three Railway Stations near, one sees,
Demand improvements fair:
If Doughty Street my lady please,
We'll take a mansion there.

TWIN TYRANTS.

WE are shocked to read that—

"THE KING OF DAHOMEY has had another grand sacrifice. According to a letter from Lagos, of the 10th of October, his Majesty was about to go to war with the Ashantes, and to propitiate the gods he had ordered 200 men to be put to death. This is the third sacrifice within the year."

Well, he is a foul and cruel savage, and we should all rejoice to hear that some condemned victim had protested emphatically by cutting off his Majesty's head. But is Dahomey the only country which sanctions the idiotic practice of killing your men yourself instead of saving them that they may kill the enemy? Recollecting certain Crimean and Indian stories, we are ashamed to say more against the KING OF DAHOMEY than that there is another tyrant called The System, and that we wish the two Molochs were in the same grave.

A BOX OF PUZZLES.



HAT, *Mr. Punch*, can those tailors mean who invite me, by circular, to try their "Chancery Trousers"? If they offered me Chancery suits, I could understand the proposition, although I might decline the risk; but the only Chancery "bags" the world ever heard of are made of a material and in colours not usually thought adapted for masculine adornment. Certainly, if I allowed myself to be incased in these "Chancery Trousers," I should expect all my friends would arrest my progress on the Queen's Highway to view each of my legs as a limb of the law, and counsel me to add to my wardrobe a Bankruptcy Vest and a Common Law coat, the latter for general wear, with a Conveyancing Wrapper for the top of the omnibus on foggy mornings. The price of these trousers, as given in the circular, is inexpressibly low, and just fits my exchequer; but I would suggest to the learned Bench of Tailors that they

might find the article take better if offered at a still smaller sum—say, thirteen-and-fourpence.

What can those shopkeepers mean who by tickets in their windows try to allure me to buy "French Wrists"? Can we wonder at the degeneracy imputed to our medical students when a useful portion of the human frame is thus publicly exposed for sale? Where are the professors of Muscular Christianity? We spend thousands on the conversion of an occasional cannibal or two in the Pacific Ocean: we had far better give our attention and money to the hosiers in Tottenham Court Road. What I have quoted is it not enough to put our relations with France out of joint, and to set the two nations by the ears? We shall have the Paris shopkeepers retaliating with some such announcement as "English Chests," if this nefarious traffic is not immediately stopped. Let the police be instantly instructed to search the premises of these retailers, where they will probably find secreted the members of other nations—the Roman nose, the Austrian lip, the Grecian profile, and the Grand Trunk of Canada.

What can Advertisers mean who tempt me to take houses with "entertaining rooms"? If Egyptian Hall or St. James's were to let, such a designation might not be inappropriate, but I do not see how it can be applied to private residences, unless, indeed, it has reference to their excellent stories. My friends are few, and my digestion indifferent, so I rarely go into company, but if what I hear and read be true, dining-rooms are anything but entertaining rooms—rather chambers of horrors.

Lastly, why do the promoters of public concerts solicit me to take "Fautenils" at half-a-guinea, or to go into the "Parterre" with a florin? Is the English language bankrupt, and the Dictionary in the hands of assignees? Are "Stalls" only fit for cobs and canons? Are we grown so genteel as to have a soul above "the body of the Hall," to leave the "Area" to the Policeman, and be as much ashamed of "Back Seats" as we are of poor relations and holes in our gloves?

A BLUE-COAT AND BUFF-WAISTCOAT MAN.

A BRUSH BETWEEN BROTHERS.

RECENT intelligence from America includes the announcement that "the shoeblacks of New York are to have a trial of skill for the championship of America." In what contest? Professional or pugilistic? In operations on leather, or in the art of "leathering" each other? In blacking shoes or in blacking eyes? Will they compete in polishing boots one with another, or will they try to polish one another off? The white shoeblack, being a sort of black that may be said to be white, is susceptible of a certain polish, which, however, differs from that effected by the manual art exercised by shoeblacks. According to *Sam Slick*, however, this latter species of polish has been brilliantly developed on the negro skin. Let us hope that it is not the only polish of which our sable brethren are capable.

TOUTING FOR PICTURES.

THE British Public likes nothing better than being on familiar terms with its favourites. A theatrical audience is perfectly delighted when any casualty causes an actor to step out of the picture-frame and speak to his generous benefactors in his natural voice. Church-goers who happen to have the pleasure of being in their pews when the clergyman utters a few secular words on a bit of parochial business are quite pleased, and smile at one another and treasure the little incident for tea-table talk. All of which is very amiable, in its way. But we really think that some public people go a little too far in cultivating the private regards of their friends. Look at this notice in a pious contemporary:—

"THE EDITOR'S ALBUM.—The special friends of the *Christian World*—both ladies and gentlemen—are respectfully informed that the Editor will be much gratified to receive their *cartes-de-visite* for his Album; and that he hopes to be able to make a collection of several hundreds of them at least. Name and address should, of course, be written on the back of each portrait."

Now, *Mr. Punch* discharges his editorial functions in his own way, and begs to disclaim any idea of interfering with the course which his Christian brother, above-mentioned, may deem wise. But *Mr. Punch* earnestly prays and entreats that the Special Friends of *Punch* (that is to say the world at large) will not think that he, also, would like to be favoured with the photographs and autographs of his admirers. Fleet Street already presents blocks enough, thanks to empty cabs and the Van Demons, but what would it be if an extra thousand parcels were delivered every day? And what would become of the Post Office, while the men of the DUKE OF MONTROSE should be groaning and toiling under the additional myriads of letters to No. 85? Setting aside this view of the case, which is exceptional, and could occur only in regard to *Punch*, he puts it to his friend the Editor of the *Christian World*, whether an Editor gains by seeing the likenesses of his correspondents. Some of the best of writers are alarmingly ugly, while many elegant men and adorable women send rubbish. Even an Editor is human, and might be inclined to read unfavourably the MS. of a party who looked like a snob, while as unwise a tenderness might be felt for a pleasant-looking swell, or a charmingly-depicted young lady. Again, why should an Editor have a contributor's likeness? To aid the police in case the contributor bolts, after cheque, without sending his article? That is practical, but we should care little for a contribution extorted while Z 365 was at the writer's elbow. But does the Editor of the *C. W.* give *soirées*, at which his photograph books are handed round with the tea? We hope better things of a fellow-craftsman. We, at least, hold no such spoony re-unions. Fancy any of *Punch's* fellows, or his darling she-fellows, sending their *cartes-de-visite*, to be inspected over claret and through smoke. Truly, their ears would tingle at the candour with which their lineaments would be remarked upon. However, if the *C. W.* does give *soirées*, we shall be obliged by an invitation. A deputation from *Punch* shall attend, and a report may be relied upon.

TO ABOUT FIFTY CORRESPONDENTS.

IGNORANT idiots gasp in despair
Over a rhyme to the name of the Mayor,
"GABRIEL—GABRIEL—O it's a teaser.
Help us, omnipotent *Punch*, if you please, Sir."
Blockheads, I come,
Beating a drum,
Drum, which if beat before Alderman GABRIEL,
(If he had lived in the days of QUEEN BESS),
Would have been known as a "Tabor," or "Tabriel"—
There is a rhyme for you, boobies, I guess.

Of Course we Don't Mean the — Theatre.

IN France, a portion of the Theatrical Receipts is given, by law, to the Hospitals. Here, it might not be unjust if some theatres had to make a contribution to a certain Asylum on your left as you go to Brighton. For the class that furnishes inmates furnishes audiences.

OF ANYTHING BUT THE RIGHT BRAND.

POOR LIEUTENANT BRAND, in his letter to MR. C. BUXTON, M.P., has only succeeded in *branding* himself. As his correspondence with the benevolent brewer has led to his own cashing, he may take rank henceforth as BRAND, the XXX-Lieutenant.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

ACCORDING to COCKER, although it is impossible to square a circle, it is extremely possible to get round a Square. Moreover, a round sum is often the best thing for the squaring of accounts.



RUSTIC RECOLLECTIONS.

Boy. "PLEASE, PA-ARSON, MOTHER WANTS SOME SOUP."

The Rector. "BUT I TOLD YOUR MOTHER SHE MUST SEND SOMETHING TO PUT IT IN."

Boy. "OH, PLEASE, SHE 'VE SENT THIS YEAR PA-AIL FOR 'UN, PA-ARSON!!"

A CONSULTATION ON THE IRISH CASE.

DR. DULCAMARA. DR. SLOP. DR. BULL.

Dr. Bull. Well, gentlemen, now you have seen this troublesome case. What do you think of it?

Dr. Dulc. There is evidently a good deal of constitutional disturbance.

Dr. Slop. Apparently threatening an eruption. I expect, one of the *exanthemata*.

Dr. Bull. I wish it was likely to be such an *exanthema* as measles or smallpox, which the patient would have once for all. But for its attendant fever, I should consider it as a peculiar form of *scabies*. But the *morbus Caledonius* is one thing, and the *morbus Hibernicus* another.

Dr. Dulc. You think this is the old Irish complaint.

Dr. Bull. The old Irish complaint with a new name. The *urticaria Feniana* is essentially the same disease as the Irish nettle-rash which has been so long endemic in the Isle of Breakings-out.

Dr. Slop. It is a very troublesome disorder.

Dr. Dulc. Very obstinate, indeed; seems to have become almost inveterate.

Dr. Bull. In fact, it is a malignant eruption. Well, gentlemen; but what are we to do with this case? You know what the old treatment was; we exhibited steel, and threw in lead; and followed up these heroic remedies with the liberal employment of hemp.

Dr. Dulc. The time for that very active treatment has gone by.

Dr. Bull. Humph! I hope it is not to come.

Dr. Slop. *Principiis obsta*. I recommend palliatives.

Dr. Dulc. I concur in that recommendation.

Dr. Slop. And in the first place I would remove that excrescence, which creates so much irritation—that *ecclesio-sarcoma*.

Dr. Bull. It is rather unsightly. But it is not at the root of the disease; and it has such important connections that its removal, whilst it would probably do little or no good, would certainly do more or less harm.

Dr. Dulc. One peculiarity of this disease is analogous to an occa-

sional symptom of *hysteria*, or some abnormal condition of the female subject; a craving for earth. I should certainly administer earth in small subdivisions. My opinion is that it would prove a certain specific.

Dr. Bull. You would never satisfy the morbid craving, and the patient affected with it tells you himself that he had rather help himself to that. If he tries it will be the worse for him!

Dr. Slop. What will you do yourself, DR. BULL? It is for you to decide, you know.

Dr. Bull. I mean to persevere in the practice which I have been pursuing. I shall watch the case attentively, and endeavour to remove all causes of excitement, especially those which are imported *ab extra*.

Dr. Dulc. You consider the disease contagious?

Dr. Bull. Certainly, and the susceptibility of it is especially peculiar to the Irish system, irrespectively of climate. It rages violently among the Irish in America. The infected who arrive here propagate it afresh. I mean first to deal with them, and stamp it out, if possible, as I did the Cattle Plague.

Dr. Dulc. Suppose you can't, and the disease declares itself in actual eruption?

Dr. Bull. Ha! Why then, as I told the boy's mother, I must act. I have seen a great deal of this sort of case in India and elsewhere, and shall know what to do.

Less than Kind—erpley.

MR. MALINS, the new Vice-Chancellor (the legal luck of these Tories is appalling, and suggests—never mind) was famous for afflicting the House of Commons with interminable speeches, and as he never approved of anything, the poor Parliament used to catch it often, as well as at great length. It is very irreverent, but we cannot help fancying we hear the Chancery Bar calling to him in the words of the constable in one of LORD LYTTON's novels, when the robber is going to shoot a banker, "Fire away in this direction, my hearty. *We're paid for it.*"



PHYSIC FOR FENIANS.

EARL, "I'M AFRAID, DOCTOR DEAR, HIS SYMPTOMS ARE GETTING DANGEROUS."
DR. BUTT. "HA! I SEE! I TREATED A SOMEWHAT SIMILAR CASE TO THIS VERY SUCCESSFULLY IN INDIA; LEAVE HIM TO ME."

HAMPSTEAD HEATH TO THE RESCUE!



HERE seems to have occurred an extraordinary case of smuggling. Witness the following portion of a newspaper paragraph:—

"BUILDING OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.—Yesterday the attention of the Marylebone Vestry was drawn to the fact that SIR THOMAS MARION WILSON had commenced building huts on the best part of Hampstead Heath, to be let on short leases of twenty-one years."

Does, then, the popularly-received story that SIR THOMAS WILSON was inhibited by his father's will from building on Hampstead Heath, turn out to be a myth? If not, surely some Bill, which has em-

powered him to convert that open space into alums, must have been very craftily smuggled through Parliament. If such a Bill was necessary, and has not been obtained, what law is there to hinder the Vestry of Marylebone from proceeding to demolish the odious hovels which SIR T.M. WILSON is disfiguring Hampstead Heath with?

According to a correspondent of the *Times*, a part of Hampstead Heath is also in course of conversion into brick-fields. Parts of it, in loads of sand, are being carted away by Railway Contractors, the Despoilers General of England's sanctity and beauty. Between SIR THOMAS WILSON and those other Vandals, Hampstead Heath, unless their havoc is arrested, will soon be converted into a wilderness such as Wilderness Row.

The fact, to which the attention of the Marylebone Vestry has been drawn, that SIR THOMAS MARION WILSON has commenced the abolition of Hampstead Heath, is one to which, with shrieks and screams of alarm, we hasten to direct the notice of all London. Hampstead Heath, no doubt, has its price, and if WILSON could obtain that, which he has a right to claim, might be redeemed from the ravager.

COOKS AND CREEDS.

No obliging Correspondent sent us this advertisement. We found it out for ourselves in the *Bath Chronicle*:—

WANTED, by a small family in the country, a thoroughly Good PLAIN COOK, not under 28 years of age, and of the Church of England, to undertake soups, made dishes, &c.

The question that occurs to us, Why a Member of the Church of England? What has a cook's creed to do with her cookery? For that matter, a cook is generally held to be without much religion, and BEN JONSON, in the *Alchemist*, has put the matter somewhat plainly:—

"The place he lives in, still about the fire,
And fume of metals that intoxicate
The brain of man, and make him prone to passion.
Where have you greater Atheists than your Cooks?"

But, waiving this view, we incline to infer that the person who wants a Church of England cook has an idea that in Dissenting households there is less attention to the refinements and luxuries of creature comforts than in the dwellings of the orthodox; and that a cook who knows the Assembly's Catechism is likely to be less accomplished than one who answers "M. or N. as the case may be." Now we beg to inform the advertiser and the world that this is a vulgar error. We have dined, during the moribund year, with many Dissenters, and we have much pleasure in stating that the dinner *à la Russe*, and all the comforts and extravagances of orthodoxy are to be found in full bloom on the tables of schism. Finer claret, at a hundred and twenty, than was given us last week by a jovial Independent, we do not desire to taste, and a Baptist friend of ours has some still champagne which is a precious deal better than that of our friend, the BISHOP OF BELDRAGON, and so we tell him. The Dissenters are going in, fast, for all the elegancies, and we rather suspect that it will be the thing, one of these days, among epicureans, to cultivate sectarian Amphitryons. Churchmen had better look to their reputations. Meantime, noticing that at Bath the old maidlike lineless *Punch* feels it his duty to pronounce

CAN YOU FORGIVE HIM?

MY DEAR MRS. GRUNDY,

I AM a young bachelor, and have a handsome face and figure, and (what some people may think of vastly more importance) a handsome fortune also. It is not very surprising therefore that the pleasure of my company is pretty frequently requested by ladies who have daughters of a marriageable age. There is a fable, I believe, about the Heir and many friends. For myself, I find my friends (so at least they please to call themselves) have daily been increasing since I came into my property; and none of them appear more anxious to maintain their friendly footing in my house than the ladies I have mentioned, who have daughters to provide for. To these good people it appears to be a matter of astonishment that I have not a wife. If my ears were only long enough I should doubtless hear them whispering their wonder at my wretchedness. "So fine a property, my dear, and so fine a person too, it is really most surprising our young friend is still a bachelor." But the fact is, my dear Madam, my wild oats are not all sown; and I have no wish to be a slave of the ring just at present. That there are pleasures in a married life I don't mean to deny; but allow me to observe, that there are pleasures in a single one. You see, one has at least the pleasure to do just what one pleases; and husbands as a rule are seldom left at liberty to do the things they like. If one stays out a bit late, one has no fear of being lectured for it; and though a sweetly smiling face undoubtedly is pleasant to behold on coming home, there are few things more unpleasant than to see a sour or sulky one. Besides, a wife is certainly a most expensive luxury, and costs more than a yacht, say, or a couple of good hunters. My pocket, it is true, is tolerably well furnished; but there are many little comforts which, I fear, if I were married, I should for prudence sake find it were needful to deny myself. Cigars that cost a shilling each are vastly pleasant smoking, but a married man is hardly justified, I fancy, in consuming very many of them. Besides, most women hate smoke, although they may not like to say so (at least while they are single); and how can I be sure that, when I wanted half a whiff, my devoted little wife would not act as a tobacco-stopper.

But the thing that most deters me from committing social suicide, and bringing to a close my bachelor existence, is the difficulty that I feel in knowing something of the girl with whom my life is to be linked, before I pop the fatal question. Except on very rare occasions, young fellows such as I am can only hope to meet young ladies at a party or a pic-nic, when they are pretty sure to be in their best dresses and best tempers and demeanours. Now, the social treadmill often claims me for a turn, but one cannot spend one's life in going out to parties; and before I make an offer, I should like to see how AGNES looks on her off-nights, and whether she is very yellow in the morning. I want to see her in her sulks a bit, as well as in her silks, and to find out if her temper be as equable at home as when she is out visiting. Living chiefly at a club, as I am privileged to do, I am unable to make these needful observations, and I have no kind female friend on whom I can rely to go and make them for me. When I am staying at a house where there are marriageable daughters, they are on their good behaviour from breakfast until bed-time, and I rarely get a chance of seeing what their real habits are. If Mammas would only let their daughters be more natural, and less formal and constrained by what is termed good breeding, a young fellow such as I am would more easily be smitten by them. I would willingly forego half the parties I get cards for, if people would allow me to take them in the rough, and, without a formal bidding, to look in when I liked. Only, if I chanced unluckily to call some day when AGNES was in a dowdy dress, or had her temper slightly ruffled, I fear, when my knock came she would not be "at home" to me.

As a wife is chiefly wanted for domestic purposes, it is surely a mistake that men should only be allowed to inspect their future help-mates when they are least domestic. Girls gorgeous in a ball-room are quite other creatures from girls dowdy in a breakfast-room, and with their back-hair badly brushed. A partner for life should not be chosen lightly, like a partner for a polka. The qualities one most desires to see united in a wife are by no means what one looks for in a girl one wants a waltz with. Let me see how AGNES behaves herself at home in the bosom of her family, before I ask her leave to take her to my own manly breast. Depend on it, dear Madam, could young men only see young ladies in the daytime, while doing their home duties, and not pranked out for a party, there would be far more happy marriages and far fewer of those unhappy ones, wherein proposals made in ball-rooms so frequently result.

Pray then, my dear lady, do put forth your utmost influence to encourage homely visits for the purposes of love-making; and meanwhile pray believe me, your most devoted Servant, but no slave yet of the ring,

CERESUS NARCISSUS CEBERS BOLON SMITH.

LOOKING FORWARD.—A Man we know kept his bed the night of the great star and meteor shower, but he has since made an appointment



"FIFTY UP!"

Old Lady. "WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT! ONLY THIS MORNING I SAW THAT BROAD-BACKED JULIA WITH FRANK JOHNSON, PLAYING A GAME! I HEARD HER SAY, QUITE COOL, AND WITHOUT THE LEAST CHANGE OF COUNTENANCE, 'A KISS! THAT'S THIRTY-FIVE FOR YOU!' A FEATHER MIGHT HAVE KNOCKED ME DOWN!"

[Of course, Julia and Frank had been playing billiards.]

A HINT TO DR. CUMMING.

OUR friend, DR. CUMMING, is a most excellent good fellow, and although we are rivals in the prophetic line, none of the rancour of fellow-tradersmen has ever saturated our happy intercourse. We are always pleased when he makes a hit, and we are always sorry when he has to back out of an overbold bit of vaticination. Just now, the Angelic Doctor has been obliged to explain himself away a little, but we see nothing to raise a shout about. His date for the end of the world has come upon us, but the world perversely goes on spinning through space, occasionally splashing among the meteors, and being bespattered, as we all beheld the other night. But the Doctor excuses himself perfectly well, and we solemnly assert that our faith in him is quite as strong as it ever was. He justly observes, that if the finish does not come now, all the calculators have been wrong. But if it does not come one year, it may come another. This we apprehend to be an unassailable position. But DR. CUMMING lets us into a new secret. The world is not to be destroyed, but only to be transmogrified. Now we put it to him whether it would not be safer and more amusing, if, instead of bothering about dates, which are always dangerous, he would devote himself to the publishing a series of treatises, in his extremely exciting manner, on the sort of changes for which we are to be prepared, with maps of the new world, and engravings of the principal scenes as they will appear after the re-arrangement. These would have a great sale, and be quite as useful as anything that even our accomplished friend has yet done. We make him a present of the hint.

PROVERB.—No fool like a gooseberry fool.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

GET into the gig, and leave the Station. Very cold. At first starting it seems a brightish night. Getting away from the Station (where the gas is on, which is all the difference), it is pitch dark.

Happy Thought.—I think of the word "pitch," and hold on by the rail at the side of my seat. Feels unsafe. Always feel unsafe when being driven.

Happy Thought.—What must others feel when I'm driving them? Recollect I once did drive some one through a lane, in Devonshire, in the dark. I say "some one." I now forget who he was, as I never saw him again. Drove him and every one up against a wall, which I thought was the continuation of the road. Recollect driving once again in Devonshire, after dinner, by moonlight. We walked the horse, so as to be particularly careful. Drove him up a bank, which I thought wasn't a bank, and upset everybody, with a boot full of rabbits which we'd shot, and three guns. Didn't drive again in Devonshire, except once more in broad daylight, when I tried to turn a corner very neatly. I recollect, on that occasion, one fellow went into a green mud pond, and was laid up for three weeks, and the other fellow disappeared over a hedge, and said he wasn't hurt much. The driver always falls easier than the others: at least, I did.

I wish I hadn't recollected all these things.

Happy Thought.—Unfasten the apron, so as to be ready.

Talk to the man in order to give him confidence, and not to let him think I'm afraid. I observe to him, "It's very dark." He observes, "No, it ain't," which doesn't promise well for a sustained conversation. I think we're turning a corner, by the feeling of being at some sort of an angle with the hand-rail, but I can't see. Whatever it is, we're safe again, and (I think) on a straight road.

The horse stumbles. I suggest he'd better "hold him up." Hate careless driving, specially in the dark. Man, who is well wrapped up, replies from behind a high coat-collar and comforter, and from beneath a hat (which three things are all I can see of him), "He's all right." Man is sulky: perhaps been called out of bed to drive me to Bover Castle, and doesn't like it. I shouldn't.

Happy Thought.—Be kindly towards him. Hint at the possibility of his having a warm drink on the road, if he'll only drive carefully.

Happier Thought.—To give it him at the end of the journey, not at the beginning. He might get excited.

In a dark, narrow lane. I say, as pleasantly as possible, "Nasty place, this; can't pass many things here," by which I mean to convey that if any other vehicle was meeting us, one of the two would be in the ditch. He admits, with reserve, "No, there ain't much room." He doesn't seem to know what he should do if another vehicle comes. I wonder (to myself) if I could jump into the hedge. Something is coming. No. Yes. No. Horse stumbles again. I laugh, and, not liking to give advice to a professional driver, say, "He wants a little holding up, eh?" Man replies, gruffly, "No, he don't." From his tone I gather that he won't take advice. Stars are appearing, as it seems to me.

Happy Thought.—Looking at the stars (it is clearer now), I remember how African travellers in the deserts, or jungles, or prairies, or somewhere where nobody is, except occasional lions and tigers, guide themselves by the stars. Wonder how they do it. M. DU CHAILLIE in his book says he did it. I suppose it requires a thorough knowledge of the Heavenly Bodies. At present the only Heavenly Body I know is the Great Bear; which, by the way, is about as much like a bear as—as a poker. [That's where I fail, in simile.] If I looked at the Great Bear, I wonder where I should get to at last. In other directions, too you see other stars and lights. This would be very puzzling. Sailors, steer by the stars. It must be very difficult to find which way to turn at sea. First turning to the left, we'll say, for instance, takes you to America. Well, that can't be easy to find at any time—specially at night. At least, I've always thought so, looking at it from Brighton.

These thoughts distract me from my present danger. I don't know that there is any danger, but I feel as if there was. Horse stumbles. Man informs me that "We're going down a rather steep hill." Odd, I don't know it. But why doesn't he "hold him up"? I ask. He replies, "He doesn't want any holding up." He says, "he knows the horse well enough." So do I by this time: a beast. Driving on. Another corner. The driver is rather rash at corners, but steady in the straight road. I feel I should like to say to him, "Don't try to drive so dashingly." But perhaps it will only irritate him.

I want to pull his right rein when he's going round a left-hand corner. Perhaps I make matters worse by interference.

Shall be glad when this is over.

"Where," I ask, "is the Castle?" He answers, "Oh, that ain't here: this is Beckenhurst, this is." "Well," I say, "we've come two miles, and the station was Beckenhurst." He corrects me, with,

evidently, the clear knowledge of a native, "No, that's Beckenhurst Station: this is Beckenhurst village."

"What, all this?" I ask, alluding to the distance we've already travelled. He informs me, with his whip pointing straight forward, and then from left to right, at the hedges, "Yes, all this: Bovor's a matter of four mile from here."

I tell him that they said it was only four miles from Beckenhurst Station: which notion seems to amuse him behind his collar and comforter, and under his hat.

Happy Thought.—These country people never know what distance is: therefore, he may be wrong. Yes, but wrong which way? Is it more or less than four miles? I ought to have asked at the station how much a mile the fly charges here. This is just one of those occasions when I want presence of mind. I think of these things, just like my repartees and similes, a quarter of an hour after I ought to have said them.

Happy Thought.—To pretend I know the road: then he won't impose on me. I do recollect having been in this neighbourhood, or at all events in Kent, when I was a child: I observe, with decision, "Oh, it's not more than four miles." It doesn't seem to make very much difference to him, so perhaps they charge here by the hour. I don't like to ask him to drive fast; and yet if he dawdles for the sake of running up a bill, I shan't get to Bovor Castle, until, perhaps, one o'clock in the morning, when everyone's fast asleep.

Unhappy Thought.—Supposing I can't get in? Because, hang it, as my telegram has not arrived, they don't expect me. If I do get in, p'raps they won't have got a bed. House full, perhaps. I put this case to the driver, and add, "I suppose (as a matter of course) that I can easily get a bed at the Hotel." He asks, gruffly, "What Hotel?" I say, "Why, at Bovor." This amuses him under his wrapper, as before, and he observes presently, "There ain't no Hotel." I think he's sticking for names, and putting too fine a point (so to speak) upon it; so I explain that when I say *Hotel*, I mean village Inn. He answers me, displaying some little petulance, "There ain't no village," adding, as a consequence, "and there ain't no Inn." "No Inn!" I exclaim. I hardly like asking after this if there is a Castle. Supposing it should be only a practical joke of CHILDREN? Impossible.

"If the worst comes to the worst," I say, "I can get a bed at the hotel at Beckenhurst, then?" He is doubtful about this, as they're sure to be closed, being so late.

Happy Thought.—This flyman comes from some stables: the stables belong to an inn, of course. I put this to him, thus, that "if the worst does come to the worst, I can get a bed at his inn. He extinguishes all hope in this quarter by telling me that "his master only lets out horses and flies."

I hope to goodness CHILDREN will be up. He used to be a great fellow in town for sitting up late. Perhaps in the country he goes to bed early.

Happy Thought.—Dismiss anxiety, and obtain information about the country from the driver.

I ask him about the crops. He doesn't know much about crops. "Any floods?" I inquire. He's not heard of any.

Happy Thought.—Get some statistics from him about Cattle Plague. I ask him "if he's had much Cattle Plague here." He is angry and returns that "he hasn't had no Cattle Plague." He thinks I'm laughing at him. These country people are very tetchy. I tell him politely, that I don't mean that he's had the Cattle Plague (though he's ass enough for anything, but I don't say this), but I want to know has it been bad here. "He hasn't heard as it has."

Perhaps he's got some information about the antiquities of the country. No he hasn't. "Bovor Castle's very old," I suggest, to draw him out. He "supposes as it is." I ask "How old?" He don't know; but it's been there ever so long. "Is he acquainted with Mr. CHILDREN?" "No he ain't."

He won't be drawn out. It is lighter now. The moon shines. Delightful night to arrive at an old Feudal Castle. I imagine to myself a grand entrance: Gothic or Norman arches: [*Happy Thought.* Get up my architecture.] a fine old bridge, a large massive gate, with an iron rod at the side, which moves a deep toned bell on the arrival of a guest. Or perhaps, a horn hung up outside wherewith to summon the warder. Shall read *Ivanhoe* again. We go down hill.

We are in a lane full of rutts: there is no doubt about that. He informs me "We're just there." It is past twelve o'clock.

I can't see the Castle; perhaps it will burst upon me presently in the full light of the pale romantic moon. It doesn't, however, and my driver pulls up at an old wooden five-barred gate leading into a field.

"Here's Bovor Castle," says he, as we stop short; and he looks over his comforter at me as much as to say, "And what are you going to do now?"

I don't know. I only see a common gate leading into a sloshy field. "Can't we get nearer to the Castle than this?" I ask, not seeing the Castle at all anywhere.

It appears we can't, as the Castle is in a sort of hollow. It is surrounded by a moat, and there's no getting up to it driving, nor even on foot, if the drawbridge is up.

Happy Thought.—To write a Chapter in *Typical Developments* on the idiotcy and thoughtlessness of our Norman ancestors. I wonder if they ever arrived late at night and couldn't get in. I will descend.

Happy Thought.—To doubt the honesty of this country driver. If I descend, he may drive off with my luggage; and I shall never see him again. In fact, as he has been behind his wrapper, coat-collar, and underneath his hat, I haven't seen him yet, and couldn't swear to him in a Court of Law.

Happy Thought.—To make him get down and drag my luggage out, while I stand at the horse's head. Good. But what's next? Here's my portmanteau, box, desk, bag, hat-box, rugs, dressing-case, and how am I to get up, or down, to Bovor Castle?

Happy Thought.—He shall take them on, and I'll remain with the horse. He doesn't like the idea, and mistrusts my stopping with his gig and horse. These apparently simple bumpkins are full of low cunning. Capital subject for a chapter in *Typical Developments*. He opens the gate, and carries my portmanteau across the field. Following him with my eyes, I gradually become aware of a building in the distance, across apparently two fields, by moonlight. Not my idea, at present, of Bovor Castle.

If CHILDREN is not up, and I have to carry all these things back, and then drive about Kent during the night looking for a bed, it will be pleasant.

Happy Thought.—CHILDREN shall get up. What a surprise for him! Luggage still being carried. Half-past midnight.

REFLECTIONS, CYNICAL AND COMMERCIAL.

BY SIR MUNGO MALAGROWTHER.

CHARACTER is formed by circumstances—some say. I deny it. Look at the turf, how green it is! but does it impart any verdure to those whose grand stand is upon it? Go from the turf to the bank. Some simpletons suppose that all who get up a bank must necessarily have lofty views. Pahaw! A bank has natural attractions for men with a keen scent, and who don't mind little slips in trying to secure their *sumum bonum*—cent. per cent. I know a bank (it is not that whereon the wild thyme grows). People shouted "Look at the mint there!" and straightway a rush took place to get up the bank. Of course there was a ditch at the bottom, and every man of them put his foot in it.

Turning aside from banks, let us look at rails. Women and children, with here and there a country parson, fancy that everything connected with rails must be perfectly straightforward. I thought so once, but my faith was shaken in travelling from London to Chatham and Dover. Rails, I have lately discovered, are carried out in very crooked ways, and those who lay down the sleepers are themselves remarkable for being very wide awake. Rolling stock, like rolling stones, gather sometimes but little moss, and those who have leant heavily upon it, too often lose their balance.

I am about to make an original remark, and expect to be ridiculed and reviled—by those who never take up either an opinion or a newspaper until it has been aired. Public confidence, like an eel, has wonderful vitality. It may be fearfully cut up, but its power of voluntary motion is not annihilated. Perhaps, like its prototype, according to popular tradition, it rather likes to be stripped of its outer integument alive. When put over the glowing fire of Chancery, at the final winding-up, it wriggles about a little, but gradually becomes reconciled to the rarefied atmosphere, and is obedient to the call of the *chef de cuisine*. What conclusion, then, am I driven to? This, in plain prose—that being frizzled yourself does really afford you as much pleasure as cooking accounts for your most trusting friends.

From banks and rails a short cut brings us to the Commons. There is some talk—a large sum—about putting the fences further back. You needn't walk far to meet wiseacres who are for removing them altogether. These fences no doubt keep out many a great goose, and hence arises a deal of angry cackle. I hate cackle, and shall be thankful if a limited number of outsiders receive a general invitation to come in with their bills. A green goose, inspired by this charming thought, addressing his equals, exclaimed in my hearing,

"'Tis sweet to think that Bright eyes mark our coming,
And will look brighter when we come!"

Sweet-stuff! Did you ever see any that wasn't coloured with poison and trash?

To a Retiring L. C. J.

FAREWELL, kind WILLIAM ERLE!

Though your wig go out of curl,

And moth upon your scarlet cloth may gnaw with hungry jaws

Let *Punch* your scutcheon fix:

Brave Judge, who loved to mix

Justice's nobler Essence with the Spirit of the laws.



MISTAKEN IDENTITY; OR, A "CURRANT-JELLY" AFFAIR.

(CAPITAL FINISH AFTER A BLANK DAY, WHEN THEY DREW FOR A FOX, AND FOUND A HARE. DELIGHTFUL FOR THE GENTLEMAN WHO INDUCED THEM TO COME.)

Indignant Master of Foxhounds. "THERE'S THE FOX YOU VIEWED, MR. SNAFFLES, POINTING FOR YOUR LARDER."

THE QUEEN IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

GRACIOUS QUEEN VICTORIA, Wolverhampton greets you:
Pranks her unlovely face in smiles, with homage as she meets you:
Underneath her Arch of Coal loyally entreats you,
Wreaths nails locks and bolts, and near the iron trophy seats you.

Grimy labour washes and puts on its Sunday clothes:
For holiday unwonted forges cool and smithies close:
Pale toil-stunted children leave their nailing for the shows;
The stream of subterranean work, idly, above ground, flows,

In honour of the QUEEN, whose very name sounds strange and odd
To many here that know no more of a Queen than of a God.
Slaving from dawn to darkness at nail-hammer and nail-rod,
Their backs bowed to the anvil, and their souls chained to the clod.

The QUEEN comes honouring those who honour him she loved and lost,

ALBERT, good, wise, and thoughtful, who in spite of chill court frost
Kept the green spring of head and heart alive, not counting cost
Of time, or toil, or scorn that scoffed, or doubt his work that crost.

'Tis well his statue should stand high, in this Black Country's core,
Looking across these cindery wastes, seamed, scathed, and ashy-hoar:
Where the eviscerated earth knows seasons' change no more,
Where the only seed is gold, the only harvest coal and ore.

Where greed has gone upon its quest, with naked hand and brow—
Naked and not ashamed—bent to gain, not caring how:
Blighting man's life, even as it blights the blossom and the bough;
Over souls and over bodies driving its iron plough.

Till stamp of sex is beaten out, and youth is hard and old:
Rude toil makes ruder leisure: man grows brutal, woman bold:

And so the iron is but dug and forged, and hived the gold,
Few question how Heaven's grace recedes, and the Devil's sway gains hold.

'Tis well the good, wise, thoughtful Prince should show his gentle face,
Betwixt the wealth and wretchedness of this unhallowed place,
Pointing to Christian goals Competition's reckless race,
Making Property less selfish, to rude Labour adding grace:

Guide, for teaching of the highest, how good work should be done;
Proof, for comfort of the humblest, that high and low are one:
Record of a life's course, by love's and duty's compass run—
All lessons needed here, that Earth's smoke quench not God's sun!

RITUALISM AFLOAT.

A NEW regulation will, with the approbation of the Ritualist bishops, be shortly introduced into the Navy. The necessity of the innovation will be rendered clear by the following painful fact. A Ritualistic Naval Chaplain, who had recently joined one of H.M.'s vessels, was nervously anxious that a certain genuflection, at a particular part of the service, should be made due East. He therefore requested one of the midshipmen of the watch to report to him, at the right period, which way the ship's head was pointing. The young gentleman duly appeared, at the proper moment, and whispered, "N.W. and by W.- $\frac{1}{2}$ W., Sir." The way in which the Chaplain, unskilled in nautical matters, went round and round in doubt and uncertainty, before the admiring officers and crew, has been reported at home, and in future all Naval Chaplains are to be able to Box the Compass.

THE SANITARY REFORMER'S PARADISE.—Freshwater.



OLD BROWN,

WHO, THANKS TO THE ADMIRABLE ARRANGEMENTS OF THE SOUTH-EASTERN COMPANY, HAS JUST ENDURED THE HORRORS OF A TWELVE HOURS' PASSAGE FROM BOULOGNE, DOES NOT APPRECIATE THIS CUSTOMARY JOKE AT ALL.

THE QUACK'S FARTHING.

WHENEVER a thief doth come to grief
In his attempt to plunder :
With heart and voice we do rejoice,
And shout hurrah like thunder.
The rascally quacks, how wroth they 'll wax,
And howl with fear and fury,
When they peruse, in the public news,
The award of a British Jury!
Crying—"Out on the British Jury!
Confound that British Jury!
We can no more,
Rely, as of yore,
On the brains of a British Jury.

Time was, a Quack did the Press attack,
When he brought his legal action;
And twelve fools gave, the dirty knave,
A swingeing satisfaction.
Which counsel's jaw, if he go to law,
No longer will secure : he
May sue in vain, or a farthing gain,
The award of a British Jury.
Crying, &c.

He must bear the lash, or lose his cash,
For his lawyer's bootless trouble ;
And besides he may have costs to pay,
His loss which will recoude.
Sing hey for the Judge, who is up to fudge,
And my LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, you're he ;
Having ruled that a Quack, exposed, should lack
The award of a British Jury.
Crying, &c.

Statistics of Penal Discipline.

SIX garotters were flogged the other day at Newgate, in the presence of the prison authorities. Their names were HENRY WILSON, CHARLES EVERETT, MICHAEL MACK, DAVID BENJAMIN, GEORGE NAIN, and WILLIAM WHITE. Their united ages amounted to 157 years, the sum total of the number of lashes they received was 145, and they will collectively, retire into 40 years of penal servitude.

A SMILING COUNTENANCE is "The Happy Mien."

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THERE are some folks in the world who can't let other folks alone, and, unluckily for me, my friend MRS. CUDDLEWELL happens to be one of them. She is really, I must own, a most estimable woman : as a wife and as a mother, her behaviour is most admirable ; but I cannot say I think she is quite faultless as a friend. She is, however, sensible enough to read *Punch* pretty regularly, and that is why I beg of you to let me say a word or two about the way in which she worries me, and other nice young men with whom she happens to be intimate. She may relent from teasing, when she sees herself in print.

A better creature hardly can exist than MRS. CUDDLEWELL, but her fault is that she never can be friendly with a fellow without doing all she can to make a married man of him. She is for ever preaching little sermons on the benefits of wedlock, and showing how, to her view, it is selfish in a man to attempt to live a bachelor after he is thirty. From that age until sixty, no single man is safe with her. You may be sure when you receive an invitation to her house, that she wants to introduce you to some "charming girl" or other. Her house is certainly a pleasant one, and you are sure to meet nice people there ; but, I own, these "charming girls" have well nigh frightened me away from it. I like croquet well enough, but it becomes a precious bore when one is asked to play it daily for some five hours at a stretch, and with always the same "charming girl" selected for one's partner. I like a pic-nic very well, but I also like variety ; and this is not attainable when one has a "charming girl" confided to one's care, and special steps are taken to prevent one's being civil to any other charmer. Like a cat upon a mouse, MRS. CUDDLEWELL keeps constant watch upon a single man, and pounces on him in a moment if she ever finds him straying from the girl she has picked out for him. She is constantly inventing the most delightful opportunities for fellows to make love, and planning those snug *little d-d-d-d-d* which are so likely to provoke it. Her garden and conservatory are full of quiet nooks where there is a seat for two, and every seat placed there may be regarded as a man-trap.

Now, falling in love is one thing, but pitfalling is another. A man dislikes the thought of being trapped into a marriage. Let "charming girls" by all means be asked to meet young fellows, but let the men alone to profit by the meeting. A man is pretty sure to find a wife when he desires one ; and nothing is more likely to deter him from marriage than to be continually advising him to marry. He naturally feels frightened, and as timid as a hare, when he finds that he is hunted by a pack of martlets.

Hoping MRS. CUDDLEWELL, and all the other match-makers, will take the hint I proffer them, allow me to subscribe myself,

Yours, in single blessedness,

The Hermitage, Tuesday.

CÆLEBS SOLON SMITH.

A Palpable Error.

IMPOSSIBLE that there should have been, as some affirm, youths apparently apprentices, in the Reform procession, for everyone who walked from the Mall to Beaufort House must have been a journeyman.

HOW TO GET RID OF WEEDS.

ALWAYS put your Cigar-case and its contents at the service of your friends.

WHY do Young Ladies confess that Ritualistic Curates are desirable speculation ? Because they are pretty in-vestments.

SONG FOR THE HYDE PARK ROUGHS.—"Rule, BRITANNIA, BE TANNIA rules the MAYNE!"

THE HEIGHT OF POLITENESS.—Exemplified in our favourite jock who never omits to call upon his horse.

INTELLIGENCE IN HEREFORDSHIRE.



former well-read men. It may be supposed that the Hereford graziers generally are conversant, for example, with the *Bucolics* of VIRGIL, and all the agriculturists with his *Georgics*, and know, between them, all that the bard of Mantua has to say about stock, dead and live. Then the squires must all be men of universal attainments; and as for the parsons, they must be absolutely omniscient. What is it that has made the Herefordshire people so sharp? Is it drinking cider?

NUMBER of the Monthly Paper of the National Society, an educational periodical, contains a gratifying evidence of the progress of education in the shire of Hereford. Read it:—

WANTED, a SCHOOLMIS-
TRESS for a Village School of about 25 children. Husband can have employment as labourer either in the garden or on a farm, or else as wagoner. Address, stating age, references, and salary required, W. H. B., Bredebury Court, Bromyard, Herefordshire.

The intellectual condition of the agricultural labourer in Herefordshire must be very much higher than it is in the southern counties. Perhaps there is not, in all Hampshire, one carter's wife competent to take the situation of schoolmistress, and teach a village school of twenty-five children. Such carters' wives must be plentiful enough in a district where one of the sort is advertised for in the common way. Either very ill-assorted unions must proportionately abound there, or the carters must commonly be doctored scholars. If such are the carters and the carters' wives, what must the farmers and the farmers' wives be? The latter should be for the most part highly accomplished ladies, and the majority of the

BALLADS FOR BACHELORS.

THE BACHELOR TO HIS KETTLE.

OSUSAN! Sing that soothing strain,
That antiquated air,
Which draws me to my hearth again,
And charms my easy-chair.
Thy tone so very soft and low,
Betrays a gentle heat;
To thee my solace sole I owe,
Heigho! my sighs repeat.

No picture decks my room but one,
A priceless photograph;
Loved semblance of BELINDA BUNN,
Who hemmed this chequered scarf.
So faultless she, in face and form,
From fashion's fetters free,
Oh! could my Muse her heart but warm
How sweet would be my tea!

And if yet, nor rose nor violet
That type her cheek and eyes,
Can make me foolishly forget
The metals some despise.
For though at shows, fine flowers win
Much praise from pretty lips,
The smiles that beam from simple tin,
Sweet SUE! all shows eclipse.]

NOT BIKELY.

As the Roman Catholic Clergy have for so long a time acquiesced in the giving up of MATRIMONY, the POPE may also acquiesce in the giving up of PATRIMONY.

COMMUNICATED.—The report of a split in the Cabinet arose out of a conversation at Tattersall's concerning the Derby "crack."

THE BLACK COUNTRY.

IS IT AS BLACK AS MR. PUNCH HAS PAINTED IT?

SOME lines in our last number called "The QUEEN in the Black Country" have, it seems, given pain to certain susceptible inhabitants of Wolverhampton.

One lady returns our last week's number to the publishers, as unworthy to be bound up in this year's volume, on account of an article embodying "so much ignorance and ill-feeling," as she finds in the lines above referred to.

Mr. Punch is not sorry that his arrow has gone home: that it has not only inflicted a wound, but rankled there. He would rejoice if not Wolverhampton only, or Birmingham, or Dudley, or Bilston, but all the Black Country, from end to end, could be roused to indignation by his lines, provided that the indignation did not stop there: that it roused those who felt it to inquiry and thought; to look in the face the ignorance, vice, overwork of children, disease and degradation round about them; to measure the evil and to set about its amendment in right earnest. Mr. Punch is only sorry that his picture of the Black Country should be so true. He did not make either his colours or his subject: he found both. Compare his picture with this in the sober official Report on the Trades in the Wolverhampton district—a Report made only two years ago—for the Children's Employment Commission, by MR. F. D. LONGE:—

"The large working population of this district are peculiarly isolated from the rest of society. All the large employers live far away from the workpeople whom they employ. A few ministers of religion are almost the only representatives of the upper class resident in the 'Black Country.' No one, unless compelled by duty or necessity, resides in a district from which nature has been so roughly excluded. Huge, ugly heaps of refuse, spoil from the pits, or cinder from the iron-furnaces, cover the whole surface of the country, to the very doors of the houses in which its denizens live, while smoke issuing, night and day from hundreds of furnaces, shuts out the sun and stifles what little vegetation the few patches of soil left unoccupied by buildings or rubbish might afford. Although conditions of life such as these would seem very unfavourable to the development of either refinement or intelligence, the industrial occupations of these districts undoubtedly offer less impediments to the education of the young than those of many other places."

Does this last sentence lighten the sorrowful impression left on us by the description which precedes it? Hardly.

Mr. Punch spoke of the excessive hours of youthful labour, as stunting the bodies and souls of the children condemned to it.

What says the blue-book?—

"The peculiarity of the employment of many of their children and young persons and women is that in the blast-forges, and in the mills and forges, large numbers of children and youths are employed in 'night-sets,' between 6 P.M. and 6 A.M., and that in the miscellaneous trades overtime is very common, a great number of children, young persons, and women working the same long hours as the men from 6 or 7 A.M. to 9, 10, and 11 P.M.; among them little girls are often kept at bellows-blowing (very hard work for children) fourteen hours a-day: the work on Saturday afternoons being in but few cases abridged, and the work towards the end of the week being generally much increased in duration, in consequence of the habit of the men of idling on Mondays, and occasionally a part or the whole of the Tuesdays also."

Mr. Punch has given offence by saying that many of these over-worked little toilers know as little of a Queen as of a God.

As to their knowledge of a God let the blue-book bear its witness,—

MR. WHITE'S Evidence on the Birmingham District.—"Of very many the state of mind as regards the simplest facts of religion is dark almost beyond belief. It is not too much to say that to many God, the Bible, the Saviour, a Christian, even a future state, are ideas entirely or all but unknown. God is 'a good man,' or 'the man in Heaven.' 'I've heered that (Christ) but don't know what it is.' Nor do others know 'where he lives,' or 'about the world being made,' or 'who made it,' or of the Bible—'It is not a book.' 'Had not heard of Christ; I had not done my work till so late.' 'Have heard about Jesus Christ, but it's so long since that I've forgot.' 'Don't know if I am a Christian, or what it is, or means, but all people are so.' Heaven was heard of only 'when father died long ago; mother said he was going there.' Some think that 'bad and good go there alike,' or on the other hand, that 'them as is wicked shall be worshipped, that means shall all go to hell,' or, again, that when people die, 'they be buried, bairn't they?—their souls as well as their bodies.' 'All go in the pit-hole, when them be buried; they never get out alive again; they have not a soul; I have not one.' 'The soul does not live afterwards; it's quite an end of people when they die.' 'The devil is a good person; I don't know where he lives.' 'Christ was a wicked man.'"

For their knowledge of the QUEEN, let MR. WHITE's report vouch—

"As many as 32 persons averaging over 12 years each, and including a young man of 20, and 3 girls or young women, one of 18 and two of 17, could not tell the QUEEN's name. Q. 'Is it VICTORIA?' A. 'Oh, no; I don't know what I hears of so.' 'Can't understand them things.' Some did not know of her existence; others showed a dark and lately-got glimmering, by such answers as that 'she is the Prince Alexandra,' 'is the Prince of Wales,' 'him and her got married,' 'she belongs to all the world,' and so on. Indeed a question about the QUEEN when put was scarcely ever answered. These 32 persons were in a variety of work-places and occupations; 28 of them in Birmingham, 1 at West Bromwich, and 3 girls, the eldest of them 16, near Stourbridge. Very few, indeed, of them were under 11."

The Assistant-Commissioner goes on:—

"This however is merely part of a wider general ignorance shown by large

numbers. Of the commonest and simplest objects of nature, flowers, birds, fishes, rivers, mountains, sea, or of places such as London, &c., or England, or other countries out of it, or how to get there, many knew little or nothing. London is 'a county,' but also 'is in the exhibition.' Ireland is 'a little town.' A violet is 'a pretty bird.' 'Hlas is 'a bird'; 'believe I would know a primrose: it's a red rose like.' 'Don't know if a robin red-breast is a bird, or if it flies or sings'; 'don't know what a river is, or where the fishes are'; 'a mountain would be in the water I should think'; 'don't know where the snow falls from, or whether it comes from the clouds or sky, or where'; 'the sea is made of land, not of water.' A picture of a cow being milked is shown; 'he's a lion.' A map is incomprehensible to a young man of 20, who thinks that 'the sun is in the north, or the middle of the day; no, it sets in the north.' Even women sometimes are unable to tell the clock."

But it may be said these are isolated cases of special stupidity. Hear Mr. WHITE again:—

"Out of 60 girls of from 7 to 16 from one factory, 72½ per cent. admitted they could not read; 18·75 practically could not; 12½ could read a little; 1·25, i. e., one girl, could read effectually."

Mr. PUNCH accused the conditions of labour, and the greed of gain in the Black Country, with blighting lives as they blight vegetation, and with driving their iron plough over souls and bodies.

For souls, let such extracts as those above, quoted from the latest official inquiry, speak.

For what concerns bodies, let us call into Court Dr. GREENHOW, the inspector charged by the Medical Department of the Privy Council to inquire into the effect of occupations on health (in 1860 and 1861). In his inquiry into the Wolverhampton district, Dr. GREENHOW tells us that—

"The rate of mortality from pulmonary disease in Wolverhampton, both in adults and in persons of all ages and either sex, is considerably above the standard rate, an excess which, as regards the adult mortality at least, may with perfect truth be largely attributed to circumstances connected with the individual occupations of the inhabitants."

SOCIETY FOR RELIEF OF THE WILFULLY BLIND.



ERE, in the Quarterly Report just issued, we observe several very obstinate cases of this prevalent malady. Some are strongly calculated to stir our sympathies. We have below drawn a few notes at sight, which we offer for public acceptance, hoping they will be found of value to those who suffer under a singular affliction.

HORATIO V.—Poet. Published *Poems on Pegasus*, in six canters! Scientifically dissected in *Little Turnstile Observer*. Poet could not see any motive for this revolting mutilation, but personal animosity, occasioned by his having waltzed three times in one evening with LADY LEONORA C. Critic supposed to

be present and unable to waltz at all. Poet remains in infirmary incurable.

DIONYSIUS D.—Politician, returned by large majority, carriage free. Could not see that he was hampered by pledges. Exercised discretionary powers. Constituency up in arms. Politician pelted on public platform. Vision much improved. Recommended next time to look before leaping; promised he would.

TOMMY T.—Aged 9. Pupil at Dr. SWITCHER HALL'S. Taken ill shortly after receipt of box from home, containing two puddings, raisins, &c., &c. Total prostration. Advised by sympathising friends to try simple division of plums, and live low. Couldn't see it. Still blind.

PATERFAMILIAS.—Charming daughters; charming wife; delightful opportunity of visiting beautiful Venice, the Bride of the Sea, with SIR VITRUVIUS and LADY ROVER. PATER unable to see it. Charming family, silent as nuns. PATERFAMILIAS nervous. Family Physician consulted. Change of scene recommended. On learning that, two young Oxford ROVERS will accompany the family, PATERFAMILIAS sees it all in a minute. Sight restored.

MISS MARIAN K.—, age 37, little less, or more. Fortune £50,000, in Nova Zembla bonds. Handsome Irishman (O'SHAMROCK, B.A.) eloquently pleads for MARIAN'S transfer into nuptial ditto. Brother Dean of Faculty can perceive wolf in sheep's clothing. Bride expectant can see nothing but pure Milesian innocence and love! Case of colour blindness—patient by long musing on the shamrock, having got a little tinge of green in the eye.

AVEUSTUS X.—Plucked at Civil Service examination. Totally blind, being unable to see why a fellow should be sneered at for spelling

As regards souls and bodies taken together, the Children's Employment Commissioners (in their Report of 1864) come to this general conclusion:—

"That the system of night-sets in the blast furnaces, and in the mills and forges; the frequent overtime in the foundries, and other miscellaneous occupations of the district, and the state of many of the places of work are causes of injury to the health of the young employed in such great numbers, and occasion material obstruction to them in regard to their education, has been amply shown by the above review of the evidence upon these subjects; and the conclusion plainly suggested by these facts is, that as far as it is practicable to apply remedies by legislation, it would be desirable to do so."

Mr. PUNCH has no wish to paint the "Black Country" blacker than it is. The question suggested by the Report he has been quoting, is whether it be possible to paint it blacker than the black reality. He is thankful to know, however, that black as this country is now, it was blacker once; and that, however grim, gloomy, and depressing be the picture to be made out of the materials furnished by the Report of 1864, it is light and hope itself compared with that to be gathered from Mr. HORN'S and Dr. MITCHELL'S reports made for the original Children's Employment Commission in 1861.

There has been an improvement among the workers even in this sad and unlovely region, thanks to the influence of enlightened minds and lives of Christian effort, like the PRINCE CONSORT'S. But, allowing for all the improvement that the last twenty years have brought about, there is still suffering, ignorance, neglect, and degradation enough in this Black Country to justify the writing of far harder things than the hardest Mr. PUNCH could write, even at the whitest heat of his indignation, in the deepest blush of his shame, in the bitterest scolding of his sorrow, in the warmest glow of his pity.

40 as many people did—"fourty" (*vide* passiflor, honour, &c.), or for stating what he still believes to be correct, that an "isthmus" was a fossil, of which there was a specimen in the British Museum.

Mrs. CUMBERMOULD. Defective vision. Couldn't see anything worth a tenth part of the dreadful exertion, in a view from any Swiss or other mountain you can mention. (N.B. This lady's opinion being in harmony with her presence, ought to carry great weight.) By proper diet and regimen much improvement is anticipated.

Miss CUMBERMOULD. Hereditary complaint. Couldn't see any charm in croquet; never played, being afraid of damp boots from exposure to the atmosphere, &c. No hope.

The Committee conclude their Report, and base their claim to public support on that famous axiom, "None are so blind as those who won't see."

ECONOMY AT ATHERTON.

ECONOMY is the soul of Local Government. This maxim is illustrated by the Local Government Board of Atherton in the following advertisement, which has appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*:—

CLERK WANTED.—The Local Government Board for the district of Atherton, in the county of Lancaster, require the services of a Gentleman competent to fulfil the duties of CLERK to the Board. He will require to reside within the district. His duties will be to keep the books and accounts of the Board, according to a system similar to that adopted by the Poor-law unions and approved by the district auditor; to examine and check the weekly accounts of the surveyor and collector; to attend personally at every meeting of the Board and Committees, take the minutes of every such meeting; write out the rate-books of the Board, there being at present two general district rates made per annum; prepare all demand notes, receipts, &c., for the collector, and all contracts, agreements, notices, forms, &c., required by the Board; conduct all correspondence, and otherwise perform all the duties of the said office, carrying out the spirit of the "standing orders" of the Board, the Local Government Acts, and the other incorporated Acts relating to the powers and business of the Board. The salary to be allowed has been fixed after the rate of £40 per annum; no additional remuneration whatever will be paid for extra services of any description rendered to the Board. The person appointed will be required to enter upon his duties immediately; the appointment to be held during the pleasure of the Board. Applications, in the hand-writing of the candidates, stating age, &c., and enclosing testimonials as to fitness for the office, must be addressed to "The Clerk to the Local Government Board, Atherton, near Manchester," not later than Wednesday the 6th day of December next.

By Order of the Board.
Boardroom, Public Hall, Atherton, 22nd November, 1866.

Another maxim, however, equally true, is "Parasimony begets Embezzlement." The great amount of labour for which forty pounds a-year are offered in the foregoing announcement as a remuneration, is worth a great deal more than that comparatively small sum. Yet the offer will no doubt be accepted, for forty pounds are forty pounds, and the duties to be performed in return for that salary may afford opportunities of eking it out, whilst the performance of those duties may admit of being considerably neglected. So that the Local Administration of Atherton ought not to be surprised if one fine morning they find, should any needy fellow accept their laborious and underpaid clerkship, that he has bolted with a portion of their funds, and left their accounts in confusion.

PARAPHRASE.—Scratch a Ritualist and you find a Roman Catholic.



TRUE POLITENESS.

Conductor. "FARE, MISS! DON'T MENTION IT!"

MEMENTO TO MISLEADERS.

INSINUATE that mine's a drunken lot,
I'll soberly disprove the imputation.
But talk to me as though I were a sot
Myself, and you'll excite my indignation.
Who calls me fool offends me not so much
As he who shows me that he thinks me such.

Say we're impulsive, and I little care.
That charge my smiling calmness shall refute.
But much you will insult me if you dare
Attempt to play on me as on a flute,
To agitate me with false eloquence,
Meant to create sensation, not strike sense.

Don't go to work me up with gross appeals
To purblind passion and stupidity,
Which declamation, void of truth, reveals
That you attribute in your heart, to me,
Whilst with your tongue, that much your mind belie,
You tell me I am all that's good and wise.

Don't extol me, don't butter me, don't soap.
Don't flatter me. I'm neither king nor fool.
Don't think to wield me at your will; don't hope
Me with the vapour of your mouth to rule.
A working man a thinking man may be.
Sway, Demagogue, the mob—but I'll be free.

Ritualists.

THE Ritualists now lay great stress upon the point of their close resemblance to the Early Church. The Roman Catholic Oratorians at Brompton are, after all, nearer than these mock turtles, as they have their first service at 5.30 or 6 A.M., which is Early Church enough in all conscience.

THE CULTIVATION OF ANAKIM.

THE language which has been employed by MR. BRIGHT in his speeches on Reform may be strong, but is not nearly so revolutionary as that employed by SIR DAVID BREWSTER in delivering a lecture to the Edinburgh Royal Society, "On Light as a Sanitary Agent." The learned Professor is reported to have expressed himself as follows:—

"If, then, the light of day contributed to the development of the human form and lent its aid to art and nature in the cure of disease, it became a personal and national duty to construct our dwelling-houses, our schools, workshops, factories, churches, villages, towns, and cities, upon such principles and in such styles of architecture as would allow the life-giving element to have its fullest and freest entrance, and to chase from every crypt, and cell, and corner, the elements of uncleanness and corruption which had a vested interest in darkness."

Who can doubt the soundness of scientific reasoning advanced on such authority as that of SIR DAVID BREWSTER? If accepted and acted on it will, however, effect a complete revolution in our domestic architecture. Our houses will be as conservatories and greenhouses, our cottages as melon-beds and cucumber-frames. Who can fix any limit to the dimensions which the human form may attain to if Posterity is grown under glass? The British people may wax great indeed when it comes to be raised in this way. England's Royal Palaces will be all Crystal Palaces; and then what great Kings and Queens and Princes will spring up! Morality will rise to a high degree when the actions of all the inmates of every abode become visible to their neighbours. There will be no more any street Arabs, or any other mischievous boys to break windows; because there will, on the one hand be no windows to break, and, on the other, of course those who live in glass houses will not throw stones.

Explanatory.

THE Compositors, it appears, declined to join the Trades' Reform Procession. Probably they thought that if there was any crowding or crushing in their division, people would say it was the letter-press. But printers can hardly be classed with working-men, they more resemble the Bourgeois type.



MANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

MR. PUNCH. "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY, MY FRIEND, THAT *THAT* IS THE SORT OF MANHOOD YOU WISH TO BE MIXED UP WITH?"

Happy Thought.—Praise the place as much as possible to put him in a good humour. Wish I could recollect if he's got a family or not, I'd ask after them. Ought to recollect all these sort of things before calling on anybody. Safe question to ask him. "All well at home!" only it sounds as if he had just arrived, not I. His reply is, "All quite well," and I wonder to myself whether there is a Mrs. CHILDERS. I've only known CHILDERS as a bachelor in town. I don't recollect his mentioning Mrs. CHILDERS then.

We cross a court-yard, which reminds me of being in a small college, and coming home late. In fact I can't help expecting to see plenty of lights, and hear jovial voices. Neither.

He asks me, doubtfully, if I won't take any supper. I say, "No, no, my dear fellow; don't let me put you to any trouble." By which I want him to understand that I'm very hungry, and had expected to find chickens, champagne, and salad awaiting my arrival. He replies, "Oh no trouble in the least. As you don't want any, you'd like to go to bed at once."

I say "Yes, at once!"

Happy Thought.—Never travel without biscuits. Makes you independent. So do matches and soap.

A noise in the passage. Two men come in loudly. One, who I should say sleeps in his spectacles, has evidently had his trousers, slippers, and shooting-coat close by his bedside. The other has only been able to lay hold of the two first articles. They rush in, shake me by the hand heartily, and say "How d'ye do, old fellow?" I respond as energetically, "How d'ye do? How are you?"

Happy Thought.—I have certainly never seen either of them before. They are asleep I think.

They insist on shaking hands again. They then look at one another and laugh. I laugh. CHILDERS laughs. We all laugh. We then sit down, and there is a pause.

Happy Thought.—I say, cheerfully, "Well, I've kept my promise. Here I am."

The short man in spectacles laughs as if he were going to make an observation, but doesn't. The taller man smiles thoughtfully at the candle. I am almost positive they are asleep. CHILDERS observes, "That he didn't expect me so late," but adds, that "he's deuced pleased to see me." The short man in spectacles leans forward to shake hands with me again, and laughs. The taller has evidently expended all his energy at first, and is fast asleep upright in his chair. More noise; another man enters in a sort of barbarian costume, consisting of knickerbockers and a railway rug, and a Scotch cap.

Mr. Disraeli.—I was being robbed on your loyalty to the traditions of Lancashire. And I accept the invitation. I move as an amendment that HER MAJESTY'S Speech should contain, as its first paragraph, an announcement that, in a week, a Bill for the improvement of the representation will be laid before the Legislature.

Mr. Walpole. I don't move anything. I beg pardon for interrupting. But should not the Speech begin with thankfulness about the Cattle Plague, you know?

Mr. Disraeli. Let the cows alone, and take the bull by the horns.

Lord Stanley. Certainly. I second the proposal of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. And we ought not to separate to-day without settling the question.

The President. Has anybody got anything more to say?

Lord Malmesbury. Why, really, nothing has been said at all. Surely, surely, we are not going to rush at a decision without hearing the arguments.

Lord Derby. Argue away, my dear fellow.

Lord Malmesbury. O, I haven't got anything to say, at least anything particular.

Lord Derby. Then say something general. Anyhow, let's get on.

Lord Malmesbury. I would really rather listen to others than speak.

Mr. Disraeli. It is an odd taste, but eccentricity is the flavour of society. I, as mover of the amendment, had better give you my reasons for supporting a Bill. It is that I do not wish—I mean that I do not think it will be for the good of the country—that we should go out in March.

General Peel. I don't know about that. We could be turned out comfortably, and go off, jolly, for the Easter holidays. Let's see, when do they fall? I must look at *Punch's Almanack*, which I always carry about me. (Takes out *THE Almanack*.)

Lord Derby. After you, PEEL.

Lord Chelmsford. And after you, LORD DERBY.

General Peel. I just shan't. Buy your own copies. How mean you are!

Mr. Disraeli. The Tories were always mean to the press, not that they are niggardly, but that they have no true appreciation of its power.

General Peel. I bought a hundred copies—went to *Punch's* office myself for them—and I've been giving them away to everybody. Here you are, "Easter Sunday, the 21st April." I say—that's awfully convenient. Let's go out the second week in April.

Sir John Pakington. My dear General, this is positively outrageous. Why do you talk about going out, as if it were part of a programme? I am not prepared to say that it is not unconstitutional.

"Why Poss?" Nobody knows: they've always called him so.

Happy Thought.—I like these sort of names. They're terms of affection among men. I never had a name of this sort. I wish these fellows would call me "Poss," or something. I like this style of thing: all men, clever, brilliant, literary, and artistic.

I give out this sentiment over the pie:

CHILDERS says, "Oh, my wife's here." I say, "Oh, indeed!" and try to explain away my remark by saying, "Ah! that's a different thing."

They smoke, eat, and drink all at once.

I make a good supper off pie, cheese, and cold brandy-and-water.

The next question which occurs to the party is, "Where shall we put him?" meaning me.

I say, politely, anywhere. Hope (to myself sincerely) that it will be a comfortable room.

BOBBY jumps up, and says, "He's got it."

We regard him inquiringly.

He looks round at us and says, "How about the Haunted Room?"

I repeat (I am aware, feebly), "The Haunted Room?" and smile. Of course, I don't believe in ghosts. Pooh!

PUNCH'S PROVERBS.



ost sticks have two ends, and a muff gets hold of the wrong one.

The good boy studies his lesson; the bad boy gets it.

Who steals my railway debentures steals trash.

If sixpence were sunshine, it would never be lost in the giving.

The man that is happy in all things will rejoice in potatoes.

Three removes are better than a dessert.

Dinner deferred maketh the hungry man mad.

Bacon without liver is food for the mind.

FRENCH. They are scarce of horseflesh that eat saddle of mutton.

Forty winks or five million is one sleep.

THE TIGER. I know a. Lord Derby. Never. I know a. without due regard to conventional decorum, don't go to the Mansion

Mr. Disraeli. I do not affect to despise office. But you may say too dear. However, it may facilitate our settlement if I say that I decline becoming the advocate of any Bill which shall not be apparently large enough to afford me some chances in the combat. If I throw a tub to the whale, it shall be a big tub.

General Peel (aside to MR. WALPOLE). If he was thrown to the whale, like JEROSHAPHAT—or somebody—we should get on better.

Mr. Walpole. Hush! Pray do not be irreligious.

Lord Cranborne. The right honourable gentleman is ambitious to add to his other fictions a *Tale of a Tub*. I decline to be a member of his publishing firm.

Several Voices. Divide! divide!

General Peel. Ain't we divided enough?

Lord Derby. A moment, DUX BUCKS. I must claim my right as First Minister to say something definite. You will accept it or not. We have promised a Reform Bill when it was not asked for. Now that it is very much asked for I can't see that we can omit such promise. My view is, therefore, that we bring in a decent kind of Bill, a little larger, perhaps, than might be expected from us. We shall go out upon that, and save our characters. If you see your way to this, the Bill shall be prepared.

General Peel. And if we don't?

Lord Derby. Then, JONATHAN, in the words of HOMER, translated by a nobleman who shall be nameless:—

"Πηλεΐδης μὲν ἐπὶ κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἔστας·
ἥτις οὐν τε Μενεΐτιάδῃ καὶ οἱ ἑτάροις."

General Peel (to Mr. Walpole). What does he mean? Blow HOMER! *Mr. Walpole.* That he'll out us.

General Peel. Arbitrary cove! But that settles it. I suppose we may shut up. Who's taken my *Punch's Almanack*? Just you hand that over here, BUCKS DUX.

(The Council disperses in silence.)

Lord Derby. Give me your arm to the Square, STANLEY?

Lord Stanley. With pleasure, my dear father.

Lord Derby. Well?

Lord Stanley (after a pause). Yes.

Lord Derby (laughing). Just my sentiments. And what a shame of the Scotsman to tell stories!

YOUNG ENGLAND.

Mamma. "CHARLIE, DEAR, GO AND TELL JAMES TO FETCH A CAB FOR YOUR AUNT."
Charlie. "ALL RIGHT, AUNT. WILL YOU HAVE A 'SHOVEL' OR A 'GROWLER?'"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(Exterior of the Feudal Castle. Interior.)

WHAT inconvenient places these old castles are! This Bovor Castle is in a splendid state of preservation: one of the few, I believe, with a drawbridge. The drawbridge, when I arrive, is up for the night. I wish CHILDERS was up for the night. No bell. No knocker. No horn. Nothing.

Happy Thought.—Tell the flyman to shout.

He says if he shouts it will frighten the horse. I *must* shout, and he must run back and tie his horse up: then return and shout. In his absence I walk along the side of the moat, to see if there's any way of crossing without the bridge. None.

It's very solemn and grey, in the moonlight, and mysterious and dark out of it. I feel as if I'd come to release MARY, Queen of Scots. I see a punt moored to the opposite bank: MARY, Queen of Scots, again.

I see the places where they used to pour hot lead out on to the people below.

Hope CHILDERS isn't hiding, and going to have any practical jokes.

Flyman returns. I tell him to shout.

Happy Thought.—A man can't shout with any energy in cold blood. The shouting of a hireling cannot be so hearty as that of the person interested.

I tell him to shout louder. He asks "what name he shall shout?" I tell him "CHILDERS." He begins, "Hi, CHILDERS! CHIL-DEERS!" I don't like hearing him behave so familiarly, but won't stop him, in order to insert the "Mister," or perhaps he won't shout any more. I fancy he takes a secret pleasure in calling the present owner of the castle "CHILDERS."

He says he can't do it any louder. Absurd! A flyman, and can't shout!

I begin, "CHILDERS!" I take a turn of two minutes. There's no echo; no effect of any sort, except a growing sense of hopeless desolation. The flyman is sitting on a portmanteau, and beginning to doze. "CHIL-DEERS! CHIL-DEERS! CHILDERS!"

I can't believe they're all asleep. They hear me, and won't get up. It's cruel. "CHIL-DEERS, hi!! Hi!!!" He may not be at home. Somebody must hear.

Happy Thought.—Make the flyman shout *with* me.

Duet—"CHILDERS! Hi! Hi! CHIL-DEERS! Hi!" I don't like leaving off for a minute, but we are obliged to do so for want of breath, the hireling giving in first.

Happy Thought.—Throw a stone at a window. Glazier less expensive than driving to a hotel.

We look for a stone. Flyman says *he* should like to break a window or two. I tell him there's no necessity for that. Can't find a stone. Can't throw grass.

Shout once more. Wish we'd not left off shouting, to look for stones; as, if we had roused them, they'll all have gone to sleep again.

Wish I was in London—in bed. Wish I'd asked for an answer to my telegram. Wish all this while I shout.

A light behind a red curtain at a window. A voice, which comes in as a pleasant relief to ours, says, "Hallo!" A stupid thing to say, by the way. I shout, "Hallo, CHILDERS!" He answers, "Who's that?" That settles the question: it *is* CHILDERS. I tell him that I am here. He exclaims, "*You!* By Jove, all right!" and disappears, light and all. I wonder if he's glad to see me! I wonder what he's saying now!

The flyman suddenly becomes more respectful, I fancy; he had evidently begun to think that I didn't know anyone at Bovor Castle.

Noise on the other side of the gate. Unbarring.

CHILDERS is there in a dressing-gown, with a lantern, like Guy Fawkes. He cries out, "Stop a minute, and I'll let down the drawbridge," as if I was going to attempt crossing over without it.

It is down: he works it with one hand. He says, "Oh yes, it was no good calling the maid to do it. They're all in bed." Flyman crosses with the luggage. I pay him, standing under the portcullis: he grumbles, and I pay him again. I stop to admire the romantic scene. CHILDERS says "Yes, deuced cold though. See it better to-morrow morning." He closes the gate, and leaves the drawbridge down. He tells me he was asleep when I arrived.

Happy Thought.—Praise the place as much as possible to put him in a good humour. Wish I could recollect if he's got a family or (not, I'd ask after them. Ought to recollect all these sort of things before calling on anybody. Safe question to ask him. "All well at home!" only it sounds as if he had just arrived, not I. His reply is, "All quite well," and I wonder to myself whether there is a Mrs. CHILDERS. I've only known CHILDERS as a bachelor in town. I don't recollect his mentioning Mrs. CHILDERS then.

We cross a court-yard, which reminds me of being in a small college, and coming home late. In fact I can't help expecting to see plenty of lights, and hear jovial voices. Neither.

He asks me, doubtfully, if I won't take any supper. I say, "No, no, my dear fellow; don't let me put you to any trouble." By which I want him to understand that I'm very hungry, and had expected to find chickens, champagne, and salad awaiting my arrival. He replies, "Oh no trouble in the least. As you don't want any, you'd like to go to bed at once."

I say "Yes, at once!"

Happy Thought.—Never travel without biscuits. Makes you independent. So do matches and soap.

A noise in the passage. Two men come in loudly. One, who I should say sleeps in his spectacles, has evidently had his trousers, slippers, and shooting-coat close by his bedside. The other has only been able to lay hold of the two first articles. They rush in, shake me by the hand heartily, and say "How d'ye do, old fellow?" I respond as energetically, "How d'ye do? How are you?"

Happy Thought.—I have certainly never seen either of them before. They are asleep I think.

They insist on shaking hands again. They then look at one another and laugh. I laugh. CHILDERS laughs. We all laugh. We then sit down, and there is a pause.

Happy Thought.—I say, cheerfully, "Well, I've kept my promise. Here I am."

The short man in spectacles laughs as if he were going to make an observation, but doesn't. The taller man smiles thoughtfully at the candle. I am almost positive they are asleep. CHILDERS observes, "That he didn't expect me so late," but adds, that "he's deuced pleased to see me." The short man in spectacles leans forward to shake hands with me again, and laughs. The taller has evidently expended all his energy at first, and is fast asleep upright in his chair. More noise; another man enters in a sort of barbarian costume, consisting of knickerbockers and a railway rug, and a Scotch cap. He says, "He thought the orchard was being robbed:—he'd loaded his gun, and looked out."

Happy Thought.—Narrow escape, this!

Seeing me, he says, cheerfully, "How d'ye do?" I respond equally cheerfully, and we all laugh again, including the tall man, who wakes up to do it, and then resumes his dosing.

I suppose they don't introduce people at Bovor. Wonder if they're brothers or cousins, or only friends. Must take care what I say.

Short man in spectacles inquires for something to drink. CHILDERS, addressing him as "BOBBY," tells him he *can't* want anything at *that* hour. It appears, however, that he *can*, and does. The taller man also wakes up at the mention of something to drink; and the barbarian, who has now lighted a pipe at the solitary candle, is struck with the idea, as a good one.

They all know where everything is to be found. BOBBY says he wouldn't mind something to eat. Tall man, becoming more wakeful every minute, suggests "cheese," and, as an after-thought, "bread." The barbarian, taking a kindly view of my case, asks me to join him in a pipe, and wait till CHILDERS brings in some cold pie. This (with the exception of the pipe) is thoughtful. I take to the barbarian.

Happy Thought.—Note for *Typical Developments*. The short cut to a man's heart is through the stomach.

Everyone's gone to get something. There is an air of hospitality about them all that I like. But I can't make out whether they are all CHILDERSes, or friends, or cousins. Each one seems to be the host.

CHILDERS returns alone, with a cold pie and a plate.

Happy Thought.—To ask him, now he's alone, who the other fellows are. He is surprised. "What, don't I know them?" No. Oh, then he'll tell me. The short one, in spectacles, is BOB ENGLEFIELD, the dramatist. Don't I know him?

Happy Thought.—Say (in order not to offend him), "I've heard the name somewhere."

"The tall one," he continues, "is a very rising fellow—JACK STEN-
TON." I ask, "Rising? in what way?" CHILDERS replies, "Oh, in every way: philosophy, and that sort of thing." Then adds, as if this wasn't enough to determine his character, "Writes for several reviews."

Happy Thought.—Best thing to say is, "Does he, indeed?" which I say accordingly.

The Barbarian in the rug is POSS FELMYR. "Old POSS is writing a novel down here," he tells me. All I can say is, "Is he, indeed?" again.

I remark that they've all got familiar Christian names—BOBBY, JACK, MAT (CHILDERS is "MAT," I find), and POSS.

"Why POSS?" Nobody knows: they've always called him so.

Happy Thought.—I like these sort of names. They're terms of affection among men. I never had a name of this sort. I wish these fellows would call me "POSS," or something. I like this style of thing: all men, clever, brilliant, literary, and artistic.

I give out this sentiment over the pie:

CHILDERS says, "Oh, my wife's here." I say, "Oh, indeed!" and try to explain away my remark by saying, "Ah! that's a different thing."

They smoke, eat, and drink all at once.

I make a good supper off pie, cheese, and cold brandy-and-water.

The next question which occurs to the party is, "Where shall we put him?" meaning me.

I say, politely, anywhere. Hope (to myself sincerely) that it will be a comfortable room.

BOBBY jumps up, and says, "He's got it."

We regard him inquiringly.

He looks round at us and says, "How about the Haunted Room?"

I repeat (I am aware, feebly), "The Haunted Room?" and smile. Of course, I don't believe in ghosts. Pooh!

PUNCH'S PROVERBS.



oat sticks have two ends, and a muff gets hold of the wrong one.

The good boy studies his lesson; the bad boy gets it.

Who steals my railway debentures steals trash.

If sixpence were sunshine, it would never be lost in the giving.

The man that is happy in all things will rejoice in potatoes.

Three removes are better than a dessert.

Dinner deferred maketh the hungry man mad.

Bacon without liver is food for the mind.

FRENCH. They are scarce of horseflesh that eat saddle of mutton.

Forty winks or five million is one sleep.

You don't go to the Mansion House for skilligolee.

Three may keep counsel if they retain a barrister.

What is done cannot be underdone.

You can't make a pair of shoes out of a pig's tail.

Dinner hour is worth every other, except bed-time.

No hairdresser puts grease into a wise man's head.

An upright judge for a downright rogue.

Happiness is the hindmost horse in the Derby.

Look before you sit.

Bear and forbear is Bruin and tripe.

Bought wit is best, and *Punch's Almanack* cannot cost too much.

Believe twice as much as you hear of a lady's age.

Content is the conjuror that turns mock-turtle into real.

There is no one who perseveres in well-doing like a thorough humbug.

The loosest fish that drinks is tight.

Education won't polish boots.

Experience is the mother of grumpton.

Half-a-crown is better than no bribe.

Knowledge without practice makes poor Pilgric.

Utopia hath no law.

There is no cruelty in whipping cream.

Care will kill a cat; carelessness a Christian.

He who lights his candle at both ends, spills grease.

Keep your jokes to yourself, and repeat other peoples.

Ritualism.

A LADY recently asked a High Church Clergyman the meaning of Ritualism.

"It is sticking close to the rubric, Madam," was the reply.

"It seems to me to be rather sticking clothes to the rubric," rejoined the inquirer. [Collapses of the Ritualist ensued.]

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE QUESTION.

DR CREMFIGNY COOINGTON, who has just got his "first," asserts that Oxford honour-men are *The Working Classes*.

A SANGUINARY SPOT.—Kensington Gore.



THE NEW RUNNING DRILL.

(A RESPECTFUL APPEAL TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.)
CAPTAIN BLUARD, AS HE APPEARED IN COMMAND OF HIS COMPANY.

SYMPATHY SUPERSEDED.

It is with heartfelt pain that, compelled by a sense of duty, we give the advantage of universal publicity to the paragraph subjoined:—

"FLOGGINGS FOR HIGHWAY ROBBERIES.—At the Stafford Winter Assizes yesterday, THOMAS HARRISON, CHEAVERIL WELCH, and JAMES ARMSTRONG were convicted of assaulting and robbing THOMAS BROADBENT on the 2nd of September at Wolverhampton. MR. JUSTICE BYLES said that people must walk the streets in safety, and he should pass a most severe sentence on the prisoners. HARRISON, who had been previously convicted, was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment, and to receive 25 lashes with the cat-o'-nine tails. The other prisoners were sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment and to receive 20 lashes each."

POOR THOMAS HARRISON! POOR CHEAVERIL WELCH! POOR JAMES ARMSTRONG! No wonder at the sequel of the foregoing extract:—

"The sentences were received with evident dismay by the prisoners."

¶ The feeling mind must sympathise with the mental pain with which the poor footpads above named anticipated the physical pangs which they were doomed to experience. It would be well if garotters and other thieves accustomed to combine robbery with violence were aware that, when a criminal is flogged, the executioner who administers the lash waits about half a minute between each application of it. This gives the convict under its infliction full time to realise to the utmost the sensation which it excites, and to reflect on the inexpediency of committing the crime which earns such a recompense. POOR HARRISON, poor WELCH, and poor ARMSTRONG probably didn't know this when they assaulted and robbed THOMAS BROADBENT. But they were most likely informed of it by some kind fellow-prisoner in gaol. Some companion in confinement, who had himself been whipped, also perhaps explained to them thoroughly the physical effects and the impression on the sentient nerves produced by the cat-o'-nine-tails. Well, then, may the poor fellows have regarded its prospective endurance with dismay.

But pity for the destined sufferers of the scourge, however distressing, ceases to grieve us when we consider the likelihood that their suffering will prevent some cruel outrage which, but for it, would be perpetrated on somebody or other. This consideration would make us contemplate

the punishment they are to undergo as we should regard a surgical operation, only we should not smile upon the latter as we should upon the former, because pain is not the essential of the surgeon's handiwork, whereas it is that of the executioner's. Therefore, we cannot recommend that the patients whom JUSTICE BYLES has most judiciously sentenced to flagellation, should be subjected to that process under the influence of chloroform.

FENIANISM.

SIR,

I DREAD a rebellion. I dread it, Sir, on account of the fearful destruction of property which must ensue. Directly I heard that there was going to be an outbreak I exclaimed, "Good Gracious!" I nearly fainted. Why Sir? Why, can you ask me *why*? Because I have property in Ireland, Sir, which a ferocious lawless mob may utterly destroy. You will say, "I must suffer for my non-residency." Perhaps so. Where I dine, I sleep generally; because I generally sleep directly after dinner. But, Sir, because I have property in Ireland, *must* I reside there? I quake lest the Fenian rioters discover my treasures. Yes, Sir, I tremble, because, after leaving Ireland, two months ago, I discovered on arriving safely at my own London home, that I had unwittingly left my tooth-brush and a piece of scented soap in the Hotel at Dublin.

I remain, Sir, your distressed

TOMMY.

A Rival to Wolverhampton.

CONSIDERING how necessary it is to keep a careful watch over one's nose in London, the Metropolitan District has a good claim to be called the Black Country.

OMITTED FROM THE BLUE-BOOK.

WHEN SERGEANT CATCHLEY is unable to enlist any more Country Bumpkins, he retires into the "Blue Boar," and recruits himself.

BALLADS FOR BACHELORS.

THE BACHELOR TO HIS BUTTONS.

ADIEU! thou ill-starred race, adieu!
Thy banishment I'll not bewail;
But trust I never more may view,
The broken rings which fret my nail.
How oft on wrist or collar band
A disc delusive dangled, where
Urged by some mercenary hand
The iron stern had entered there!

Oh, Woman, who did first invent
That badge of our dependent state;
Hast thou not laughed at our lament,
When buttonless we stamped irate?
Sweet nymphs have struck a tender chord,
And smiling, whispered, half in dread:
"How helpless is a noble lord,
Whose happiness hangs by a thread."

But, lo! a mighty thought is born,
From Jove full-armed Minerva springs;
The hollow mould which roused our scorn,
Gives place to firm and brighter things.
Then idle girls, who watchful see
Man's jocund freedom, softly say,
"Strong, Sir, as golden links may be
Love's links are stronger far than they."

SPECIFIC FOR SCURVY.

It appears that sailors in the merchant service are very apt to shirk taking the lime-juice necessary to secure them from scurvy. They are not altogether fools for doing so when, as is often the case, the lime-juice, having been ill-kept, in casks, has turned mouldy and bad.

Now, on board Her Majesty's ships, we understand, the lime-juice is preserved in bottles, with the addition of a certain quantity of rum, which keeps it good. That is the thing to preserve lime-juice with on the one hand, and to get it taken on the other. Strengthen the lime-juice with a certain proportion of rum; add a little sugar, and moderately dilute the mixture with hot water, and there is hardly a sailor who will not drink as much of it as is ever served out to him.



THE PLAY-GOERS.

LAUGHABLE MISTAKE (NOT AN UNACCOUNTABLE ONE UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES) MADE BY TWO WEST-END GENTS AFTER A TASTING-ORDER AT THE DOCKS.

THE MANHOOD OF LAMBETH.

LAMBETH, famous for Short Weights and Bad Measures, had to vindicate its character. When MR. THOMAS HUGHES reminded his constituents of the little distinction above indicated, he was met by hisses. Lambeth then considered the situation, and on the whole arrived at the just conclusion that something ought to be done. England clearly looked scornfully at Lambeth, and regarded it as a fosterer of rascality. So it was thought that when an opportunity arrived for another meeting, it would be well for the masses of Lambeth to show that they could extend patient and respectful attention to their representatives, and even should either of the latter entertain views which were not those of the majority, he should be judged fairly, and, if necessary, censured calmly, and as became men who held themselves entitled to pronounce political verdicts. The opportunity was last week afforded. MR. DOULTON, M.P., invited an audience, and it came. The *Morning Star* shall continue the story:—

"The Chair was taken by MR. ALDER, Carriage-BUILDER, of Newington, who tried in vain to obtain a hearing. After having essayed to do so for some time, he gave up the attempts in despair, and MR. DOULTON then came forward. The scene at this moment was of the most exciting and extraordinary character. For several minutes the honourable Member stood facing the assembly, his friends cheering vociferously, whilst from the body of the meeting came counter demonstrations of the most tumultuous description. Several gentlemen with excellent intentions advanced to the front of the platform, and gesticulated wildly in the vain hope of quelling the uproar. These attempts, however, only provoked a fresh storm of shouts and jeers, whilst above the noise some electors gifted with more stentorian lungs than others could be heard uttering expressions of indignant disapproval of their Member's Parliamentary conduct."

This statesmanlike proceeding lasted for a long time, and at length MR. DOULTON thought that it might be more practical to address the reporters only. Those gentlemen, whom nothing ever deters from their duty, took such notes as the impassioned utterances of the assembly would permit, but occasionally the howling was too frantic to permit the speaker's sentences to reach the stenographers. But they took down enough to show that MR. DOULTON endeavoured to argue fairly, and to offer his antagonists his reasons for the votes he had

given in Parliament. But even this modified arrangement did not please the friends of Manhood Suffrage, and the *Star* proceeds:—

"At this juncture the people occupying the body of the hall became intensely excited—the pottery boys lost all self-control, if they ever had any—and the 'ticket-holders' of the platform sent defiant cheers in the teeth of the loud and unmistakable disapprobation manifested by those who formed three-fourths of the main body of the meeting. A rush was made for the platform across the tables occupied by the reporters, who, effecting a precipitate 'skedaddle,' notes in hand, took the platform by storm."

Nevertheless the gallant reporters, driven off for a time, returned to the charge, and managed to hear MR. DOULTON say,

"If anything were wanting to show the tyranny of those who, up to the present time, have been leading the people, and to show how they would exercise their influence over them, I think we could find it in the infuriated language used in the last few weeks to render this meeting of mine impossible."

The discussion continued, but MR. DOULTON pluckily stood his ground, completed his address, and retired amid a storm of yelling and hooting. Then some folks of another sort mounted the platform, and were heard with applause. They carried resolutions in favour of giving every man a vote. MR. PUNCH heartily congratulates Lambeth, the meeting, and the promoters of the good cause upon their amicable and patriotic tolerance, and the decided advance which such demonstrations cause to the fortune of Manhood Suffrage.

Might makes Right.

We read that retribution dark
Awaits removing a land-mark.
A newer reading Prussia sends
Who plucks both marks and lands from friends;
And, in her grasp their wealth possessing,
Bids them esteem her theft a blessing.

THE PARADISE OF THE COMPASSIONATE.—The Pitti Palace.

LOVE-WRITING ON THE WALL.



RETAINLY it is with some slight sorrow that we see daily a falling off in our mural literature. Time was when every square yard of eligible brick and mortar obtained renown by some popular legend inscribed upon it, and though dead men tell no tales, dead walls produced some charming fictions, and Town boys who delight to run and read, could boast of their familiarity with the choicest gems of mercantile romance. Some eccentric traders had their advertisements literally lithographed, and when walking we have been startled by a flagstone at our feet solemnly charging us to tolerate no more grey hair, but boldly stand the hazard of the dye, and old ladies were startled at every turning by horned monsters advertising the Smithfield Cattle Show.

Omnibuses now carry on a brisk trade in the diffusion of commercial knowledge, and our Merchant Tailors pay liberally for their board and its lodging. Journals of every stamp erect columns of praise more or less resembling columns of smoke in support of some mammoth emporium, and even blanking-manufacturers lack courage as of yore to whiten their own reputation and outstrip one another, by a long chalk.

There is, strange to say, a certain romantic class of advertisers who have never yet put themselves, like *Pygmalion* and *Thais*, into direct communication with a "sweet and lovely wall." Hitherto impatient and impetuous lovers have allowed their ardour to be confined within the narrow limits of a Press which never had much real sympathy for them—confiding their pangs to a Printer's misanthropic imp, and mingling soft sighs with editorial groans. Why should these unhappy people not employ our suburban bridges to announce their tender sufferings and echo their lonely wail? How deeply interesting would our walks around the metropolis become,

if we saw on every wall such gushing effusions as these:—"To Widows, &c. Minds wanted. Age no object. Address, CYRIL CROWSHOOT, Esq.," and so on. Or "Matrimonial Alliance. No fortune required. Address, HUGH BAGE NINIE, Esq.," and so on. A hollow heart wearing a mask would be a charming illustration to one advertisement, while the other might be felicitously adorned by a fool in a ring.

JUDGES ALWAYS AT FAULT.

THE report of an assault case which occurred in the Court of Common Pleas, before LORD CHIEF JUSTICE BOVILL and a special jury, the other day, contains the subjoined passage, commencing with a statement given in evidence:—

"The defendant would not let the cabman into the house, saying, 'Don't put your foot inside my door, or you will have to pay fifty bob.' (Laughter.)

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. Fifty what?

"MR. STRATTON (Examining Counsel). It means shillings, my Lord."

There is one particular wherein the learning of learned Judges appears to be commonly at fault. Their Lordships in general evince a remarkable unacquaintance with those synonyms which, amongst the masses, are usually substituted for words which have a place in *Johnson's Dictionary*. In short, no Judge ever seems to understand slang. As, for instance, when a witness is undergoing an examination, and there ensues a colloquy of this sort:—

Counsel. And then you said, what?

Witness. And then I said, "Here's me and BILL agin you two and that other bloke."

Judge. What does he say, Brother GABBLES?

Counsel. Bloke, my Lud; a word in use among the humbler classes. It means man.

Judge. Homo or vir?

Counsel (grinning). Vir, my Lud.

Judge. Very well; go on.

Counsel (to witness). And then you said, "Here's me and BILL agin you two and that other bloke." Well, and what did the prisoner say?

Witness. He said I'm good for two-and-a-kick.

Judge. Two-and-a-kick?

Counsel. Half-a-crown, my Lud; two-and-sixpence. A kick, in the language of persons of the witness's station in life, means sixpence.

Judge. Sixpence. Oh! Sixpence. A kick—sixpence.

Counsel. It also signifies, your Lordship, that part of a glass bottle which a French Minister described by saying that the bottom entered the interior. But sixpence is the witness's meaning.

Judge. I understand.

Counsel (to Witness). When the prisoner said he was good for two-and-a-kick, did he do anything?

Witness. He put down the money.

Counsel. He put down the money. Was any observation made in the prisoner's hearing?

Witness. BILL said, "Who stole the moke?"

Judge. Stole the what? Stole the bloke—the man? How could he steal the bloke?

Counsel. Moke, my Lud, not bloke. A moke is what costermongers call a donkey.

Judge. Really the language of that class of persons is very extraordinary.

When the case has been completed, and the Judge sums up, he is pretty sure to make some remark on the strange expressions which he has heard, speaking of them as though they had then occurred to his ear for the first time. As thus:—"And then, Gentlemen, the witness, as you heard, used certain words, which perhaps may be new to you. He spoke of a bloke, and he mentioned a moke. Now, Gentlemen, bloke and moke are words that sound very much alike, but you must know they are not convertible terms; that is to say, they don't mean the same thing: for bloke, as we are informed by the learned counsel, whose explanation of these terms is, I have no doubt, as correct as it is clear, signifies man, and moke donkey. Not but that some men may be termed donkeys in a certain sense; but that is not the sense in which the witness used the word moke. Well; and then, the phrase two-and-a-kick, Gentlemen, means, as you heard, not anything involving a peculiar assault, but a sum of money—the sum of—ah, brother GABBLES?—two shillings and sixpence."

Whether the learned Judges whom such words and phrases as those above instanced apparently puzzle, never possessed any knowledge of them at all, or have simply unlearned them, is a question that may be asked. There is somewhat pleasing in the thought that the purity of the ermine exerts on its wearer a mysterious impulse that expels from the memory every word of a grotesque and undignified character which it may have been charged with during its experience at the bar. A certain propriety, too, appears in a Judge's innocence of thieves' Latin.

Hard but Natural.

ON MR. WALPOLE's name being submitted to the PRINCE OF WALES among the guests invited to meet him in his Norfolk shooting-parties, the Prince objected, on the ground that MR. WALPOLE would be certain to "wipe his eye."

MEDICAL.—It has been observed that in northern countries the cold invariably proceeds to extremities.

SUICIDE BY CRINOLINE.



HOSE ladies who are fond of reading by the fire-light are requested to peruse and ponder on the following:—

"The coroner remarked that this case, and that of the poor girl whose death in Sloane Street was last week recorded in *The Times* were instances of the extreme liability of women being injured or killed by fire. In the one case the distended dress was the cause of the calamity, and this one showed that the material of women's dress added to their risks. There were 3000 women burnt to death annually in England and Wales, and for every death by fire there were twenty persons injured who recovered, and this being the case, it might well be said that there was room for a reform in women's dress."

Reform? Yes, we should think so: but how are we to get it? To reform the

House of Commons is difficult enough, but it is merely child's play to the labour of reforming the follies of the fashion. Here we see that crinoline and muslin kill women at the rate of three thousand a year; but the risk of being burnt to death is nothing in the eyes of fools whose aim is to be fashionable. Better die a fiery death than live out of the fashion.

So the Suttie system spreads, and women commit suicide without thinking of the sin of it. Perhaps were this view of their wickedness plainly put before them, it might serve as a deterrent. Deaths which are occasioned by wearing dresses specially constructed to catch fire, can hardly be regarded as being accidental. One might as well expect to smoke a pipe in safety in a powder magazine, as sit in safety near a fire-place in a protruded petticoat. When the dress catches fire, it cannot be extinguished, because of the air under it. Yet women, knowing this, still wilfully persist in wearing suicidal clothing. Perhaps they might be somewhat frightened towards reform, if, instead of giving verdicts of "accidental death," our juries returned verdicts of "Suicide by Crinoline."

PUNCH'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

Kelly's Post-Office Directory, for 1867. pp. 2904.

"A GREAT book is a great evil," said the eminent Grecian, but he might have reconsidered his famous *dictum* if he had had the advantage of beholding and studying this colossal work, which is not less remarkable for its vastness than for its accuracy and convenience. The industry which could collect, and the skill which could condense and distribute into accessible departments so enormous a mass of information, are worthy of an age of engineering triumph, and we unhesitatingly declare *KELLY'S Post-Office Directory* to be one of the most signal memorials of British energy and talent.

Our young man had written thus far, when his wife looked over his shoulder.

"My goodness, ALPHONSO," she said, "are you out of your senses? Are you writing for *Punch*? What are you composing all those absurd sentences for? They are just nothing but a stupid commonplace review, such as any one of *Punch's* office boys would write."

"I don't care," said ALPHONSO, recklessly. "It's twelve o'clock, and I am too tired to write wit."

"Well, leave it alone, then. I'm sure I wouldn't send in such stuff as that."

"What do you mean by stuff? It's very elegant—you women are no judge of composition. I shall do nothing else," said this dogged and venturesome young man.

"Yes, dear, do," said the affectionate counsellor. "At least add that it is the most wonderful book in the world, and how they find out the addresses you can't think. Why, we have only been in this house three weeks, but here we are—"

"ALPHONSO SMITH, 16, Llanerth Villas, Alabaster Road, West Camberwell, S., and Arts Club, W."

"Wonderful book, beautiful print, capital map, strong binding, indispensable to everybody," said ALPHONSO. "Blessed if I don't send in what you've been saying—teach you to interfere with a great writer."

"Oh! ALPHONSO!"

"I shall, though."

And he did.

[And for his sippancy received a wiggling which will remain on his mind until he is ordered to notice the *Directory* for 1868.—*Ed. P.*]

A BEAST SHOW IN THE HAYMARKET.

THE Cattle Show, as usual, has been held this year in Islington, and some remarkably fine beasts were as usual exhibited. But we see there is announced to take place in the Haymarket another public exhibition—not to put too fine a point upon it—beasts. Being borrowed from the French, the show is called by a French name, it being difficult to find a fitting English title for it. In the advertisement of this "*Bal d'Opéra*," as the show is called, considerable emphasis is laid upon the statement, that visitors may "with perfect propriety," take tickets for the purpose of seeing what goes on, which of course provokes the inference that they cannot with the like propriety take part in it.

Moreover, it is said that "the arrangements are acknowledged to be most effective:" but as it is not said by whom this acknowledgment is given, there may be a reasonable doubt about its worth. What sort of enjoyment may be looked for at this *bal* may be a little gathered from the fact that a quadrille has been expressly composed for it, entitled, "*Thérèse*, founded on airs sung by the celebrated Parisian chanteuse, MADAME THERESA." If the dancers only equal the coarseness of the *chanteuse*, there will be ample cause to justify our giving to this *bal* the title of a Beast Show.

THE CANON LAW'S DELAY.

WHY is an Ecclesiastical suit like the course of true love? Because it never doth run smooth. Witness, for example, the following announcement in the *Globe*, which is a sort of one as familiar to every reader of newspapers as the paragraph about the great gooseberry:—

"BERNARD v. BISHOP OF NORWICH.—This case, which was argued before the Judicial Committee of Privy Council for two whole days last week, is to be re-argued, it having been ascertained by their Lordships that the hearing was invalid, as no Prelate was summoned as a Member of the Court, in accordance with the provisions of the Church Discipline Act. Their Lordships will appoint an early day for the rehearing of the cause."

How is it that the lawyers who are charged with the conduct of ecclesiastical causes always omit to observe some technicality prescribed by the Church Discipline Act, or by some other? The progress of every such cause is sure to be impeded by some such blunder, tending to frustrate the ends of ecclesiastical justice. Hence protracted litigation, which would be ruinous both to the Bishop and the party on the other side, if they were not both well backed by their respective supporters. Perhaps the lawyers know that the expenses on either side will be defrayed by subscription, out of which they think they may as well get as much for themselves as they can by contriving to make mistakes that will necessitate proceeding *de novo*. Are ecclesiastical attorneys particularly stupid, or are they too clever by half?

NOBLE CONDUCT OF SIR THOMAS WILSON.

THE *Times* publishes a copy of a very brief but very gratifying letter addressed by SIR THOMAS M. WILSON to a resident at Hampstead, who had written to SIR THOMAS in reference to the Heath. We also subjoin it, from the *Times*, but we have the additional pleasure of stating that the letter to which it is a reply pointed out to SIR THOMAS WILSON that it would be very agreeable to the inhabitants of London, if they were permitted to mark out a Race-Ground, and erect a stand, with a view to holding races on the Heath. This explains the answer, which, as given by our contemporary is,

Charlton House, Dec. 7, 1866.

Sir,—Take your own course.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

THOMAS MARYON WILSON.

Arrangements will at once be made for carrying out the plan so generously assented to by SIR T. M. WILSON.

The Sister's Penance.

(As performed in a brotherly way, if not at the Adelphi.)

BRITANNIA having to put the strait-waistcoat on Hibernia; though to judge by the arrests, the part of *Mys-tery* is not quite so well kept up in Dublin as that of *Miss Terry* in London.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

GREAT surprise was expressed by many country visitors when they found that the Pope had not sent any of his Bulls to the Cattle Show.

POETRY ON THE PAVEMENT.

THE other evening a Policeman was overheard to say, that he regarded a good supper as his *area pensée*.



WHAT A FIB!

Julia. "GUSTA, DEAR, DO SEE THE LOVE OF A BOUQUET CAPTAIN DASH GAVE ME!"

'Gusta (who is a little jealous). "YES, DEAR, IT'S VERY PRETTY. HE OFFERED IT TO ME BEFORE YOU CAME DOWN."

NON PLUS AND NON POSS;;

OR, THE POPE BETWEEN SEVERAL STOOLS.

We cannot own that two and two make four,
So long as the sum's worked in Liberal figures:
We cannot hold that human reason's more
Than a big blunderbuss, with feather-triggers:
We cannot give lay-gunners leave to load it,
To point it, fire it, its recoil to face:
We cannot see a safe way to explode it,
Without our priests to warn folks from the place.
And this protest we under seal and cross,
And our Pontifical NON POSS:, NON POSS:!

We cannot with our keys lock laymen's tongues;
Nor with our Fisher's seal seal laymen's eyes:
Nor with our staff, backed by infallible lungs,
Stay, more than CANUTE could, the ocean's rise:
Nor clap our triple crown o'er the sun's ball,
Nor to the dust restless Inquiry spurn,
And in its place Authority instal,
With the old rods to scourge, old fires to burn:
And this protest we under seal and cross,
And our Pontifical NON POSS:, NON POSS:!

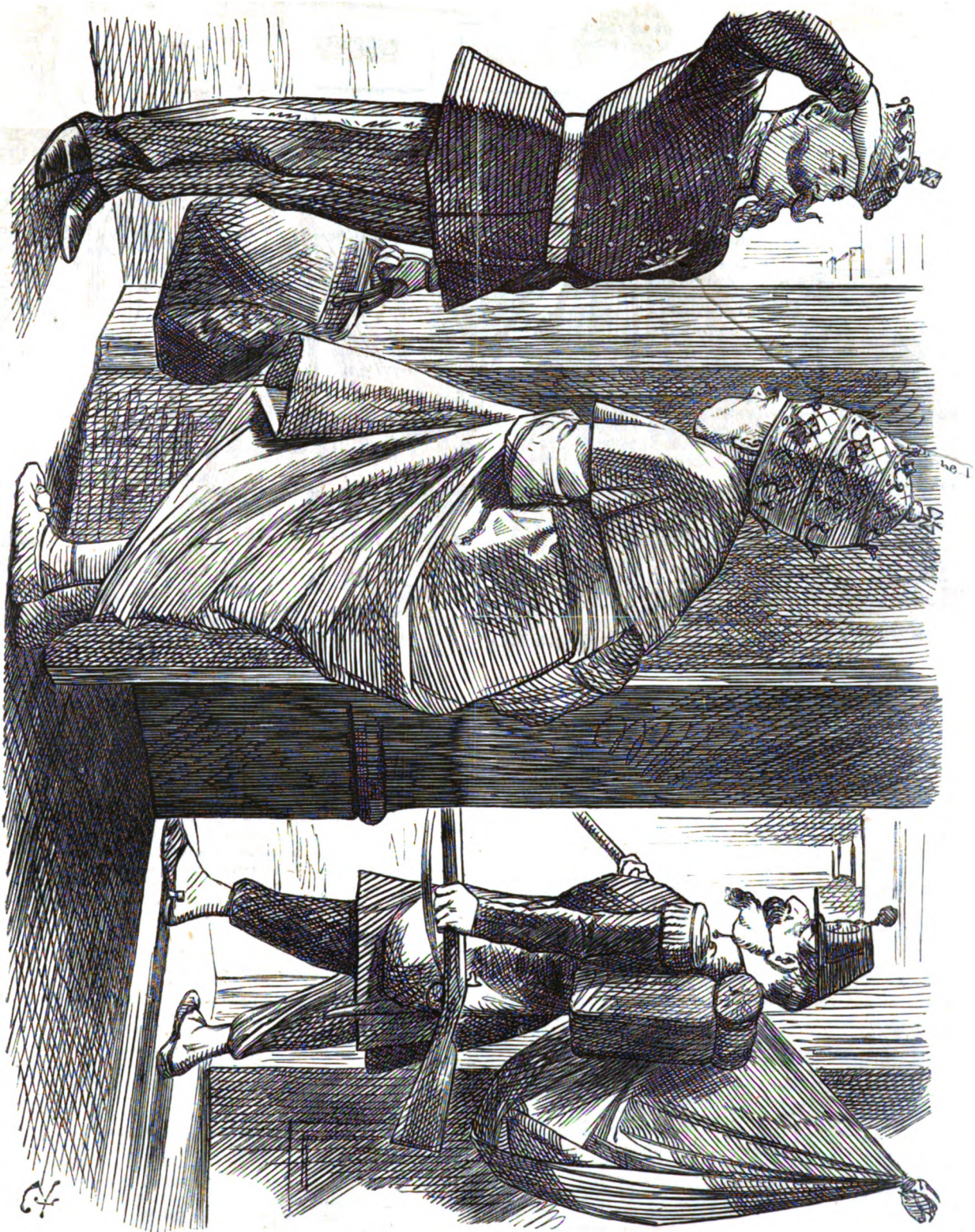
We cannot stay in Rome that once was ours,
And own to Rome that it is ours no more:
We cannot keep out Italy, with flowers,
And loving looks, a wooer at the door:
We cannot turn Venetia's saffron veil
Into a pall to shroud, a mask to hide
The fair face now so bright, though pinched and pale,
That smiles to Roman hope and Roman pride!
And this protest we under seal and cross,
And our Pontifical NON POSS:, NON POSS:!

We cannot fly from Rome that still has been
The seven-hilled pedestal of PETER's chair;
Nor leave our Vatican, whence earth has seen
Our power grow high as heaven and wide as air.
Nor stoop from English heretics to crave
A roof for shelter, or a tomb for rest:
Nor act the sovereign, and be the slave,
As Paris' or Vienna's hostage-guest.
And this protest we under seal and cross,
And our Pontifical NON POSS:, NON POSS:!

We cannot be the young MASTAI again
Who prayed that Italy might yet be one:
Cannot re-ope the old PRO-NONO vein,
Where lay pulse beat and natural blood would run.
We cannot be, as when, alas, sun-blind,
At struggling Italy's new-birth we stood,
With hand up-raised, and reverent head inclined,
To bless her baptism of fire and blood.
And this protest we under seal and cross,
And our Pontifical NON POSS:, NON POSS:!

We cannot be the Jesuit's supple slave,
MÉRODE's poor puppet, ANTONELLI's tool:
Cannot think LOUIS fool, or VICTOR knave;
Cannot doubt LOUIS knave, and VICTOR fool:
We cannot lend our name to those who hate
This Italy, which, spite of all, we love:
We cannot square our feelings and our fate,
Cannot stay as we are, and cannot move!
And this protest we under seal and cross,
And our Pontifical NON POSS:, NON POSS:!

THE HEIGHT OF DIFFICULTY.—Sitting on the top of an omnibus
on a windy morning, unfolding *Punch's Almanack*.



ROME. 1866.

“Welcome the Coming, Speed the Parting Guest.”

[Faint, illegible handwritten text]

A LITTLE TALK WITH A YOUNG MAN.

Mr. Punch. LYULPH STANLEY, my boy, come here. I want to speak to you.

Lyulph. Awfully honoured, I am sure, Sir.

Mr. P. You are, Sir. For you have written a silly letter about me, and instead of treating it as I treat ninety-nine out of a hundred imperfections, I condescend to talk it over with you. Do you know why?

Lyulph. Well, no, I really can't say. My father's a Peer, and all that.

Mr. P. Don't be absurd. Do you think that I should take notice of a young man of seven-and-twenty for no better reason than that?

Lyulph. It is not much of a reason, certainly. Upon my honour, I can't give any other, though, unless you happen to be so good as to think rather well of my intentions.

Mr. P. That's nearer the mark, young man. Five hundred young aristocrats might have scolded at a picture of mine, and I should have heeded them just as much as if they were five hundred scavengers, unless they had something better than the accident of birth to recommend them to my notice.

Lyulph. I am glad you see something better in me.

Mr. P. Sir, I had consigned your ridiculous letter to the waste-basket when I read a speech which you made, and in which there are some things that give me a notion that you may have something in you, and may mature into a statesman.

Lyulph. You make me very happy.

Mr. P. No doubt, Sir. But I tell you as frankly that if you wish for my favour and the regard of the country, you must at once abandon your youthful habit of writing about things which you have not taken the trouble to understand.

Lyulph. Have I made that mistake, Sir?

Mr. P. Have you, Sir? Take this picture in your hand. Look at it. This is the picture which you, the Honourable EDWARD LYULPH STANLEY, son of LORD STANLEY of Alderley, have not been ashamed to describe as follows. Listen to your own words, Sir:—

"How is it that by the side of all this virtuous indignation expended against Mr. Bismarck, there is no word of condemnation for a most truculent proposal in last week's *Punch*? The large picture suggests dealing with the Irish, as we dealt with the Indian mutineers, and lest the reference should be misunderstood, there is another paragraph pointing out that guns loaded with powder alone are a most effective means of repression—that is, advocating the blowing of Irish peasants from guns."

You wrote that, I believe, Sir?

Lyulph. Yes, I did. But now that I look again at the picture, I see that I have entirely mis-described it.

Mr. P. O, you see that, do you? Well, Sir, as my friend DR. PUSSEY says that confession is good for young fellows, be good enough to confess what blunders you have made. I say "blunders," for a gentleman supposes that when another gentleman tells untruths, it is by inadvertence.

Lyulph. I thank you, Sir. I have, however, been guilty of worse than inadvertence. I ought to have examined the picture carefully, and even then, if I had disapproved of it, I ought to have been modest enough to suppose that *Mr. Punch*, who was fighting the battle of progress before I could spell, might be a better judge than myself of what was fitting for the time.

Mr. P. You justify the hope I entertain of you. Still, you may as well prove to me that you see your errors.

Lyulph. I entirely mis-stated your meaning, though it was clear before my eyes. Your picture is not truculent.

Mr. P. What is truculent? It is not so long since you were at school.

Lyulph. From the Latin *truculentia*, and means fierce, savage, barbarous.

Mr. P. Go on.

Lyulph. I implied that your admirable likeness of a brutal Fenian clown was a type of Ireland, though there sits close to him the real type of Ireland, that beautiful and saddened woman.

Mr. P. Ho! you see that.

Lyulph. I do. And I see that you meant that it was on that truculent Fenian, the savage who was designing to bring the hideous horrors of civil war into a peaceful country, that vengeance ought to fall.

Mr. P. And you see that?

Lyulph. I am really ashamed more than I can tell you.

Mr. P. Never mind telling me that. You are a gentleman, and therefore I take the shame for granted. But there is more. I have read to you what you say about "another paragraph." Now, that is a more flagrant case than the first, because you have actually reversed what I said.

Lyulph. Pray pardon me. I must have been in an awful muddle.

Mr. P. Not to put too fine a point on it, I think you must. What I wrote was in answer to a bellowing Yankee Fenian, and what I expressly said, was that I hoped we should be able to do without blowing away even the ruffian STEPHENS into Dublin Bay. And this you have been good enough to call the advocacy of blowing Irish peasants from guns. My young friend, had you dined?

Lyulph. I had not even that poor excuse. I have no excuse—I sincerely beg your pardon, and I can say no more.

Mr. P. A gentleman desires no more. Take more care for the future, and at present take a cigar. How's your father?

A NEW PLEASURE FOR PUNCH.

MR. PUNCH, the other day, had the pleasure of experiencing a new and delightful sensation. He read, in a newspaper, as follows:—

"GENERAL PEEL AND THE ARMY.—Hitherto a married soldier, whether a non-commissioned officer or a private, has when on detached duty had the burthen thrown upon him of maintaining his wife and family in the garrison which he has temporarily left. By a recent order of the War Office this is no longer to be the case. The wife and family are to be allowed rations out of the Government stores, or, if preferred, the wife is to receive 3s., and each of the children 1s. a day instead.

The pleasure experienced by *Mr. Punch*, for the first time for many a day, was that of being pleased with the British Government for an act on its part towards the British Army. That this act, an act of the barest consideration remained to be done, is a fact that reflects great disgrace on all preceding administrations. We have been accustomed from time immemorial to hear Ministers in Royal Speeches tell the House of Commons that "the estimates have been framed with a due regard to economy"—which was altogether false. They were always framed without any regard to economy, which means exact distribution, but with an undue regard to parsimony and petty saving. So, whilst the supplies were squandered on the one hand, the soldiers were pinched on the other. Now, when the men are sent from garrison on detached duty, their wives and families will no longer be left behind to starve. This is not to be regarded as an improvement in a merely sentimental sense. The occasional liability of a soldier's wife and children to starvation was one of the objections to a soldier's life which tended to keep decent men out of the Army, and at any rate prevented them from re-enlisting. These objections must be removed, if the Queen's service is to compete successfully with more easy and remunerative employment. The alternative will be conscription, and a lot which, for those who have no passion for a military life, is penal servitude with the chance of violent death or mutilation. *Mr. Punch* begs to congratulate a Conservative Government on the adoption of a liberal policy, which he hopes it will maintain, in its treatment of the Army.

NEW SAILING ORDERS.

(To be in force on or after the next *Ultimo instant*.)

The Darkest Night.—Any man not knowing when the darkest night is will be discharged.

Inquiries can be made any day at the Admiralty from 10 till 4, excepting from 1 till 2, when all hands are piped to luncheon.

The Rule of the Round at sea is similar to the rule of the sailed.

No ship must come into collision with another.

If two steamers are on the starboard tack, they must return to the harbour and begin again.

Any steamship likely to meet another steamship must reverse and go somewhere else.

Any Admiral out after 12 o'clock will be locked up wherever he is.

Nobody, however high in command, can be permitted to sit on a buoy out at sea for the purpose of frightening vessels.

All complaints to be made to the Admiralty, or to one of the Mounted Sentries at the Horse Guards.

An Admiral is on duty all night to receive complaints.

Every Mounted Marine on joining must bring his own fork, spoon and towel horse.

If two vessels are meeting end on, take one end off. The other loses and forfeits sixpence.

Any infringement or infraction of the above rules and regulations will be reported by the Head Winds to the Deputy Toastmaster for the current year at Colwell-Hatchney.

N.B. On hand a second-hand pair of gloves for Boxing the Compass. Remember the 26th of December is near, when they may be wanted. The equivalent of a Chaplain-General to the forces has been appointed. He is to be called Chaplain-Admiral to the Fleet. The cockpits are being turned into pulpits. If not ready by next Sunday he will deliver his first sermon from the maintop gallant jibboom mizen. The Colney-Hatches will be crowded.

The Same Thing under Another Name.

PEOPLE are unreasonable enough to complain of their horses being lamed over the sharp granite now being widely laid down on the west-end thoroughfares, and to insist upon it that as LORD JOHN MANNERS promised a steam-roller to macadamise the rough stone, a steam-roller should be employed. LORD JOHN may at least plead that he has set several hundred horse-power to the work.



PLEASANT ALTERNATIVE.

Master of Foxhounds. "HALLO, SIR! DON'T RIDE OVER MY HOUNDS IN THAT WAY!"

Unfortunate Man (on wooden-mouthed animal). "REALLY CAN'T HELP IT, SIR, MARE PULLS SO—CAN'T HOLD HER!"

Master of Foxhounds. "THEN TURN HER HEAD THE OTHER WAY, AND LET HER GO!"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(Night at the Feudal Castle.)

"Of course I don't mind a haunted room?" Of course not.

I announce, as a curious fact, that I never was in one. Somebody says, "No? really!" as if I was quite an exception to the general rule.

Happy Thought.—Try to test them by saying, "You've not seen a ghost?"

They admit they've not; "but, perhaps," CHILDERS says, "he'll be more polite to visitors." Have I had all I want? CHILDERS wants to know. Yes. We retire from the dining-room in procession, BOBBY first, CHILDERS last, myself just before CHILDERS.

It is a very old house. Tiles on the floor in some parts. Can't see the advantage of tiles: perhaps they thought they were going to build roofs, and changed their minds.

We pass through a large hall with a splendid old fireplace. Enormous chimney. [Note for *Typical Developments*. Look up authorities about the *Medieval Sweep*.] There is an oak screen at one end.

My candle (they know their way about without any), though not particularly brilliant, puts everything else in the shade.

I can't help exclaiming, having an eye for the picturesque, "Charming, delightful old place!"

CHILDERS replies, "Yes. Wants doing up."

"Doing up!" I exclaim. "Oh, no."

"Ah," says he, "you don't know it. Rats and damp. Come along to bed."

Somebody says "Hallo!" from above. It startles me. Whether it is the shadows or the candle, or the family boots all in a row, I don't know, but I am nervous. CHILDERS points BOBBY's face out to me, high up, looking out of a little window in the screen. I daresay an ancestor put it down as a "Happy Thought" to have a window in the screen. Idiot!

I stumble up the glorious old oak stairs. My candle only shows me the next step each time. The shadows which I make by moving the

light about, look exactly like rats. These stairs twist so. Ancestors could never have walked straight.

Happy Thought.—To ask if there are any black beetles.

No. None. Except in the hall through which we've just passed. I stumble up three more stairs and some loose tiles. Did ancestors have carpets?

Happy Thought.—Look out in some Useful Knowledge Dictionary, "Carpets. When introduced into England. By whom?"

We are on an old landing. I ask, jocularly, whose ghost it's supposed to be that haunts my room?

CHILDERS doesn't know. JACK STENTON (the rising philosopher) does. He informs us, "Old woman burnt."

I say, "Oh?" inquiringly. "Old woman burnt, eh?" and meditate on it. I don't know what I think about it. But I *do* think. We all stop to think.

"Let's get in," I suggest. They say, "Let's do so."

CHILDERS stops on a stair to say, he hopes I'm prepared to rough it a little, as he didn't expect me.

I tell him I like roughing it. Wonder (to myself) what *his* idea of roughing it is. I knew a man whose idea of roughing it in the country was to have a villa in a park, a French cook and a valet. He used to tell me he would be perfectly content with homely fare: his idea of homely fare was *potage à la reine*, mullet and woodcocks. Hope CHILDERS calls *this* roughing it. CHILDERS stops suddenly, and looks at BOB ENGLEFIELD, the dramatist in spectacles. A notion has struck him. He says, "I don't know how we'll make you a bed, though."

This promises to result in roughing it.

I am ready with a manly reply, "Oh, I can sleep anywhere." I qualify this by adding, "for the night."

BOB ENGLEFIELD, who has a ready invention, says, "Oh, I've got a rug."

STENTON, the reviewer, who appears more thoughtful perhaps because he's sleeper than the others, says, in a deep voice, "Sheets."

With a view to lesson the roughing it process as much as possible, I say decidedly, "Yes, sheets."

CHILDERS doesn't know where the sheets are.

POSS FELMYR asks, "how about a pillow?"

With the same view as before, I second this inquiry.

BOB ENGLEFIELD has it. "The sofa cushion."

Carried *nem. con.*, and I brighten up.

BOB ENGLEFIELD has it again. "There are two sheets in his room for him to-morrow."

I say, "don't bother on my account" politely. CHILDERS replies cheerily, "Oh, we'll dodge it somehow," and I look forward to roughing it. We are obliged to bring all my luggage up, as I can't recollect in which thing my sponge is.

Happy Thought (noted down while resting with carpet-bag on stairs).—How easily a man becomes accustomed to hardships. When I return home I'll take to visiting prisons and workhouses in disguise, like Mrs. FRY and the Casual Ward. Splendid subjects for *Typical Developments*, "Human Miseries," Vol. XI.

Some one (the novelist, I think) says he'll lend me a towel. Each one will give something like the three Witches in *Macbeth*. They all say, "Here's a lark!" and run off to collect the materials. CHILDERS gets the sofa cushion, and we make for my room. Luggage on a landing.

In my Room.—This is, I am informed, the Haunted Chamber, where the old woman was burnt. Odd; as I remark there is no fire-place. BOB ENGLEFIELD, JACK STENTON, and OLD POSS are making my bed. It is one of those iron unfolding things which is intended for a chair and a bed.

CHILDERS apologises for its being a little cranky, and OLD POSS tells me I must take care when I am lying down to lean more on the left than the right side, or it will give way.

They enjoy making the bed. I fancy they laugh because they think it'll be uncomfortable. It appears none of them have ever done such a thing before. POSS FELMYR says he recollects making apple-pie beds at school. I'll examine mine when they're gone.

Happy Thought.—Every man ought to be able to sew his own buttons on, and make beds if necessary. If I ever have a family they shall learn all these things.

The bed is made, and, as they are all immensely pleased, I thank them, and they retire, hoping I'll find it all right, and adding that "If the Ghost comes, I'd better throw the sofa cushion at her."

I do hope that there are not going to be any practical jokes. I recollect hearing of a man becoming an idiot when a practical joke about a ghost was played on him.

Happy Thought.—To wind up my watch while I think of it.

CHILDERS walks to the window.

"I'm afraid," he says, apologetically, "that the window doesn't fasten very well."

I say, "Oh, never mind," implying that there's no necessity to send for a plumber and glazier at this time of night on my account.

"But," he explains, "it's a tumble-down old place."

I tell him I like this sort of thing amazingly. He expresses himself glad to hear it.

"Am I quite comfortable?" is his last inquiry.

I look round at the truckle bed, at my bag, at the towels, and reply, that I am, cheerily. I have a misgiving that I shall want something when he's gone.

Happy Thought.—To ask where the bell is.

There's no bell: what fellows our ancestors were! [When were bells invented, and by whom first used in private castles. *Typical Developments*, Book X., Vol. XII.]

The servants sleep on the other side of the castle, where the children are. [Note. CHILDERS' children: ask after them.]

"If I want anything, I can call to the other fellows," I suggest.

"Yes, you can," CHILDERS admits, jocularly, "but," he adds, "they won't hear you." It is an oddly built place; everyone appears to be sleeping in "another passage," with a staircase all to himself.

I make the best of it, and say cheerfully, "Oh, I shan't want anything till morning."

"Then, that's all right," returns CHILDERS. He comes back to tell me that if I want a bath in the morning, ENGLEFIELD's got it.

I thank him. When he's gone I remember that I don't know where ENGLEFIELD's room is. He comes back once more to tell me that the door doesn't fasten very well. He wishes he could give me a better room. "My dear fellow," I say, "Capital—excellent—the very thing I like. So quaint," I add.

"Well," he says, "it is a quaint little place: better than a great uncomfortable modern room."

I don't answer this. Somehow I don't like his praising the room. He ought to have left that to the visitor. CHILDERS wants tact. He hopes I shall sleep comfortably, and laughingly trusts I won't see any ghosts.

I reply, I'll tell him all about the ghost in the morning. I remember (as he says good night) a story of this sort in WASHINGTON IRVING, I think, where a man jests about telling them in the morning about a ghost and was haunted. I think his hair turned white, and he saw a picture roll its eyes, and the top of the bed came down: I forget exactly; but it's not the sort of thing to remember just as you're going to bed in a strange place. He is gone, and I quite

forgot to ask him about ENGLEFIELD's bath. How my presence of mind deserts me!

Happy Thought.—Brush my hair.

Very dull and lonely here. My face in the glass looks spectral; not like it does in other glasses. I feel as if some one was going to look over my shoulder. Shake this off. Make notes. Analyse my nervousness for a chapter in *Typical Developments*.

Oak panels. No fire-place. Wind is getting up.

Happy Thought.—Early wind getting up as I'm going to bed.

Joke this. Laugh to myself. Look in the glass. In the glass I appear like a dull photograph. Window blown open. No blind. As CHILDERS says, it does not fasten well: as a matter of fact.

Wind getting up more than ever. Rain, too. Casement windows begin to rattle.

Happy Thought.—Fasten the window-latch with my rug-strap. Done.

Rats in the wall, I think. Can't come out. Manage to latch my door. Very cold and damp feeling. Think of FRIDOLIN SYMPERSON. Fancy some one's coming in. A sense of desertion and loneliness comes over me. Note it down, and, having done so, feel it less. Horrid candle, and no snuffers.

Happy Thought.—Put my note-book and candle by bedside on my portmanteau, and jump into bed quickly. Do it.

Truckle-bed gives. They've managed to make the bed so that I get more blanket than sheet. The sheet seems to be chiefly round the pillow. Try to pull it down. Worse. Leave bed alone. Will read in bed. Remember some one saying it's dangerous. Suddenly think of the old woman burnt. Casement rattles. Rug-strap won't hold. * * * Window blown open. Shall I get out, and shut it. Think over this.

No: more healthy to let the air in, as there's no fireplace. * * * Let me give myself up to romance. This is a feudal castle. * * * This is a feudal castle. * * * I don't get beyond this idea. Feudal castle. Feudal castle. Barons. CHILDERS' children. * * * See Mrs. CHILDERS to-morrow. * * * Wonder what she's like? Wind * * * Violent gusts * * * Candle out.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

Hunted Down at the St. James's. I only arrived after the Second Act had commenced, and derived additional gratification from the accident, as the mystery of the plot was rendered doubly mysterious. It was admirably acted: all good. An elderly gentleman in the next stall to me allowed the curtain to descend without making any observation, and it was not until we were well into the afterpiece that he suddenly exclaimed to a young lady at his side, "Oh, then she was his wife"—which I take it meant that he had suddenly discovered the whole point of the plot.

MISS OLIVER & Company have made a great success with the burlesque version of *Black-eyed Susan*. Union is strength, and the actors at the New Royalty play well together. It is not like many burlesques, made a mere piece of patchwork by the vanity of ignorant professionals. There is not a song for Miss So-and-So here, and a dance for Mr. Whatshisname there, and twenty lines for somebody (who ought not to be allowed to say twenty words) somewhere else. No, at this theatre individuals work for the general effect, and both in *Mep's Diversions* and *Black-eyed Susan* the result is a genuine success; in fact so strongly has "the business" of one of the songs taken hold of the public that the management of another theatre has copied it as nearly as possible. A graceful compliment, undoubtedly, as imitation is the sincerest flattery.

THE GAIN OF GERMANY.

THE dull and stolid English middle classes, who do not see that Germany has got much good by the late conquests of Prussia, will not perhaps have their vision greatly improved for that matter by the subjoined telegram from Dresden relative to the Saxon Chambers:—

"To-day the Upper House unanimously adopted the new Army Bill, which proposes the introduction of general liability to military service, and adopts the other essential points of the Prussian system."

To be sure our Philistines know pretty well that German unity is rather a good thing for themselves. They are not unaware that an united Germany constitutes an equivoque to France, and that the possible inconvenience for England of a German fleet is at any rate remote. But they are far too dense to envy the states annexed to Prussia, or constrained to acknowledge Prussian supremacy. Seeing that the Saxon Parliament has voted the introduction of general liability to military service, the Anglo-Saxons, for the most part, are even stupid enough to rejoice that they are living in England, and not in Saxony.



HEIGHT OF FASHION.

Ardent Ritualist. "OH, ATHANASIUS, IT'S CHARMINGLY BECOMING!"

A PLEA FOR PANTALOONS.

It would be incorrect to call DR. MARY WALKER a physician in petticoats. She is a physician, indeed, and a duly qualified one; a physician, moreover, of experience not only in actual practice, but also in actual service. Still she is not a physician in petticoats: for DR. MARY WALKER wears nether garments of a description similar to those which are worn by the majority of doctors. Only they are named "pantalettes."

Now, why pantalettes? Call a spade a spade. MISS WALKER is not styled "Doctress." What is the good of mincing phrases? Let pantaloons be named pantaloons. When physicians go to Court they are attired, as to the lower limbs, in the fashion which gentlemen were wont to use before pantaloons were invented. Suppose a female physician took to wearing the like, as she probably would if she married, there would be no refinement in modifying their simple name. They would not be rendered at all the more becoming by being called "breechesettes."

Some people laugh at the idea of ladies' pantaloons. Certainly, crinoline is a more serious matter. We must perhaps take with some grains of salt the statement that three thousand women annually fall martyrs to hooped petticoats. Still, no doubt, a very large number of cooks, and housemaids, and small shopkeepers' wives, who continue to wear them, do get roasted to death in their own cages during the year. Ladies who laugh at DR. MARY WALKER's pantaloons, are earnestly implored to take care lest one day they laugh on the wrong side of the mouth.

At this season of the year, when the public mind is intently occupied with the anticipation of Boxing Night, no apology can be necessary for the discussion of pantaloons.

A Well-Earned Title,

BARON HAUSMANN, the Prefet of the Seine, who boasts of the number of domiciles he has pulled down in Paris, is about to be raised in the French peerage with the title of "*Le Duc Un-house-man.*"

SOME TRUE ART.

"I AM the Company," said HANDEL, a great epicure as well as a great musician, and he ordered in the dinner. The composer of "*Alexander's Feast*" had a right to feast himself as he pleased, yet the tale (which we don't believe) hath a smack of selfishness. It was left for woman to refine the story into grace, and to make the speech one of hospitality. "I am the Company," says MISS GLYN, at the St. James's Hall, and she proceeds, alone, to enact a Shakspearean play, and to do it far better than any existing company could play it as a whole. For not only does MISS GLYN set before us the realisation of a fine conception of a great part, which she gives with marvellous power, but her reading elevates the minor parts to the intellectual level designed for them by the poet, and thus we have a noble picture, instead of a single prominent figure surrounded by puppets. The admiration which Mr. Punch feels for MISS GLYN's personation of characters which are properly her own, is largely shared by all whose opinion is worth having, but he pays this homage, especially to the true Shakspearean taste which works up the small parts, through which small actors walk as if such trifles were unworthy of conscientious study. There are no trifles in art, or, rather, the true artist is shown in trifles. We thank MISS GLYN for giving us an opportunity of preaching this doctrine, and we advise all persons with brains to go and listen, carefully, to her readings.

Brown to Jones.

(After MARTIAL.)

NO; Manhood Suffrage, JONES, I do not fear,
Given—MAN, calm, honest, thoughtful, and sincere;
But to the bullying Brute, who yells and groans,
I will not give a Beasthood Suffrage, JONES.

HINT TO WHIST-PLAYERS.—If you can, secure a teetotalter for your partner: naturally he will not bottle-up his trumps.



INCENSE-IBILITY.

Reverend Father. "YOU ARE SURE THIS IS SOMETHING QUITE NEW!"

Incensor. "OH, YES, REVEREND FATHER. IT HAS ALL THE BEAUTIES OF THE 'JOCKEY CLUB,' WITHOUT ITS PROFANITY."

A GAROTTER'S CHRISTMAS.

At the Leeds Winter Assizes a poor fellow, named MICHAEL GUTTY, was convicted of a street robbery, committed on the 15th of September last at Bradford. He had the misfortune to be tried before MR. JUSTICE LUSH; for the robbery appears to have been accompanied by violence; and JUDGE LUSH is accustomed to take care that the law recently enacted for the punishment of that species of crime shall be carried out. Moreover, a previous conviction had been proved against poor GUTTY, and, although only twenty-six years of age, he appeared to have led, for many of them, a life of crime. So:—

"His Lordship sentenced the prisoner to ten years' penal servitude, and said that as the Legislature had recently given the power to punish by flogging crimes of this nature, and as the present case seemed a very proper one for the exercise of that power, he should further order the prisoner to receive twenty-four strokes with the cat-o'-nine-tails before the commencement of the sentence of penal servitude."

The day fixed for the chastisement allotted to MICHAEL GUTTY was not named. Time is usually allowed a convict to prepare for the scourge. Perhaps, if MICHAEL has not been flogged as yet, his flagellation was postponed till after Christmas. We affectionately invite our dear roughs to consider what a Christmas, in that case, he must have passed. Together with all the rest of his brethren in bonds, he was probably regaled on Christmas-Day with the "customary old English fare—roast beef and plum-pudding." With what appetite could he have partaken of Christmas cheer when "whipping cheer" awaited him? A victim of ruffianly violence may derive some satisfaction from imagining the emotion with which MR. MICHAEL GUTTY, anticipating the reception of two dozen lashes, must have heard the wish, possibly addressed to him, of "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

That, by the way, is a compliment of the season which we take this opportunity of paying to that judicious provider of whipping cheer and a warm back for garotters, MR. JUSTICE LUSH.

SHORT BUT AFFECTING DOMESTIC ANECDOTE.

A CRUEL Stepfather unmercifully beat his two stepsons. The elder went for a soldier; the younger went for a policeman.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

THE Waits, the Waits, the Christmas Waits,
All in the dark and cold,
Without the Future's close-barred gates
Their chilly night-watch hold.
Their discord drowns the Christmas chime
That peals the blessed birth:
Nor theirs the song of Christmas time,—
Peace and Goodwill on Earth.

Look, the POPE waits for Rome to rise,
And Italy to fall,
By Spain's and Austria's emprise,
At Ultramontanes' call.
Waits till the ages' course run back,
Till, with the dial's turn,
New Dominions shall ply the rack,
New Torquemadas burn.

Lo, Rome waits till the POPE decide
If he shall shake her dust
From his vexed feet, or gulp his pride,
And "cannot" change for "must."
Waits till the leopard shift her spots,
The Æthiop his skin,
Till priests know God's from CÆSAR's lots,
And let lay-rulers in.

Lo, where NAPOLEON waits to crown
The structure of his will,
That for the Freedom promised long
Has waited, and waits still.
Waits till his broader tighter grasp
On France's strength is laid;
Till Europe shall, like Paris, clasp
His sovereign knees, dismayed.

Lo, where, with mushroom growth of might,
Half elate, half aghast,
Prussia, upon her dizzy height,
Waits BISMARCK'S daring cast.
Waits till she know if what is left
Of Germany shall fall
Into her lap, or she be cleft,
Herself, in pieces small.

And lo, where batter'd Austria waits,
With a *Misanber* air,
For something to turn up, her fates
To change from foul to fair:
Waits PRESIDENT, waits Congress keen,
Two athletes on their guard,
To give each other back-falls clean,
And hit each other hard.

Britannia waits to see what Bill
The DERRY lot can hatch:
BRIGHT waits for DIZZY—DIZZY, still,
Waits for BRIGHT at the scratch.
Financiers, great in cant and crash,
Wait Justice blind and dumb;
Choused shareholders wait for their cash
Till the Greek Kalends come.

A PARCEL OF PROVERBS, &c., COMPLETED.

TAKE time by the forelock—to have his hair cut.
Follow your leader—in your daily paper.
The proof of the pudding is in the eating—a great deal of it.

Never look a gift-horse in the mouth—lest you should find false teeth.

The hare with many friends—was eaten at last.
A stitch in time saves nine—or more naughty words,
when a button comes off while you are dressing in a great hurry for dinner.

One man's meat is another man's poison—when badly cooked.

Don't count your chickens before they are hatched—by the patent incubator.

Love is blind—and unwilling to submit to an operation.
First catch your hare—then cook it with rich gravy.

Nil Desperandum—PERCY VERE.



SEASONABLE INGREDIENTS FOR A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

AN HONOURABLE PROFESSION IN FRANCE.

THE following announcement in the *Post* suggests a high idea of the dignity of the French Bar:—

"THE BAR AND THE TURF IN FRANCE.—The French Council of Advocates has decided that to be a Member of the Jockey Club is incompatible with the profession of a barrister."

The Jockey Club is an institution which has for one of its objects that of keeping the Turf as clear as possible of rascals. This, of course, cannot be the reason why the French advocates consider membership of that body incompatible with the forensic profession. Their objection to the Jockey Club must be supposed to rest on the belief that it does not succeed sufficiently well in its endeavours to keep the Turf honourable. Hence follows the inference that the Bar of France has fixed for itself a very high standard of honour. Accordingly we suppose that no French barrister would ever condescend to accept a brief on behalf of a notorious quack, for example, bringing his action for libel against a critic who had called him a scoundrel. So, neither, we presume, would an honourable member of the French bar, deign to undertake the cause of the plaintiff in an obviously speculative action for breach of promise of marriage; for what black-leg can be farther below the dignity of a true gentleman than a "gentleman of the long robe" who suffers his tongue to be hired as an instrument of extortion?

BEGGING THE QUESTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

PAPA is so hasty and speaks so loud that I always tremble when I ask him for an explanation of any little simple thing. Were it otherwise, I am sure I would not trouble you, dear Mr. Punch, knowing how much of your valuable time is taken up by young ladies desiring information on various matters of importance, but whose perplexities cannot be greater than mine are at the present moment.

I am very anxious to know what is meant by a phrase I have often heard Papa use in argument—"Begging the Question," and I'll just mention how my anxiety arises. At, a *très d'actualité* very recently, CHARLES proposed and I accepted, on the understanding, of course, that he obtained Papa's consent. Well, last evening an opportunity offered; Papa was alone in his study, CHARLES knocked and walked in. I listened, at the door with a faint feeling, and distinctly heard Papa say sternly, "Sir, you are begging the question," so I concluded that begging the question of Papa was the same as popping the question to me.

Now, dear Mr. Punch, don't you think it a sad thing that high-minded young men like CHARLES should be obliged to beg in this way? In distant countries, where pastoral manners prevail, a lover is not required to humble himself to obtain his dear one's hand. No, he comes with his flocks and herds to the rustic dwelling of his intended, and if her parents are pleased with his offer they take his lambs and give him their LIZA. What a pity it is we can't do so in Belgravia. If this custom could be introduced there, how nice it would be, and what a sweet pretty picture it would make. Oh, fancy a very fair-

haired young man with a shepherd's crook leading his sheep into the Square, while BLANCHÉ's Mamma, from the balcony with her eye-glass, calmly calculates the value of his wedding gift. Unhappily, in our case, CHARLES has no flocks and herds. If he had, I think Papa would give him a kind answer, and not revile him, poor fellow, because circumstances over which (during his uncle's lifetime) he has no control, compel him to do what I know his pride revolts at, though I suppose many do it every day without blushing, but then, as you are aware, dispositions differ, and some poor young barristers would, I dare say, rather die single than expose their briefless condition by begging the question. Pray pardon, dear Mr. Punch, this intrusion, and believe me,

Yours very very sincerely,

The Olives.

AMELIA SWANSDOWN.

P.S. I have solved the prize enigma in my—that is, dear Punch, in your *Pocket-Book*: it is "Two-lips." Papa says no, but I point out to him it must be that or something similar, and then he becomes warm and vehement, and concludes by reproaching me for begging the question. Whether I am innocent or guilty I dare not, in my present ignorance, venture to say.

[You are wrong, dearest AMELIA.—Ed. of P. B.]

A CRUSHING REFORM.

THE Vestrymen of London and its neighbourhood are respectfully advised to repair, as soon as they conveniently can, to Hyde Park, so as to see in operation there the machine mentioned in the subjoined newspaper paragraph:—

"STEAM-ROLLER IN THE PARKS.—At last a Steam-roller has been set to work in the Parks. It is a cumbersome looking machine, and is worked at night. One result of its working may be seen on the Kensington side of Hyde Park, where some newly laid granite was transformed into a smooth and compact mass on Friday night."

The brutality which mends the roads with fragments of granite, leaving them to be ground down by carriage-wheels and the feet of horses, has long been a disgrace to British local self-government, and afforded a spectacle to foreigners' derision. There is something extremely ludicrous in the excess of dogged barbarism. This eminently parochial quality is frequently displayed in the expedient of laying down logs of wood on either side of the sharp stones which a tract of road has been newly mended with, in order to prevent drivers and riders from shirking them. The brutes accustomed to resort to this contrivance may now go and learn how stones may be crushed by an engine which the stones cannot hurt in return, as they do a horse or a carriage. If steam-rollers are not put immediately in use on our highways, the savages whose duty it is to mend the roads ought to be compelled to walk, barefooted, over a good mile of their own macadam.

THE PUSEYISED "CHRISTIAN YEAR;,"

OR, THE SWAN AND THE GOOSE.

DYING SWAN by geese beset,
KABLE, as it doth appear,
Them, the silly creatures, let
Tamper with his *Christian Year*.

So they changed one little word
In a hymn, and their word, sole,
Turned sound doctrine to absurd,
Made mere nonsense of the whole.

PUSSEY, with the Thirty-Nine
Articles play fast and loose;
But pervert not, dull divine,
Song of Swan with quill of Goose!

THOUGHTS, MAXIMS, SENTIMENTS, AND SUBJECTS
OF THE SEASON.

"MAY Christmas bring us dumb waits and deaf waiters."
(A consummation devoutly to be wished, considering how invariably the former sing out of tune, and the latter listen to the guests' good things, instead of dispensing the host's ditto.)

How odd that it should be precisely at dinners *à la Russe* that we are not condemned to witness attempts at the dismemberment of Turkey! The only kind of Christmas Bill and Christmas Box Mr. Punch and his young folks have any toleration for.—A Bill of the best pantomime, and the right Box at the right theatre!

Subject for a Christmas Cartoon (liberally placed at the service of the illustrated periodicals which have used up Father Christmas, and rung all the possible changes on Christmas carols, Christmas chimes, Christmas logs, Christmas fireades, Christmas waits, and Christmas kissings).—Good Digestion waiting on Appetite, to warn him against plum pudding.

OUR GOOSE CLUB.



EN who stick a glass in their eye, which their sight is perfectly sound.

People who send us hampers at Christmas, and forget to pay the carriage.

People who go to Quack Doctors.

People who when they lose at whist invariably say it's the cards.

People who give you Mar-sals, and call it Sherry.

People who eat olives when they don't like them.

Women who trail silk dresses along dirty pavements.

Women who say "dear" to each other when they are on the verge of a quarrel.

People who propose your health after supper.

People who call everything nice.

People who have white and fluffy things on their couches and easy-chairs.

People who encourage street-organs.

People who say "thanks."

People who collect old postage stamps.

People who laugh at jokes in French, of which they don't understand a single word.

Railway Directors who persist in refusing smokers smoking carriages.

People who won't wear glasses, because they are afraid of being thought old.

People who say "No, thank you," (or worse still, "No, thanks") at dinner, when they want some more turkey all the time.

People who are afraid of taking fish twice.

People who sing without voice, ear, or taste.

People who bet on races when they hardly know a horse from a haystack.

Hotel-keepers who will not make their fortunes by giving drinkable wine at a reasonable rate.

People who are ashamed of owning they never let a gun off in their lives.

People who give money to the Waits.

People who persevere in going to the theatre after encountering the following trials—preliminary visit in the morning to the box-office and extortion of fee for the privilege of paying their money; period of suspense (wet night) until a cab arrives; appeal for coppers from dirty boy for opening the cab-door, which he was never asked to do; fears (nervous lady) lest the vehicle should have been recently used for the conveyance of a fever patient to the Hospital; circuitous route (past seven already, and an effective situation in the first act) in consequence of the street being "up" with gas, water, paving, or underground railway excavations; close siege, on arriving within half-a-mile of the theatre, by vendors of play-bills and books of the words; dark looks on the face of the man with the brass-badges round his neck when he gets nothing for opening the door of the cab, an attention altogether superfluous; contention with the cabman touching the fare; renewed persecution by the sellers of bills and books, with the probability of oranges and fuses being submitted to public competition; importunities from male attendants anxious to relieve male visitors (for a consideration) of hat, coat, stick, gloves and muffler; disappointment of female attendants, when the ladies of the party show no desire to enter the cloak-room; procession, headed by box-keepers with hungry eyes for fees, to the seats which are either the very last in the row, and cannot be reached without passing in front of ladies in evening dress, (several of them stout in person) or the very first, in the draught of the door, and where it is necessary to stand up at least half-a-dozen times to allow others to get to their places; money transactions (the crisis) with the box-keeper who generally looks dirty, disappointed, and ill-used, and surrenders one "programme" (for four persons) with visible reluctance; further pecuniary dealings with the same functionary when a book of the Burlesque is required, or an opera-glass is sought in lieu of one left at home; indifferent refreshments at high prices with more fees to attendants; lecture from the stage-manager, if a hiss is raised at anything extravagant, absurd, or dull; long intervals between the acts; great heat and bad ventilation; general confusion, uproar and delay when the entertainment is over, and cabs are precious (night still wet); abuse from the tout who brings the four-wheeler, if he gets less than he expected; sullen demeanour of the cabman at the end of the return journey, if he is not highly overpaid—and that particular thing which was ordered for supper found to have been forgotten, when the dining-room door opens and the fire is discovered to be out.

Last and chief of all,

People, if any exist, who don't buy *Punch's Almanack*.

THE STOCKS AND THE STOCK-EXCHANGE.

LITTLE did Mr. PUNCH once think that he should ever live to lament the abolition of the Pillory. He does, however, lament it for the sake of the members of the Stock-Exchange. If the Pillory were still an institution, the occasional exposure in it of one of the too numerous Bears that prowl amongst those gentlemen, would probably have the effect of rendering their body a very much more respectable one than it is at present.

The lying Bear who set about the report that the Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway had failed, would, with his face and fore-paws fixed in a Pillory erected in the place where Stock-jobbers most do congregate, present them with a most edifying spectacle. In default,

however, of the Pillory, the Stocks would do pretty well. It would be very fit and proper that, for malepractices in Stocks of one kind, scoundrels should have to put their feet in Stocks of another. The Corporation of London should forthwith erect a pair of Stocks hard by the Stock-Exchange. The Stocks would at least, whilst those who could if they chose refuse to put the Bears down, be a standing testimonial to the Stock-Exchange Committee.

MOSES MOSES.

Wipe your eyes and blow your noses,
Let us sing of MOSES MOSES,
Helped along life's tedious journey
By Recorder RUSSELL GURNEY:
For the tale contains a moral
Wherewithal there's none can quarrel.

Mosey's business was receiving
What his clients got by thieving;
And the tale would tire your patience
Of this Jew's accumulations.
Gold and silver, gems and cameos,
Jewels fit for Eastern Daimios,
Saddles, bridles, vases, caskets,
Rich electrotypic baskets,
Cases for my lady's dressing,
Chalice for Churchman's blessing,
Sticks, Malaccas, golden-headed,
Coins in tankards deep-embedded,
China (such as aged aunt owes
Niece's cares to) new portmanteaux,
Sweet perfumes and books quite blinding
With their gorgeous gilded binding,
Such a list not half discloses
Of the gains of MOSES MOSES.

Now, our keeper of the paschal
All his life had been a rascal,
And in '54 his nation
Lost this blotch, by transportation,
Twice seven years was Mosey's sentence;
But, of course, he shammed repentance,
And the usual idiot's blunder
Set him loose again to plunder.
Vich he done, ma tear, owdacious,
As you've heard, and contumacious.

But the fatal Goddess, Nemesis,
Hovered round the Hebrew's premises,
Not in form designed by FLAXMAN,
But in likeness of a cracksmen.
In a morning, last October,
Thieves broke in and robbed the robber.
MOSES, yelling out invectives,
Madly sent for two detectives,
Who the evil burglars potted,
And the greater scoundrel spotted,
Laying bare of rags and boardings
All poor Mosey's awful hoardings.
So the victim of his fury
Faced once more a British Jury,
And, though counsel and attorney
Did their worst, stern RUSSELL GURNEY
Heeds no pleading vain or venal,
But decrees a Twenty Penal.
MOSEY took what wasn't his'n,
MOSEY's in a convict-prison,
And till Eighteen Eighty-Six is
Guest of Law, my bricksiwickies.

Moral for a rascal, "Semper,
Mind your eye and keep your temper."
Moral for the Law that's watched him,
"Keep your rascal when you've cotched him."

Sweetly thus the Muse disposes
Of the tale of MOSES MOSES.

An Inscription in Longs.

(By a Creditor who would fain "take it short.")

To creditors' assignees and depositors' active attorney
Sic OVEREND transi, sic transi gloria GURNEY!



STUPENDOUS TRIUMPH OF THE HAIRDRESSER'S ART!

THE VERY LAST THING IN CHIGNONS.

A BOX FOR BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.

Sit down to eat and drink on this glad day,
And blest be he that first cries, "Hold, enough!"
Gorge, boys and girls; and then rise up to play.
You *can*. A game in season's Blindman's Buff.

The ready fillet round the seamless brow
Of youth or maiden while quick fingers bind,
Beneath the golden-green pearl-berried bough,
What fun it is to play at being blind!

But some at Blindman's Buff with eyes unbound
Might join, for whom less sport that game would be;
Because it is their life's continual round:
The Blindman's Buff of those that cannot see.

If poor, for alms they can but grope about.
But Science to their need assistance lends;
And "knowledge, at one entrance quite shut out,"
Puts veritably at their fingers' ends.

Thus they who else would starve to labour learn.
Does that consideration strike your mind?
Their living do you wish that they should earn,
Instead of crying "Pity the poor Blind?"

Then know there's not a charitable Dun,
Subscription seeking at your gate who knocks,
That more deserves your bounty than the one
Who for the Blind requests a Christmas Box.

At Oxford Street's two-hundred-and-tenth door
Inquire within about the Blind Man's Friend.
Or send your guinea, if you like, or more;
As many more as you can spare to send.

THE BLACK COUNTRY, NOT ALL BLACK.

LET our friends and correspondents of the Black Country—good or ill-natured, regretful or angry, reasonable or unreasonable—be assured that in anything *Punch* has written of their district, in connection with the inauguration of PRINCE ALBERT's statue at Wolverhampton, he has neither meant to malign the country nor to ignore or undervalue the efforts of those—and they are many, as he is thankful to acknowledge—who are doing their best to educate and improve the habits of its working population. The very purpose of his lines was to point out how much needed such efforts were, and how appropriately PRINCE ALBERT, as the advocate, aider, and abettor of popular education, the great promoter of social improvement, the foremost asserter of the duties of capital and culture to labour and ignorance, took his place in the centre of a region where education, improvement, and culture have been so terribly neglected heretofore, and are so sorely needed now.

Surely, there was nothing in this that could justly offend those who are helping in the good work to which the PRINCE CONSORT owes his highest honours.

If the bitter waters of truth have caused wry faces to any such, *Mr. Punch* is sorry; the tonic was not meant for them. It was administered lovingly; and even those who like it least, will, he is convinced, acknowledge, on cool reflection, that the medicine was not superfluous, nor the dose excessive.

A Voice from Vestment-stir.

CHURCH millinery, now-a-days, is thought of such importance by a certain set of Clergymen, that, instead of the Church Militant, we fancy they must speak of it as being the Church Millinery-tant.

LATEST FROM HANWELL.

Q. If *Othello* had been lamer than *Scipio Africanus*, why would *Desdemona* have resembled *Lucy Ashton*?

A. Because she would have been the *Bride of Lamer-Moor*.

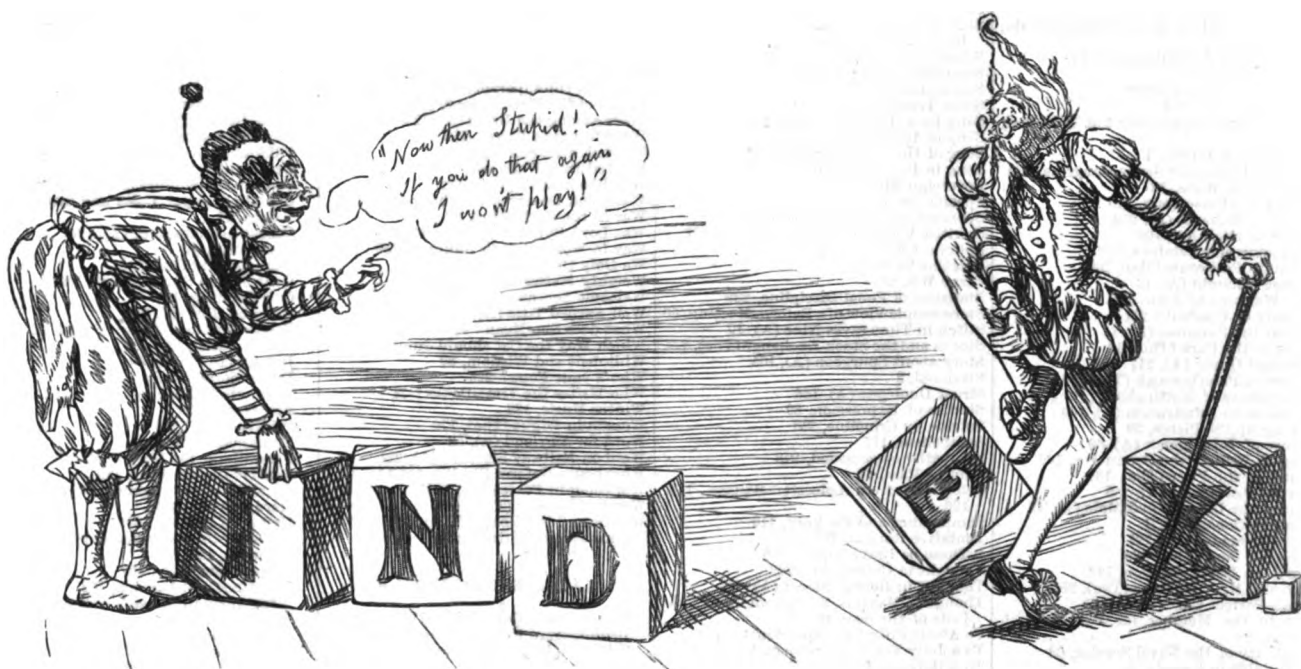


THE FESTIVE SEASON.

(A Pleasant, but we fear a somewhat Improbable, Picture.)

MR. B****, M.P. "I SHAY LOWE, OLD F'LA, LESH SHWEAR 'TERNAL FR'EN'SHIP!"

MR. L****, M.P. "ALL RIGHT, JOHNNY. BEEN BOSHE IN THE WRONG."



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